

## Our Specials this Week!

A man's tan Vici Kid shoe, several toes and lasts, several shad's—a beauty for \$3, but this week only \$2.50. It's made by Nelson. Same in black.

### Special No. 2.

A ladies' black kid, lace or button, patent or stock tip, nickel, dime or quarter toe, any shape tip, made by Union Shoe Co., to retail at \$2. Our cut price this week \$1.65.

Davis & Davis, Prop's Big Shoe Store,  
A. L. DAVIS, Manager.  
BURLINGTON, N. C.

### Paying Double Prices

For everything is not what you think it is. Buy your goods at the lowest possible price. Did you think it was here, did you think it was here, did you think it was here? ...  
Machines, Organs and Pianos.  
What do you think of a fine upright piano, guaranteed to fit and operate, sold to your station for \$200? Catalogue No. 57 shows 35 samples of clothing for men, women and children. ...  
JULIUS HINES & SON, Baltimore, Md. Dept. 000.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JACOB A. LONG,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
GRAHAM, N. C.  
Practices in the State and Federal courts, since over 20 years. Moore & Co.'s store, Main street. Phone No. 3.

### DR. J. R. STOCKARD

Dentist,  
GRAHAM, N. C.  
Office at residence, opposite Baptist Church. Hours: 10 to 12 and 6 to 8. In office Mondays and Saturdays.

### WINE OF CARDUI

FOR ALL WOMEN  
Nine-tenths of all the pain and discomfort from which women suffer is caused by weakness or derangement of the organs of menstruation. Nearly always when a woman is not well these organs are affected. But when they are strong and healthy a woman is very seldom sick.

### Wine of Cardui

is nature's provision for the regulation of the menstrual function. It cures all "female troubles." It is equally effective for the girl in her teens, the young wife with domestic and maternal cares, and the woman approaching the period known as the "Change of Life." They all need it. They are all benefited by it.

### WINE OF CARB.

POULTRY POINTS.  
Bites of Wisdom Gleaned From the Experience of Experts.  
Paraphrase red edge of comb and wattle indicate lack of condition.

### St. George's Lake.

St. George's lake, in Liberty, is said to be one of the handsomest sheets of water in Maine. It is fed almost entirely by springs, and its waters are so clear that objects on its bottom can be seen plainly when the water is many feet deep. The water at the outlet of the lake passes down a descent, and the fall in three-quarters of a mile is estimated to be 175 feet.

### Better Position.

Mrs. Mann (meeting former servant)—Ah, Mary, I suppose you are getting better wages at your new place?  
Mary—No, ma'am. I'm working for nothing now. I'm married.—Boston Transcript.

### A CAPTURE.

First post had gone on the bridge at Fort Saskatchewan, and the major was sitting on the porch of his quarters, discussing with his adjutant the details of a practice march arranged the following week for B troop. The harl bin of the sky changed to purple, then to steel gray, and Saturn appeared low down on the western horizon. Over the level stretches of the prairie the wind blew softly, rustling the yellow grass. It was peculiarly soothing to the two officers, smoking in lazy contentment after an arduous day in the blazing August sun. They paused in their chat, and their thoughts drifted to other lands. They saw faces, the pensive faces of women and the laughing eyes of little children, while they watched the stars come out, one by one, in the deepening dusk. They remembered that those same stars shone over the homes which sheltered those women and children; they seemed like sentinel eyes keeping tireless vigil over those loved ones, separated from them by long leagues of hill and plain and in the vicissitudes of a soldier's calling, and their hearts warmed to their friendly twinkling.

Length the major's vagrant thoughts reverted to the matter in hand. "Thirty miles will do for the first day," he resumed. "That will take you into the Beaver hills, where there's good camping, now the cool nights keep the flies down. How's regimental No. 2, 1423?"

"All right again, sir," said the adjutant. "Slight attack of influenza, the primary surgeon said it was 'He'll'." The adjutant of the guardhouse across the square opposite swung open and a single rang out shrilly on the quiet night air. The two officers sprang to their feet. A shot went off, followed by another and another. Forms flitted back and forth through the bars of light which streamed across the parade ground from the barrack windows. The officer of the guard hurried up, touched his cap and said: "I have to report, sir, that the prisoners McCormick and Milligan have overpowered the guard and escaped."

The major muttered something not on record, took three strides up the porch and two back, and then rapidly delivered his orders. "Detail Kay and Hatherton to scout south toward Blindman's river; they'll probably be down the river to the north or later. Send Smith and Edmonds north to the Athabasca landing and Murphy and Kraus east as far as Saddle Lake. Fontaine and Christianone can take the north bank of the Saskatchewan as far as Lac Ste. Anne."

