GOOD

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1900.

WHEN BOB'S AWAY AT SCHOOL

Sweet time when silence so As falls the floating leaf! Tie nahered in with slam of gate And out with flying stoo

Upon the porch the tabby cat With blinking eyes doth doze In tranquil dreams forgetting that Her life's a round of wees, And Towser, stretched upon the gram,

What blessed charm enfolds the house Throughout that season rare! The elms beside the garden gate, So freshly green and cool, Scarce stir their giant limbs sedate When Bob's away at school.

But all too soon it fades away.
"Ill, Towser! Sic her, sir!"
Puss leaps the fence, a dash of gray,
Towser just a yellow blur!
Bang! goes the door. In runs the lad!

And yet the chap's a fool
Who'd not be just a little glad
When Bob comes home from school!
—Richard Skillman Powell in Pu

Her Sister's Secret.

I had yowed never to enter the Dor. mers' house again, but when they sent word that Maisle was dving I went there as fast as a hansom would carry me. We had always been such friends.

She was propped up in bed with pillows, and her pretty face was pale and drawn, but she smiled when she saw me. I took her wasted hand in mine and kissed her cheek.

"I was sure you would come," she said in a faint, pleased voice.
"Of course," I answered; "of course,

my dear child." She was only 14. There is no quarrel between you and We had remained good friends when the rest of the family cut me

'We never have quarreled," she said, holding my hand tightly. "There is not much time to quarrel now. You won't, will you, Fred?" I shook my head. A lump in my throat kept me from speaking. "Promise me before I tell you—something."

"My poor little Maisie!" I cried bro-"I promise." She had been a net of mine from the days when she was a toddling baby and I a big, awk-

slow, faroff voice. "My dear, it is only for Fred." Her mother shook up the emed unable to make up her mind to

"You know I would do anything for you, little girl," I said soothingly. Her eyes brightened, and she nodded, but the smile died gradually away.

"Turn me over a little," she entreat-ed, "and pull the corner of the pillow over my face. I can't tell you if you look at me." So I turned her very gently, but she still said nothing.

Well, May?' I asked. "You used to be fond of me?" have any one to replace you, dear."
"Suppose I had done something dreadful—something that burt you?" "I should know that you could not

ost broke.

"You couldn't."

"Ab, but suppose I had?"
"Then," I said firmly, "I should know it was just a slip, like we all makelike I make sometimes. I should not blame you, little one." I stroked her

long, silky, hair and thought how I should miss her. I had never fully realized before how very fond I was of my fanciful little friend. "Will you promise to forgive dear Fred?" she asked pleadingly.

"If there is anything to forgive." "Then, whatever it is, I forgive you,

So you need not tell me now. "I must." she said resolutely. "It is about you and Lucy-when you quar-She stopped abruptly. "Yes?" Lucy was her elder

We had been engaged. satisfactory explanation."

"Apparently she did not think She never answered the letter that I gave you to deliver."

She never had it," said Muiste, with 'Malaie!

"I-I kept it." She buried her fac in the pillow. I was too astonished for words, but I kept stroking her hair.

But-wby?" Because I was a coward," she sob Don't despise me more than you can

belp." A light flashed into my mind. bent over her and kissed her cheek. "My little Maisie!" I said tenderly. "My poor, loving, little girl! You cared

"I thought, perhaps, if you didn't marry Lucy, and we were good friends, and I grew up—oh, Fred, I shan't grow up now!" I put my arms round her and held her close to me.

"If you get well, May," I said, "and grow up, I shall like you better than anybody." She laughed faintly. "I believe I always did." I wiped her

shan't," she said. "So-you will the her again, now, won't you?"
I hesitated. My affection for Lucy ted a natural death. It had never seen very deep. Notther, I fancied and hers for me.

me will prove," I said slow obt if she"—

"She does," said Maiste "Has she told you so?"

not ask you to. I am not brave

in my eyes.
"Bigt you will be good to her? You

you are sorry and want to be friends Then you can be engaged again, and -and-some day"— Her lips quiver-

"Marry her?" She nodded. I no longer care for her? If I know that I can never love her as I could love? My dear little playfellow and friend, I am not half so fond of Lucy

"Ah" She looked at me with big. deep eyes. "I am only a child. There are different kinds of fondness, dear Fred." The wistful affection in the child's face touched me to the heart, and I kissed her frail hands.

