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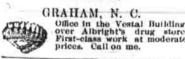
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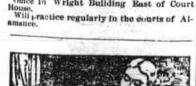
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A Woman Only Knows

suffering from falling of the whites, painful or irregula-s, or any disease of the distinctly

McELREE'S Wine of Cardul

will banish it. This medicine cures all "female diseases" quickly and permanently. It does away with humiliating physical examinations. The treatment may be taken at home. There is not continual expense and trouble. The sufferer is cured and stays cured.

Wine of Cardul is becoming the leading remedy for all troubles of this class. It costs but \$\mathbf{e}\$1 from any druggist.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, the "Ladies Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

WRS. C. J. WEST, Manhville, Twen-writes :- This wooderful medicine oughle to be in every house where there are girls

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic. Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. T. A. Albright & Co. will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers,

IN WARM WEATHER.

kow is the Time to Look Carefully After Your Hens and Young Stock. Look sharper than ever for lice. The cold weather this spring has kept lice and mites somewhat shady, but they are not dead by any means, and every effort should be made to prevent them from becoming too numerous to men-

Take more pains in keeping everyhand. Most of these come from dirt or lice or both. Cleanliness is necessary o success, and it doesn't cost much ifter one gets started.

ing for a minute. June is the most favorable month in the year for giving he birds a good start and making them so vigorous that they will endure the hot weather of late July and August without withering up and blowing away, as they are sometimes in-

nites. I discovered long ago that the keep them from becoming very barmes, lice and mites will not flourish as they will if no dust is about the place. perches do not touch the walls at any this confines the mites to the perches, the big lice I have found nothing supeinto the house after the fowls are powder, or if they are very bad take the birds separately and, holding them

up by the legs, dust down into the feathers with a common powder gun. There is no better disinfectant than bright sunshine. Open the poultry house during the day as much as possi-

ble and get all the direct sunshine into it that you possibly can. Whitewash is a great destroyer of odors, and a coat of this will sweeten the air for days. Road dust absorbs uoxious gases and kills off odors and is a pretty good thing to have around the poultry house. If you cannot get dust, use dry garden soil, sprinkling it over the floor every day, and when it is an inch or so deep haul it out to the garden with the droppings that are in it, and it will be worth all the work you have done to get it into and out of the poultry house. Hens do not care whether their house is clean or not, but the owner will consuit his own interests by keeping the

ly during the hot months of the year.-Miller Purvis in American Poultry Care of Brooders. As soon as the chicks are out of the

brooders and you are through using them for the season clean them up and get them into winter quarters out of the way. Don't put the brooder away dirty and think you will clean it up in the spring before you are ready for it. If you do, you won't have a brooder fit

to use when you are ready for it. When you are through using it for the senson, scrape it out thoroughly and wash it inside and out with good hot soapsuds to which a little kerosen has been added; use a scrubbing brush and get it clean. Then go over it again with clean, hot, soapy water and finish off with a cloth, wiping the boards dry. Wash the bover felts if they are dirty and make the whole clean. If it is bot air brooder, remove the heater and clean out the hot air chamber. You will be surprised to see what a lot of filth has found its way in there. Turn the brooder upside down and brush the sheet Iron free of soot. To keep it from rusting apply a thin coas of raw linese oil to the iron. Leave the brooder ope in the sun, and let it thoroughly dry before you put it away. Have all the parts in place and everything where lay your hands on it when wanted. Clean up the lamp, and do not put it away with oil in it. Wrap it up in newspaper to keep it free from dust. If it is a tin lamp, scrape the blistered paint out of the water pan, make it clean and dry, and then give the pan a fresh coat of some good water proof paint; in a week put on a secand cost. If you only attend to these

have a good, clean brooder to use when eded, and you will also save money. The Sew Way. "I used to buy neckties for my wife," he said, "but I had to quit it. Those bought for her never saited her."

