GRAHAM, N. C. THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1899.

A LARGE STOCK

Of these two kinds, and hundreds of other shoes, makes our stock by far the largest in town. Ladies' Oxfords till you cant rest. You know it is hard to buy a good shoe for a child. We pay special attention to this line and the advanage gained by our experience and capital is yours for nothing. A full line of house furnishing goods. full line of house furnishing goods.
DAVIS & DAVIS, Propr's

Big Shoe Store, Burlington, N. C.

BLISS.

And hadn't any sense.

nt flat as any floor;

He know the sun at twilight Just put himself to bed Underneath a coverlet Of purple, blue and red,

Except on stormy evenings, When we used black instead. He b'lieved the stars in heaven

Were blessed angels' eyes
"A-peeping froe de openin's
Ter see who steals de ples"
At least so said his nuntle,
And she was very wise.

And then he thought his conscience

The throbbing 'neath his ribs
That beat so fast and loudly
Whenever he told fibs,
Which was often, each one prefaced
By "True as eber yer libs!"

And he was sure Elijah
Would come for him some night
And take him in a charlot
All glorious with light,

He was a little negro And sunned him on the fence; He hadn't any knowledge

Nor any money, hence
He was supremely happy—
Each has his recompense!
—C. Leach in Indep

THE NEW BROOM.

In the good old days of the French

var. when England was so occupied

upon the seas that she had little time

to guard her coasts minutely, the peo-

ple of Trewarne were smugglers to a

was soon beyond a doubt that the rev-

enue men were really in earnest in their

endeavors to suppress the free trade.

Among the men of Trewarns the

compelled to emulate his detestable

He was a little man, black bearded

cargo had been run. A goodly number of kegs were buried in the sand of the

activity.

have their hands strengthened.

To a sweet and happy count Where every one was whit

He thought the carth a circle,

Beyond the river shore,
And thought the stream the Jordan
Which Israel passed o'er.

Paying Double Prices He was a little negro
And sat upon the fence.
He hedn't any father
Nor any mother, hence
He was a little orphan

oing, if you don't buy ore. Did you think it omible to buy a \$50.00 vice BIRTS

JULIUS HINES & SON, Ballimore, Md. Dept. 902 *************

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

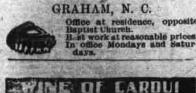
→ JACOB A. LONG, → Attorney-at-Law, GRAHAM, - - - - N. C

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IOHN GRAY BYNUM. W. P. BYNUM, JR. BYNUM & BYNUM. Attorneys and Counselors at Law

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suffer is caused by weakness or derangement in the organs of menstruction. Nearly always

organs are affected. But when hey are strong and healthy a

ineofcardu nature's provision for the regu-tion of the monstrual function. cures all "female troubles." It equally effective for the girl in or teens, the young wife with do-sestic and maternal cares, and he woman approaching the period frown as the "Change of Life." they all need it. They are all sancitated by it.

WINE OF CARBUI

tired, and his name suggested many a grim pleasantry.

This nort of thing happened continuative of his equaries. On coming a room he exclaimed, I must do not do ft. Miss V. asked him two that he was obliged to do, to winked at St. Leger and the eccupilea, who lay'd Miss V. on the eccupilea, who lay 'd Miss V. on the e

But John Cothu was not content with these successes, and his ambition soon

Of all the young men in those parts Jim Penlerrick was the most promis-ing. There were none but knew the traditions of the smuggling and could help if help were needed. But Jim was one of those rare spirits who make tra-ditions. He was hardly more than four and twenty, tall, fair and boyish, but he had already made himself, a name by the eleverness of the dodges he invented and the magnificent coolness with which be carried them into execution. It was no wonder that Maggie Onic, the prettiest girl in Trewarne, was proud to have him known as her

She was a little, dark haired creature, with cheeks tinted like wild roses and big gray eyes that would have made conversation an easy thing to her if she had chanced to be born dumb. There was a childish innocence in them some of his cleverest inventious had been inspired by her. And there was only one thing in her which Jim deemed nurea-sonable. She appeared to detest John Coffin with all the strength of her soul. It seemed to Jim that to do this in such a case was to go beyond what was necessary or appropriate. He had outwitted the man so frequently that he felt almost kindly toward him. But one day his view of the matter

was changed. Maggie reported to him certain events which had befallen her while he was away upon his latest voy-

