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THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXVI. GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1900. NO. 8.

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To get to AL FURNITURE AND SHOE HOUSE before their great big stock of shoes is picked over too much. You know they are selling all their shoes at **Cost For Cash**, and they are nice new shoes too. They intend to go out of the shoe business and want to get out quick.

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You can have a better carpet, a prettier carpet and a cheaper carpet than your neighbor by writing for one of our 15-colored Hit-or-Miss Extra Super Ingrain Carpets, which shows Carpets, Rugs, Art Squares, Portieres, Lace Curtains and Bed Sets in their real colors, so that you can tell exactly how a carpet will look on your floor or a drapery at your window.

Carpets, 32c to $1.17 by looking at these colored plates.

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Will practice regularly in the courts of Alamance.

A Woman Only Knows

what suffering from falling of the womb, whites, painful or irregular menses, or any disease of the distinctly feminine organs is. A man may sympathize or pity but he can not know the agonies she goes through—the terrible suffering, so patiently borne, which robs her of beauty, hope and happiness. Yet this suffering really is needless.

McELREE'S
Wine of Cardui

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 Cardui is becoming the leading remedy for all troubles of this class. It costs but $1 from any druggist.

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

MRS. C. J. WEST, Nashville, Tenn., writes:—"This wonderful medicine ought to be in every house where there are girls and women."

Rubber Stamps

Rigid and cushion, daters, numberers, inks, pads, and 1 kinds of rubber stamp supplies. Stamps 10c up. W. P. ZZZELL,
tf Burlington, N. C.

An Editor's Life Saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

During the early part of October, 1896, I contracted a bad cold which settled on my lungs and was neglected until I feared that consumption had appeared in an incipient state. I was constantly coughing and trying to expel something which I could not. I became alarmed and after giving the local doctor a trial bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the result was immediate improvement, and after I had used three bottles my lungs were restored to their healthy state. —R. S. Edwards, Publisher of The Review, Wyant, Ill. For sale by T. A. Albright & Co., druggists.

Mrs. Harriet Evans, Hinsdale Ill., writes, "I never fail to relieve my children from croup at once by using One Minute Cough Cure. I would not feel safe without it." Quickly cures coughs, colds, grippe and all throat and lung diseases. J. C. Simmons, the druggist.

Breeds with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. NO-TO-BAC removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket. 1,500,000 boxes sold, 400,000 cases cured. Buy book. NO-TO-BAC from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, $1, usually cures; 3 boxes, $2.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. Starling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

STOP SMOKING!

Banker Routs a Robber.

J. R. Garrison, cashier of the bank of Thornville, Ohio, had been robbed of health by a serious lung trouble until he tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Then he wrote: "It is the best medicine I ever used for a severe cold or a bad case of lung trouble. I always keep a bottle on hand." Don't suffer with coughs, colds, or any throat, chest or lung trouble when you can be cured so easily. Only 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottles free at T. A. Albright & Co.'s drug store.

We have saved many doctor bills since we began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in our home We keep a bottle open all the time and whenever any of my family or myself begin to catch cold we begin to use the Cough Remedy, and as a result we never have to send away for a doctor and incur a large doctor bill, for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy never fails to cure. It is certainly a medicine of great merit and worth.—D. S. MEARKLE, General Merchant and Farmer, Mattie, Bedford county, Pa. For sale by T. A. Albright & Co., druggists.

Her Ambition.

After the youthful but powerful intellects of the observation class in a West Philadelphia school had devoted 15 minutes the other day to making known the results of their thoughts upon nature and surrounding objects the teacher diverted their minds by asking each of the dozen youngsters what they meant to be when they grew up.

One precocious girl of 7, looking up at the strong, but not overly comely, face of the teacher, whispered timidly, "If I'ze pretty when I gets big, I am going to be an actress, but if I grows ugly I'll be a schoolteacher."—Philadelphia Record.

A Healthy Locality.

To all appearance Ardnamurchan, on the west coast of Scotland, is a great place for longevity. Whether it is because of the soft and salubrious climate or the remoteness of the place from the centers and the sins of population or something indigenous to the Ardnamurchan nature it would be rash to say, but certain it is that an Ardnamurchanite seems to have a good chance of becoming a patriarch. Within 30 years many of the inhabitants have been cut off at verying ripe ages between 100 and 112.—Scottish American.

