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WINE OF CARBUI

Monormores of all the pain and sickness from which women suffer is caused by weakness or derangement in the organs of menstruction. Nearly always when a young is not well these

en a woman is not well these organs are affected. But when they are strong and healthy a woman is very seldom sick.

line (Cardu

nature's provision for the regu-tion of the menstrual function. cures all "fernale troubles." It equally effective for the girl in teens, the young wife with do-ceile and maternal cares, and a woman approaching the period news ar the "Change of Life." bey all need it. They are all meditted by it.

Per advice in cases regulating special willow, address, giving symptoms, of "Ladies" Advisory Department, of Chatterweet Medicine Co., Chatte-

WINE OF CARDUI

As long ago as 1824 the fountain

o in use, for in that year on saw a contriva this sort tried it and wrote to of this sort, tried it and wrote to General Bernard Peyton of Richmond, asking him to get one of them. The pen was of gold and the ink tube of silver, and, according to Jefferson's letter, the maker was a Richmond watch repairer named Cowan. The price, he understood, was fivepence. The first American patent for a fountain pen was granted in 1830 to one Douglass Hyde, but the earliest English patent was issued 31 years before.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Farmer Hosy—I hear your wife look a price at the county fair for at lood cake.

'Did they cut it!" "Cut it! They couldn't break it ith an ax if they tried. That same ake has been taking prises for the at eight years."—Yonkers States-

and Off Heat.

P. WOMENT'S PAUSE.

omera's pause for longing and for dreaming, mg,
a seconent's looking backward on the way;
To him my hand to long past turrets gleaming.
To stand and think of life of yesterday!

A little time to dream of sunlit hours Spent where white towers rise ngal gky; To trotal again that path of too sweet flor To hear again her greeting and goodby

What is there, say you, in that faroff city Of my past living and past loving left, Waspped in its golden haze, to stir my pity And call the bitter sigh of the benefit?

The memory of a touch warm, treating, cline

Only a gravet Life of today will teach me Its stream fleets fast for sorrow and regret, Beyond this turn its sweeping wave will react

me; I must go with it, as we all go! Yet—

A moment's pause for longing and for dra A moment's looking backward on the way;
A moment's looking backward on the way;
To kiss my hand to long past turrets gleaming
To stand and think of life of yesterday!

—L. Marion Jenks in Donahoe's.

DARK BEFORE DAWN.

Miss Collier looked up into the lieu enant's face as he stood before her and asked, "Shall we dance or sit it out?" Stanley said, "Your pleasure is mine," and, guessing what her pleasure was, be added, "Will we go on the steps or stay here!"

She rose, and they went out into the warm spring night. "I knew you did not want to dance," said Miss Collier. For reasons best known to himself Stanley was in no gracious mood. He answered uncivilly enough, "But perhaps I did.

"Then," with the softest inflection of on her bare arms to shut it out, and for her soft voice, "I am more interested in a long, long while she did not move. your welfare than you are yourself. If you are to start at reveille, you should racks were gone and the black pile of rest now. Indeed you should really not the mountains was not to be seen. Over have come tonight."

She knew why he had come. She knew that it was because Mauricia Meredith had told him that if he were going to be too busy to take her she would release him and go with Mr. Kendall, which was tantamount to compulsion. Stanley now contrasted her inlifference with Miss Collier's gentle, solicitous tones. Of a sudden he won-dered if Miss Meredith were selfish, which was what Miss Collier meant him to wonder. A still, smooth voice often flows over unsuspected depths.
"But, of course," continued she, gas-

ing off into the blue black sky and seeming to meditate aloud, hardly even aloud, "you had to bring Mauricia." Stanley was up in arms. "I beg your pardon. It was my wish to do so. Miss Meredith offered to excuse me."
"Did she? But, of course, she did!

She is always considerate. I fear I myself should not have been so generous. I am not of a generous nature. But, then the thought seemed just to occur to her—"I suppose Mr. Kendall stood ready to bring her. I think he is in love with her. Don't you?"
She turned her head and looked into

tion. They might have been discussing an interesting but impersonal question. "It would not surprise me." He was too obviously cool.

