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MONDAY, NOV. 10, 1902, at is o'clock m, so the highest bidder, at public outery, sell the following described real estate, subject to the widow's right of dower in the same, to-wit: A certain lot or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Faucett's township, county of Alamane State of North Carolina, near Glencoe Cotton Mills and adjoining the lands of Glencoe Cotton Mills, the William Dickey lands acrost on Mills, the William Dickey lands acrost others and containing about ten acres, it to light same on which the late John G. Fow ler was living at the time of his death. Terms of sale one-third cash, one-third in six months, and one-third in mine months, deferred payments to be secured by bonds staring six per ceut, interest from the day of sale. Title reserved till all payments armade.

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Geordie stopped short and, saying, "We'll juist gang in a meenute," passed through the crowd and up to the

"Michael Slavin," began Geordie, and ky he's not good ting." the men stared in dead silence, with Slavin, I promised the lad I'd bear ye 'Almichty, an' I want tae tell ye that I'm keepin' ma wur-r-d. But," and here he raised his hand, and his voice became preternaturally solemn, "his bluid is upon yer han's. Do ye no' see it?" His voice rose sharply, and as he pointed Slavin instinctively glanced at his hands, and Geordie added:

"Aye, an' the Lord will require it o' ye an' yer hoose.' They told me that Slavin shivered as if taken with ague after Geordie went out, and, though he laughed and swore, he did not stop drinking till he sank in a drunken stupor and had to be carried to bed. His little French Canadian wife could not understand the change that had come over her husband.

"He's like one bear" she confided to Mrs. Mayor, to whom she was showing her baby of a year old. "He's not kees me one tam dis day. He's mos' hawful bad. He's not even look at de baby." And this seemed sufficient proof that | quiet. something was seriously wrong, for

she went on to say: "He's tink more for dat leel baby dan for de whole worl'. He's tink more for dat baby dan for me." But she shrugged her pretty little shoulders in depre cation of her speech.

"You must pray for him," said Mrs. Mayor, "and all will come right." "Ah, madame," she replied earnestly, "every day, every day, I pray la sainte Vierge et tous les saints for him."

"Ah, oul, I weel pray." And Mrs. Mayor sent her away bright with smiles and with new hope and courage in her heart.

She had very soon need of all her courage, for at the week's end her baby fell dangerously ill. Slavin's anxlety and fear were not relieved much by the reports the men brought him from time to time of Geordie's ominous forebodings, for Geordie had no doubt that the Avenger of blood was bot upon Slavin's trail, and as the sickness grew he became confirmed in this conviction. While he could not be said to find satisfaction in Slavin's impending affliction, he could hardly hide his complacency in the promptness of Providence in vindicating his theory of retri-

But Geordie's complacency was someanswer to this theory one day.

"You read your Bible to little profit, It seems to me, Geordie, or perhaps you have never read the Master's teaching about the tower of Siloam. Better read that and take that warn ing to yourself."

Geordie gazed after Mr. Craig as b turned away and muttered: "The toor o' Siloam, is it? Aye, ken fine aboot the toor o' Siloam an' aboot the toor o' Babel as weel, an' I've read, too, about the blaspheemious Herod an' sic like. Mon, but he's a hot

peided laddie au' lacks discreemeens "What about Herod, Geordie?" asked.

"About Herod?" with a strong tinge of contempt in his tone, "About Herod? Mon, hae ye no' read in the Screepturs aboot Herod an' the wur-r-ms in the wame o' him?" "Oh, yes, I see," I hastened to an-

"Aye, a fule can see what's flapped in his face," with which bit of proverbial philosophy he suddenly left me. But Geordie thenceforth contented himself, in Mr. Craig's presence at least, with ominous head shakings, equally aggravating and impossible to

That same night, however, Geordie showed that with all his theories he had a man's true heart, for he came in haste to Mrs. Mayor to say: "Ye'll be needed ower yonder, I'm