"Get better, little one, and see,"

said brokenly. Then we sat in si-"I am getting sleepy, Fred," she murmured. "Kiss me." I kissed her to sleep, with her cheek against my arm and her hand in my hand. Mrs. Dormer came in, but I sat motionless for an hour, till the child's grasp re

without waking her. "I shall come tomorrow morning," W. spered. Her mother podded constrainedly, and I went out on tiptoe.

laxed, and I could draw myself away

"if you will spare me a min-I bowed and followed her into the empty dining room. She sank into an armchair by the fireside, and I stood by the mantelpiece, looking down near to her and so indifferent to the fact. For one thing was clear to methat if I had every really loved Lucy Dormer, I loved her no longer. We were quite unsuited to one another, and if I married her it would merely be a useless sacrifice of two lives. "I treated you badly," she said abruptly. I raised my eyebrows. After Maisle's confession there seemed no

"There were things," I said, "that needed explanation." "Some things are beyond explana

"Perhaps they are better left so." "One can ask forgiveness." There was a faint note of entreaty in he voice. I fidgeted impatiently with a little ornament on the mantelshelf. If I asked for forgiveness she would give

"If one desires forgiveness." I said. at length. It sounded brutal, but it might avoid worse things.

"Oh!" she cried, "I do." "You!" I said with astonishme You! What have I to forgive you? She toyed with her handkerchief. "I thought Maisie would tell you The child was always so fond of you.

"Maisle has told me," I said gravely "Lucy, it is right to be frank. I have discovered that my little playfellow child as she is, has the best love tha I can ever give to any one." She looked at me in surprise. Then she laugh-

ed scornfully. "I see," she said. "You want an ex-You might invent one without taking my poor little sister's name in

vain. "It is no excuse," I said firmly. We

you. I am glad." She stamped her foot passionately. "No, no, I am not. I am sorry-sorry, do you hear?" I you do! Good night!"-Exchange.

"There is no more to say?" I sug-

"No more to say," she echoed faintly. I walked to the door. "Fred!" she cried abruptly. "I must say it. Listen to me if you will not forgive."
"Forgive!" I asked. "What have

to forgive?" She looked at me in apparent bewilderment. "Do you not know that I never to

ny people of your explanation; that I let all the blame rest on you?"
"My letter!" I cried. "My letter!" "The letter you sent to Maisle?"

"She gave it to you?" "Of course she gave it to me," said Lucy, opening her eyes wide, "Why not?" I ought to have known. My

brave little girl! "Maisle told me that she never gay you the letter, Lucy; that all the blam was hers." I walked to the window and looked out for a time in silence

broken by Lucy's sobs. me," she said brokenly. "Yes." I could not say more for the

moment. Presently I walked back to the fire. "God bless her!" I said softly. "Let us say no more about it, Lucy, and be friends for her sake."

Lucy wiped her eyes and looked into the fire. Then she spoke with her eyes verted from me.

"When we quarreled, it was only what I had for some time intended."
"Your reason?" I asked mechanical ly. I did not really care.

"Some one clae was a better match I—I did not like him so well." I bow ed. It was immaterial. "I knew that my people would disapprove of my breaking our engagement for this rea-son. They were fond of you."

"I was fond of them." Their behav-ior had burt and surprised me. In the

show them my explanation, whether she accepted it or not.

"Consequently I was glad, or though was, when I heard something about on which gave me an excuse to quar-

"It was false, as I told you in th "As you told me in the letter. Ther

my parents, but let the blame rest on you." She shivered "Do not trouble about it any more,"

I said, not unkindly. "The bitterns is over now." "Yes," she said, "it is over. I re fused him after all. You do not ask me why. Perhaps you do not wish to

I shook my head. to the fire. "But I forgive you, Lucy." She nodded again. There was nothing more to say, since I could not say what she wished. So I turned to go. But there was a knock at the front door and I heard some one may "The doctor." So I waited to hear what he pro-

GROWING WHEAT.

"You can win her back to life Fred." she said; "our little girl. Stay till she I had already resolved to

stay. bow on her bed and my face on my hand, watching my little favorite. Presently her mother came and knelt

"Lucy has told me all, Fred," she whispered. "You-you will not tell the others? "I will not," I promised.