"I hope so, because she deserves to be happy, and I think she cares more than a little for him." What makes you think that?" Stanley asked, with exceeding careless

"A great many little things which a man would never take into account, but which a girl knows from her own experience"—the impersonal eyes grew very personal for one abort instant, then tropped in configuration. very personal for one short instant, then dropped in confusion—"or from her own observation. Have you seen it? I think you will if you watch. It is either that or a desperate diriation. But I helieve Mauricla to be above flirting. I have never thought that she deliberately went about breaking Will Henderson's heart or Lieutenant Cook's. Any man would naturally fall in love with her. I should if I were a man. I wonder that you can see so much of her and remain simply her friend. Your heart must be of stern stuff." She checked a sigh and remained her gase at the stars. must be of stern stuff." She checked a sigh and resumed her gase at the stars. Then, as if following out a train of thought, she recommenced: "That in itself is proof that she is not a flirt. She has never flirted with you. Of course, though, it may be that she has been engrossed with Mr. Kendall."

Neither view was comforting to Stanley. The little things which Miss Collier had insinuated began to recur to him. They were very small things, indeed, so he enlarged them, since love, when it may not be as happy as it would like, prefers to be as miserable as it may. must be of stern stuff." She checked a sigh and resumed her gase at the stars. Then, as if following out a train of thought, she recommenced: "That in titself is proof that she is not a firt. She has never flirted with you. Of

Meredith and Lieutenant Kendall coming down the corridor, and she saw that Stanley did not see. She turned and faced the inter and caught his hands in here and leaned toward him. The soft voice had never been more sympathetic, more low. "But perhaps," it murmured. "I have only just thought of it when you were so silent. Perhaps

murmured, "I have only just incompaof it when you were so silent. Perhaps
I am hurting you. Are you a mere
friend, or do you love her too!"
Woman cannot play at chose, they
say, because she cannot plan her moves
or determine those of her opponent far
enough in advance. It is not the case
when men are her pawns. She works
on the supposition that fats will not

on the supposition that fate will not play into her hands, but if it chooses so to do it is all the better, and fate note-riously favors the fair.

Miss Meredith's approach could not have been better timed. Stanley was worked to the requisite pitch of annoy-ance with her and himself. He was also

went on with 12, but Stanley lost his head. He said that he had something to attend to at the barracks, and would Miss Collier excuse him? "Mere friends!" Mauricia said to

"Mere friends!" Mauricia said to herself over and over. "We are mere friends." "Mere friends!" she used as the watchword to pass the gates of firtation, and for the rest of the evening sue made Kendall happy and Stanley wretched, and herself—well, ahe was intoxicated with the wine of retaliation nd was radiant.

"I will go home with Mr. Kendall if you want to pack your field kit or to get a little sleep," she told the latter. Stanley determined not to desert his post. He would do his duty to the end

-this once and never more.

"My kit is packed, and I do not expect to sleep tonight. So, unless it is your wish to dismiss me, I shall remain." He was aggressively civil.

"Certainly, if you like," Miss Meredith said, "but I mean to stay until the and I have the dance hefore the the end. I have the dance before the last with Mr. Kendall, and I can't miss

Stanley assured her that it was aterial to him if she chose to reain until daybreak; that he was entirely at her service.

But Miss Meredith did not remain until daylight. At 2 o'clock she went home and sat in her room at the window looking out into the night. There was not a sound in all the world. The

mountains rose, deeper shackers against the shadowy sky. The stars twinkled and glittered above the silent garrison. She could see quite plainly the barracks across the parade ground, and there was not a light in any window. Even in the quarters of her father's troop there was no sign that the men were to be marching at daybreak, and still from the silence rang in her cars as they had rung in the music's strains the words, "Mere friends," and still before her eyes rose the picture of those two as she had seen them when she had gone