"Why? Is the baby worse? Have

rou been in?" "Na, na," replied Geordie cautiously; "I'll no' gang where I'm no' wanted, but you puir thing ye can hear ootside

veepin' an' moanin'. "She'll maybe need ye tae," he went on dublously to me. "Ye're a kin' o' foctor, I hear," not committing him-

self to any opinion as to my professional value. But Slavin would have none of me,

having got the doctor sober enough to The interest of the camp in Slavin was greatly increased by the illness of

his baby, which was to him as the apple of his eye. There were a few who, mpressed by Geordie's profound convictions upon the matter, were inclined to favor the retribution theory and connect the baby's illness with the venge ance of the Almighty. Among the few was Siavin himself, and, goaded by his remorseful terrors, he sought relief in drink. But this brought only deeper and flercer gloom, so that between her suffering child and her savagely despairing husband the poor mother was desperate with terror and

Mayor, "my heart is broke for him. He's beet noting for tree days, but jis k dreenk dreenk."

The next day a man came for me hasts. The buby was dying, and the sector was drunk. I found the little one in a convulsion lying across Mrs. Mayor's knees, the mother kneeling beside it, wringing her hands in dumb agony, and Slavin standing near, atlent and suffering. I glauced at the bottle of medicine upon the table and asked Mrs. Mayor the dose and found the baby had bee's poisoned My look of

"What is it? Is the medicine wrong?" I tried to put him off, but his grip tightened till his fingers seemed to reach the bone.

"The dose is certainly too large. But let me go. I must do something." He let me go at once, saying in a voice that made my heart sore for him, "He has killed my baby; he has killed my baby." And then he cursed the doctor with awful curses and with a with gentle courtesy, and, turning to look of such murderous fury on his face that I was glad the doctor was too

drunk to appear. His wife, hearing his curses and understanding the cause, broke out into walling hard to bear.

"Ah, mon petit ange! It is dat wheesky dat's keel mon baby. Ah, mon cheri, mon amour! Ah, mon Dieu! Ah, Michael! How often I say that whees-

It was more than Slavin could bear, their glasses in their hands—"Michael and with awful curses he passed out. Mrs. Mayor laid the baby in its crib. nae ill wull, but juist leave ye tae the for the convulsion had passed away. and, putting her arms about the walling little Frenchwoman, comforted and soothed her as a mother might her

"And you must help your husband," I heard her say. "He will need you more than ever. Think of him." "Ah, oul, I weel," was the quick reply, and from that moment there was no more wailing.

It seemed no more than a minute till Slavin came in again, sober, quiet and steady. The passion was all gone from his face, and only the grief remained. As we stood leaning over the sleeping child the little thing opened its eyes, saw its father and smiled. It was too much for him. The big man dropped on his knees with a dry sob.

"Is there no chance at all, at all?" he whispered, but I could give him no hope. He immediately rose and, pulling himself together, stood perfectly

A new terror seized upon the mother. "My baby is not—what you call it?" going through the form of baptism "An' he will not come to la sainte Vierge," she said, crossing herself. "Do not fear for your little one," said Mrs. Mayor, still with her arms about

darling into his own arms." But the mother would not be comfort ed by this, and Slavin, too, was uneasy. "Where is Father Goulet?" he asked. "Ah, you were not good to the holy pere de las tam, Michael," she replied "The saints are not please for sadly.

"The good Saviour will take your

"Where is the priest?" he demanded. "I know not for sure. At de Landin', dat's lak." "I'll go for him." he said.

But his wife clung to him, beseeching him not to leave her, and indeed he was loath to leave his little one. I found Craig and told him the diffi-

culty. With his usual promptness be was ready with a solution. "Nixon has a team. He will go." Then be added: "I wonder if they would not like me to baptize their little one Father Goulet and I have ex-

changed offices before now. I remem ber how he came to one of my people in my absence, when she was dying. ed by Mr. Craig's forted has a read with her, comriver. He is a good soul and has no nonsense about him. Send for me if no difference to the baby, but it will comfort the mother."

Nixon was willing enough to go, but when he came to the door Mrs. Mavor saw the hard look in his face. He had not forgotten his wrong, for day by day he was still fighting the devil within that Slavin had called to life. But Mrs. Mavor, under cover of getting him instructions, drew him into the room While listening to her his eyes wan group till they rested upon the little white face in the crib. She noticed the

change in his face. "They fear the little one will never see the Saviour if it is not baptized," she said in a low tone.

