THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXVIII.

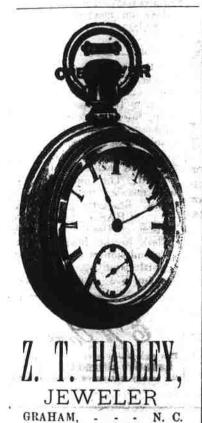
and single

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1902.

ight Stock and Poultry cine and am pleased to say that I never used anything for stock that gave half as good satisfaction. I heartily recom-mend it to all owners of stock.

J. B. BELSHER, St. Louis, Mo.

Sick stock or poultry should not est cheap stock food any more than sick persons should expect to be cared by food. When your stock and poultry are sick give them med-icine. Don't stuff them with worth-iess stock foods. Unload the bowels less stock foods. Unload the bowels and stir up the torpid liver and the ahimal will be cured, if it be possi-ble to cure it. Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine unloads the bowels and stirs up the torpid liver. It cures every malady of stock if taken in time. Secure a 25-cent can of Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine and it will pay for itself tan imms over. Horses work better. Cows give more milk. Hogs gain flesh. And hens lay more eggs. It solves the problem of making as much blood. problem of making as much blood, flesh and energy as possible out of the smallest amount of food conumed. Buy a can from your dealer





He obeyed, looking up at me with burning, sleepless eyes. My heart was sore for his misery, and I said: "Don't mind, old chap. It can't be so awfully bad. You're here safe and sound at any rate." And so I went on to give him time, but he shuddered and looked

round and groaned. "Now, look here, Gracme, let's have it. When did you land here? Where

up?" "He is at the station in his coffin." words! he answered slowly.

ful pictures all vanishing. "How was start in his dry, burning eyes. We carried him to the old home in the country, that he might lie by the

"What happened?" I asked.

But, ignoring my question, he said "I must see his children. I have not slept for four nights. I hardly know what I am doing, but I can't rest till I see his children. I promised him. Get them for me."

and we shall arrange everything tomorrow." I urged

In half an hour they were listening, pale and grief stricken, to the story of maple woods at the horizon, dark, their father's death. Poor Graeme was relentless in his

through his "cursed folly," old Nelson was killed. The three-Craig. Graeme and Nelson-had come as far as Victoand came on to San Francisco. In an long till the old fever came upon him. In vain Nelson warned and pleaded. The reaction from the monotony and poverty of camp life to the excitement and luxury of the San Francisco gamhis feet, and all that Nelson could do another the task; the long, rough sods ing palaces swung Graeme quite off

keep watch. Graeme in a hard, bitter voice, "waiting and watching often till the gray morning light, while my madness held me fast to the table. One night"here he paused a moment, put his face in his hands and shuddered, but quickly he was master of himself again and went on in the same hard voice-"one night my partner and I were playing two men who had done us up before. I knew they were cheating, but could ot detect them. Game after game

look, and, looking again, he threw me

He had forgotten us and was back beside his passing friend, and all his self control could not keep back the flowing tears. "It was his life for mine." he said huskily. The brother and sister were quietly

And Graeme's voice, hard till now,

weeping, but spoke no word, though I knew Graeme was waiting for them. I took up the word and told of what I had known of Nelson and his influence upon the men of Black Rock. They listened engerly enough, but still

without speaking. There seemed noth-ing to say till I suggested to Graeme that he must get some rest. Then the girl turned to him and, impulsively putting out her hand, said: "Ob, it is all so sad, but how can we

broke in a sob.

ver thank you?" "Thank me?" gasped Graeme. "Can you forgive me? I brought him to his death."

"No, no! You must not say so!" she done the same for him." is Nelson? Why didn't you bring him "God knows I would," said Graeme

earnestly, "and God bless you for your

And I was thankful to see the tears "In his cottin?" I echoed, my beauti-

"Through my cursed folly." he groan ed bitterly.