out upon the steps. She bowed her head

When she looked up again, the barall the land was the darkness which comes before dawn, and in her heart was a hopelessness as blank. How dark. how inky the night had grown! It must be very late. She was cold, but she was not tired. She would wait now until morning. In a little time the house would be astir. She must breakfast with her father. She put a heavy cape about her shoulders and went back to the window. By and by she heard some one moving. A match was struck in the next room and a ray of light shone through the blinds. There were heavy footsteps that tried to fall softly upon the stairs. Every one fancied her aslesp, no doubt. A man came out from the front door and went down the line. She could just see the black figure in the blackness for a moment, then it was lost, and she only heard the echo of a quick tramp on the board walk. By and by the man came back again and into the house. Her father opened her door softly and tiptoed into the room.

"I have staid up to take breakfast with you," she hastened to explain. "In a ball gown," he said. "After or before 6 o'clock it is con

rect," she told him gayly.
"Stanley will be here." he said.

"For breakfast?" "Yes. I sent Moriarty down to his quarters to ask him just now. It is half past 4. We will be ready in ten min-

He went out, and the girl looked again into the darkness, which grew thicker before the dawn. "Mere friends!" Well, she would meet him as mere friend. She would have it to do

often enough in the dull future. It might be best to begin at once. The tinkling of a silver bell came to her, sounding weirdly through the night, and out of that night emerged mother figure. It ran up the steps, and he front door opened and closed. She lrew the cape around her shoulders and ground her way out of her room, through the ballway, down the stairs. A candle was burning in the lower ball. Bhe went on into the dining room. A quarwent on into the dining room. A quar-termaster's lamp sent out the uncertain light that a lamp always gives in the early morning. Her mother was pour-ing the coffee. Her father and his first lieutenant were already scated. The

abone white, and the lights glittered on her hair. From the crown of her head, with its wilted flower, to the torn ruffle of her skirt she was in end disarray. But Stanley thought her very beautiful, and memory came suddenly luck to

were quite unhappy. Then Moriarty, the striker, reported that the first sergeant was at the door and would like to see the captain. The captain went out, and his wife followed him.

"Mauricia will take care of you,"

she said to Stanley. She had many she said to fitanley. She had many things to attend to.

And then a silence that would not be broken came upon the two. Stanley recked his brains for a sentence. Miss Meredith sought vainly for words. Stanley leoked scross the table at the pretty, disordered head. Miss Meredith studied the light effects on his brass buttons and shoulder strape and the knot of the handkwehief that stood him in lien of a cellar. Then she affected to yawn. And still no words would

mind to let her rest against anything so hard and unfeeling. Nor did he mean that she should keep her eyes upon the floor. He turned her face up to his, and by the light that was quickly comin he saw all that he had been so lor he saw all that he had been so long hoping to see. Yet Mauricia could not resist reminding him as she tried faintly to free herself. "But we are mere friends," you know."

The light broke in, too, upon Stanley's mind.

"So that is it, is it?" was all the exception of the home was all the exceptions.

planation of the luckless words that he ever gave or that was ever asked. "Well, supposing you make us more than that," he suggested.

A girl who is watching her father and two troops ride off at reveille to a scout which is likely to last all the spring ought not to look radiant. Reither should a girl with ordinary good sense stand bare necked and bare armed and bareheaded in the cold air of suneral scores of troopers.

Mrs. Meredith checked her own

Mrs. Meredith checked her own in-clination to weep—which 20 years of beholding the outgoings and incomings of scotts had not mastered—and be-thought herself of her daughter. She aid her hand on one of the cold arms. "Mauricia, how can you be so im-

ng face, "how can you look so happy ? Mauricia's answer was not wiser the might have been expected. "It's such a beautiful dawn, and it was so dark." she explained.—Denver Republican.