His Distinction.

"Yes, sir," said Broncho Bob, "when I was east I was a regular literary lion. I got in with some people who are interested in dialect."

"But you can't write dialect."

"No, I can't write it. But I kin talk it great."—Washington Star.

Accumulating Information.

"What is the price of this lovely antique chair?" asked the shopper.

"Thirty-seven dollars, madam," answered the dealer.

"Thirty-seven dollars!" exclaimed the lady in astonishment. "Why, I didn't suppose it worth half that much."

"You didn't ask what it was worth, madam," replied the conscientious dealer. "You asked the price."—Chicago News.

BRAHMA.

I am the mote in the sunbeam, and I am the burning sun;
"Rest here!" I whisper the atom; I call to the orb, "Roll on!"

I am the bloom of the morning, and I am the evening breeze;
I am the leaf's low murmur, the swell of the terrible seas;

I am the net, the fowler, the bird and its frightened cry,
The mirror, the form reflected, the sound and its echo, I;

The lover's passionate pleading, the maiden's whispered fear,
The warrior, the blade that smites him, his mother's heart wrung tear;

I am intoxication, grapes, wine press and must and wine,
The guest, the host, the tavern, the goblet of crystal fine;

I am the breath of the flute, I am the wind of man,
Gold's glitter, the light of the diamond and the sea pearl's luster wan,

The rose, her poet nightingale, the songs from his throat that rise,
Flint sparks, the taper, the moth that about it flies;

I am both good and evil, the deed and the deed's intent,
Temptation, victim, sinner, crime, pardon, punishment;

I am what was, is, will be, creation's ascent and fall,
The link, the chain of existence, beginning and end of all.

—Translated From Dschelaleddin Rumi by Ritter.

A PHILIPPINE COURTING

How the Ugliest Man In the Regiment Won a Dusky Beauty.

He was the ugliest man in the S'teenth infantry. And he looked it. So the men called him Cross Dog, and save on the pay rolls he knew no other name.

Cross Dog was in the prime of life, but looked older. He had put in about 12 years in the army and was at that point in a private soldier's career where he realizes that he has lost the knack of earning a livelihood in civil life, but still yearns for its freedom. For it is only after about 15 years of service and numerous failures at civil vocations that the average enlisted man ceases to vow that he will never take on again and settles down to soldiering for life.

Cross Dog's temper was peppered dynamite. He had thrashed or been thrashed by nine-tenths of the regiment and was ready at a second's notice to begin again. His tongue matched his temper, and his face was seamed with surliness.

There was only one thing in the world of which Cross Dob was afraid, and that was woman. "Shure," said Private Sevenspot, "av Cross Dog iver loved a woman he'd be seared so he'd cuss her to death and thin elope with a recruiting sergeant." Back in the States it had been a fortunate thing for Cross Dog that he was not susceptible to the charms of the fair sex, for his personality was not an attractive one and his conversation was a jumble of cuss words and growls. But in the Philippines the world is topside down, as a Chinaman calls it, and curious things happen. And it was in the Philippines, at the Hacienda de Sevilla, near Isabella, Negros, that Cross Dog won a woman's heart.

A company of the S'teenth infantry was stationed at Isabella, and a detachment of five men, in charge of Private Sevenspot, was sent to the hacienda to protect property in that region from the raids of Papircio bandits who swarmed in the nearby mountains. Cross Dog was one of the detachment. The Hacienda de Sevilla consisted of a big sugar mill, the blackened ruins of the plantation house, burned to the ground by the Papircios, and six native nipa shacks scattered along the western bank of the river Balinbagan. But this little hamlet supported a population of 300 native amigos, most of whom, burned out of their homes by the Papircios, camped in the big sugar mill under the protection of Private Sevenspot's little detachment. During the day they worked in the canefields and at night huddled together in the mill, around which the six Americans stood guard.

Luisa, the woman in the case, for girls of 14 are women where the world is topside down, lived in a six by six nipa shack built in the box of a two wheeled cart that stood beneath the shelter of the sugar mill roof. On the evening that Sevenspot's detachment arrived at the hacienda old Pedro was absent. Old Pedro was Luisa's father. His crony, old Jose, in the next village up the river, had received a month's pay from Senor Holijos that day, and Pedro had gone to pass the evening with him and help drink a bucket of tuba. At 11 o'clock he came sauntering homeward with unsteady but catlike steps in blissful ignorance of the fact that the Americanos were in possession of the sugar mill.