"So she buys them berself now, does "No; she takes those I buy for mypeif. They always seem to suit ber."

ŏoooooooooooooooooo

thing about the place clean and in a perfect sanitary condition. Warm weather is approaching, and the time for various summer complaints is at Don't let the young stuff stop grow-

I have but little trouble with lice and

I had invited the stranger to withdraw best time to kill these little pests is just a few paces. before they make their appearance. It On this particular morning, bowever, is not necessary to take elaborate premy curlosity became aroused as to cautions to keep them in subjection. why the fellow continued to frequent Kerosene applied to the perches once a so unpromising a locality, which at week will usually hold them in check. best was a lonely spot, visited only by If there are many English sparrows transitory borsemen and teamsters. around, it is a bopcless task to try to Therefore, as my horse fretfully sipkeep the premises entirely clear of ped a few drafts of water, eying the mites, but the kerosene treatment will peon suspiciously the while, I remarkful. If dry road dust, air slaked lime your occupation, considering the little or coal ashes are kept under the perchrecompense you appear to derive from where, at least, your field for solicita-Arrange your poultry bouse so the tion would be larger?" "Ah, senor," replied the peon, with affected pathos, "I am indeed fond of dage, and it will save much trouble, as where they can easily be got at. For rior to fresh Persian insect powder. Go asleep and dost them well with the

my profession; but, however little I may realize from it here on the highway, the city would yield me less; for they who live in the city care little about the future. It is the present alone that interests them." I was inwardly forced to recognize a

certain amount of truth in his argument and by way of appreciation tendered him a small coin. As I deposited the silver in his hand,

bowever, with a quick movement be caught the tips of my fingers in his clasp and fixed his eyes on the open palm. The precipitateness of the act was all but demoralizing to my horse, which sprang backward with a suddenness that came perflously near unseating me. The Mexican, however, beld tenaciously on to my hand, incidentally taking care to keep out of range of my frantic animal's boofs. As soon as I could recover myself I wrenched my hand free, but not until the peon had vouchsafed this admoni-

"Senor, a terrible accident threatens you from horses. Take heed in time, therefore, and rid yourself of that broncho you are riding." I made no response, but as I touched

my spurs and galloped off down the pass the peon shouted after me a parting injunction. "Sell him, senor!" he cried. "I warn

you he is under the spell of a demon." As the words greeted my ear glanced admiringly down at the sleek, arched neck of my spirited charger.

"Mescal," said L reaching down and hear that? He says you're possessed of a demon and that I must sell you.

The Mexican's ominous characterization of my borse was no revelation to any apprehensiveness his apparent concern for my safety somewhat amused me. Moreover, the knowledge that Mescal's disposition was so thoroughly consistent with his name was rather a ource of gratification than regret to It was an odd name for a borse, but he had come by it legitimatelythat is, he had been so called ever since the Mexican bandit Garcia had broken him as a colt to the saddle and bestow ed the title upon him. And for two years thereafter Mescal had borne his ulous rider on all his marauding raids until the latter had been so bard pressed up in the Ensenada hills by Sheriff Doyle of Yuma that he and his followers were forced to abandon ir horses and take to the chaparral I had chanced to be along with Doyl on that occasion-assignments of that character were accepted as a matter of course by newspaper men out there in those days—and as the forsaken horses

of the fleeing outlaws dashed down the hill in an effort to escape past us I ed my stata at the leader, s gaunt but feet and gaudily equipped

My calculations as to the distance the mark had proved accurate, but so had the aim of the sheriff of Yuma, for hardly had my noose settled about the aboulders of the horse when another loop, hurried from the opposite direction, fell directly over it, and Doyle and myself had together captured the andit chieftain's steed. The rest of our posse having corralled the balance of the stampeding animals, Doyle and myself fell to work to dividing our

spoils between us. He gracefully acknowledged my precedence, momen-tary though it had been, in the capture There is nothing that seems the same to me There is nothing that seems the same to me Since Jim went away. I wonder if he I'ld the blue of the sides In his little dead eyes. They don't seem as blue as they used to be. and insisted that the horse should be mine, while, by way of evening up the division as nearly as possible, I volun-And the sun doesn't shine as it used to do, tarily surrendered to him the beautiful And the sun doesn't shine as it used to do,