Woodchucks are familiar creatures on every farm in New England, and they the Mississippi. One of their most no-ticeable traits is the throwing up of large niles of dirt in front of their bur-According to the author of "Fa miliar Life In Field and Forest," it is from this practice that the woodchuck

got his name. of Asop—the lower animals used to live in one happy country with a judge over them—the dog. One day a rabbit, whose burrow adjoined that of a marmot, complained to the latter that the little rabbits' eyes were continually fill-ed with the dirt which he threw out of

The marmot paid no heed to this reconstrance, and the rabbit was compelled to appeal to the judge. His hone mmediately sent word to the offender that greater care must be taken in the future. But the insolent marmot, noto tions for his incivility and indifferen replied to the messenger that he "would chuck" his dirt just where he pleased!

That settled it. The dog has been hunting for the gross offender ever since, and the name "woodchuck" has stuck to the whole tribe of marmots. It was not until 1856, when Charle Reade was 42, that he obtained reputa-tion as a novelist, a reputation to which he did not aspire, for it was his ambi tion to be a dramatist. From the be

ginning of his career until the last year of his life he wrote play after play, overy one of them a failure and he alone refusing to believe it.

He attributed their want of success to every cause but the right one, an he went on squandering the money gained from his more successful novels on the production of bad plays. "The actors are duffers, sir," he would say, "who have defiled my composition mixed ditch water with my champagne mixed ditch water with my champagne, murdered my work," and he would pour out maledictions on the heads of all who had anything to do with the unfortunate piece, from scenic artist to super, never conceiving that he him-

super, never conceiving that he him-self was the sole culprit. And yet, as his novels show, he had dramatic abili-ty of a high order and could produce the most thrilling effects and situsin collaboration with Tom Taylor and Dion Bouckeault that had a brief success, but apart from these he never wrote a play that met with the slight-est degree of popular favor.—Chicago

Farmer Haycroft discovered when it was too late that his favorite cow had colled his vest down from the barnyard ng a pocket and a good sized roll of

"You needn't tell me," he observe sardonically, "that there isn't any money in cattle."—Chicago Tribune.

Advice. Hicks-Here! Take this 2 cents.

Hicks-Take it. I say. There! Now go buy yourself a better cigar than that you're smoking.—Somerville Journal.

A Contingent Name.

The Syracuse Post mys that a girl baby was recently brought to a clergyman of the city to be baptized. The latter asked the name of the baby.

"Dinah M.," the father responded.

"But what does the 'M' stand for?" interrogated the minister.

"Well, I do not know yet. It all depends upon how she turns out."

"How she turns out? Why, I do not understand you," said the dominie.

"Oh, if she turns out nice and sweet and handy about the house, like her mother, I shall call her Dinah May, but if she has a fiery temper and displays a bombshell disposition, like mine, I shall call her Dinah May, but it she Dinah Might."

combinell disposition, lil all her Dinah Might." "So the telephone girl is taking her evenge, Whirly?"
"It's awful. Every time I ring up he connects me with three or four grong numbers in succession, and then weetly informs me that the number which I really want is 'busy now."
Detroit Free Press.

COUCH SYRU



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We are, as a nation, liberal buyers

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acre, though crops are plenty that offer rewards the grain farmer never dares hope for. The pecan is one of these. On the banks of the Mississippi it succeeds

To make the pecan a source of great

profit is an easy and inexpensive mat-ter. Prepare the land as for a garden —

that is, plow and harrow thoroughly. The richer the land and the more thor-

The richer the land and the more thorough the preparation the better. Check off 40 by 40 feet. At each check plant a budded or grafted tree, or, if it is preferred to start with the seed in order to save expense, plant half a dozen nuts a few inches apart around the check and about two inches deep and put down a stake to mark the spot.

When the seedlings are two years old, graft them a little below the surface of the ground, using scions of known good variety, like the Van Deman, Stewart or Jewett. The grafting

man. Stewart or Jewett. The grafting

is done in February or March and bud-

To insure success in getting at least one improved tree at each check it is best to graft one-half of the seedlings and bud the other half. When the grafts or buds are a year old and well established, remove all but one.

