NO. 40

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1901.

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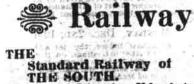
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Local agency of Penn Mutual Insurance Company. Best Life Insurance contracts now

ders. Correspondence solicited. JAMES P. ALBRIGHT, Agent.

SHOE REPAIRING NEATLY & PROMPTLY NAT FOSTER

BYNUM & BYNUM,

JACOB A. LONG, 4

GREENSBORO, N. C. tee regularly in the courts of Ala-

"We are waiting to hear you." "M. Constant has treated me differently from the others on his planta-I have never been put to field work. Up to the time I was 15 he made me stay about the house, and

after that he put me in charge of his best horses. Now, as you know, Mr. Horace, I am his jockey and ride for him at all the races. "And from what I hear you give him

satisfaction in that capacity," Horace "Yes, sir," said Leon, "except when he loses a race, and then he curses me for not punishing the horses. That I will not do, for I know they try their best, as I do mine. But he has never whipped me - the others, yes, my mother and all, for he is terrible in a passion, but not me. My mother has aid that I do not belong to him, that I am not a slave, that I am free, and he whipped her for telling me so, though he never said anything to me about it. I do not understand it. Father Grhe, who christened me, has told me the same thing. But I cannot explain how it is. One day when I was crossing some horses on the ferry at Bayou du Lac M. Valsin Mouillot said to me that he had heard M. Constant admit I did not belong to him or to anybody else."

"Can this have been true, Mrs. Wyley?" inquired Horace.
"I am not prepared to any no," re-

plied Mrs. Wyley. "Though I have feared to speak to M. Constant about it," Leon resumed, "I have always believed I am not a slave and have hoped that something would occur to put me in my freedom. But my hope has been today destroyed. All that cheered me has been denied. Please, Mr. Horace and madame, do not laugh at me and think me foolish for what I am going to tell you now.
I am in love"—he hung his head like a
guilty child—"and my love has made me strong, obedient and patient. I leve Odette, the maid of Mile. Estelle Latiolais, and she has said she would be my wife. She is a good, faithful, true girl. To me she is loveller than the reliow jasmine, and the thought of ber has kept me bonest and cheerful and has made me kinder to my horses. Her mistress loves her and more than a year ago promised to set her free when I should be ready to marry her.

give her freedom, because the law had changed in spite of Mr. Horace's noble opposition so as to forbid the emancipation of slaves. I could not console her. It seemed as if this news took all my life away. Not a moment have

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MASTER

and SLAVE

By T. H. Thorpe.

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CHAPTER V.

LEON'S QUEST.

dience to Quillebert's jockey, Leon,

who, in apparently great distress, en-

"ludeed I am more than willing to do

so," she said, resuming the large rock-

er, "for I have always felt there was

something foully wrong in that Freuch-

"Have you any personal knowledge

"I know a good deal about the begin-

ning of it and am anxious to tell you

threshold and was bidden assuringly to

be seated. He hesitated; but, the invi-

a tone conveying something of com-

mand, he complied, first laying his bat

upon a bench outside the door. He was

manifestly agitated, embarrassed and

apprehensive, and, though ample time

was given him to open the conversa-

"This interview is of your own seek

ing, Leon," said Horace, "and has been

granted by Mrs. Wyley and myself. You

ask for my advice and help. Whether

either or both will be given must de-

pend upon the character of your state-

ment. Now proceed to tell your trouble

without reserve, for we are kindly dis-

posed to you, but tell it with absolute

truth. You must not mislead me into

action or speech by a falsehood. Give

me facts only. Upon this condition I

will advise to the best of my ability for

your good and possibly assist you to

make the advice effective. We are wait-

With visible effort to repress his ex-

"I cannot speak well like you, Mr.

Horace, and some of the things I will

tell you I do not at all understand. I

know that until I was 10 or 11 years

old I lived with Mrs. Wyley on the

Lallande plantation, on Atchafalaya

river. One day she sent me to M. Con-

stant Quillebert's plantation to see my

mother and get some presents from M.