He was eager to go. "I'll do my best to get the priest," he said and was gone on his sixty mile

race with death. The long afternoon wore on, but be fore it was half gone I saw Nixon could not win and that the priest would be too late, so I sent for Mr. Craig. From the moment he entered the room he took command of us all. He was so simple, so manly, so tender, the hearts of the parents instinctively turned to

As he was about to proceed with the baptism the mother whispered to Mrs. Mayor, who hesitatingly asked Mr. Craig if he would object to using hely

"To me it is the same as any other," he replied gravely.

asked the mother timidly.

And so the child was baptized by the Presbyterian minister with boly water and with the sign of the cross. I don't suppose it was orthodox, and it rendered chaotic some of my religious no tions, but I thought more of Craig that more man than minister, or perhaps be was so good a minister that day besause so much a man. As he read abo the Saviour and the children and the disciples who tried to get in between them, and as he told us the story to his own simple and beautiful way and then went on to picture the home of the little children and the same Saviour in the midst of them, I felt my heart grow warm, and I could easily under

stand the cry of the mother: "Oh, mon Jesu, prenez moi aussi, take me wis mon migne The cry wakened Slavin's heart, and "Oh, Annette, Annette?"

"Ah, oul, an' Michael too!" Then to Mr. Craig: "You tink he's tak me some day? Eh?"
"All who love him," he replied.

"An' Michael, too?" she asked, her eyes searching his face. "An' Michael

Josu! He's garde notre mignon." And then she bent over the babe, whispering, "Ah, mon cherl, mon amour, adlet, adlet, mon ange?" till Slavin put his arms about her and took her away, for as she was whispering her farewells her baby, with a little answering sigh, "Whisht, Annette, darling, don't cry for the baby," said her husband. "Sure

And dign't you wear what the millister said about the beautiful place it is? And sure he wouldn't lie to us at all." But a mother cannot be comforted for her firstborn son.

An hour later Nixon brought Father Goulet. He was a little Frenchman with gentle manners and the face of a saint. Craig welcomed him warmly and told him what he had done. "That is good, my brother," he said,

the mother, "Your little one is safe." Behind Father Goulet came Nixon oftly and gazed down upon the little quiet face, beautiful with the magic of death. Slavin came quietly and stood peside him. Nixon turned and offered

back, said: "I did you a wrong, Nixon, and it's sorry man I am this day for it." "Don't say a word, Slavin," answered Nixon hurriedly. "I know how you feel. I've got a baby too. I want to

"As God's above," replied Slavin ear nestly, "I'll hinder you no more." They shook hands, and we pass

see it again. That's why the break

We laid the baby under the pines not far from Billy Breen, and the sweet spring wind blew through the gap and came softly down the valley, whisper ing to the pines and the grass and the hiding flowers of the new life coming to the world. And the mother must have heard the whisper in her heart for as the priest was saying the words of the service she stood with Mrs. Mavor's arms about her, and her eyes were looking far away beyond the purple mountain tops, seeing what made her smile. And Slavin, too, looked different. His very features seemed finer. The coarseness was gone out of his face. What had come to him I could

But when the doctor came into Sla vin's house that night it was the old Slavin I saw, but with a look of such leadly fury on his face that I tried to get the doctor out at once. But he was half drunk, and his manner was hideously humorous.

"How do, ladies? How do, gentle men?" was his loud voiced salutation.
"Quite a professional gathering, clergy predominating. Lion and lamb too Ha, ha! Which is the lamb, eh? Ha, ha! Very good! Awfully sorry to hear of your loss, Mrs. Slavin. Did our best, you know; can't help this sort

of thing. Before any one could move Craig was at his side and, saying in a clear, firm voice, "One moment, doctor," caught him by the arm and had him out of the room before he knew it. Slavin, who had been crouching in

his chair, with hands twitching and eyes glaring, rose and followed, still crouching as he walked. I hurried after him, calling him back Turning at my voice, the doctor saw

