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PRESIDENT MOIVIER,
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Capt. B. F. Fisher, owner of the Benbow House at Greensboro, which was burned recently, has used the Greensboro Water Supply Co. for \$30,000. He alleges that the loss of the Benbow House by fire was due to insufficiency of water pressure, and that during the first half hour or three-quarters of an hour of the fire the water could not be drawn higher than 10 feet.

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and Whiskey Habits cured at home with out pain book of particulars sent FREE. DR. R. B. HOAGLYN, C. C. 1110 W. 11th St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE BEST ROOM.

As we stand on that dim threshold, fresh from the world without,
A damp, mysterious odor is lurking all about;
The grim old halliwart furniture paraded out in state,
For some pretentious gathering ensue anxiously to wait.
"This such a solemn, sacred place, it surely seems to be,
Upon the faded carpeting to let the sunlight in;
But on the wall a glint of it steals through the shuttered side,
Touching grandfather's portrait there beside his bony bride.
Upon a wall of rare design the sunlight sheds its ray—
Wrought by two white hands turned to dust for many a day;
This "lover piece" incased in glass seemed to my childish eyes
A thing to gaze and wonder at and reverently to prize!
The tall, funeral mantle for a giant race seemed made,
Beneath it loomed the fireplace, where as a child I played;
Its blackened depths with cars are decked with grass in a row,
Like festery photos from the care of the firm of long ago!
My world was not within its walls—I loved the light—
Indeed of its great staleness I stood in wholesome dread,
But each loved spot upon the farm in memory has a part,
And that old dusty parlor holds its corner in my heart!"
—Boston Transcript.

THE NUMBER 13

By Frederick R. Guernsey.
The Unlucky Number Pursued a Mexican Family to the Bitter End.

In a country house on a recent Sunday afternoon we were talking of superstitions. The charming Lolita, with eyes inherited from some Moorish sultana and lips which say two rubics, guardians of a mouth filled with pearls, spoke of the coming wedding of some girl friend: "I would never marry on a Tuesday, for I should be sure of an evil fate."

"You would not marry even Antonio on a Tuesday?" asked a fair Spanish girl, fir there are enchanting blondes even from Andalusia.
Lolita, whom everybody adores, grew rosy red and, straggling her sculptured nose, she replied, as if it pained her the maliciously put question, "Not even Antonio on a Tuesday, though whatever day you should marry him would be for him the blackest of black luck!"

We all laughed at this silly, knowing the rivalry of the two señoritas.
Leonidas, who is a soldier and diplomat, spoke up, saying: "Don't quarrel, dear girls. There is room enough in the hold of love for both of you, and lucky the man who wins you on any day of the week. Tuesday is our bad day in Mexico, but among the Americans it is Friday, the day Nuestró Senor was crucified."
"But what good fortune for all of us!" interrupted Lolita, piously.
Dona Clotilde, the hostess, a woman of great beauty, regally placed in a carved chair of colonial art, took up the thread. "I am, I confess, superstitious. I would bring nothing on a Tuesday, a day on which no one should embark, marry or undertake anything of importance; but, above all things, shun a Tuesday when it falls on the 13th of the month. If I tell you a true story, and Leonidas will confirm every word of it, for I feel that I used a 'castigo' so extraordinary is it a part of the family of Valle de Miranda."

Here the servants brought in leeks and cakes, and there was an interruption, but we soon became quiet, and Clotilde resumed: "In 1850, perhaps a year later, there lived at 13 Calle de las Damas Reglas an old man and his wife called Segovia. They owned the place and had lived there many years alone with their servants, all elderly people, there being no children. I cannot say there was ill luck attending them."

"Excepting having no children," commented Leonidas, who does on children and is always surrounded by them.
"Excepting having no children," continued Clotilde. "But these old people died on the same day, as I well recall, and it was the 13th of November, and when the place was sold, shortly after, the family of Valle de Miranda bought it and moved in, the date being the 20th of the following February, a double 13, you will notice. The Valle de Miranda had always had misdeeds, as far as any one's recollection goes. They were originally from Guanajuato and were mine owners. Whatever they touched turned to gold. My grandfather has told me time and again of their immense good fortune. It seemed a sin, he said, to be so lucky in a world where so many people can never succeed, strive as they will. Each generation of this favored family prospered. Death was reluctant, it almost seemed, to knock at their door. If the sons sought wives, they found always beautiful, good breeding and solid position. If the daughters married, they got handsome and adoring husbands. It was like a fairy tale, dear girls. You have never read a novel like it."