Pedro's brown hide was chock of tuba, and his soul was filled with great joy. In fact, he was so happy that he yearned to butcher something, an old woman or a baby or a lame dog. As he came through the trail in the canebrake he slashed at the young stalks and grimaced blissfully as in imagination he neatly clipped the leaders of unarmed foes with his bolo sword.

Cross Dog was on post, too, at the upper entrance to the sugar mill. The first night on guard at a strange post with a small detachment and in a country swarming with treacherous foes is a great trial to men's nerves. Especially so when it is next to impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Moreover, Cross Dog had been unfortunate in his details for a week back and had been marched on an average of 15 miles each day through muddy ricefields, which is equivalent to 40 miles a day on an American highway. Consequently Cross Dog's temper, usually peppered dynamite, was now saw edged lightning. Sevenspot had posted him with the information that native amigos were not supposed to be abroad after 9 o'clock and left the rest to his discretion.

Cross Dog hacked with his bayonet at the dried mud on his leggings and stared across the narrow clearing between the mill and the canefield. There came just the semblance of a rustle from the canebrake, and Cross Dog stopped hacking and dropped suddenly on one knee, for at night a man can see better squatting than standing. The nearer his eyes to the ground the higher and plainer objects are thrown up against the horizon.

The rustle in the canefield grew louder, and Cross Dog unlocked the safety on his Krag. Then, oblivious of his danger, old Pedro stepped noiselessly into the clearing and the shadow of death. Cross Dog waited for the second native to come out of the brake. If he came in the footsteps of his file leader, one bullet would do duty for two. And it is a pity to waste ammunition, and a dirty rifle barrel makes work. If old Jose had accompanied old Pedro home that night, there would have been two funeral drums to beat next day. But as old Pedro came alone Cross Dog hesitated a second and decided to give the intruder a chance for his life.

"Halt!" he cried.

Old Pedro started and then in his fright came on all the faster, his wicked looking bolo in hand. That was too much for Cross Dog's temper and nerves, but he was an American and instinctively hated to kill a half armed creature whose life he could take as he would snuff a candle. Moreover, he had an American contempt for the fighting qualities of these brown pygmies and the disposition to play cat and mouse with them until they came right up to the bayonet's point. So Cross Dog's first shot made a kite of old Pedro's straw hat, his second spattered the mud in front of him and three more made shallow grooves in his bare brown legs.

There was one cartridge left in Cross Dog's rifle when Pedro halted, panting, at the bayonet's point. An inch more and that cartridge would have been the final period in old Pedro's book of life, for Cross Dog was not only rattlesnake mad, but also grossly insulted. A bare legged Kaklack in his shirttail and a straw hat and armed with a four span bolo had dared to charge right up to his rifle's mouth! Cross Dog felt that he ought to kill this fool creature. It was according to orders. But somehow he couldn't quite do it. So he jabbed with his bayonet through Pedro's hide and gave him a choice selection of profanity and advice.

"Blink blank (jab) you," he exclaimed, "when Melicana say halt, you (jab) halt (jab). Savey? You blink blank, caramba fool, if you (jab) keep vamoosin, blank you, when Melicana say (jab) halt. Melicana boom-boom you, blink blank you, blank quick! Blink blank you (jab), when Melicana say halt, you stop quick every blank tempo till Melicana malayob (see) you with his blanked mala (eyes) and talkee ah kee (come here), blank you! You (jab) savey?"

Then old Pedro, after explanations, was permitted to go to his nipa shack, and the four Americans off guard returned to their blankets. After crawling into his shack Pedro ordered his daughter Luisa to make a light, and to emphasize the order he beat her with his fist in the face. And Luisa, being only a woman, made a great outcry. Then she got a big bundle of split bamboo and laid it upon the bed of coals in the center of the mill and fanned the bamboo into a great flaming torch. Then old Pedro ordered her to dress his scratches and beat her in the face to insure obedience. The blaze of the torch fell upon Cross Dog's back so that he was a fine mark for a Papircios Remington and blinded his eyes so he could not see five paces into the clearing. And Luisa's outcries deafened his ears to the secrets of the canefield. For these reasons, and not because he cared to interfere with Pedro's methods of parental discipline, Cross Dog deliberately violated regulations and deserted his post.