Nor silver the clouds when the rain break
through,
And the flowers don't bloom
With their old perfume,
And the birds don't sing their songs as true. value of which far exceeded that of the horse. The Mexican bridle, however, I retained, for engraved upon a silver plate attached to its headstall was the legend, "Mescal-Propriedad The scb of his sorrows, the heath of his joys, And the gathering dast, With the thickening rust, is spread like a pall on his broken toys. de Joaquin Garcia," together with some additional data, briefly expressed His old stick horse and his gun and his sied I leave in their place by his little bed. I told him that they Were all in my way, tecedents. The general appearance of the animal indicated the grossest ill treatment in the past. The small of But they don't seem so now, since he is dead.

- Josephine P. Speents in New Orleans Times his back was literally covered with saddle galls, while his thin sides were furrowed with deep, calloused ridges, where the cruel rowels of a merciless ~~~~~~ rider had plowed their way. But, true to the nature of the western broncho, abuse had not in the least diminished either his fiery spirit or his sterling

ON A DEAD CHILD.

The house is so silent, missing his noise

MESCAL

·

through the hills. For upward of a

tered at this point a softary evil vis-

himself as a palmist "par excellence,"

and occupied the few moments' pause

in my ride with persistent importuni-

tles for my patronage. What did not

tend to enhance my regard for this un-

prepossessing individual was the craf-

ty manner in which be invariably in-

spected my horse out of the corners of

his small, restless eyes. The horse,

moreover, appeared to resent the scru

tiny quite as much as myself and from

the first asserted his antipathy for the

vagabond fakir by steadfastly refusing

to approach the drinking trough until

"You must be intensely fond of

Mexican, who had announced

ed hendstaff. "Come, senor, have your palm read! Six months of rest and good pasturage had worked a miraculous change A few centaves are nothing for the sein Mescal's appearance. From his precret of your future," urged a voice that vious gaunt condition be had developed had become exasperatingly familiar to a splendid proportion and grace of figire, while the former disfigurements I was employed on a Los Angeles to his cuticle were entirely eradicated dally and was on my way, as usual by the filling out of his glossy black each morning, from my bome in the

hardlhood, and that be had been high-

ly prized as a mount by his late owner.

notwithstanding the marks of the lat-

ter's brutality, was evident from the

pedigree engraved on the silver mount-

coat. San Fernando valley, by way of the On the morning following my Cabuenga pass, to the little station loguy with the peon I remarked his just beyond the divide, where I took absence from his accustomed rendezthe train into the city. Midway of the vous in the pass, but upon arriving at pass stood an old stone watering my office in the city I found among my trough, at which I was accustomed to mall a letter which immediately recallrefresh my horse while journeying ed him to my mind. It was a proposition, written in Spanish, and purportfortnight past I had regularly encouning to come from a Mexican stockman offering to purchase my saddle horse if I chose to sell him at a reasonable fig-

are. The connection between the communication and the peon palmist was too palpable to escape detection, and the only cognizance I necorded it was lu the purchase of an extra lock for my stable door before setting out for home that evening. Nothing further developed of the circumstance, however, nor did the palmist ever again put in an appearance at the stone watering trough on the San Fernando road. In fact, the entire matter had quite passed from my mind, when one day about a month later I was directed to report at once to the managing editor of the paper. As I entered the sanctum of the dignitary in question be was industriously occupied with the preparation of his editorials. Being naturally of a taciturn disposition, be was not accustomed to waste any superfluous utterances on the subordinate members of his staff, and, upon noting my presence, without pausing in or glancing up from his work, delivered

early tomorrow morning after Garcia. You will go with him." Why do you not go into the city, I paused with my hand on the doorknob. "May I take my own saddle borse?"