When my little girl awoke she was not looking toward me. "Better, dear?" asked her mother. "Why, yes," she laughed feebly.

must be Fred. Do you know, I believe he would make me grow well if he "He will be, little sweetheart," I said softly. She turned to me with a happy ery and I whispered in her ear what I knew and other things that were only

that won her back to life, she says, when we talk of such matters. We do not talk of them very often for Maisie is young and shy and still at school. But her people understand leave us alone together, and now and then our thoughts peep out. I re-member that they did so upon the night of Lucy's wedding, for she married the "better match." after all. Malsie came to see me out, of course and helped me into my coat and tried laughingly to shake me, and I put my

times, instead of the usual once, and not quite in the usual brotherly way. day," I said. "Won't there, little sweet-She buried her head on my she

and whispered "I hope so." Meanwhile people speak of me as confirmed bachelor, and laugh when tell them that I am waiting for "Miss Right" to grow.

But "Miss Right" is 16 now, and done growing, and wears her hair up and her dresses long and our good nights are steadily growing lengthler and less fraternal. Dear little Maisiel-Chicago

How Field Applopined. While in a peculiar mood one day the late Stephen J. Field severely reprimanded Page Henry McCall for an of fense of which the page was innocent. But the member of the highest court in the land could not be persuaded that McCall left humiliated, but he was a little gentleman and held his peace. Later in the day Justice Field sent

for McCall. "Come to my house at 7 o'clock vening," was all he said. With mingled feelings of doubt and despair the page called at the Field residence at the time specified, was ushered into the jurist's library and old to held the books which Mr. Field began, without explanation or cere nony, to take from the shelves.

about 15 volumes in to Page McCall's arms, be gruffly remarked: "Henry, I'm very sorry for the way treated you today. I realize that my

conduct was unwarranted, and I beg our pardon. Here are some choice books. Keep them as a nucleus for your library. Keep them, young man, and-keep your temper, too, whatever

Too Green to Burn. One of a gang of carpenters was called by his mates "Green Jim" on ac-

a bit soft. One day, thinking to play a joke o Jim, one of them filled his basket with shavings, intending to drop a lighted natch into it after Jim had slung it or

his shoulder ready to go home. All went well, and as Jim bade his mates good night, on pretext of telling him something one of them slipped a lighted match into the basket.

Stepping back into the building, expecting Jim to turn back in a rage, they waited.

they waited.

Jim came back, but simply to say, as he put his head through the doorway:

"I took the wrong basket, so I came back to change it. Ain't you others soing?" Go they all did then, and one of the

found his basket still amoldering. Shouting at Jim for taking the wrong asket, he was met with the reply, as

Jim had discovered the trick before leaving and had put the shavings in another basket.-London Answers.

One of many legends that have offset the parsimony of Eve's Biblical history represents her as the end of man's cre-ation in a quite literal fachion out of his tall! Strangely enough, the legend anticipated science in its view of the primitive man's terminal facil-ities. Another legend gives a dozen reasons why Eve was not made from this, that or the other part of Adam, but from the rib only, and then says that she had all the faults and fallings avoid.

Clearly the legend of Eve, if not the Genesis narration, is dominated by a spirit of hostility to womankind. She is another with Potiphar's wife, and the wicked Jesebel, and the rebellious Vashti, and the trickey Delliah. She is typical of the women who get men into trouble and who give color to the story that when there was misobief in Persia the hing's first question always was, "Who was she?"—Rev. J. W. Chadwick in Harper's Bassar.

If ships had ghosts, one office down on Front street would be haunted did not extend as far out into the rive When the city moved out toward th tiver, no effort was made to remothis wreck. If was buried by the ruse and dirt damped on M. When office tailding was erected, the wise

Place Wheat at the Front In Planning For Next Season,

Cotton gives the best possible preparation for wheat, but the cotton does not mature early enough. Hence many prefer to follow corn. Peas are better. They leave the soil in excellent condition mechanically and store away ammonia for the use of the wheat. A clover sod is the Lest of all rotations save Southern Cultivator in giving the

following practical advice: Wheat roots desire to go down 41/4 to 5 feet in the earth, seeking water and food. This they will do if the hardpan is broken thoroughly. Deep plowing will all pay. The cultivation must be done before sowing the seed. A deep mellow bed is of prime importance. If the soil bed is perfect, the danger from rust is almost entirely avoided. If to this deep and thorough preparation we add a liberal use of acid phosphate and potash, we have an ideal seed bed. Various experiments show that this

for her and me. They were the things is the vital point in successful wheat growing. In a bed thus prepared the roots of wheat sown in September and early part of October reach such a wonderful development that there is little danger of winter killing. The roots are so numerous, deep and strong that they resist successfully the power of frost. Again, the top will be so far advanced as to furnish a good covering over the soil. This green covering keeps the soil warm. Wheat thus sown have four times the root develop ment of wheat sown in November. For