Slavin approaching. There was some-thing so terrifying in his swift, noiseless, crouching motion that the doctor crying out in fear, "Keep him off" fairly turned and fied. He was too late. Like a tiger Slavin leaped upon him and without waiting

to strike had him by the throat with both hands and, bearing him to the Immediately Craig and I were upon

you think there is need. It will make him; but, though we lifted him clear off the ground, we could not loosen that two handed strangling grip. As we were struggling there a light hand touched my shoulder. It was Father "Please let him go and stand away

from us," he said, waving us back. We obeyed.

ew words to him. Slavin started as if struck a heavy olow, looked up at the priest with fear in his face, but still keeping his grip.
"Let him go," said the priest.

Slavin hesitated. "Let him go! Quick!" said the priest again, and Slavin, with a snarl, let go his hold and stood sullenly facing the

Father Goulet regarded him steadily

for some seconds and then asked:
"What would you do?" His voice was gentle enough, sweet, but there was something in it

that chilled my marrow "What would you do?" he repeated "He murdered my child," growled

"Ah! How?" "He was drunk and peisoned him." "Ah! Who gave him drink? Who made him a drunkard two years ago?

Who has wrecked his life?" There was no answer, and the even toned voice went relentlessly on:

Slavin grouped and shuddered. And the voice grew stern. of your sin and add not an-

Slavin turned his eyes upon the tionless figure on the ground and then upon the priest.

Father Goulet took one step toward him and, stretching out his hand and pointing with his finger, said:

"Go!" And Slavin slowly backed away and went into his house. It was an extraordinary scene, and it is often with the allrot erect form of the priest with outstretched arm and finger, and Siavin backing away, fear and fury strug-It was a near thing for the doctor,

however, and two minutes more of that grip would have done for him. As it was, we had the greatest difficulty in reviving him.

What the priest did with Slavin after getting him inside I know not—that

or getting him inside I know not—that has always been a mystery to me—but when we were passing the saloon that might after taking Mrs. Mavor home we saw a light and heard strange sounds within. Entering, we found another whisky raid in progress, Slavin himself being the raider. We stood some moments watching him knecking in the beads of cashs and emptying bottles. I thought be had gone madotties. I thought be had gone mand approached him cautiously.
"Hello, Slavin?" I called out. "Wh oes this mean?"

He paused in his strange work, and I naw that his face, though resolute,

I am," he said in a determined "I'll help no more to kill any

"Thank God, Blavin!" said Craig, offering his hand. "You are much too good a man for the business." "Good or bad, I'm done with it," he

replied, going on with his work. "You are throwing away good mon ey, Slavin," I said as the head of a cask crashed in.

"It's myself that knows it, for the price of whisky has gone up in town this week," he answered, giving me a look out of the corner of his eye. "Be dad, it was a rare clever job," refer ring to our Black Rock hotel affair.
"But won't you be sorry for this? asked Craig.

"Belike I will, and that's why I'm doing it before I'm sorry for it," he re-plied, with a delightful bull. his hand, but Slavin, moving slowly "Look here, Slavin," said Craig ear-

nestly, "If I can be of use to you in any way, count on me."
"It's good to me the both of you

have been, and I'll not forget it to you," he replied, with like earnestness As we told Mrs. Mayor that night. for Craig thought it too good to keep, her eyes seemed to grow deeper and the light in them to glow more intense as she listened to Craig pouring out his tale. Then she gave him her hand and said:

"You have your man at last." "What man?"

"The man you have been waiting

"Slavin?"

"Why not?" "I never thought of it." "No more did he or any of us." Then after a pause, she added gently, "He has been sent to us." "Do you know, I believe you are

right," Craig said slowly and then add ed. "But you always are."

"I fear not," she answered, but thought she liked to hear his words. The whole town was astounded nex morning when Slavin went to work in the mines, and its astonishment only deepened as the days went on and be stuck to his work. Before three week had gone the league had bought and remodeled the saloon and had secure Slavin as resident manager.