Once or twice lately, she explained, it had been borne in upon her that John Coffin was much more polite to her than he had any reason to be. She had forborne to speak of the matter because there were a multitude of smuggling histories which proved beyond a doubt that it was oftentimes convenient for such a one as she to have something of a hold over such as he. But now she could not ignore the matter any longer.
"What you'll say," she said, "I'm
sure I can't think. But I hope you

won't do anything rash." It appeared, then, that Maggie was coming back to the village from a visit to Breach, a little church town two miles distant from Trewarne. She had

"Good afternoon, Miss Opie!" be said. "Tis pleasant weather for the time of the year." And he stopped, so that Maggie could bardly pass on im-

"Iss." she said, " 'tis pretty weath-"May I keep you company along the

road?" said the man.
"'Tis a lonely old road." Maggie raised her eyes to his. Then they fluttered and fell. "Tis very kind

of you."

They discussed a multitude of indiferent subjects. Then, 'T didn't see Mr. Penlerrick when I was down in Tre-warne just now," said Coffin. "No?" said Maggie.

"I didn't see the Dream either. uppose she's gone to sea again t' man and throve exceedingly. There "How should I know?" said Maggie innocently. "Is Jim Penlerrick the man to tell a girl what are his plans?"

were indeed riding officers stationed hard by, but they were not numerous Well, said Coffin, "I suppo 'tis said, were they notably eager to be back for Sunday, being Feasten Sunday. I shouldn't think he'd be later But this season of prosperity and unthan Thursday, for the fair's on Fri-

troubled quiet came to an end. Peace day."

to England meant the very reverse to

Trewarne. It was with the utmost dis
Coffin ?" said Maggie. The man smiled. "If I could see you gust that its people saw their old friends

being replaced or so surrounded with there"—
new colleagues altogether unused to the ways of the district that they could that any time. Why, the waxworks is not remain harmless if they would. It coming that haven't been here these

"Waxworks is no attraction," said Coffin contemptuously. "Give me flesh and blood." whole blame in this matter was laid

"Well," said Maggie, "if waxworks is no attraction, I suppose you won't be upon the shoulders of John Coffin, a

nesv man, whose energy was such that in mere self defense his comrades were In a minute or two the subject was changed. " Tis a lonely life down here for one that's been used to bigger places," said Coffin. "If a man had a wife, perhaps twould be all he'd want. He'd have

and exceeding neat in his attire. He spoke outlandishly, mincing his words after the manner of people inhabiting the regions which lie up the country. And he interfered shamelessly with the some interest in his work then, but as

business of his neighbors.

For example, at the edge of the cliff, "Many thanks for your company." warne, there was a copper mine. Just above the sea level a tunnel had been

alone can tell how many a keg of good liquor, landed on the beach, has gone into that adit, been carried to the shaft and conveyed to the surface in the great iron "kibble," a bucket which was used for hauling the ore to "grass." Once the stuff had gained the surface it was stowed away in the engine house, to be sent to its ultimate desination at a convenient opportunity.

Now, one night a very decent little cargo had been run. A goodly number of here were huried in the sand of the

Now. one night a very decent little cargo had been run. A goodly number of kegs were buried in the sand of the beach. Some twoscore were carried up into the adit and later on drawn to the surface in the kibble. They had been carefully diaposed in the engine house, and all seemed well, when suddenly the place was invaded by a gang of revenue men. The engineer did not lose his presence of mind. He sprang to the safety valve. In a moment the room was filled with steam, and customs officers and miners were tumbling one over the other in wild confusion. But presently John Coffin got to the safety valve and stopped the emape of steam. The miners melted away like summer clouds (being unarmed) and a little later saw the good liquor going off in casks to the stronghold of the revenue men. Mr. Coffin was a provid man, but there were ominous murmurs as he retired, and his name suggested many a grim pleasanstry.

This sort of thing happened continually, heard the tale of his adventures during the time of this last absence and in conclusion told her own tale.

"It looked to me," ahe added, "like as if the man wanted me to tell all I know, and offered to make me Mrs. Coffin in reward. Now, Jim, don't you go and do anything foolish. Perhaps he never meant it, after all."

Jim laughed grimly. "Perhaps not." he said. "All the same, I fancy a bit of a lesson would do him no harm. He can't have thought you was bad hearted. So he must have fancied you could be fooled easy. And he must be cured of all such fancies as that."

Maggie finahed. "I never thought of that," she said. "Jim, you can do just what you like with him." And Jim went off to his breakfast, full of thoughts as to how the end he had in view was to be obtained.