There is a great difference in the yielding power of different varieties of wheat. Rust is the great enemy, hence a rust proof variety should be secured if possible. The farther south we go the greater danger from rust. present the Red Amber and Turkish Red seem to be leaders along this line Too much care cannot be given to this point. When ready to sow, the seed should be washed in very hot water or in a solution of bluestone, so as to de

stroy smut, spores or germs. ing in favor. This helps to protect the young plants against frost. But we rather think the chief advantage com from the better preparation of soil se cured by this plan, together with

ng of the seeds. The manuring should be done broad cast and thoroughly incorporated with the soil by harrowing. The chief point is to secure as great solubility as practicable, so as to render prompt aid to the roots. Ammonia is needed for prompting healthy growth. This can generally be secured from peas or clover or through culture and barnyard manures. Acid phosphate is needed to and full. Potash gives strength to the stems and helps to resist rust. It gives

healthy tone to the entire plant, and this is of prime importance. If good seed be selected, soll prepara tion thorough, fertilizing properly pro portioned and seeds sown early, the wheat crop will be sure and profitable ess, slipshod methods and general inattention have made many farmers flour buyers who should be wheat sellers. From 30 to 40 bushele should be the average yield from intel ligent sowing. Top dressing 100 pounds

nitrate of soda per acre sometimes Wheat growing is not limited to climate or soil, but by intelligent sowing. Hence we say to every southern

farmer sow plenty of good wheat. Water is a necessity for bees, al-though they do not visit watering places at all times. Bees need water when rearing brood, providing they are not gathering nectar from flowers When gathering honey from blossoms the nectar gathered contains enough water to supply them, but if the flow of honey stops off suddenly and the bees have a large amount of brood on hands, which they mostly have, ther they will make a rush for water. They use water, too, in their composition of pollen and honey for manufacturing food for the young bees and of necessity must have it at such times says a writer in Farm, Field and Fire

Convenient watering places should be furnished them if running water is not near the apiary. While they may go long distances for water, yet it pays to fix a watering place for them near the apiary. Frequently they will water at watering tanks intended for stock, and thus be hindrance to the stock in getting sufficient water and in many cases drive the stock entirely away from the water during the day. This may be prevented by furnishing a watering place for them near the aplary. bees are drowned in open tanks or large open vessels containing water ranged with floats of sticks or stray on the water to prevent them from water and covered over makes an ideal watering place for bees. Some use s

the water a little salty, but much salt will not be accepted by them. ing at stock troughs or tanks, it is very lifficult to break them of it, and only by furnishing them water and covering the stock tanks so they cannot get the water can we get them broken away

Machines For Utilizing Insects. Chickens are machines, by means of other injurious insects are converted into eggs and marketable poultry. there not a profit in keeping them on the farm, even if they do eat a little grain and annoy us a little by scratch-ing? It is claimed that poultry manure, if properly taken care of and judicious by applied is worth half the food the fowls eas -Hanch and Range.

igh it was, the experiment It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

OUR HUNGRY GLOBE.

MOTHER EARTH'S METHOD OF FILL ING HER RAPACIOUS MAW.

Great Chunks of the World The May Be Swallowed , at Any Moment as Others Have Been Before In Our Planet's Pitiless Traps,

When one reads or hears of some sudden and violent alteration in the crust of this planet of ours one tostinctively puts it down to somethin in the way of a volcanic outburst. In most cases it is so. But not always. building up what she likes and getting rid of what she is tired of,

One hardly wonders that Indian tribes who frequented the shores of the Columbia river used to worship as the "All Devodring One" a great cliff near the Castades, which for many years past has been steadily advancing upon the river, with the evident intention of blotting out its bed and forming a huge lake above. This will inevitable happen. The mountain, which is 2.000 feet high and eight miles long, has been proved to be moving forward and downward at a rate of one to three feet a year. The railway track, which runs along its base has to be constantly altered. The reason of this ponderou landslide is that the mountain rests on a layer of soft sandstone, which is steadily giving way.