He picked up a bundle of dry, split bamboo and marched through the sugar mill to Pedro's nipa shack. He reached in and caught that disciple of Solomon by one ankle and dragged him forth after the fashion of a plantation negro who knows where the chickens roost. And Pedro howled, and Cross Dog swore, and 50 brown babies woke up and squalled, and a hundred mongrel dogs barked.

"Shure," said Sevenspot, reporting the occurrence to his lieutenant, who visited the hacienda the following day, "when I woke up I thought I were in purgathory the day afther the' holocaust av an insane asylum, a dog pound an an orphan asylum. An Luisa there, th' ould divil Pedro's daughter, sat by while Cross Dog larruped her dad an wept tears av joy an grattitude. I'm thinkin 'twere th' first toime she iver knew th' ould bandit to get his deserts. The other amigos say he has a brother an two sons with the Papircios in th' mountains."

"If that's the case," said the lieutenant, mounting his carabao, "you need not bother to halt him the next time he tries to come in after taps. I don't want this detachment to get cut up out of leniency to any native of doubtful antecedents."

When the detachment turned out for their chicory the morning after old Pedro's chastisement, Luisa was waiting for them with a baking powder can half full of carabao milk for Cross Dog's coffee. The men squatted on the edge of a sugar vat and gnawed their hard tack and drank their bitter chicory. Cross Dog's scraggly beard bristled with bad temper, and he choked in the effort to eat, drink and swear in the same breath. With eyes that beamed with gratitude and admiration little Luisa timidly presented her offering of carabao milk. Cross Dog glared at her.

"Blink blank you," he growled, "what the blink blank do you want?"

"Si, senor," said Luisa, ducking obsequiously and holding the can so that Cross Dog could see its contents. "Mucha gooda!"

And Luisa pointed first at the milk and then to Cross Dog's cup. Then Cross Dog comprehended and grabbed the can and emptied it into his coffee.

"I'll be blink blanked," he growled, "if the blink blanked rag didn't bring me some blink blank milk!"

Luisa listened like an attentive pupil. Then, with a knowing air, she nodded her little head, and, pointing into the empty can, she said:

"Si, senor; I savey. Filipino, lookkat; Melicana, dam milk. Si, I savey mucha Melicana poco tiempo."

Cross Dog stopped in the middle of a gulp of coffee and stared at the little brown woman.

"Well, I'll be blink blanked," he exclaimed, "if the blink blanked nigger ain't swearing at me in English!"

"Si, si, senor," she chirped, coquettishly lifting the yard of red calico that served her as petticoat and dress skirt and exposing rather more than a peep of pretty bare ankle. "I savey. Senorita—that me in Espanol. Dam nigger—that me Melicana. Si, I savey mucha Melicana poco tiempo."

Cross Dog choked with irritation. "Well, I'll be blink blanked!" was all he could say.

For a week thereafter Luisa followed at Cross Dog's heels like a faithful dog, much to that individual's outspoken disgust. And meanwhile Luisa's vocabulary of English became a thing of beauty and a joy forever to the soldiers.

Then there came another Saturday night. This time old Pedro and Jose went to a village down the river to visit Juan, who had received much money from Senor Holijos. And they tarried late and drank a great deal of tuba and also beno. And the more they drank the braver they grew, until in the dark hour just before the dawn they laughed scornfully as they spoke of the white faced Americanos and snapped their fingers at all "Haltas!" Then Juan and Jose sallied forth to see Pedro home and help him bid defiance to the American "Halt!" And to insure success they carried their sharpest bolos.