"Doyle leaves Yuma with a posse

the following inconical order:

"Take a whole cabalgada if you choose-only, get out of town on that

2:30 special," and, having thus disposed of the matter, the editor in chief proceeded with his paragraphs as though I had never existed. It was ten miles out to Cabuenga

station, where Mescal was stabled and 12 o'clock when I received the assignment, but two and a half bours later found me pulling out of Los Angeles aboard the Southern Pacific special, with my horse trying his uttermost to klek both ends out of a palace stock car that had been coupled on in the rear for his exclusive accommodation. It was late that night when I arrived at Yuma and, having released Mescal rom his uncongenial quarters, I saddled him and rode away in quest of Dovie. After a brief search I located that individual up in the federal court room playing poker with his chief and sole deputy, the district attorney and Kick-a-Poo scout, with as much unconern as though Garcia and his band were already safely within the walls of the territorial bastile on the hill.

"Where's the rest of your posse?" sked the sheriff after the customary exchange of courtesles had taken

"Why," he explained, "the coroner vas called out a few minutes ago to hold an inquest on the leavings of a half breed desperado who got wind that the boys was getting together, and fearing, I reckon, that some of his own personal interests might be at stake undertook to exterminate the members patting his splendid shoulders, "do you before they got down to work. He started in on the wrong party, however, who happened to be Cal Jenkins the county clerk, who was too swift pened to be called out temporary. But me, and instead of inspiring me with him and Cal 'll be around in the course of half an hour, and so'll Judge Mur phy and the new tax collecter. That'll make nine, counting yourself, and the two custom bouse riders we pick up down near the border will be 11. which'il be plenty, seeing as Garcia's of late. Reckon there sin't more'n 2 of the greasers left in the whole drove now, which is less'n haif their number when we mixed things with 'em last

"And where have you located the out fit this time?" I inquired.
"Down in the Manzanita mountains, close to the Mexican line," was the re-

"But that's only 20 miles from here, I demurred, "and leaving in the morning will bring us there in broad day-We'll never get them at that rate, for it's open plains every foot of the way between here and the Manza

"Ah, I see?" returned the sheriff of Yuma astutely; "figuring on a good 12 hour sleep, as usual, before going to work. Well, you won't get it this time, 'cabezasonoliento' (sleepy head), for we'll be in the heart of the Sierra Manzanitas long before sunrise. It's now 10, and we leave before midnight. me," be added, "that you'd better go down to the corral and rope yourself a horse. Bring your sad-fle with you?"

"Y que mas?" inquired my friend.

redulously. "Going after Garcia with his own horse? Well-I'll-be- He'll sure like that."

The full moon was hanging low over the ragged crest of the Manzanita range as our little cavalcade drew rein silver mounted saddle, the intrinsic at the edge of the dense chaparral that covered its sides after a brisk ride over the intervening alkali desert.

"We'll wait here," announced Doyle, "until Pie Grande," Indicating the Kick-a-Poo scout, who had dismounted and was just vanishing in the thicket. "goes ahead and takes a look at the in Spanish, relative to the horse's an- camp. It was Pie," he explained aside to me, "who located the outfit, and he knows just how to reach it." Half an hour later the Indian return-

ed with the information timt the outlaws were still encamped where he had previously found them, which was in a small valley distant about a mile ahead. Upon receiving this intelligence the sheriff commanded his party to fall in, single file, behind the guide, then gave the order to advance. Thus we proceeded, with the utmo