Here our hostess, who is a bit rustic, stopped, slipped her melting lace and went on: "Don Ignacio Valle de Miranda was one of the most distinguished looking men I have ever seen, and Maria Inacia, his wife, was even in middle age elegant in figure, of irreproachable taste and, although the mother of many children, almost as slender of waist as Lolita here."
"We all, of course, fixed our eyes on the charming form of the young sultana, and then resumed our attitude of respecters, the good natured Clotilde extending not our pardonable visual curiosity. "Such were the parents of the family who moved into 13 Damas Reglas, nearly 20 years ago. There were six sons and the same number of daughters, a hopeful, you'll say, and the house of the colonial period, one in which many vicereines and their courtiers had danced, was spacious, and the grand old man had a room running the full length of the street front. Things went well with the family till, two years after their occupancy of the house, a son was born, the thirteenth child! Then

all that was sinister in the fatal number began to manifest itself. Don Ignacio shaved himself every day in the English manner—that is, by himself—dressing to call in a barber, and one morning while in the courtyard and heard a noise in the courtyard and stepped out on the corridor to listen, forgetting that it was chilly and that he was in his stocking feet. He caught a cold, as it was supposed, and there followed an embolism, something choking a vein or artery in a leg. Many painful symptoms followed. An eminent doctor, he took to his bed, and the foremost surgeons of the city in consultation decided that his leg must be amputated to save his life. It was a big, strong, full blooded man, and it was not imagined that he might not survive the operation. But ten days after he died of the shock, and it was a marvel how wasted he had become. This was the most tragic event during generations in the history of the Valle de Miranda.

When other events, sinister and sorrowful, had occurred in that once happy family, Leonidas looked up the lineage of the death of Don Ignacio. It was the 13th. This was but the beginning, for on the 13th of the following May Maria, the wife, died of typhus, and then came losses of property, the mines failed to pay, an interest in a banking house was lost through a most unexpected failure, and when we heard that the banking house was at 13 street we shuddered. My father-in-law, the young Julio Valle de Miranda to counsel him to move out of 13 Damas Reglas, but Julio said that it was all a series of coincidences and that, even if it were that, he had no money to spend in fitting up a new house. It seems incredible, but in the space of three years every member of that family except Julio and a sister, Trinidad, had died, and Julio himself was on his way out of a 20th! People all over the city had come to talk of the Valle de Miranda family and its awful luck. Most people were confirmed in their prejudice against the number 13. Timid persons moved out of No. 13 or changed the number to '12 bis,' anything to break the spell.

Ten years went by, and Julio remained a bachelor, while his sister, Trinidad, was married to a rich, tall, of lovely figure and with great dark eyes, who had been carefully educated at the Sacred Heart, remained with him. Julio had managed to retain the house, for a copper mine, which no one had thought worth considering and which the creditors of the family had left in a doubtfully generous way to Julio and his sister, had turned out of much value and had been sold to Frenchmen. I don't know how it happened, but Julio seemed fascinated by the old house. They were old people, that brother and sister, and declared that where their father and mother had lived was dear to them and that they could not be happy in any other house, even in a modern mansion in the newer part of the city.

"It was about 1862 when a young man of excellent family, Rafael del Monte, began to pay court to Trinidad, standing under her balcony at night, following her everywhere, in short the utmost devotion. Rafael had a large fortune in houses and lands and lived the life of a young clubman, and, being fond of horses, was always driving, trying a new carriage or going on horseback excursions about the valley. He was very kind and took up with all the old manna was scheming to get Rafael for their daughter. He could play the piano, sing, speak well, both in French and English, had traveled, dressed in perfect taste and was not only a handsome fellow, but nothing dispirited. Leonidas will be my witness that we used to say, on talking over the devotion of Rafael for Trinidad, 'perhaps the best fortune of the family of the Valle de Miranda had taken wings. Youth and beauty, wealth and distinction, madly in love! Surely, we thought, the leaf has been turned in the book of a tragic fate. At all events, fortune seemed to have relocated, and Trinidad was as happy a girl as one could wish to see. Wherever we met her at social reunions she was a radiant picture of the best of things, bearing and perfect ease drew every eye. She was a girl of whom one said mean things. Society here is sharp tongued sometimes, but as if by common consent all the world seemed to wish good fortune for this last of the daughters of an ill fated house."