"Tomorrow will do. Go to sleep now,

"No." he said flercely; "tonight, now!" far on every side, the fields of grain and meadowland that wandered off over softly undulating hills to meet the

green and cool. Here and there white farmhouses, with great barns standing self condemnation as he told how. near, looked out from clustering orchards.

ria together. There they left Craig through the crowding mounds, over evil hour Graeme met a companion of grass, we bear our friend and let him other and evil days, and it was not bong till the old fever came upon bin Mother Earth, dark, moist and warm.

was to follow from place to place and are laid over and patted into place; the "And there he would sit." said

old minister takes farewell in a few words of gentle sympathy: the brother and sister, with lingering looks at the two graves side by side, the old and the new, step into the farmer's carriage and drive away; the sexton locks

the gate and goes home, and we are left outside alone. Then we went back and stood by Nelson's grave.

After a long silence Graeme spoke. "Connor, he did not grudge his life to me, and I think," and here the words came slowly, "I understand now what that means, 'Who loved me and gave they won till 1 ws furious at my himself for me."" stupidity in not being able to catch

Then, taking off bis hat, he suid revthem. Happening to glance at Nelson a the corner, I caught a meaning erently: "By God's help. Nelson's life shal

talk little of the mountains and his esque snake fences stretched the fields life there. of springing grain, of varying shades of green, with here and there a dark brown patch, marking a turnip field or summer fallow, and far back were the

woods of maple and beech and elm, with here and there the tufted top of a mighty pine, the lonely representative of a vanished race, standing clear

above the humbler trees. As we drove through the big swamp, where the vawning, haunted gully

plunges down to its gloomy depths, Graeme reminded me of that night when our horse saw something in that same gully and refused to go past, and I felt again, though it was broad daylight, something of the grewsomeness that shivered down my back as I saw in the moonlight the gleam of a white thing not far through the pine trunks. As we came nearer home the houses became familiar. Every house had its tale. We had eaten or slept in most of them; we had sampled apples and cherries and plums from their or answered hurriedly. "You would have chards, openly as guests or secretly as marauders, under cover of night-the more delightful way, I fear. Ah, happy days, with these innocent crimes and fleeting remorses, how, bravely we faced them, and how gayly we lived them, and how yearningly we look back at them now! The sun was just dipping into the treetops of the distant side of the wife he had loved and woods behind as we came to the top wronged. A few friends met us at the of the last hill that overlooked the valley in which lay the village of Riverwayside station and followed in sad procession along the country road that dale. Wooded hills stood about it on wound past farms and through woods three sides, and where the hills faded and at last up to the ascent where the out there lay the millpond sleeping and quaint old wooden church, black with smiling in the sun. Through the vilthe rains and snows of many years, lage ran the white road, up past the stood among its silent graves. The litold frame church and on to the white tie graveyard sloped gently toward the manse hiding among the trees. That was Graeme's home and mine, too, for setting sun, and from it one could see, I had never known another worthy of the name. We held up our team to look down over the valley, with its rampart of wooded hills, its shining pond and its nestling village. The

beauty, the peace, the warm, loving homeliness of the scene, came about our hearts; but, being men, we could Up the grass grown walk and find no words. "Let's go!" cried Graeme, and down the hill we tore and rocked and swaywhich waves uncut the long, "tangling

ed, to the amazement of the steady team, whose education from the earliest years had impressed upon their minds the criminality of attempting to The sound of a distant cowbell mingles do anything but walk carefully down a with the voice of the last prayer; the hill, at least for two-thirds of the way. clods drop heavily with heart startling Through the village, in a cloud of dust, echo; the mound is heaped and shaped we swept, catching a glimpse of a well by kindly friends, sharing with one known face here and there and flinging a salutation as we passed, leaving the owner of the face rooted to his place in astonishment at the sight of Graeme whirling on in his old time, well known reckless manner. Only old Dunc Mc-Leod was equal to the moment, for as Graeme called out, "Hello, Dune!" the old man lifted up his hands and called

> back in an awed voice: "Bless my soul! Is it yourself?" "Stands his whisky well, poor old

chap!" was Graeme's comment. As we neared the church he pulled

up his team, and we went quietly past the sleepers there, then again on the full run down the gentle slope, over the little brook and up to the gate. He had hardly got his team pulled up before, flinging me the lines, he was out

wer the wheel for coming

"My lion will not roar, Mrs. Graeme." I complained. "He simply will not." "You should twist his tail," said Jack. "That seems to be the difficulty,

Jack," said his mother, "to get hold of his tale." "Oh, mother," groaned Jack, "you

never did such a thing before! How could you? Is it this baleful western influence? "I shall reform, Jack," she replied

brightly. "But, seriously, Graeme," I remonstrated, "you ought to tell your people of your life, that free, glorious life in the mountains."