Constant, who was my godfather. He

would not let me go back to Mrs. Wy-

ley and has kept me on his place

Oakfell looked inquiringly at Mrs.

Wyley, whose eyes responded a con-

firmation. Leon continued:

ing to hear you."

eltement Leon said:

tion, he sat confused and silent.

Leon appeared timidly upon

treats it," Horace replied.

man's treatment of the boy."

all I can with certainty."

ble and retired.

bearing upon it?"

followed by a servant, who

placed lights upon the ta-

I slept since. All the night long i walked up and down in the stables save when I rested my head on one of the horses and cried like a woman But with the daybreak came a hope. remembered that if I myself was not a free by taking her to a free state, and I determined to ask M. Constant to lend me the price of my bride, to be paid him in services in the stable and on the track as long as would be reasona-OU desired my presence, Mr. Oakfell?" said Mrs. Wyley, entering the office,

ble. Knowing how set he was on beating Judge Elgee's mare today and that he had bet heavy sums on the race, I made up my mind to win it for him even at the risk of my neck, so as to have his favor when I should ask him "Yes, Mrs. Wyley, if you can spare the time to assist me in giving au- sundown if my mare kept ber feet. He would not refuse then. I felt sure. Again I cried, but from joy, and

danced with happiness, and I whistled like a mocking bird as I patted and rubbed Charlotte Corday and prayed to her to carry me out of my trouble. Belle Cheney has better points than Charlotte, and I trembled as I saw her leap to the stand. But when the word was given I leaned down and shouted. "Odette!" in my mare's ear. At the end of the track I saw not the post, but only Odette's sweet face. In the crowd's roar and yell in the last stretch I heard only the name Odette and when I shot under the line I saw

tation being repeated by Mrs. Wyley in Odette standing with her mistress on the veranda of Father Grhe's house, waving her hand to me. After caring for the mare and kissing her forehead went to Mile. Latiolais and asked her if she would sell Odette to me and at what price. She said she would for \$100 and, laying her snow white hand on Odette's shoulder, added that she would give the price and something more to the bride as a dot on her wed ding day. Odette kissed that little hand and, with a smile of happiness. expressed our thankfulness. Mine was then the lightest heart that ever beat in a poor man's breast, and I made my request to M. Constant on his return home. But, Mr. Oakfell, a knife run through my body could not have given the pain his answer did. His eyes almost closed and his face trembled with anger as he said: 'You scoundrel! Why should you buy a wife? If you dld, she would be my slave. Whatever you acquire will be mine.' 'How so, M Constant?' I asked. 'I am a free man. Like a mad dog he leaped at me, clutch ed me by the throat and screamed: 'You lie! You are my slave! If you ever dare again to deny it, I will lay the lash on you till you will wish you were dead!' And he flung me away from him

with the vilest curses. Crushed and all but blind, I staggered to the stable and hid my face in Charlotte Corday's mane until my thoughts came back to me. Then, not knowing or caring whether I was seen, I went to Mile Latiolais and informed her what had occurred. She said to me: 'Go at once to Mr. Horace Oakfell, the only real man of this country. Tell him I ask him to hear you and thwart the evil purpose of that wicked Quillebert, Mr. Oakfell has the true eye to see what is fust and the brave heart to do it.' As I was leaving the yard I met M. Leonidas Latiolais and asked him whether he would not buy me if I was M. Constant's slave, and he said he would think it over. I came directly here. I have told nothing but the truth. For the sake of justice, for the sake of Jesus, who, the priest says, was friendless as I am; for the sake of Mile. La

always kind to me and never had cause to chide me." The poor fellow in his excitement had unconsciously risen at the close of his narrative and assumed an attitude of supplication eloquent in its naturalness and earnestness, and his two auditors looked from him to each other with

tiolois, advise and protect me, Mr. Oak-

expressions of astonishment and wounded consciences. "A dreadful recital, if true," Oakfell