That aftermoon be went through the village with a friend carrying a stout post of the safety was to be obtained.

That aftermoon be went through the village with a friend carrying a stout post of the distribution of a small and secluded cove, about a mile to the west of Trewarme.

Coffin inspected the messenger sus-niciously. "Who sent you?" he asked. "Aw," said the child, "she said I

"Aw," said the child, "she said I mustn't mention so name."
Coffin laughed. "Well," he said, "I don't know that you need. Here, this will buy you some lollipops." He gave the child some coppers and passed on. And he was perfectly right in the impression he carried with him, for the little girl waited until he was out of state and the said that a said the said that a said that sight and then went off as speedily as might be to Maggie Opie's home, where she reported progress and showed Cof-

"Well done," said Maggie. "Spoil "Well done," said Maggie. "Spott the Egyptians where and when you can. There's good examples for that." But at half past 7 she was talking at the cottage gate with the daughter of a neighbor, nor did she quit her home until more than an hour later, when Jim Penlerrick turned up and suggested a brief stroll. He had manifestly some jest to share with her.

Now. John Coffin had never doubted.

Now, John Coffin had never doubted as to the identity of the sender of the message. At half past 7 precisely he be-gan to mount the hilly lane, and when gan to mount the hilly lane, and when he had reached the appointed place he lit a pipe and waited. For a long time no one came. He began to grow more and more impatient, knowing that the girl could have nothing on earth to keep her at this hour. And slowly there dawned upon him a dreadful doubt. Could it be that she had fooled him and was not coming at all? He put the thought from him, but only for a time. In the end he swore vehemently and would have turned away had not a roar of laughter suddenly arrested him. Beore he could recover from his surprise he was struggling in the midst of half a dozen men, and a moment later they had overpowered and bound him, put-

ting a gag between his teeth.
All this time they had not spoken word, and it was still in atter silence that he was compelled to march, a man at either arm, in the direction of the cove. Coffin did not doubt that he had fallen into the hands of smugglers resolved to revenge on him the recent in-juries to the traffic they carried on. He remembered a hundred horrid tales of violence, and his heart quailed within

They led him onward until the sound of the sea broke on his ears, and soon he was being led by a wild and dangerous path down to the little yellow beach. His captors dealt none too gen tly with him when they came to cross the space of tumbled bowlders at the foot of the cliff, and when they had gained the beach they led him to where a tall, wooden post had been fixed in an upright position in the sand. One of the men advanced and kicked it. It quivered, but otherwise was firm, being deeply sunk and having big stones buried about its base. And John Coffin would have cried aloud for mercy had

For he realized what they were going to do with him. They raised him and bound him against the wooden post, and he looked desperately out to seagagged, so that he still could not speak and wondered how long it would be before the advancing tide would reach him. The men moved about in silence, testing all the knots with tremendous hand and vanished in the blackness of the cliff's shadow. And John Coffin

of the breakers. There was a heavy ground swell on, and he knew that, even if he had been able to shout, even if any human being had chanced to approach this lonely region of the const after the fall of darkness, it would still be in vain to hope for rescue, since his voice would not be heard above the din

He did not lack courage—as indeed he had proved beyond dispute by the conduct which had brought him into his present predicament, for to inter-fere seriously with the smuggling was to take up arms against a united countryside—even, he had sometimes dimly suspected, against the local magnates who should have been glad to co-operate with him in the work. And in that "I won't bring 'ee no further, Mr. Coffin," said Maggie interrupting him. knew that he risked his life, but he went armed, and the risk would never have troubled him had he been a free And the little man looked at her meltingly. "No need of thanks!" he ejaculated. "Tis yours whenever you like to take it and for so long a time as citement. But to be bound to a post on bottom of the mine was not taken to the surface, but simply raised to the level of this "adit" and so allowed to gain the sea. And the recording angel alone can tell how many a keg of good liquor, landed on the beach, has gone into that adit, been carried to the shaft and conveyed to the surface in the su

smugglers was not so much a return for his interferences with their actual smugglers was not so much a return for his interferences with their actual trade as for the few words he had spoken with Maggle Opie, and he knew that her treachery had betrayed him. And he had stopped to talk with Maggle, in the first place, not because he knew that she possessed valuable information, but merely because he had seen no girl in all his life who was half so pretty, no girl whom he would more unwillingly have vexed. And he had endeavored to learn the secrets with which she was acquainted involuntarily and out of habit.

He had been ten minutes alone, though the time had seemed longer than the longest night to the man who is tired and cannot sleep. Suddenly he heard footsteps close at hand.