"Free! Glorious! To some men per haps!" said Graeme and then fell into

But I saw Graeme as a new man the night he talked theology with his father. The old minister was a splendid Calvinist, of heroic type, and as he discoursed of God's sovereignty and election his face glowed and his voice rang out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Were I Devil I'd Bar Negro, Says Tom Diron.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 15.-Rev. Thomas Dixon, of New York, who came here tonight to lecture, has a bad opinion of the negro.

"I have known them from the first years of my life," he said to a reporter.

"My deliberate opinion of the modern negro in this country is that he is not worth hell room. If Only jest fur knowin' things were the devil, I would not let him in hell. They will be driven from the South just as surely as they swarm that place now.

"I make the statement that no farmer in the South can make his died at her home in Salisbury Wedfarm pay with negro labor of the nesday a week, aged 76. modern sort. I have a farm of 500 strove with them, but I could do pany for \$60,000 damages. nothing. I discharged them all, and have turned to raising polled wo white men.

"There is no hope for the Southern farmer until the negro is expelled and white labor substituted."

thought of President Roosevelt's action in taking up the part of the negroes in Alabama with the Republicant party managers.

"He seems determined to play up the negro at every opportunity," the line of the Wilmington and Welown the aid Mr. Dixon. "Still, from a Re-

He Only Knew Things.

This o'l Silas Hogaboom, Say, I bet there wasn't room In that head 'o his, by jing ! Fur another cussed thing ! Knowed it all. No matter what Subjeck to ol' Si was brought He could sift it so that we Understood it puffeckly.

Take the Bible, he was there 'Lucidatin' it fur fair-Wa'n't a p'int he couldn't shake All the raveles out, an' take History right plum from when Dannel worked the lion's den Down to Andy Jackson, he Knowed it plain as a b c. Pollyticks was Silas' best Theme o' topics ; he would jest Argufy the hull day through Puttin' fo'th his p'nt o' view. Him that faced his swing o' jaw Bit off more than he could chaw, Fur there never was no quit To ol' Silas, not a bit.

Ust to set around the store On the winter nights an' wore Out more pantaloons than I Ever could afford to buy Settin' on a cracker box Givin' us his knowin' talks. Us agreein' with his views, Knowin' in a spat we'd lose.

Useful citizens? Well, no ; Stacks o' weeds growed in his row Handlin' tools o' industry Didn't with ol' Si agree. Wasn't wuth a crooked pin To the town ; lived off his kin-Wasn't wuth his salt, by jings,

-Denver Post.

Mrs. Horah, wife of the late Jno M. Horah, for many years Clerk of the Superior Court of Rowan county,

Mrs. C. G. Latta, of Raleigh, who acres in Virginia, and I employed was nearly killed by a street car in 100 negroes to work it in grain and New York city some months ago, other market stuff. I strove and has brought suit against the com-

Near Dabney, Vance county, a few days ago, a 4-year-old daughter angus beef cattle for the English of Mr. Jack Satterwhite was burned market. Now I work the farm with to death. Clothing caught from a fire under a wash pot.

The pump house at the Union Copper mine, in Rowan county, was burned by an incendiary fire Mr. Dixon was asked what he Tuesday morning. The loss is estimated at \$7,000, partially covered by insurance.

Owing to the Inteness of the fall, a second crop of strawberries is heMexican Will readily overcome Loss of H Mustang Liniment ste mules and cattle. Formers to