Leonidas looked meditatively at Clotilde's lovely hands and murmured, "Trinidad was perfection of speech well fitting that gallant old gentleman."
"Good, she was perfection, and when women fall in love with a woman may be sure, girls, that she is good and sweet and charming. All that was Trinidad Valle de Miranda. The very brighteners on the street corners forgot to pay her a compliment. Once one said, 'She is a holy image, from the altar, good walking through heaven and earth, God!' But no rude word ever reached her ears as she went about the city. Heaven seemed to have relocated and to have showered all possible gifts of grace and virtue on this superb young woman. How devout she was! How constant in her devotions! How many times she went to the shrine at Guadalupe to pray! And the chief of her numberless adorers was Rafael."

"I recall, as if it were yesterday, the day that in the archbishop's private chapel. Joy illumined the face of Trinidad. Rafael was a perfect picture, a young Hidalgo, as we see the gallants of old times in pictures. He was so manly, so proud of this charming woman! It was ideal. They went away on their wedding day for a long tour in Europe. Even Julio's sad face relaxed on the day of the ceremony. We all went to the railway station and gave them a despoiled magnificence. The bride, in her traveling dress, was the handsomest woman I have ever seen."

As Clotilde is still handsome and in her youth was a reigning belle in the City of Mexico her praise was that of a competent person. Leonidas bowed his head and looked mysteriously toward her as she awaited the sequel.
Here Clotilde's voice trembled. "Poor Julio! He was at his desk in his office one afternoon in August when a telegram was brought in. It was from Rafael: 'Railway accident; Trinidad killed; no suffering; I desperate. Particulars by mail.' Julio was stunned.

In a day he seemed to become an old man. Our fate, our wretched family. All the lights went out of my life." This was all any one could get from Julio. The letter came, dated from some little city in France, and inclosed a newspaper account of a terrible railway accident. One sentence, filled with infinite meaning, with sinister suggestiveness, was this: "The thirteenth body taken from the wreck was that of a young Mexican woman recently married. Her husband strangely escaped unhurt."
"The thirteenth body," commented all Mexico. "The fate of the familia Valle de Miranda."
"Rafael never returned. He lives abroad."
"And Julio?" we all asked simultaneously.
Clotilde resumed: "As I said, he became old in a day, so sunken of face, so gray, so pitiful, but he would not leave the house in Damas Reglas. He devoted himself to his sister's memory. He gave much money in her name to the beneficent orders. His business prospered. We advised him to marry, to take another house, to get something of the late autumnal joy of life, so he abandoned, but grateful as summer days of the falling leaves. We could not move him. He was in a passive when we talked about these matters. All he would say was: 'Dear friends, I thank you. At least the love of friends remains to the last of the family of Valle de Miranda.'"
Here Clotilde began to weep softly. "Tell the rest, Leonidas," she said in a trembling voice, and in the deeper tone of the man came the conclusion of the strange story: "It was on a cold, cloudy, miserable day in January, when the snow waters were falling and all Mexico was miserable and chilled to the marrow, that a rumor spread about the town that Don Julio had hanged himself. It was among the first at the club to hear the news and, jumping into my carriage, went to 13 Damas Reglas. There was the utmost consternation among the servitors. The officers of the law were coming to see the body. It was too true. The last of the Valle de Miranda was self hanged in his chamber. He left no note, nothing to explain his ultimate thought. When the body was officially examined, there was found in a little silted bag suspended by a cord worn about the neck a card on which had been finely painted a strangely emblematic border of bleeding hearts, under each a name of a member of the fated family and in the center in deep black the fatal 13. And this was the last of a family which for generations was a synonym for prosperity, for good fortune, for the beauty of its women and the manly perfection of its sons. So I naturally dreamt the fatal number."
"And the old house," asked Lolita, her eyes bedimmed, "does it still stand?"
And Leonidas made reply: "A warehouse occupies its place. It is not torn down but from motives of sentiment, but to give place to the advance of trade."