caution, up the narrow trail, through the tangled brushwood, until at length a silent signal, passed from one to another down the line, warned us of our approach to the bandit stronghold. At almost the same instant a shot from one of their sentinels told that we had been discovered, and throwing aside all caution we dashed forward to the attack. Though taken completely by surprise, the outlaws appeared to keep their heads, and as many as could reach their horses sprang upon their bare backs and desperately essayed to repulse us. In another moment we were in their midst, firing rapidly but carefully, for no shots could be wasted in the face of such superior numbers, At the height of the confusion I suddenly perceived a tall Mexican, wearing a sliver embroidered jacket, the description of which I had many times before seen in print, forcing his horse toward me. It was Jonquin Garcia. instantly I leveled my revolver at his head and pulled the trigger. There was no report. I had fired the last charge from my brace of Colts. Before I could even attempt to reload the bandit chief would have got me to a certainty, but as he was in the very act of covering me a revolver shot rang out close to my ear, and reeling in his saddle my antagonist fell to the ground. The next moment my deliverer's horse dashed by me-and his rider was Sheriff Doyle of Yuma. Hardly had he vanished, however, before another bareback horseman bore down upon me. I can see the gleam of that long stiletto even yet as its owner's bared arm brandished it aloft in the moonlight. Then as the blade descended, my horse reared back on his haunches and the blow that was intended for me struck the animal a glancing blow in the side of the head.

In the same instant, with a frenzied scream, Mescal plunged forward and, catching the Mexican's leg in his teeth. tore him from his horse. Then as the outlaw's body struck the ground the infurlated animal sprang upon him, striking him again and again with his powerful fore feet, before I could urge him to leave the spot and join the balance of our party. From this on the odds were wholly in our favor, and one by one the surviving bandits gave up the contest and appealed for quarter. At length with the exception of a few who had escaped under cover of the darkness into the mountains, the entire band were either prisoners or numbered among the slain. Retracing

our steps to the scene of the flercest tage of the fight, we dismounted for purpose of examining the bodies of the fallen bandits. Observing one that lay face downward in the sand, I bent over him to flud that the entire back of his head had been crushed in. From this I knew at once it was the outlaw who had fallen a victim to Mescal's vengeance. Taking hold of his arm I turned the body over. As I did so I started back in amazement, for the pale moonlight shining full upon his upturned face revealed to me the unmistakable features of the palmist of the Cahuenga highway.

And Mescal? The stiletto had inflicted a deep slash directly across his right eye which rendered him partially blind. He was thus permanently ruin ed as a saddle borse, and to insure him against the possible fate of a draft animal I took him back to Los Angeles where I had a leathern collar made for him, attaching thereto the silver plate taken from his bendstall and another on which I engraved the single word Exempt." Then I set him free among the green pasture lands of the San Fer nando ranch, where he will continue to roam, pensioned for the remainder of his days.-Jose De Olivares in St Louis Globe-Democrat.

How a Gravel Road Was Built at Small Cost to Builders. Farmers who travel over a certain stretch of road in Illinois have discovered that there is more than one way to get good roads without putting in experienced men to work with poor material. The expedient employed near Henry, Ills., is interesting. There is a toll bridge over the Illinois river at that point, and the road runs along the stream for a distance of three or four miles. Gravel roads were wanted badly It cost the farmer 25 cents for every load of grain or cereal of any kind that was hauled over the bridge to the

A proposition was made that the sum would be returned to the farmer if he brought back a load of gravel on his return home and scattered it along the highway. It was promptly agreed to. The result was that every farmer loaded a big grain wagon with gravel, and he started at the bridge to dump it. The next farmer that came along after the first load had been dumped

started where his predecessor had left off. This continued for some time, and there are now about four miles of the best kind of gravel roads along the riverride and in a place where it has been always hard to travel over when the eather was bad.

At Home. Mr. Nervers-Who is that bangin the plano down in the parlor? Mrs. Nervers-That's Mr. Fish ning his scales.
Mr. Nervers-Well, I wish he'd run 'em out of here. - Un to Date.

He Feels Resigned. There is nothing so likely to reconcil the forlors bachelor to his lot as a cross FEMININE ABILITY WASTED.