The village of Sainte Foy de Taren taise, in eastern France, seems doomed to be inguifed. The base of the hill on which it stands is being eaten away by the rapid waters of the Isere. The houses, some of them, show cracks rivaling those of our Cheshire North-wich. Some day there will be a "short, sharp shock," and Tarentaise will no

longer exist.
Islands go and come so constantly of them. Submarine volcances are re sponsible for most of these disappear for. Metis island, for instance, in the south Pacific, bore no sign of volcanie 1880, its highest point being 150 feet. In 1800 it had gone—vanished utterly without leaving a trace. On the site of another small guano island off the coast of southern California recent soundings showed 50 fathoms of water. Tangler Island in Chesapeake bay was fortified by the English fleet in the war

those fortifications are under water. The shifting sands of the great desert are as hungry as the pitiless see itself. Many of the smaller cases in the Sahara have disappeared from sight in an hour or two, buried deep by the deadly simoom.

city of Kashgar, far out in the yellow desolation of the desert of Gobi, the saw something projecting from the smooth side of one of the long dunes. Further investigation showed that it was but one of thousands. A teeming city of highly civilized Aryans had long existed on this spot until the earth had tired of it and wiped it out. Until Dec. 18, 1811, the eastern parof Craighead county, Ark., was one of the most beautiful and fertile

stretches of prairie imaginable, inter-spersed with tracts of lovely wood-land. Pretty rivers ran between high ly settling. On the morning of Dec. 19, in place of rivers and rolling prairie, a great lake rippled in the second prairie. a great lake rippled in the sunlight. In the night the whole region, 120 miles feet. Today the weird lakes of the Arkaneas sunk lands offer the most best sport in all the southern states. Nothing is too big or too small to ascape the maw of our hungry globs. Quicksands are the traps she spreads for smaller fry. Probably the worst are perhaps the dregs of some prehis-toric sea. Now they are covered over with a thick crust of salt and sand. sciously into these deathtraps and been quickly swallowed up. Recius, the great French authority you can sound these quicks

The extraordinary skill with which Sir Edwin Landseer painted animals was due not merely to his mastery of the brush, but also to his intimate knowledge of the animal world.

One of his many talents was the power of imitating to perfection the cry of

depth of 300 feet without i

be the guest of Lord Rivers he was re-quested to go and see a very savage dog that was tied up in the yard. As Landseer approached the growling beast he dropped quietly upon his hands and knees and then crawling forward snarled so alarmingly that the dog, overcome with terror, suddenly snapped his chain, jumped over the wall and was never seen afterward.

The most lonely highlands of ou national territory are the sparsely wooded sierras of western New Mexi echoes through the steepest glens of the European Alps and southern Alleof El Paso, there are valleys where the moan of the wind in the branches of the rock pines is the only sound heard for days together. A kind of marm and rarely leaves its burrows befor noon. Birds are extrem floats across the sky on its way to the cave inbyrinth of the Glia valley. Its

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colie, Cholen and Diarrhosa Remedy. T. A. Albright & Co., druggists, will refund your money it you are not estisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaint tive continent, and the state of Liberia remedy in use for bowel complaint became an established fact. But, well and the only one that never fails

WHAT THE TAILOR SEES.

Pocultarities of Men Being M.

"Yes, there is a time for throwing out one's chest, just as there is a time for everything else," said the tailor, as he read out one of the measure ments for the customer's coat, while

"Now you probably have no idea, the tailor continued, as he stretched the tape over the shoulder and down under the armpit, "what a lot of trouble is made for us by deceitful customers-I mean those who, uncon sciously or otherwise, seem to think properly. I am not telling you this for your benefit, Mr. Jones, as you are siways most natural in your stand-

that Mr. Jones' figure straightens a little.

"the customer is not always frank with us, any more than the patient is always frank with telling a physi-cian about himself. There are opportunities for deception in both case For instance, it very often occurs that a man with sloping shoulders comes up to be measured, and instead of al-lowing us to size him up as he really is, he throws himself all out of position, and there is the deuce to pay generally when it comes around trying on the garment, for he cannot always strike the same position twice, much less keep it. Some men would no more admit that their shoulders needed 'raising' or 'lifting,' as we say, than they would be ready to confess that their calves needed a little re-enforce-ment. Imagine what we occasionally get from a new customer—and it is neidentally true that these deceivers are the ones who do the most shifting from one tailor to another as a rest of this lack of personal franknes They are the ones who seldom get sul

of using tact with this sort as well as in many other ways of our bo for us to say to some men, 'Shall I not put a little in the shoulder, just