The men had returned. They had gained the top of the path, and theu, a mode of deepening the horror of his situation occurring to them, they had returned. They did not speak a word. One of them took a big red handker-chief from his pocket, folded it and bound it tightly over Coffin's eyes. Then they once more left him slone.

The thunder of the sea grew louder and more near. The very minutes and more near the very minutes and more near. The very minutes and more near the very minutes and more near the very minutes and more near the very minutes and more near. The very minutes and more near the very minut

Maxes the food more delicious and wholesome

as a cot plays with a wretched mouse.

He waited and waited.
Suddenly he awoke, as from a drugged sleep, and found that day was breaking. The waves were far away, and Maggie stood near, the red hand-kerchief in her hand.

She looked at him strangely, and h endeavored to recall the events of the night. Maggie saw his difficulty and

"Are you better now?" she said. "Twas me that put you there. I told, Twas me that put you there. I told, and the men swore they would punish you, for a joke, so they fastened you there, taking care to put you just where the tide would stop when it came up. And I laughed over it when they came back and told me what they had done. But soon as I was abed I began to think what fear you would have. I could see what fear you would have. I could see you standing there and waiting for death. 'Twas as if I stood there myself. I knew 'twas but a joke, and, Lord knows, I've no love for revenue men. last I couldn't stand against it longer. I came out to set you free."

She cut the bands, and he took the gag from his mouth. "Look!" she said. "You won't make a row about it! Twas only a joke. The tide never wetted more than your feet."

John Coffin turned and looked at he

in silence "No," he said at last, "I will say nothing. But you are hard on a man whose sin was that he thought you the prettiest maid he had ever seen." He turned away from her and moved stiffly and slowly toward the path which led up the face of the cliff. Maggie watched him as he went. "I have no love for revenue men." she had said, which is curious, for when he was married six months later she took the name of Coffin.-H. J. Lowry in Strand.

Marriage a Serious Vocation. "A woman who is blessed with good marriage is a role to be skillfully and of which she is to be the admired and passes on to her neighbor.

She is also clad in evening costu is narrow since it must give cover to mcrifice in marrying hi rigilance before they moved away in a "the whole primal mysteries of life— The women who are photographed in withal; love and marriage, birth and ally reached the last step in their prog

When a woman understands this she is able to keep her head steady and her

verbatim letters received by him in his youth from some of his literary friends famous as stylists. When pitted against European students in school or college, the Chinaman is in no respect inferior to his western contemporaries, and, whether in mathematics and applied science or in metaphysics and specula-tive thought, he is capable of holding

The thunder of the sea grew loader and more near. The very minutes seemed interminable and so filled with intolerable fear that he constantly fancied he must lose his reason immediately. And suddenly a shock of terror threw the blood back upon his heart. A wave had broken close at hand. The cold water had reached his feet.

He waited for the next—waited as it seemed to him, for many minutes, the wave which had reached his feet had been one of those tremendous minth waves with which the sea kills men, when, with the other eight, it has played with them.

The trees are not long lived, and to make sure of a family supply a few trees should be planted every six or eight years.—Walde F. Brown in Home and Fa. m.

Orre Minute Cough Cure, cures.

That is what it was male fee.

The measotint photograph of the day is certainly a great improvement upon the polished finish of the old kind. The features are softened by this process, and the face that looks out at one from the card is more the face of a living; breathing person than the other kind showed.—Baltimore News.

A Heavible Example.

"And you will not clope with me. Mamie!"

"Certainly not. Just look at pa and ma! They cloped."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dewitt's Little Earty Rissers, That is what it was male fee.

TAKING HER PICTURE

WOMAN AS SHE IS SAID TO POSE BE FORE THE CAMERA.

Studio Devices For Enhancing the Charms of the Fair Subjects-How Men Usually Face the Photogra

The photographer's studio—the old fashioned gallery has gone the way of all fiesh—is a most fascinating place to visit; to visit—that is, with no suicidal intent, but merely as a disinterested spectator of the works of art it contains, for the modern photograph is indeed a work of art.

To many persons, and the writer is one of them, the dentist's chair hardly presents more appalling possibilities than the picturesque seat provided by the camera artist. To sit, arrayed as the lilies of the field, and stare violently at nothing, trying meanwhile to ass So I fought against it at first. But at one's sweetest expression, is an experi-last I couldn't stand against it longer. ance before which one would think the stoutest heart would quail, the most pleasing countenance develop a ghastly grin. That they do not do anything of the sort is proved by the specimen photographs one sees.