The Making of a Good Poker Player. Fooling a Nearsighted Man. "It has long been a pet theory of mine that woman is naturally a bet ter poker player than man," said Colonel King, "and as a devoted admirer of both the sex and the game I feel that I am qualified to express this opinion. I am aware that most poker players allege that it is as difficult for a woman to play poker as to throw a stone. I can recall two women who could bluff me to a standstill and never wink an cyclid. Men are not in it when it comes to bluffing with a woman. It is natural in her and acquired in us. Let me tell you about my friend,

Mrs. Smith. "She would make a crackajack poker player if she would only try the game. She illustrates what I have said about bluffing, because she is an innocent lit tle thing, hardly 20 years old, and she hasn't had time to acquire anything except a husband. I knew her father when he was in my regiment, and I have kept track of her ever since she was 5 years old. Her father was our surgéon major, and a fine fellow, with leaning toward botany and such things. In recent years he has grown nearsighted. He will do anything for his daughter, and she works him beautifully. He and I were dining with the Smiths after their marriage last winter, and the major said:

"'My dear, that fern which you have on the table is a disgrace. Why don't you get something really good?" " 'Can't afford it just now,' said Mrs. Smith suggestively.

"'Well, I will get it for you,' said the major. "Mrs. Smith then told of a beautiful fern which she had seen at Blank's othouse to be sold for \$12. I don't know anything about those things, but when she described the fern to the major he said it was just what she should have, and he gave her the money to buy it. When he dined with the Smiths again, the fern was in the center of the table, and the major peered at it through his glasses and told her that she had a bargain. Before he left the table Mrs. Smith put a tablespoonful of water on the fern, and the major poured on a little more from his glass. 'Not too much water, you know

and the fern will thrive,' he said. "Every night when we dined at the Smiths the major took delight in pouring a little water on his fern, as he called it, and one night last week he said casually: "'It is odd that that fern basn't

grown since you got it. It looks healthy, and it should have thrown out a new leaf or two." "'Oh it has grown a lot' said Mrs. Smith, and if I had not caught a sus picion of a smile on her husband's face would not have noticed the remark. It set me thinking. I don't know anything about ferns, but I have pretty good eyes. I looked closely at this one,

Mrs. Smith: "'I've called your bluff." g as if she had never been

" "The fern,' said I. 'It's artificial. and it isn't a good make believe, either. Letting your poor old father put water

"She showed her hand at this call The artificial fern cost her \$1, and with the other \$11 she bought gloves.

" 'Don't give me away,' she said, 'and father will not know the difference." "What will you do to persuade him that it is growing?

"T'll buy a little larger one in a few "We diped there last night again. generously put a little water on this artificial fern I thought to myself 'What a great poker player that girl might become!' I hate to see such ability

wasted on fooling a nearsighted man, but perhaps Mrs. Smith wouldn't be as interesting if she did play poker. However, she illustrates my theory, and there are others."-New York Sun. It Was Returned.

"I came upon a couple of boys fightrecollection. "They were both smeared over with eggs and were fighting like a couple of young wildcats.

dren, believing that it is better them fight it out and settle their differences in their own way. "But they were fighting so flercely and were using such bad language

them. "Getting bold of their collars, I pulled them apart and demanded an explanation.

"'He threw a rotten egg at me," struggled to get at the other boy again. "This was undoubtedly a fact, as the the point in evidence.

" 'Tut, tut,' said I, 'you should have returned good for evil." him was a good one."-Detroit Free

The Lord's Prayer on a Pin. The limit of fine engravings seems ave been reached by A. Henderson of Toronto, who has just finished the task of engraving the Lord's Prayer upon the stem of an ordinary pin, one inch in length, with the alphabet and the numbers from 1 to 10 on the bend. Those interested in feats of this de scription are anxiously awaiting the appearance of the champion who will distance all competitors by selecting the point of the pin as his sphere of rations.-Jewelers' Circular.