It was the early morning relief on guard. Cross Dog was on post 2, at the down river end of the mill, and it always stirred his bile to have his sleep broken just before daylight. The air was chill and damp, and Cross Dog shivered and cursed all creation by catalogue. Then he stopped and listened. The light breeze from the east never caused that rustle in the canefield. Again Cross Dog crouched on one knee and threw the safety lock of his Krag. A half naked native stepped out into the clearing. Again Cross Dog waited to see if he came alone. Another and another stepped out beside the first, and the three advanced crouching, with bolos in hand. They mockingly echoed Cross Dog's challenge and came on, and then the hacienda awoke to the music of "Wow-rprp! Tick-tuck-tuck-tick! Wow-rprp! Tick-tuck-tuck-tick! Wow-rprprp!" And this time Cross Dog's rifle had done its deadly work, as three silent Kaklacks lying there in the gray morning testified. Six men in blue stood and looked down at the slain. And then there was a great uproar, and native men chattered, and native women shrieked, and native dogs barked, and native babies howled. Only the soldiers were silent and grave as they looked upon the dead, until a gray haired little brown woman came and knelt beside old Pedro and sought to close his eyes and compose his limbs. Then Cross Dog's eyes looked down to the ground, and he was ashamed of his handiwork, for the gray old woman was old Pedro's wife and Luisa's mother. It was while his eyelids were weighted down with shame and pity that little Luisa, pretty and coquettish, nestled up to his side and caressed his hairy, freckled fist and looked up at him with smiling lips and eyes moist with lovelight.

Pressing his hand over her heart with both of hers, she said: "Me love you mucha. You boom-boom madre (pointing to her mother), and we matrimony. Esta?"

For in the outlying islands of the Philippines, where the world is topside down, the old folk pound out no rice and are the better for being killed.

It was thus that Cross Dog won one woman's heart. But Sevenspot's prophecy came true, for he cursed her until his throat was sore and then exchanged with a soldier at Isabella to get out of her sight. And now, when some young soldier boasts of his success with the fair sex, Cross Dog blurts scornfully:

"Blink blank it! I can take my Krag and 200 cartridges and go out and get enough women to start a harem. All you have to do to make 'em love you is to kill their mothers and fathers, blank it!"—New York Sun.

General Logan's Earnestness.

"The late General Logan," said Heyward Church of Chicago, "was a most intense man in his feelings and his beliefs. He showed this in his public speeches. At one time I was a member of the reception committee at a small town where the general was to speak and consequently sat quite near him on the platform. I forget what was the topic, but the general was deeply interested in it and finally, in emphasizing a point, banged his hand with tremendous force upon a hard wood table at his elbow. So strong a blow was it that one of the bones of his hand was broken. He nevertheless courageously finished his speech, but he had to carry his hand in a splint for some time thereafter, and it was a question of weeks before he wholly recovered its use."—New York Tribune.

It is very hard to stand idly and see our dear ones suffer while awaiting the arrival of the doctor. An Albany (N. Y.) dairyman called at a drug store there for a doctor to come and see his child, then very sick with croup. Not finding the doctor in, he left word for him to come at once on his return. He also bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which he hoped would give some relief until the doctor should arrive. In a few hours he returned, saying the doctor need not come, as the child was much better. The druggist, Mr. Otto Scholz, says the family has since recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to their neighbors and friends until he has a constant demand for it from that part of the country. For sale by T. A. Albright & Co., druggists.

Subscribe for THE GLEANER, only $1 00 a year in advance.

A. R. De Fluent, editor of the Journal, Doylestown, Ohio, suffered for a number of years from rheumatism in his right shoulder and side. He says: "My right arm at times was entirely useless. I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and was surprised to receive relief almost immediately. The Pain Balm has been a constant companion of mine ever since and it never fails." For sale by T. A. Albright & Co., druggists.

SWINE EVOLUTION

ANATOMY CHANGES BROUGHT ABOUT WITH A VIEW TO BETTER BACON.

So far as we can learn from the fragments extant and the limited descriptions of the eighteenth century pig, says the Mark Lane Express Almanac, it must have been very similar in form and character to the American rail splitter, which is said to be capable of passing with ease through the ledges of an ordinary gate or rail fence by merely turning itself half over and negotiating the obstacle sideways, or, as in some districts, it was of that coarse, heavy boned, ungainly form with which some of the older of your readers who have traveled in the Fen and some other districts may be familiar. The greyhound type was as equally well suited for the performance of those scavenging duties which extended to the removal of various inodorous morsels which our careless forefathers allowed to collect in the larger villages or even towns as for the raiding of henroosts and the conversion into pork of varying quality of the enormous quantities of acorns, beech masts, etc., which were to be found in the numerous forests, woods and uninclosed grounds which were private or public property. The increase of population, the necessary sanitary regulations and the inclosure of these vast areas of woodland deprived the greyhound pig of its raison d'etre. The taste for meat somewhat more toothsome if slightly less savory than the three or four year old pork furnished by the gaunt denizens of the forest, combined with the necessity for a less expensive meat-making machine, when the materials for its production had to be purchased or grown, led our forefathers to seek to improve the original pig.