"Even the mercy of heaven must b stretched to cover such wickedness,

was Mrs. Wyley's comment. "Do you feel inclined to give me you recollection of this matter, Mrs. Wy-

ley?" asked Oakfell. "Yes, sir," she replied, "not only in clined, but eager to do so. When Leon was but an infant, Febien Queyrouse owned the plantation adjoining Lailande's, of which my husband was the overseer. It was in those days that first saw Quillebert, who visited Quey rouse on Sundays. It seems they had known each other in France. By the request of Queyrouse, Quillebert stood as godfather at the child's christening at Mansura by Father Grbe, who had but recently arrived in this country. Queyrouse was very fond of this child. but was greatly displeased for some cause with the mother, Olive, who with her children, was his siave. The year the cholera was so bad-I think it was in 1833-on returning home from a visit to New Orleans he told his overseer, Belisaire Poydre, that he intended Leon to be free and directed that he be sent to me to be raised. The following day he died of the cholera. He had betriended my husband in a serious trou ble, so that when, two days after his derth, a nurse came to us with the child and a message from Poydre conveying the wish of Querrouse sented, and I took charge of the little one. Of course he was favored by us and never caused me to regret our actured, respectful and obedient.

tured, respectful and obedient.

"Queyrouse was a bachelor, and his heirs lived in France. His will, instructed Poydre to wind up his affairs, sell his property and deliver the proceeds to the heirs. This he did four years later. Quillebert bought Olive and her three other children. Leon was not included in the sale, but remeated with me. Belianire Poydre died ained with me. Belisaire Poydre died of yellow fever in 1840. My poor hus-band was carried off by the same disband was carried on by the most after ease in 1843. About six months after my husband's death I received a request from Quillebert to send Leon to visit his mother and receive some present ents from his godfather, and, suspecting no trick, I did so. Leon did not come back. I wrote Quillebert a note naking why he detained him. He returned the verbal answer that the boy

helpless and took no further steps in and if they had fallen gratefully on I do not pretend to understand the law. agination, but the words of Estelle sur

At these last words Leon's face brightened, and he looked eagerly and anxlously to Oakfell. "And my thought agrees with yours," said the latter.

"Oh, thank the good God!" exclaimed Leon, falling on his knees. "And you are rich, you are wise, you are who enslaves me against law and justice."

"I will, poor fellow, to the utmost of my power," Oakfell promised. "And if I succeed in establishing your freedom I will lend you the money to buy Odette.'

Leon wrung his hands in a paroxysm of joy, but could not speak his gratitude. Mrs. Wyley, however, was moved to say, "God will be on your side in the fight, Mr. Oakfell." "I can only prevail by the humanity

and justice of our laws," said Oakfell. "Listen to me, Leon, I must proceed in this undertaking with de-liberation. My course will arouse bitter opposition and bad feeling, which should not be provoked prematurely. Meanwhile you must be absolutely under my direction and pledge implicit obedience to my instruction, though it may involve suffering. It is proper that at the institution of your suit for freedom you should be under the anparent control of Quillebert. You must not be a fugitive when you sue for freedom. Therefore you must return to his plantation, though he may put the lash to you for being away tonight. Do not disclose that you have spoken to Mrs. Wyley or myself, though he should torture you to extort the confession, for if he learns that you have conferred with us I do not doubt he will kill you. . Can you keep your counsel and ours and endure his cruelty until I send for you and give you

further instructions?" "Mr. Oakfell, I will take the lash and any pains be can put me to if I can gain my freedom and Odette, and neither whip nor fire can force from me one word about this meeting." "Go, then," said Oakfell, "and be

"God help me to be firm and to be grateful for your goodness and that of Mrs. Wyley," Leon replied and with-