Pecan trees started as above and well

cared for would bear paying crops at five or six years old, and at ten years old can be depended on for \$500 per acre. The Colonel Stewart orchard in Georgia has produced over \$1,000 per

From the time of preparing the seed bed the land should be liberally fertilis-ed and cultivated. To insure these it is

best to plant among the trees some high-ly paying crops, such as cabbages, let-

treatment would insure high manuring and entire freedom from weeds.

A well built pecan orchard is as steady a revenue producer as are coupon bonds.

The author of these directions, which

A Rural New Yorker correspo

17 in.

Q

to the cows from nails dropped in the

About Planting Navy Beans

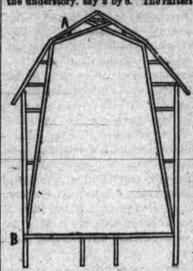
About Planting Navy Beans.
Commenting upon what he calls a fatal mistake in growing navy beans—vis. planting them in March. April and May—a correspondent of the Atlanta Southern Cultivator says: I have grown them for several years in a small way and at first was greatly annoyed by weevil. In fact. I had one entire crop destroyed by weevil. The certain remedy in this section is not to plant before June I, and I should think farther south some later. The weevil does not bother

some later. The weevil does not bother my June planted beaus. Sail a Cause of Catton Rust.



BARN PLANS.

They Give Plenty of Room Abov A drawing of a barn which he calls "skyscraper," one that will stand and with nothing whatever to interfere in any way from the barn floor to within a few feet of the comb, is sent to the Ohio Farmer by a correspondent, who says: If you use a 20 foot studding, you will have about 38 feet of space. almost up to the south line of Iowa. On the Atlantic coast it would likely thrive as far north as Maryland. It is found In building a barn of this kind would advise using heavy lumber for the understory, say 2 by 8. The rafters as far north as Maryland. It is found native principally in the Indian Territory. Arkansas and Texas, but the best orchards in the world are in Georgia. Georgia and the Carolinas present fine fields for pecan culture. The markets of the future will draw their supplies of this very excellent nut from within their borders.



PIG. I-BARN PLAN. need not be any heavier than 2 by

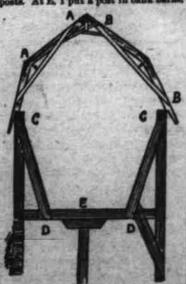
for as both sets, upper and lower, are of the same length and the lower set being placed at an angle of 45 degrees and well spiked to both plates the weight on their middle is not nearly so great as when placed at a lesser angle. And the upper set placed at an eight or nine inch pitch with a truss, as shown at A, Fig. 1, and these tied together by a thy 5 or 1 by 8 is sufficiently atrong to A. Fig. 1, and these tied together by a 1 by 6 or 1 by 8, is sufficiently strong to resist the pressure from above. And the long brace running from the end of the short collar beam to the heel of the rafter and there being potched over the plate and spiked to both the rafter and purline plate, will prevent the barn from spreading from the outward thrust from the opposite side of the roof if ly paying crops, such as cabbages, let-there is any pulling at all. I firmly be-lieve by this means of bracing it is almost an impossibility for the barn roof to give down or the barn to pull apart.

The rafters just over the purlines of the from giving way. Thus the roof itself is a support to the sides of the build-ing. And as the purline posts are set in such a position the weight of the entire upper portion of the roof rests upon the ground sills. They are so constructed to rest upon a block of 3 by 8, set between two of the lower set of studding and passing up between the cross sills and having a shoulder resting upon the same above at B.

originally appeared in the Farm. Field and Fireside, says they are equally applicable to the English walnut, of which the preparturiens, or early bearing, is especially recommended. Any carpenter can build a barn from this drawing, and after it is completed the owner cannot help but be pleased, for he has an abundance of room to offers what he evidently finds a pretty good plan for a silo door: Ours is bevelfor he has an abundance of room to store all his crop in one place. The trues of the upper tier of rafters need not be under each of them. If the space between the spans be equally divided into three spaces, it would be sufficient, and then on each set of rafters not hav-

and then on each set of rafters not having a truss I would place a collar beam so the lower edge would come on a level with the cross of the truss braces and then nail a 1 by 8 perpendicularly from the comb to the collar beam. This gives a good chance to fasten the hangers for a track or any kind of hay aling.