A FAMOUS CONFLICT.

THE GREATEST DUEL WITH SWORDS THAT HISTORY RECORDS.

It Was Fought in the Presence of a Whole Army, and Twelve Masters at Arms Went Down in Succession, Killed by the Blade of Jean Louis.

So extraordinary is this combat that it would be held a romance had it not been witnessed by a whole army. The hero was Jean Louis, one of the greatest masters of swordsmanship who ever lived, and the combat happened in Madrid in 1813. He was the master at arms of the Thirty-second regiment of French Infantry—the First regiment, composed entirely of Italians, forming part of the same brigade. Regimental esprit de corps and rivalries of nationality caused constant quarrels, when swords were often whipped out or bullets exchanged.

After a small battle had occurred in the streets of Madrid, in which over 200 French and Italian soldiers had taken part, the officers of the two regiments, in a council of war assembled, decided to give such breaches of order a great blow, and to re-establish discipline they agreed that the masters at arms of the two regiments should take up the quarrel and fight it out. The details of the battle were simple and quickly arranged. The duel was to take place in the open and in the presence of the whole army. The crack swordsmen of the two regiments were selected, and each group arranged the order in which their men were to face their opponents. The next day was the time set for the bloody ordeal.

Shortly after daybreak, as the sun rose, an army assembled. Then a moment of expectancy.
The drum is heard. Two men naked to the waist step into the ring. The first is tall and strong. His black eyes rove disdainfully upon the gaping crowd. He is Giacomo Ferrari, the celebrated Italian. The second, tall, also handsome and with muscles like steel, stands modestly awaiting the word of command. His name is Jean Louis. The witnesses assume their places on either side of their principals. A deathlike silence ensues.
"On guard!" The two masters cross swords. Giacomo Ferrari lunges repeatedly at Jean Louis, but in vain. His every thrust is met by a parry. He makes up his mind to bide his chance and retreats and tenses his opponent's blade.
Jean Louis, calm and watchful, leads himself to the play, when, quicker than lightning, the Italian jumps aside with a loud yell and makes a terrible lunge at Jean Louis—a Florentine trick, often successful. But, with extraordinary rapidity, Jean Louis has parried, and responds quickly in the shoulder.
"It is nothing," cried Giacomo, "a mere scratch," and they again fall on guard. Almost directly he is hit in the breast. This time the sword of Jean Louis, who is now attacking, penetrates deeply. Giacomo's face becomes livid, his sword drops from his hand and he falls heavily on the turf. He is dead.

Jean Louis is already in position. He wipes his reeking blade; then, with the point of his sword in the ground, he calmly awaits the next man. He has hardly had two minutes' rest. He is ready. A new adversary stands before him.
A minister clerk of swords is heard, a lunge, a parry, a riposte, and then a cry, a sigh, and all is over. A second body is before Jean Louis. A third adversary advances. They wanted Jean Louis to rest.
"I am not tired," he answers, with a smile. The signal is given. The Italian is as tall as the one who lies there a corpse, covered by a military cloak. He has closely watched Jean Louis play, and thinks he has guessed the secrets of his victory. He multiplies his feints and tricks, and then, all at once, bounding like a tiger on his prey, he gives his opponent a terrible thrust in the lower leg. But Jean Louis' sword has parried, and is now deep within his opponent's breast.
What need to relate any more. Ten new adversaries followed him, and the ten fell before Jean Louis, amid the excited yells and roars of an army.

At the request of the Thirty-second regiment's colonel, who thought the lesson sufficient, Jean Louis, after much pressing, consented to stop the combat, and he shook hands with the two survivors, applauded by 10,000 men.
Stevenson as a Burglar.
Mr. Edmund Gosse has written a paper on "Stevenson's Relations With Children" in Chambers' Journal. It is a story of his youthful days as narrated to himself by Stevenson. He was still a little fellow when in the summer holidays, after reading a number of detective novels of a bad kind, he was passing one Sunday afternoon along a road in an Edinburgh suburb. There he saw a deserted house, furnished, but without a caretaker. It struck young Stevenson that it would be a fine thing to break into this house, which he accordingly did, roaming from room to room, looking at books and pictures in great excitement, until he thought he heard a noise in the garden. Terror seized upon him as he imagined himself handcuffed and conveyed to prison just as if the church folks were returning home. He burst out crying, then managed to creep out as he had come in.