Twenty minutes later the four details pulled out of Fort Saskatchewan on a blind search for as choice a pair of blacklegs as might have been found anywhere within 100 miles. Up to the winter before, some of the Saskatchewan fellows had cultivated the idea that they knew a little about the game of poker, but after Crackerbox—baptized William McCormick—had dwelt among them for a month they had been driven stubbornly to the conviction that somehow they had made an error of judgment. A little earlier, Calgary had been a flower, a night-blooming cereus, from the professional gambler's point of view, but the bloom had worn off; it had become too slow and stupid, and Crackerbox had heard of the Saskatchewan game and moved north. He thought there might be a profitable opening for him there, and he was correct. His operations at the green table had been quite satisfactory to himself, and necessarily anything but satisfactory to any one else.

Still, the game went on, and Crackerbox continued to pull down his jackpots with complacent regularity, until one night things happened. It had been his day of course. He was discovered with four nines in his hand, and as three were held among the other players round the board, Crackerbox was called on for explanations, which he gave—at the point of a six shooter. They carried the wounded man home and Crackerbox to the guardhouse. He had done fatigue duty on the woodpile and round the kitchen sink under the eye of an unympathetic sergeant and, while he was not so thought of, he was not of occupation for a gentlemanly professional gambler. He had been aware of his explanations, which he gave—at the point of a six shooter. They carried the wounded man home and Crackerbox to the guardhouse. He had done fatigue duty on the woodpile and round the kitchen sink under the eye of an unympathetic sergeant and, while he was not so thought of, he was not of occupation for a gentlemanly professional gambler.

### A HUSBAND SAYS:

"Before my wife began using Mother's Friend she could hardly get around. I do not think she could get along without it now. She has used it for two months and it is a great help to her. She does her household work without trouble."

### Mother's Friend

is an external liniment for expectant mothers to use. It gives them strength to attend to their household duties almost to the hour of confinement. It is the one and only preparation that overcomes morning sickness and nervousness. It is the only remedy that makes labor short and delivery easy. It is the only remedy that puts the breasts in condition so that swelling or rising is impossible. Don't take medicines internally. They endanger the lives of both mother and child. Mother's Friend is sold by druggists for 50c. Send for free illustrated book. The Bradford Register Co., Atlanta, Ga.

### ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE  
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

"Elegant," assented his companion, with a mouthful of steak. "Still, I'm not asking to see any of 'em. Ut's good riddance, anyways you take us, an I hope there's as many moles betwix us as there is behind 'em."  
The door creaked a trifle on its wooden hinges. Crackerbox looked round quickly. Sergeant Kay stood in the doorway with a leveled revolver in his hand.

"I'll trouble you, McCormick," he said easily. "Oaks—quick now! You know the formula."  
The gambler's hands went up. Milligan raised his at the same instant. His eyes were engaged at the window before him.

"'Bout face!" Milligan came round mechanically in obedience to the sharp word of command. "Tut! tut!" Kay went on protesting, "you needn't strike your dukes, Milligan. Keep 'em up, keep 'em up. They look first rate as they are. Hatherton, walk round here—I'll do the honors while you're coming and fit these new cuffs on the gentlemen. I want to see how they look. Cutest thing in the market; lots of starch in 'em and polished to make a Chinese laundry ashamed of itself. We haven't had a chance to try 'em on a real eligible candidate before."

He bowed with mock deference to the gambler. Crackerbox smiled amiably in return.  
"I'm right glad to see you, sergeant," he said. "Seems just like home again. Funny how things turn out, ain't it? I was just wonderin if you wouldn't happen along—and here you are! Well, all's fair in love and war—and a fox chase. Some fools in my shoes would probably see things—ropes, beams and horripipes. I don't—Life's too short to waste in speculation over what probably wouldn't occur. Play your game out and keep on lookin happy. That's good, clean philosophy for a man. And if you do pass out before the rest of the players, why you're only a head ahead, and they'll be hot in your moccasins tracks to the sweet by-by. We only just hit the ranch an hour before you, and seen we was here first we can't do less than mean welcome. You wouldn't have grudged us a hearty reception, I know, if it had happened the other way round." Crackerbox laughed. "We was right hungry, Mr. Bennet, here, was good as to fix us up a real enjoyable meal, an we've just wolfed it. And as the handcuffs went on: 'And then bracelet! Ain't they charmin! Such fish! Do you know, sergeant, as which the sergeant is 10 miles so you'll get me a pair, gold—miniature, you know—same pattern, to hang on my watch chain as a souvenir. What's wrong, Milligan? You don't look pleased."

The big Irishman glowered under his thick, red eyebrows. "I suppose this is another twelvemont' for me," he growled.  
Crackerbox burst into a loud laugh. "Don't be downhearted, son," he returned. "They can't give me too much of a good thing. I'll ask them to let me have it."  
"Well, Mr. McCormick," said Kay, "now you're wearing government jewelry we can be more sociable. I guess you haven't finished your breakfast yet. It's ahead of anything you're likely to get between this and the fort, which is 40 miles so you'll best make the most of it. Jump in. And since you're so hospitable, if Mr. Bennet will be good enough to fry a little more steak, we'll eat with you. I guess you know better than to make any breaks," he added, significantly looking from one prisoner to the other.