"What is all this, brother?" said Evariste, smiling and entering the office with noiseless step. "Are you holding abolitionist meetings and receiving messages by the grapevine line? Beware, for there is danger in that." Oakfell explained fully the evening's

incident, requesting Evariste's secrecy. "Certainly," said the latter; "I will be silent as the tomb. But indeed I warn you there is more peril in your undertaking than in a genuine abolition grapevine conclave. That fellow Quillepert is a devil incarnate. He is as venomous as an adder and as conscience or a shot in the dark is as easy to him as a gulp of absinth. He is a relentless hater and already has his evil eye on you as an American and as the champion of Estelle Latiolais. Moreover, he has a following among the lowest fellows of this parish. Reflect before you draw the ire of such a rascal for the sake of a saffron jockey who never can be more than he is at this present mo-

ment." "Evariste, your affection for me leads you to magnify the dangers and minimise the cause." Horace answered. "You are perhaps young yet to weigh the considerations which have appealed to my conscience tonight. I feel that fell and you. Mrs. Wyley, who were this disclosure has laid upon me a duty which it would be disgraceful and cowardly in me to shirk. I would assume it were the perils ten thousand times greater than those you imagine. But I do not wish you to be in the least troubled about it. Only sacredly keep what I have confided to you."

Evariste again promised, and good nights were spoken, but the lights in the office burned till the smallest bour

> CHAPTER VI. A HEART OF PEARL.

WO items of Leon's recital lingered pleasingly in Oakfell's thoughts, Estelle's genero consent to sell Odette to be lover and bestow the price for marriage provision and her confident reference to him (Oakfell) as the one man of the parish able and willing to defend the weak against the injustice of the powerful oppressor. His admiration and self esteem were appealed to effectively, and be found himself wondering why he had not seen the granddaughter of Latioisis during the past three years and whether the child be remembered could justify Evariate's rapturous description of the beauty he had met at Father Grhe's table. Her responses to the appeals of Leon be



te her a person of superior qualitie

His truly chiralrons mind kept al women upon pedestals, and in his reperfections with which his mother and Mme. Fidele were endowed. Yet, though

the matter. This is all I know of it. his ear they had failed to sair his im but I have always thought Leon was prised and thrilled him. Such emotions defy analysis, and thus, without under standing why, he realized that the

task he had from conscience imposed upon himself took a poetic color which it had wholly wanted but for her interest. He experienced no difficulty in deciding that he should without loss of time call on his gentle colleague, both you will secure and protect me in my to pledge his logalty to the cause she freedom, Mr. Horace? You are white, had espoused and delicately warn her to reticence in the presence of her volu-

powerful. Defend me from this man ble grandfather, whose malieability in the masterful hands of Quilleber might otherwise become the fruitful source of mischief.

The bridle path through the swamps behind the bayou fields shortened considerably the distance between L'Esperance and the Latiolais plantation. The shadows of afternoon were but beginning to lengthen when Oakfell startled Estelle, with broad hat tied under her chin and shears in her hand, Apping a shrub of sweet olive. Flushed cheeks and embarrassed manner tes tified her maidenly timidity, but quickly the convent taught politeness came to ber aid, and she gracefully welcome her visitor to a seat upon the veranda, where at the summons of her mistress Odette served cool water flavored with the sirup of mandarins.

"You will, I hope, be not displeased, mademoiselle, when I tell you that three years have made such change in your appearance that I scarcely would have recognized you elsewhere than here at your home," said Oakfell.

"I sufficiently realize that," she replied, "when I look at my mirror and then at the little daguerreotype I sent to grandpere from New Orleans when I first went to the convent. Sometimes fear I shall be an old woman while my companions are still young girls. Laure Luneau is two years older than I, but she looks two years younger." "Is she one of your companious?" asked Oakfell.

"We have known each other all our lives," answered Estelle, "and the mention of her name reminds me, Mr. Oakfell"-"I beg you will not," Oakfell inter

"But," she persisted, "I feel bound"-"So do I," said Oakfell, smiling, "for

there are other matters we can discuss more likelihood of agreementfor instance, the message you sent to me by Quillebert's jockey, Leon." "Oh, Mr. Oakfell," she exclaimed

'was ever such a cruel, wicked wrong But you will protect poor Leon and de-liver him from that feroclous man, will you not?"

"Your command moved my mind to that resolution." he said. "And you will succeed," she declare

with warmth. "Father Grhe's accoun of your speech in the legislature against that disgraceful law forbidding emancipation of slaves told me you were brave and wise, and your cham plouship of me in the election of god mother for the bell told me you were generous, and therefore I sent Leon to wrong? I had no time to advise with did not tell where he had been, but my grandfather."