Superstitions Fishern Herring fishermen in the old world are, many of them, remarkably superstitions. For instance, on fishing boats whistling is forbidden, and neither milk nor burned bread is even the name of that unlucky antithe hare, may be mentioned, and a

Some of the fishermen believe in luck the good fortune may be neutralis should one of the number have red

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.

D. Brinkley, of Yadkin county, vent to Winston Monday a week with his wife and children to see the circus. Tuesday morning he was found in a ditch in east Winston with a bullet hole in his temple. Yadkin for interment. Thos. Reed, killing Brinkley.

Ever since the election last fall and fusionists claiming them. The the three commissioners, who are that then she had several grown and as we left the table I felt of it. fusionists, but as the last Legisla-children. This is a true story. When I had an opportunity, I said to ture appointed four additional com-"'What bluff, colonel?' she said, look- missioners for Greene county, all Democrats, the Democrats now have entire control of the county.

About ten days ago several men on it, too! What are you going to do went to the poor house of Transylvania county and entered the room occupied by Brazil Chapple, a white woman who is not of strong mind The men choked her to prevent ar outcry, dragged her into the bushes about 200 yards from the house, and criminally assaulted her. The poor woman was seriously injured. and as Mrs. Smith and the major each Two colored men who are suspected of the deed have been arrested, and warrants are out for another colored man and a white man who are suspected of complicity in it.

Capt. Geo. B. Thompson, a prominent citizen, died at Old Fort Monday, aged 58. He was a native of Granville county but had lived in ing on the street the other day," said Old Fort 25 years. He began life the portly man as he laughed at the as a newsboy and finally by his indomitable energy and merit became conductor on a passenger train on "As a usual thing, I do not believe in the Western North Carolina Rail-interfering with quarrels among chilroad, which position he held until entering the mercantile business With a few hundred dollars capital he, by practical business judgment that I thought it best to separate and integrity, accumulated an estate approximating \$50,000. About a thousand persons attend-

ed a mass meeting in Washington shouted the younger of the two as he Tuesday night a week to protest against the verdict in the Dreyfus boy's clothing was a strong testimonial case. The speakers included all creeds. Hebrew, Protestant and Catholic. After a number of ad-"'I did,' he sobbed, the reaction hav- dresses the meeting adopted a set of ng set in. The one that I threw at resolutions affirming belief in the innocence of Dreyfus, condemning the proceedings of the court martial and pledging those present to use every lawful and proper means to prevent the co-operation of this country in the Paris exposition.

> One thousand shares of stock wned by the city of Durham in the Durham & Northern road, were sold Thursday a week. There was but one bidder, Mr. D. V. Cooper, of Henderson, and the amount bid was \$35,500. The board of aldermen met at 6 o'clock for the purpose of considering the bid. It is thought that the bid made by Mr. Cooper was for the Seaboard Air Line. The result of the aldermen's conference was an acceptance of Mr. Cooper's bid. The mayor and clerk wer authorised to make the transfer and deliver the same upon payment of the purchase money.

Wilmington Messenger: North Carolina, according to the veracious newspapers, often has aged people who range from 110 even as high as 165 years. Most are apocryphal, but now and then there is a genuine He was unable to tell who shot centenarian. Such an one is probahim. Brinkley died Tuesday even- bly Mrs. Nancy Hollifield, who ing and his remains were sent to lives in Rutherford county. A correspondent of the Charlotte Observ-Bob Cobler and Thos. Hudson have er says she lives two miles from Elbeen committed to jail charged with lenboro. She is 118 years old, and until five years ago she could walk the distance to Ellenboro with all ease. She now uses a rolling chair. he county in Greene county have Rev. D. C. Lea, who died last sumbeen in litigation, both Democrats mer, looked up her age three years ago and she was 115 then. He was matter has at last been settled by about 85 when he died, and often compromise. The Democrats are said he could remember well when to have all the county offices except he was a boy she nursed him, and



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