A toad under a harrow

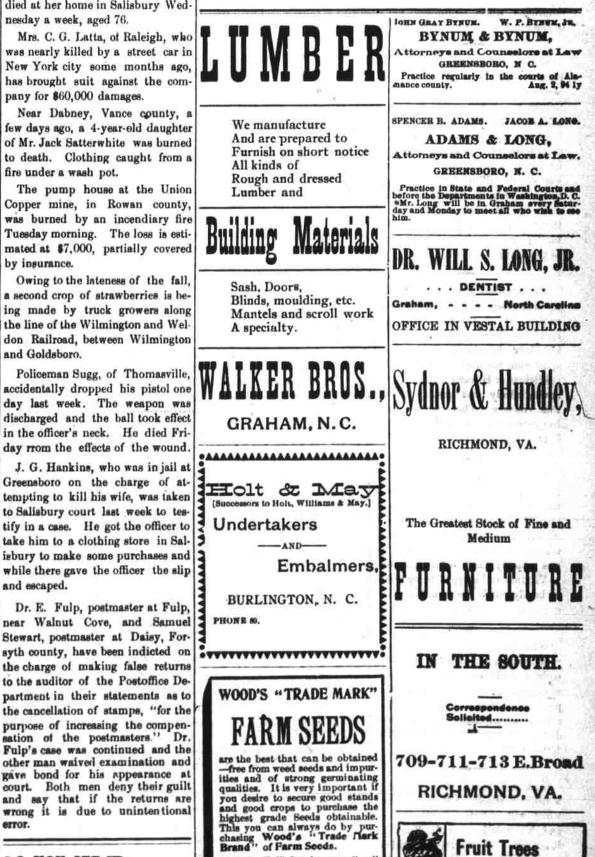
suffers no more than the faithful horse that is tortured with Spavins, Swinney, Harness Sores, Sprains, etc. Most horse owners know this and apply the kind of sympathy that heals, known far and wide as

Mexican

Mustang Liniment.

Never fails-not even in the most aggravated cases. Cures caked udder in cows quicker than any known remedy. Hardly a disease peculiar to muscle, skin or joints that cannot be cured by it.

Mexican is the best remedy on the markes for Wind Galls, Sprains and Skin Lumps. Mustang Liniment It keeps horses and mules in condition.



NO. 43

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware. ------ESTABLISHED -1893-**Burlington Insurance** -Agency-INSURANCE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES. Local igency of Penn Mutual Insurance Company. Best Life Insurance contracts now on the market. Prompt personal attention to all rders. Correspondence solicited. JAMES P. ALIBIGHT, Agent. ********* THE Graham Academy

Next session begins Tuesday, Sept. 2, 1902. Boys and girls thor-oughly trained for Business and College. Primary and High School Departments. Pupils taught Good Manners and Good Morals.

Tuition \$1.50 to \$3.50. JOHN S. ROWE, Principal, MARY C. BASON, Assistant.

000000000000000000000000000000000000000	000000000000000000000000000000000000000
Subscrib	h i'H
For	Star Bassie
The Glean	ner.
Only	voice and
\$1.00 pe	r year.
000000000000000000000000000000000000000	in division in a
**********	********
SHOE REPAIL	RING

DONE BY

NAT FOSTER.

"And the man that shot him?" I started at the intense fierceness in the voice and, looking upon the girl, saw her eyes blazing with a terrible light. "He is dead." answered Graeme indifferently. "You killed him?" she asked eagerly.

the shot meant for me."

Again the story paused.

answered slowly: "I did not mean to. He came at me. I struck him harder than I knew. He never moved." She drew a sigh of satisfaction and waited.

"I got him to a private ward, had the best doctor in the city and sent for Craig to Victoria. For three days we thought he would live-he was keen to get home-but by the time Craig came we had given up hope. Oh, but I was thankful to see Craig come in, and the joy in the old man's eyes was beautiful to seel. There was no pain at last and

no fear. He would not allow me to reproach myself, saying over and over. You would have done the same for me,' as I would, fast enough, 'and it is better me than you. I am old and done. You will do much good yet for the boys.' And he kept looking at me till could only promise to do my best. "But I am glad I told him how much good he had done me during the last year, for he seemed to think that too good to be true, and when Craig told him how he had helped the boys in the camp and how Sandy and Baptiste

and the Campbells would always be better men for his life among them the old man's face actually abone as if light were coming through, and with surprise and joy he kept on saying: "Do you think so? Do you think Perhaps so, perhaps so.' At the last he alked of Christmas night at the camp. You were there, you remember. Craig

thing happened, I don't know what, but they both knew," "I know," I said, and I saw again the picture of the old man under the pine, upon his knees in the snow, with his face turned up to the stars.

at the very last, and I can never forget his face as he turned it to Craig. One ch things. I had often, but had bever put much faith in them. But joy, rapture, triumph-these are what were in his face as he said, his breath coming abort:

"You said-he wouldn't-fail me-you vereright-not once-not once-he stuck to me-I'm glad he told me-thank God-for you-you slowed-me-Fil see him-and-tell-him'- And Craig kneeling beside him so steady-I was behaving like a fool-smilled down through his strengther tears into the dim eyes so brightly t.il the r could see no more. Thank him (f 1), ed the old man through a most

a signal. I knew at once what the fraud was and next game charged the not end, but shall go on. Yes, old man." looking down upon the grave, "I'm with you,"and, lifting up his face fellow with it. He gave me the lie. I struck his mouth, but before I could to the calm sky, "God help me to be draw my gun his partner had me by true!" Then he turned and walked briskly the arms. What followed I hardly

know. While I was struggling to get away, as one might who had pressing business or as soldiers march from free I saw him reach for his weapon, comrade's grave to a merry tune, not but as he drew it Nelson sprang across that they have forgotten, but they the table and bore him down. When have still to fight. the row was over, three men lay on

And this was the way old man Nelthe floor. One was Nelson. He took son came home.

> CHAPTER XIV. GRAEME'S NEW BIRTH.

HERE was more left in that T grave than old man Nelson's dead body. It seemed to me 1.44 that Graeme left part at least

of his old self there with his dead friend and comrade in the quiet coun-Graeme looked at her curiously and try churchyard. I waited long for the old careless, reckless spirit to appear. but he was never the same again. The change was unmistakable, but hard to

define. He seemed to have resolved his life into a definite purpose. He was hardly so comfortable a fellow to be with; he made me feel even more lazy and useless than was my wont, but I respected him more and liked

him none the less. As a lion he was not a success. He would not roar. This was disappointing to me and to his friends and mine, who had been maiting his return with eager expectation of tales of thrilling and bloodthirsty adventure.

His first days were spent in making right, or as nearly right as he could, the break that drove him to the west. His old firm-and I have had more respect for the humanity of lawyers even since-behaved really well. They proved the restoration of their confidence in his integrity and ability by offering him a place in the firm, which, however, he would not accept. Then, when he feit clean, as he said, he posted off home, taking me with him. During the railway journey of four hours he hardly spoke, but when we had left the town behind and had fairly got

came to him in a great flow. His spin had been holding a service; and some WAS

old days! Whatever it was, it was in his mind

It

me, too, that night, thank tool?

walk, with her hands lifted high, was dainty little lady, with the face of an angel. In a moment Graeme had her in his arms. I heard the faint cry, "My boy, my boy!" and got down on the other side to attend to my off horse, surprised to find my hands trembling and my eyes full of tears. Back upon the steps stood an old gentleman, with white hair and flowing, beard, handsome, straight and stately Graeme's father, waiting his turn.

"Welcome home, my lad!" was greeting as he kissed his son, and the tremor of his voice and the sight of the two men kissing each other, like wom en, sent me again to my horses' heads "There's Connor, mother!" shouted out Graeme, and the dainty little lady, in her black silk and white lace, came out to me quickly, with outstretched

hands. "You, too, are welcome home," she

said and kissed me. I stood with my hat off, saying som thing about being glad to come, but wishing that I could get away before

I should make quite a fool of myself, for as I looked down upon that beautiful face, pale, except for a faint flush apon each faded cheek, and read the story of pain endured and conquered, and as I thought of all the long year of waiting and of vain hoping, I found my throat dry and sore, and the words would not come. But her quick sense needed no words, and she came to my help.

"You will find Jack at the stable, she said, smiling. "He ought to have been here."

of that before? Thankfully now my words came:

"Yes, certainly, I'll find him, Mrs Graeme. I suppose he's as much of a scapegrace as ever." And off I went to look up Grneme's young brother the had given every promise in the old days of developing into as stirring a rascal as one could desire, but who as I found out later, had not lived these years in his mother's home for nothing.

"Oh, Jack's a good boy!" abe anupon the country road that led toward swered, smiling again, as she tur the home ten miles away his speech toward the other two, now waiting for her upon the walk.