"No, mademoiselle. My misgiving is as to my own ability. But what strength I have shall be exerted to the fullest, and should success meet my efforts the gratitude of Leon and Odette will be due to you."

"And mine to you, Mr. Oakfell. So you will receive it all, as you well de-

"Your grandfather is well, I trust Is be at home?" Oakfell inquired. "He is quite well, but I regret is not at home. He rode away an bour ago I fear, to Ouillebert's," Estelle replied. an expression of pain coming to her "I do wish dear grandfather was not so much with that bad man, whose evil influence over his kind, yielding nature I so much dread."

"M. Latiolais' virtues are too confirmed to be weakened by contact with so coarse a character. Nevertheless. Oakfell added, "this intimacy between them compels me to suggest, ms demoiselle, that nothing be said to your grandfather of Leon's visit to me or of my intentions in his behalf. I pray you will not feel offense at the

"Not in the least," she answered him. "It is well founded and just and shall be respected. When will you begin?" "I cannot say," he replied. "The work of preparation may occupy me until

"I will earnestly pray God and the Virgin to aid and to bless you and to enable me, though but an ignorant and feeble girl, to be of some use in so jus a cause," said Estelle.

"Your good will shall be my sufficient stay," said Oakfell, offering his hand in adieu, and the touch produced a deliious shock that sent the blood bound ing through his veins in a manner new to his experience. As he rode away with a knightly Estelle turned to her maid, wh

had lottered unseen within hearing distance of the conversation, and said: "I am so glad that I sent Leon to him am so happy that he came to see me. Now I am sure I did not do wrong and that he will never yield to injustice. What a handsome, good face he has

"Oh, mamselle, he is among men what you are among women, the first of the good!" answered Odette. "He is the only one fit for you, and you are the only one fit for him."

"What are you thinking of, silly thing? Mr. Oakfell is not a Catholic, and I am," said Estelle, faintly pout "I know he is not a Catholic," the maid replied, "but, for all that, he is

the best man in the parish. I have beard Father Grhe say that." "Father Grhe has honest and correct sinions, and whatever he says I bebe one of those bold American beautie on Bayon Boruf, not the shy and stu pid little creele of Bayon Rouge," Es-

telle said plaintively.

"Ah, my sweet mistress, if you had you would not talk so. And if he looks for beauty, which one of the Americal tiolais? Beauty is not everything to such as M. Oakfell, nor boldness, nor Mme. Fidele were endowed. Tet, though he was keenly sensible of the attractions of the bayon belies and prairie lassies, he had remained heart free. like my mistress." The slave girl spoke GRAHAM, when I should be ready to make meet me weeping But last night she met me weeping by turned the verbal answer that the boy lassies he had remained heart free. But last night she met me weeping preferred to remain with his mother, and broken hearted, for mademolasile and broken hearted, for mademolasile and broken hearted, for mademolasile and broken hearted for mademolasile and br Evariste had before repeated to him warmly and loyally, and Estelle ran

of happiness these words brought to her cheeks.

At sunset the grandfather returned. His step was slow and his countenance grave and troubled. Sinking wearily into a chair on the veranda, he closed his eyes as if to shut out an unwelcome visitor to his memory and thus sat silent and brooding when Estelle approached and lightly klased his brow. "Are you sick, my dear grandfather?"

"In spirit, yes, otherwise no, my dear little girl," be replied.

"Then what is it that has given despondency to my good old child?" "Ah, little Estelle, you are the child too tender and sensitive to hear the shocking thing that has saddened my soul this evening."

"No," she protested; "you misjudge me. I am strong enough to share with you all your griefs and must do so or fall in my duty. Then tell me what distresses you. Did you not go to M. Quillebert's, and was it not there this thing has happened? Tell your Estelle."