"Too busy to think of it," returned Crackerbox, sitting down to the table himself, and necessarily anything but satisfactory to any one else.  
"Still, the game went on, and Crackerbox continued to pull down his jackpots with complacent regularity, until one night things happened. It had been his day of course. He was discovered with four nines in his hand, and as three were held among the other players round the board, Crackerbox was called on for explanations, which he gave—at the point of a six shooter. They carried the wounded man home and Crackerbox to the guardhouse. He had done fatigue duty on the woodpile and round the kitchen sink under the eye of an unympathetic sergeant and, while he was not so thought of, he was not of occupation for a gentlemanly professional gambler.

"Help him out, won't you?" said Kay. "Mr. Bennet will do the same for the other man, I'm sure."  
"Oh, I can't allow that!" protested the gambler. "I'll manage." He seized the man in his fists and tore it between his teeth, like a dog.  
"Here, quit that!" exclaimed Kay. "You're a human at least, not an animal." He took out his keys and unlocked one handcuff. "There, I'll let you eat decently and not like a pagan if you'll promise not to try to escape." A sudden brightness flashed into the gambler's eyes, but there was nothing of it left in the look he turned on Kay as he replied with a bland smile. "Sure thing, I'd promise anything under the circumstances. That's easy, I say, sergeant, you're real obliging. I'll see that you're mentioned in orders."

"See that you keep your promise," said Kay.  
"Before my wife began using Mother's Friend she could hardly get around. I do not think she could get along without it now. She has used it for two months and it is a great help to her. She does her household work without trouble."

"Well, so long, sergeant," said Crackerbox as he stood beside Kay's saddle. "I'd be glad to spend another half hour in your company, but you understand we've no time to waste in social entertainment. We thank you for a real pleasant mornin and for bringin down these horses for our use. My feet was plumb playin out, but I reckon we'll get on now. If you look real hard, boys, you'll find the keys of them cuffs lock and, Bennet, your horses won't stray so far but what you'll be able to stick 'em up tomorrow. Good day, sergeant. If you ever come down my way, look me up. I won't forget your consideration. I won't, honest."

He sprang into the saddle and clattered off, but at 100 yards he stopped and drew over to his shoulder.  
"And, oh, I say, sergeant, I remember me to the majah and tell him I said so far but what you'll be able to stick 'em up tomorrow. Good day, sergeant. If you ever come down my way, look me up. I won't forget your consideration. I won't, honest."

A Growing Association.  
The Aurora (Ill.) Poultry Pigeon and Pet Stock association will hold its first annual exhibition at Aurora Jan. 8 to 15, 1900. In two months the society has gained a membership of 29 paid up names. On Jan. 29-31 it held a little scoring show limited to members. B. N. Pierce was judge of poultry and J. M. Bell of pigeons. There were nearly 500 entries in the poultry list and 125 pigeons.

### Greensboro Tobacco Market

ROR HIGH PRICES.

Sold over 5,000,000 pounds last year for an average of \$7.57 per 100 pounds. This is the highest average made by any market in piedmont North Carolina. Over \$1,260.00 paid out daily to farmers for tobacco during the past year.  
It is the best market in the State for the farmer. Our Warehouses are large, commodious and up-to-date, whose proprietors stand without a peer as slesmen of the weed. Every large firm in the United States and a number of foreign firms are represented by our buyers. Tobacco centre, manufacturing centre, trade centre, railroad centre, educational centre. Our own manufacturers have a large capacity and are increasing their trade daily and must have tobacco. We have the strongest corps of buyers in the world for the warehouse capacity. We want more tobacco and must have it if high averages will bring it. Try us with your next load and be convinced of our merit.

### Greensboro Tobacco Association.

### 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. There is no insurance agency in North Carolina with better facilities for placing large lines of insurance, that can give lower rates or better indemnity. Only first-class companies, in every branch of the business, find a lodgement in my office. With a practical experience of more than ten years, I feel warranted in soliciting a share of the local patronage. I guarantee full satisfaction in every instance. Correspondence solicited upon 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 families or their estates, or who wish to make absolutely safe and profitable investment, to confer with me before giving their applications to other agents.

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

### THE NEW Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine

WITH Rotary Motion and Ball Bearings, Easy Running, Quiet, Rapid, and Durable.

Purchasers say: "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 machines for Cloth and Leather. The best machine on earth—see it before you buy. ONEIDA STORE CO., J. M. HAYES, Agent.

McCALL'S 100 PATTERNS. NONE BETTER AT ANY PRICE. THE McCALL COMPANY, 128 to 146 W. 14th St., New York.

McCALL'S 50 MAGAZINE YEAR. Brightest Magazine Published. Contains Beautiful Colored Plates. Illustrates Latest Patterns, Fashionable, Handy Work. Agents wanted for this magazine in every city and town in the United States. Write for terms and a FREE PATTERN. Address THE McCALL CO., 128 to 146 W. 14th St., New York.

Z. T. HADLEY, Practical Watch Repairer. Cole and Flinton Corner, Graham.

CASTORIA. The Kidney and Bladder Remedy. DeWitt's Little Early Risers, The famous Little Pills.

Subscribe for THE GLEANER, only \$1.00 a year in advance.