The Wild Turkey.
James H. Wilson in Fancy Fowls says: "The only true bronze turkey is the wild turkey. No one ever heard of wild turkeys having cholera, roach or gapes. They are the healthiest, hardiest turkeys known, quick to detect danger and quick to get away. They are not hard to manage, as some people suppose. They don't stand around and wait to be fed. They get out to get their feed themselves and are easy to raise. By the time they are reduced one-fourth wild there is not much wild nature about them, although the color and constitution are greatly improved. I consider it advisable for turkey breeders to infuse wild blood in their flocks."
Get Rise of the Mud.
Mud can imprison and smother thousands of the year whose families have been bound and shackled by the mud, been prevented from the enjoyments and privileges of free transit and utterly isolated from their neighbors. When we see what a great enemy mud is, the first thing to take into consideration in road building is some plan to avoid mud and build roads that will be free from mud.—R. D. Yalman.

Over the Hills.
A correspondent of the Bangor Commercial says: "Land in the rural districts of Maine is not so valuable that we should continue to travel the roads of our fathers over those rugged hills simply because they did. Discard those hill roads where they can be done and locate roads where they should be made in a where good roads can be made in a short time and easily kept in repair, and we should see a very decided change for the better."
Emily's Idea.
"Mrs. Salmon got a dog that likes me," said little Emily, coming home from a visit to her aunt.
"How do you know he likes you?" her mother asked.
"Cause he tasted me and then wagged his tail," answered the little girl—Detroit Free Press.
Superstitious Fishermen.
Herring fishermen in the old world are, many of them, remarkably superstitious. For instance, on some fishing boats whistling is forbidden, and neither milk nor burned bread is allowed on board. Furthermore, not even the name of that unlucky animal, the hare, may be mentioned, and a common method of punishing an enemy is to throw a dead hare into his boat.
Some of the fishermen believe in luck attending an odd numbered crew, but the good fortune may be neutralized should one of the number have red

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 \$1,260,000 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 eslemer of the weed.
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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.

BAD MANAGEMENT.

Some Common Reasons Why Some Eggs Will Not Hatch.
Some of the poultry people are showing bad management that will yield a crop of disappointments later on. People lay eggs every year that don't hatch well. It shall give some of the most common reasons and try to show where bad management comes in. If hens are allowed to become fat, a large per cent of the eggs will not be fertile. Feeding three times a day of fat producing foods or failing to provide plenty of exercise in the way of straw or leaves for scratching is bad management.
Running an egg ranch for market is a different thing, for in case the eggs are not fertile so much the better. The high pressure methods so much in vogue are very largely responsible for the poor hatches so often obtained.
Another frequent cause of poor hatches is allowing too many hens to use cockerel. Rather than use over ten hens to one cockerel, I make ten cockers and 12 hens to one cockerel in Leghorns with excellent results by giving the cockerel extra food. I pick him up and allow him to eat from the bucket of feed while I am gathering and marking the eggs from different yards, he afterward eating with the hens when I feed them.
If the cockerel is neglected and allowed to become reduced in vitality, a large per cent of the chicks will not be able to get out of the shell, and many others after they get out will never just die from lack of vital energy. These are the ones that stand around and peep and sleep till they die.
The terrible doctrine of heredity is demonstrated in the feathered tribe as well as in the human family.
Another prolific cause of bad hatches is using immature pullets in the breeding pen. Many an ambitious breeder, in order to increase his business over last year and fill all orders, makes the mistake of selling his early pullets and using some in his own yards that are too young. We don't like to return checks and drafts, but we do it every year. Before ever there is a sale made the birds for our own yards are selected, and we wouldn't ship out any of them for love or money, for what we need ourselves we cannot afford to sell.—Poultry Topics.

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