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"Yes, my angel, I will tell you, for I must speak to some one. I rode over to Constant's to spend an hour with him. As I passed his stables I heard the strokes of the whip falling heavily upon flesh and a low moan following each blow. I hastened on to the house and had alighted at the gate when Constant came out of the stables, ox whip in hand, breathless and almos speechless. The savage fury of his face frightened me. He sent a negro boy on one of his fastest horses to bring Dr. De Roux. When he had rested somewhat and restored himself with brandy, he told me his jockey, Leon, went away



You heard what my grandfather told

last night, leaving the horses unfed, and did not return to the plantation until midnight, when he was brought by the constable, who had caught him coming out of the swamp, and stubbornly refused to say where he had gone. He caused the unfortunate fellow to be tied by the wrists to a feed rack from last night until this evening without food promising release for confession. Leon obstinately closed his mouth and would not speak.

"Constant went into the stable this evening and made his final demand for confession, but with no effect. He then bared the negro's back and gave him the lash until he fell forward and hung from the rack limp and uncon scious. At this he became alarmed believing that he had killed him, and cutting him from the rack, dispatched for the doctor. I remained there un til De Roux came and reported that he had revived Leon, but could give no assurance that he would not die from the effect of the punishment Constant drank more brandy, raved like a madman, swore he could never get another jockey to equal Leon and promised the doctor \$500 to cure him. All this made me feel utterly misers ble, and I came away,"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Barnum's Monkeys

"All well-all happy-lots report from the monkey cage of Barnum's Circus ever since the keepers began dosing the monkeys with Scott's Emulsion. Consumption was carrying off two thirds of them every year and the circus had to buy new ones.

One day a keeper accidentally broke a bottle of Scott's Summons by Publication. VALUABLE LAND Emulsion near the monkey cage and the monkeys eagerly lapped it up from the floor. This suggested the idea that it might do them good. Since then the monkeys have received regular doses and the keepers report very few deaths from consumption. Of course it's cheaper to buy Scott's Emulsion than new monkeys—and that suits the circus men.

Consumption in monkeys and in man is the same disease. If you have it or are threaten—life the period of the same disease.

J. M. Walker. deceased for partition among the beirs at law. It appears that J. M. Walker is one of said beirs at inw. one seventh undivided interest in and to said lands having descended upon him.

That said land is in Pleasant Grove township, Alamance county, North Carolina, and is the share of the said it. J. Walker, deceased, allotted to hor in the division of her fathers land among his children. Summons in said special proceeding to sell the lands of L. J. Walker, deceased, the partition was seventh undivided interest in and to said lands having descended upon him.

That is a special proceeding to sell the lands of L. J. Walker, deceased, the partition was to said lands at law. It appears that J. M. Walker is one of said heirs at law. It appears that J. M. Walker is one of said heirs at law. It appears that J. M. Walker is one of said heirs at law. It appears that J. M. Walker is one of said heirs at law. It appears that J. M. Walker is one of said heirs at law. It appears that J. M. Walker is one of said heirs at law. It appears that J. M. Walker is one of said heirs at law. It appears that J. M. Walker is one of said heirs at law. It appears that J. M. Walker is one of said heirs at law. It appears that J. M. Walker is one of said heirs at law. It appears that J. M. Walker is one of said heirs at law. It appears that J. M. Walker is one of said heirs at law. It appears that J. M. Walker is one of said heirs at law. It appears that J. M. Walker is one of said heirs at law. It appears that J. M. Walker is one of said heirs at law. It appears that J. M. Walker is one of said heirs at law. It appears that J. M. Walker is one of said heirs at law. It appears that J. M might do them good. Since

ed with it can you take the hint?

This picture represents the Trade Mark of Scott's Emulsion and is on the wrapper of every bottle. nd for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE. 409 Pearl St., New York. We Now Have a Large Stock of the

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Alamance County. W. H. Walker, W. H. Trolinger and wife E. A. Trolinger, J. C. Walker, Mary C. Walker. Levi J. Walker and Jno W. Smith and wife Amanda.

fice in Graham, september the 4th, 1933 J. D. KERNODLE, C. S. C. ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as the administrator of the estate of J. B. Shoffner, deceased, Phere-by coldly all persons having calms to present them to me, or to J. A. Long. my alternay, for payment within the time required by law,

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4.