During the first quarter of the century, when farmers were struggling through a course of agricultural depression quite as severe if not so long continued as the present generation of agriculturists have experienced, the pig of the period appears to have re-

POLAND-CHINA BOAR.

trograded rather than improved in quality. The coarse, ungainly pig was general then. At a later period the Chinese and the Neapolitan pigs were introduced and taken up so keenly by fanciers and more wealthy landowners and farmers that soon after the middle of the century our pigs had not only lost that extreme size and coarseness whose loss was a gain, but the improvement was too great, and that a certain amount of size and quick growth, both desirable and necessary, had, like the lean meat in the pigs, been lost. The fashionable pigs of that day had become mere animated bladders of lard, very pretty to look upon when their curly hair had been washed and boiled, but of no practical use but for the furnishing of fat with which to fry fish. This craze for short snouted, fat backed, obese specimens of the porcine world was increased by our American cousins, who perhaps saw in them so marked a difference to the pigs in the States that they desired to possess something so totally dissimilar to the pigs belonging to their friends and neighbors. To such a pitch had this fancy for rolly poly pigs attained that the complaints of our curers of hams and bacon were both loud and deep. Fat salted pork and lard could be produced in the States at about half the cost of manufacture in England, so that only the longer and leaner of the English fat pigs could be converted at a profit by our home bacon curers, who, further, could not obtain a supply of the raw material to keep their plant at work. German and subsequently Swedish and Danish bacon curers began to compete with our own curers, to be followed by large importations of Canadian bacon to such an extent that self preservation drove the English curers to devise some means of calling the attention of our pig breeders to the folly of producing pigs which would realize but a second or third rate price on the market and to the fact that a continuance of such a suicidal system must eventually drive our bacon curers out of the market and give to foreigners the monopoly of supplying our markets with exactly that class of pork products which is most profitable to manufacture.

One or two breeders of repute took advantage of the opportunity and produced pure bred pigs of the bacon type and succeeded to such an extent in combining length and depth of frame with a large proportion of lean meat that a marked change soon became noticeable in the country pigs in many districts, and our British bacon became consequently first class. Our foreign rivals, noticing this improvement in the pigs of a certain breed, speedily availed themselves of the opportunity to purchase large numbers from the original breeders, so that now our ascendancy in the bacon trade is again being challenged, and it will behoove us to look well to our laurels, or we shall find both the Danes and Canadians taking a considerable portion of our best trade.

Sheep In Germany.

There are 12,000,000 less sheep in Germany than in 1887, and the yearly loss to German farmers consequent upon this decrease amounts to $8,568,000.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

SCROFULA AND ITS AWFUL HORRORS
—CURED BY—
Johnston's Sarsaparilla
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A MOST WONDERFUL CURE.

A Grand Old Lady Gives Her Experience.

Mrs. Thankful Orilla Hurd lives in the beautiful village of Brighton, Livingston Co., Mich. This venerable and highly respected lady was born in the year 1812, the year of the great war, in Hebron, Washington Co., New York. She came to Michigan in 1840, the year of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." All her faculties are excellently preserved, and possessing a very retentive memory, her mind is full of interesting reminiscences of her early life, of the early days of the State of Michigan and the interesting and remarkable people she has met, and the stirring events of which she was a witness. But nothing in her varied and manifold recollections are more marvelous and worthy of attention than are her experiences in the use of JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA. Mrs. Hurd inherited a tendency and predisposition to scrofula, that terribly destructive blood taint which has cursed and is cursing the lives of thousands and marking thousands more as victims of the death angel. Transmitted from generation to generation, it is found in neary every family in one form or another. It may make its appearance in dreadful running sores, in unsightly swellings in the neck or goitre, or in eruptions of varied forms. Attacking the mucous membrane, it may be known as catarrh in the head, or developing in the lungs it may be, and often is, the prime cause of consumption.