The evening of the reopening of Sla vin's saloon, as it was still called, was long remembered in Black Rock. It was the occasion of the first appear ance of the League Minstrel and Dramatic troupe in what was described as a "hair lifting tragedy, with appropriate musical selections." Then there was a grand supper, with speeches and great enthusiasm, which reached its climax when Nixon rose to propose the toast of the evening, "Our saloon." His peech was simply a quiet, manly account of his long struggle with the deadly enemy. When he came to speak of his recent defeat, he said:

"And, while I am blamin' no one but myself, I am glad tonight this saloon is on our side, for my own sake and for the sake of those who have been waitin' long to see me. But be-fore I sit down I want to say that while I live I shall not forget that I owe my life to the man that took me that night to his own shack and put me in his own bed and met me next mornin' with an open hand, for I tell you I had sworn to God that mornin' would be my last."

Geordie's speech was characteristic. rious ways o' Providence," which he acknowledged he might sometimes fai to understand, he went on to express his unqualified approval of the

"It's a cozy place, an' there's nae sulphur aboot. Besides a' that," he went n enthusiastically, "it'll be a terrible savin'. I've juist been coontin'." "You bet!" ejaculated a voice, with

"I've juist been coontin'," went on Geordie, ignoring the remark and the laugh which followed, "an' it's an awfu' like money ye pit ower wi' the whusky. Ye see ve canna dae wi' ane bit giass Ye mann has twa or three at the verra least, for it's no vetra forrit ye get wi ane glass. But wi' you coffee ye juist

get a saxpence worth an' ye want nae There was another shout of laughter, which puzzled Geordie much.

"I dinna see the lowk, but I've slippit ower in whusky mair nor a hunner Then he naused, looking hard before him and twisting his face into extraor-

dinary shapes till the men looked at "I'm rale glad o' this saloon, but it's ower late for the lad that canna be helpit the noo. He'll not be needin' help o' oors, I doot, but there are ithers." And he stopped abruptly and sat down, with no applause following. But when Slavin, our saloon keeper

rose to reply the men jumped up the seats and yelled till they could yell no more Stavin stood, evidently in trouble with himself, and finally broke "It's speechless I am entirely. What's come to me I know not nor how it's

come, but I'll do my best for you." And then the yelling broke out again. I did not yell myself. I was too busy watching the varying lights in Mrs. Mavor's eyes as she looked from Craig to the yelling men on the benches and tables and then to Slavin, and I found myself wondering if she knew what it was that came to Slavin.

> CHAPTER XI. THE TWO CALLS. ITH the call to Mr. Craig I

fancy I had something to do myself. The call came from a young congregation in an eastern city and was based partly upon his college record and more upon the advice of those among the authorities who knew his work in the mountains. But I flatter myself that my letters to friends who were of importance in that congregation were not without influmce, for I was of the mind that the man who could handle Black Rock miners as he could was ready for some thing larger than a mountain mission. That he would refuse I had not imagined, though I ought to have known him better. He was but little troubled over it. He went with the call and the letters urging his acceptance to Mrs. Mavor. I was putting the last touches to some of my work in the room at the came in. She rend the letters and the call quietly and waited for him to

She started and grow a little pale. His question suggested a possibility that had not occurred to her. That he

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Dr. Henry Van Dyke has been addled with responsibility for the story of an Irishman living in the neighborhood of Princeton who accepted the suggestion of a friend that the feeding of chickens with cornmeal was a needless waste of

good material. "Mix your meal with sawdust," advised the friend, "and the hens won't be any wiser."

The Irishman accordingly experimented with the diet of half and half to an extent which, if his own statement may be credited, produced remarkable results. When his friend, who was a traveling salesman, returned to the neighborhood after six weeks' absence, the Irish-

man was in high glee. "See that old yellow hen?" he said to the salesman. "Well, Oi tried her on half corn meal and half sawdust and she throived so well that Oi made it all sawdust. She's doin' fine under it. Last week she hatched four chickens; three of thim had wooden legs and the fourth- RICHMOND, VA. well. Oi'll be domned if he wasn't woodpecker."

## Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

buble preys upon the mind, dis-flessens ambition beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kid-neys are out of order ourages and les kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born affilicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to reache at the control of the control it is not affilicted with

the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

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