Here is a maiden with a dimple which

she is intent upon showing. The check which contains it is turned invitingly toward an admiring public, and Cupid's hiding place made very, very conspicu-ous, so much so that the whole of the rest of the picture seems to revolve around it, and one hardly notices the pretty decollete gown or any of the other fine details so absorbing is it. Here is another maid, also des

beplumed. Either, one muses, she is going to a dance with the hat on or else she thinks of shopping clad in a low cut gown. There seems to be some inconsistency in either supposition, but one remembers that the hat is very besense does not consider at the start that coming, and so is the gown, and that the combination is entirely fetchis necessfully enacted, or a grand frolic he smiles leniently back at her and

life crowded with other activities,"
writes Helen Watterson Moody in The
Ladies' Home Journal. "She knows
that marriage is a serious and steady
vocation and that the true wife is one
en for the decollete so entirely that who enters marriage not thinking how much she can get out of it, but how much she can gut into it. It is this and brush in their dressing rooms. One larger conception of marriage which makes women dwell by their own firesides in awest content with what is commonly called the 'narrow limits of home,' knowing well that no true home

was left alone to watch the slow, relentless advance of doom.

There was no moon. The clear starlight quivered in lines of silver on the
dark plain of the sea. He could distinguish through the gloom the glimmer
of the breakers. There was a heavy
ground swell on, and he knew that.

When a woman understands this sha is death, right doing and wrongdoing—ress down, and one is free to im all these commonplaces of humanity which are most divine because they are right of the hall, and the subject of the picture seems to have paused just a moment, perhaps to debate how many dances she will give Reginald. It some-times happens that young women are photographed in evening dress coming down those beautiful stairs whose

as we all know.

The meanotint photograph of the day is certainly a great improvement upon the polished finish of the old kind. The

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

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THE BAD ROADS TAX.

able to keep her head steady and her heart undisturbed over newspaper detill his discretion and titll his each one of them is made to do the most control that the control of them is made to do the most control of them is made to do the most control of them is made to do the most control of them is made to do the most control of them is made to do the most control of them is made to do the most control of them is made to do the most control of them is made to do the most control of them is made to do the most control of them is made to do the most control of them is made to do the most control of the most therough and valuable and unnecessary things."

A Chinaman's Memory.

"The intellectual capacity of the Chinese may rank with the best in western countries. Their own literary studies, in which memory plays the important part, prove the nation to be capable of prodigious achievements in that direction. It is stated in 'Macaulay's Life' that had 'Paradiso Lost' been destroyed he could have reproduced if from memory as he possessed is small compared with that of many Chinese, who can repeat by heart all the 13 classics, and it is as nothing to that of some Chinese, who in addition to being able to repeat the classics can memorize a large part of the general literature of their country.

"A Chinese acquaintance of mines was able at the age of 65 to reproduce verbatim letters received by him in his youth from some of his literary friends (Input to the control of the control of the most state in the country, and it is finally the country of the most control of the most state in the country of the country

and little altered.

The photographs of children are almost always things of beauty and veritable joys forever. The little ones do most always things of beauty and veritable joys forever. The little canes do not pose either, and so the flowerlike faces are reproduced with the sweet, infantile expression of thorough unconsciousness. There is one class of infant photographs, however, that one would think was better honored in the breach than in the observances. This is that that represents the innocent youngsters clad in such an infinitesimal scrap of clothing that one cannot but think how thoroughly sahamed of themselves they will be when they grow up and look at this reproduction of their chubby selves. It is a very reprehensible habit of parents, for the danger of pneumonia to the santjects must be great.

Actresses are undoubtedly the best posseurs and are really to be envised for the faculty which they possess of being able to assume before the deadly instrument their best facial expressions and most graceful poses.

Stranger bow shocked one becomes ing done on those roads is not less the \$000,000,000 annually. Taking into a count also the loss austained by reas-

Actresses are undoubtedly the best posseurs and are really to be enviod for the faculty which they possess of being able to assume before the deadly instrument their best facial expressions and most graceful poss.

Strange how shocked one becomes when confronted with a picture of herself taken 19 years before?

"Did I ever look like that?" she gasps and straightway tears the semblance up. The difference is great between a past photograph and a present presentment truly, but it is one of dress and the arrangement of the coffure, not of features, for cameras do not lie, as we all know.

"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 Risers, the famous little pills. J. C. Simmons, the druggist.



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