Speaking of her case, Mrs. Hurd says: "I was troubled for many years with a bad skin disease. My arms and limbs would break out in a mass of sores, discharging yellow matter. My neck began to swell and became very unsightly in appearance. My body was covered with scrofulous eruptions. My eyes were also greatly inflamed and weakened, and they pained me very much. My blood was in a very bad condition and my head ached severely at frequent intervals, and I had no appetite. I had sores also in my ears. I was in a miserable condition, I had tried every remedy that had been recommended, and doctor after doctor had failed. One of the best physicians in the state told me I must die of scrofulous consumption, as internal abcesses were beginning to form. I at length was told of Dr. Johnston, of Detroit, and his famous Sarsaparilla. I tried a bottle, more as an experiment than anything else, as I had no faith in it, and greatly to my agreeable surprise, I began to grow better. You can be sure I kept on taking it. I took a great many bottles. But I steadily improved until I became entirely well. All the sores healed up, all the bad symptoms disappeared. I gained perfect health, and I have never been troubled with scrofula since. Of course an old lady of 83 years is not a young woman, but I have had remarkably good health since then, and I firmly believe that JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA is the greatest blood purifier and the best medicine in the wide world, both for scrofula and as a spring medicine." This remarkably interesting old lady did not lok to be more than sixty, and she repeated several times, "I believe my life was saved by JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA."

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We've all heard of the woman who bought her books with reference to their bindings and refused to allow the works of Shakespeare a place in her library because their covers did not match the wall paper. Well, almost as critical a person was in one of Baltimore's shops one day.

"I want a set of books this wide and this high," she said calmly, indicating with her hands about three-quarters and one-half a yard.

"What author?" asked the salesman politely.

"It doesn't make any difference about the author," answered madam. "My little daughter's bookcase is entirely filled except a space the size I showed you. I measured it myself this morning, and I want something to fill it."

"If you could give some idea of the sort of books you would like, I am sure I could suit you," said the poor clerk, knitting his brow in a distressed fashion.

"Well, I think blue would be pretty, don't you?" she asked blandly, and he said he did and forthwith sent her away rejoicing with the requisite number of volumes in her arms, all of a deep cerulean blue.—Baltimore News.

Somali Life.

The camel yields them milk, frequently the only food of the natives, gives them meat and hides, facilitates transport from one place to another and forms the means of exchange, which at any moment it is possible to barter for other articles, thus taking the place of money.

The Somalis also accommodate their existence to the wants of the camels. They go with the herd wherever pasture is best or where rain has recently fallen, and on this account one may frequently not find the trace of a village where yesterday a place was full of life and people. The camels, in fact, carry away the village on their backs miles distant.

Such are the chief events in the life of a Somali. Everything is governed according to some ancient unwritten law, not contained in any code, not dictated by any tribunal, but still sacredly observed and carried out for centuries throughout the whole region inhabited by the Somalis.—"Sport In Somaliland," by Count Potocki.

Jugs as Floats.

There are various things used as floats in fishing, from the pretty little painted floats of cork up to good sized jugs, these last being used in jugging for catfish in western rivers. The jug used as a float is tightly corked, and the rope or line that serves as a fish line is tied to the handle, the hook at the other end, on the bottom being bated with a frog or other attractive morsel. The jug may be used as a float for a single line, or two jugs may be placed as floats, one at either end of a trot line, from which a number of baited lines depend.

A big catfish of the kind not uncommon in western rivers, weighing 50 or 100 or more pounds, would even make a jug bounce lively in the water, and a comparatively small fish would give it motion, whereupon the fisherman, who might be on the bank waiting developments, would put off in his skiff and take up the line.—New York Sun.

Taylor, the Republican claimant to the Kentucky governorship, left Frankfort, the State capital, Friday, and went to Louisville. It is understood that President McKinley is again urged to give Taylor aid and comfort.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "NEW GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE. This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male and female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by T. A. Albright, druggist, Graham, N. C.

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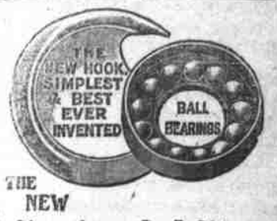

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