to fill it out a bit? "To be sure, we can say, and with perfect sincerity, that coats are being cut this meason to set squarely as por sible on the shoulder, but there are me who won't stand for that sort of thing as 'they know what they want.' At any rate, they would have us believe give a man what he wants, even if one realizes there may be loss of bus ness on account of it in the long run But it is not always loss of business for there are kinds of customers that are almost perpetually a loss—in wear and tear on our nerves, if not in actual

way, although they are not se given credit for having any. "It is the best all round give the man what we think he want give the man what we think he wants or, at least, what we think he should have, taking down all the while will the nod of respectful and obedien understanding all that he prescribe

but one has to meet the grand blu with the same brand once in awhile. "This man who throws out his chest comes in many different species. One nity comes to the surface, something by way of a 'very ready help in time of present trouble.' He doesn't want us needs some clothes. We can tell him as soon as he heaves in sight. But we respect him by comparison with the value of the trouble when he is on the stand, and it shows up when he tries on the coat. When up before the three sided seflector he usually expands the limit, and the cutter may have to tell him to 'stand perfectly natural, please.' After doing the best we can, and the coat is all made up, he will find something wrong, or, parhapa, it may not crop out

omary lag or stoop the thing do ang snug-and he is back upon rith grievances."—Boston Herald.

Kipling, you know, is not built that way and puts up impatiently with gush and hysteria. One forenoon Kip-ling was walking the deck hand in hand with his little daughter, when one of the gushers, seeing an op-to flatter the father and friends with the author, three in the way of the coup

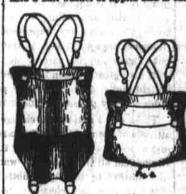
"Oh, Mr. Kiplings' that your child?" "Tes" and tried to pass. But the fel-low was not done with him. Still standing in the way, he exclaimed: "What a delightfully beautif healthy child she ta!" Kipling gased a stony gase man, and saying, with greet or

"I'm reas "Yes," answered the youth th fully; "that expresses the idea precise ly. Hhe halls from Boston. I was now

Blobbs-Why don't you scior about your insemnia?

When a man reaches that point in his

Convenient When Picking and Empties Without Bruising Apples. The apple sack represented is described by Kansas Farmer as an improvement by Judge Wellhouse, a familiar authority in fruit circles, on another western man's invention. It will hold a half bushel of apples and is car-



APPLE PICKING BACK. sied in front of the picker, being st pended from his shoulders by straps ting heavy cotton two bushel gra eacks in such a way that the flag hanging below in the illustration (Fig. 1) is cut opposite to a similar flap thus making two of these picking beavy steel wire curled into a hook at each end is sewed around the most of the sack, excepting that the spe between the books shown as against the picker's body is left va cant, there being nothing between the hooks but the cloth of the sack.

The suspenders are fastened perma-neatly at the back and are crossed on the individual's back, brought over the niders, and each has a ring in the end which is booked into the curved wire, as shown, thus suspending the sack to the picker. The bottom of the sack as shown in Fig. 1 is open and contains two rings at the botton These rings are connected when in us to hooks at upper front rim of the sack, as shown in Fig. 2, where the picking sack is ready for business. When full, the picker lowers the sack into the box or barrel, unlooks the fisp, and the apples gently slide from the bottom of the sack into the package, thus preventing all bruises. President thus preventing all bruises. President Wellhouse has made 27 of these as

The eastern Rocky mountain region s well supplied with native legus plants, many of which are of great value for hay and pasturage.

The native clovers are found chiefly



MOUNTAIN RED CLOVER. are and others too small to be much value for forage, but the jority are valuable, and four or five are of sufficient importance to warrant careful experimentation as to their possle that several of them wo

ntain red clover is one of the robust growing native sorts most robust growing native found in the Rocky mountain region. The flower beads are large and showy, and the leaves are composed of from five to seven leaflets instead of three, with the other clovers st the region. It produces stout, deep growing roots and has many other qualities commending it to the attention of the experimenter. It is most widely distributed on the west side of the continental divide.—T. A. Williams.

Growing the Fig For Canning. With the advent of the canning faory I wish to call attention to and en sourage more extensive planting of the ag. No foult tree will stand as many hardships or as much bad treatment and yet produce some fruit. With a local canning outfit to properly pre-serve and absorb the crop this fruit has a very bright future, especially for the coast, said Fred W. Mailey at the Texas farmers' congress.





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