Another correspondent of the journal already mentioned sends a sketch (Fig. 9) of a middle bent showing a self supporting roof and post braces instead of purlines: At A A. in barn rafters, you will see the joints are re-enforced by inch boards nailed on each side; also at B B are boards nailed on each side; also at and at A a piece of 2 by 4 is cut in beand at A a piece of 2 by 4 is cut in be-tween the boards and under the rafters. As the rafters will be two inches thick and in width according to the size of barn, up to 20 feet, 2 by 4 is heavy enough. But if the barn is 40 or 50 feet wide, 2 by 6 should be used. I always put rafters two feet to centers. I pre-fer solid timber for poats, plates and sills. At C to D, I spike eer, on large barns, bolt) plank the same width as posts. At E, I put a post in bank barns,



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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.

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Very respectfully, JAMES P. ALBRIGHT. BURLINGTON, N. C.

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No one has ever supposed that rail-road corporations spend money for the mere sake of spending it or adopt ex-pensive methods when cheaper ones are better. It must be, then, that there is some pretty substantial reason for di-viding their roadbeds into sections and keeping men constantly employed on each in caring for them. Precisely the same principle applies to ordinary high-ways. The only way that they can be efficiently maintained is by establishing a similar system, and the more expensive they are to construct the greater the saving that will thereby be made and increased efficiency secured.

Diagrantled Cyclist (trundling his machine over country highway)—This is what you call roadmaking here, is it? Scraping loose dirt up over the center and leaving it there for the heavy wagons to cut up into ruts!

been highway commissioner fur this township 27 year, and I learned roadmakin from my father. He had the office fore I did. Do you reckon you kin teach me anything about it, mister? —Chicago Tribune.

The system of feed for ducklings, mays a correspondent of The Country Gentleman, is very simple. After having tried numerous complicated mixtures at the start, I have finally settled on a very common formula. The first meal, after being placed in the brooder, is cornmeal and bran equal parts, with a liberal handful of coarse mand introduced, all thoroughly mixed with cold water and fed in a moist consistency. After they are 2 days old I add a small quantity of soaked beef scraps. This mixture should be fed five times daily, but only just as much as they will ent three-eighths of an inch bolt from in-side, put a 5 by 21 inch hard wood strip bored in the center, on the bolt, then put on nut. When the door is being placed, let the strip be lengthwise of the door; then, when placed crosswise, screw up the nut. No injury will result but only just as much as they will eat up clean. They should always come up to the feed board lively and hungry. to the door from nailing, and no injury

The danger of using porcelain letters en a tombstone is illustrated in a village connects not far from St. Louiz. The

O Lord, The final "o" had been knocked off i s thunderstorm.—St. Louis Star.

The clergy of Russia are divided into two classes—the white or village cler-gy, who must all be married, and the black elergy, or monks, who are vowed to celibacy. The higher dignitaries of the church are invariably chosen from this last class.

"We have cotton rust more or less every year on our old worn lands. It is worse on sandy swamp or bottom lands. My soil is gray sandy upland with sandy subsoil and sandy bottom lands with sandy subsoil. I have used kninit some "Give me a liver regulator and I can regulate the world," said a genius. The druggist handed him a bottle of DeWitt's Little Early Phink it prevents rust to some extent. Cotion rusts very little on new land. If force rows and rich spots near arms. I think if we will keep the soil lied with vegetable matter there will tieers, the fan C. Simmons, the drugg

CASTORIA



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Rotary Motion and Ball Scarings, Easy Running, Quiet, Rapid, and Durable. It runs as light as a feather."

Great improvement over anything so far." It turns drudgery into a pastime.'
The magic Silent Sewer." All sizes and styles of sewing ma

The best machine on earthsee it before you buy.
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MAGAZINETE

TEMPERATO PROPE