The week that followed was a happy its ran over. He was like a boy reone for us all, but for the mother turning from his first college term. His full to the brim with joy. Her very face wore the boy's open, inno was sweet face was full of content, and in cent, earnest look that used to attrac her eyes rested a great peace. Our men to him in his first college year days were spent driving about among His delight in the fields and woods, in the sweet country air and the sunlight, the hills or strolling through the ma without bound. How often had ple woods or down into the tamaraci we driven this road together in the swamp, where the pitcher plants and the swamp lilles and the marigoid waved above the deep moss. In the

Every turn was familiar. The swamp evenings we sat under the trees on the where the tamaracks stood straight and lawn till the stars came out and the slim out of their beds of mose; the brule, as we used to call it, where the night dews drove us in. Like two lovers. Graeme and his mother would pine stumps, huge and blackened, were helf hidden by the new growth of pop-lars and soft maples; the big hill, wander off together, leaving Jack and me to each other. Jack was reading where we need to get out and walk for divinity and was really a fine, manwhen the roads were bad; the orchards, by fellow, with all his brother's tury where the harvest apples were best for Rugby, and I took to him amazing and most accessible-all had their ly, but after the day was over we would gather about the supper table.

and the talk would be of all things was one of those perfect afterunder heaven-art, football, theology. ns that so often come in the early The mother would lead in all. How Canadian summer before nature grows quick she was, how bright her fancy, how subtle her intellect, and through weary with the heat. The white grave road was trimmed on either side with turf of living green, close cropped by the sheep that wandered in Socks slong its whole length. Beyond the pictur. Do what I gould, Graeme would

publican standpoint, he is consistent and in line with the history and traditions of the Republican party. I do not see that we have any reason for criticising him."

> Durham Herald: There is a disppointed widow of some forty or

J. G. Hankins, who was in jail at fifty summers and a lot of talk in the southern part of the city over a Greensboro on the charge of attempting to kill his wife, was taken wedding that did not materialize. to Salisbury court last week to tes-The would-be groom jumped the game at the last moment and sent tify in a case. He got the officer to his fiancee word that the affair was take him to a clothing store in Saloff. Had this wedding proceeded isbury to make some purchases and the contracting parties would have while there gave the officer the slip

been a Mr. Paschall and Mrs. and escaped. Smith, a widow woman. It is said

Dr. E. Fulp, postmaster at Fulp, that the date had been set on sevnear Walnut Cove, and Samuel eral occasions, but day before yes-Stewart, postmaster at Daisy, Forterday it was announced, as a posisyth county, have been indicted on tive fact that the marriage would the charge of making false returns take place at 4 o'clock. The bride to the auditor of the Postoffice Deelect decorated the home, invited in partment in their statements as to her neighbors and then dressed in the cancellation of stamps, "for the her wedding garments, waited for purpose of increasing the compenthe husband who never came. sation of the postmasters." Finally she received a note, so it is Fulp's case was continued and the said, in which the truant lover other man waived examination and stated that she might as well call off gave bond for his appearance at

The stable! Why had I not thought the whole affair and go back to her court. Both men deny their guilt and say that if the returns are work, that he was not coming. wrong it is due to unintentional Those who know say that he stated error. in the note that he was 65 years of

DO YOU GET UP

WITH A LAME BACK ?

ame back, kidney, bladder, urio acid bles and Bright's Disease, which is the

ding this get

was that she fooled him some years Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable. ago and he wanted to get even with Almost everybody who reads the news

age and his friends had advised him

not to marry and that he had taken

their advice. To others he has

stated that the reason be fooled her

Disserous Wrocks.

ber.

Carelesaness is responsible for nany a railway wreck and the same causes are making human wrecks of sufferers from Throat and Lung troubles. But since the advent o Dr. King's New Discovery for Con-sumption, Coughs and Colds, even the worst cases can be cured and hopeless resignation is no longer necessary. Mrs. Lois Cragg, of Dorchester, Mass., is one of many whose life was saved by Dr. King's New Discovery. This great remedy is guarableed for all Throat and Lung diseases by A. J. Thompson & Co., druggists. Price 50c. and \$1.00 Trial bottles free.

had better luck on his Virginis duck hunt. A Norfolk dispstch says Mr. Cleveland killed 80 ducks hunton, N. Y. The in one afternoon.

don Railroad, between Wilmington and Goldsboro. Policeman Sugg, of Thomasville,

in the officer's neck. He died Fri-

Wood's Fall Catalogue tells al about Vegetable and Farm Seeds for Fall Planting, Seed Wheat, Oats, Rye, Barley, Vetches, Grass and Clover Seeds, etc. Write for Fall Catalogue an prices of any Seeds desired. T. W. WOOD & SONS Seedsmen, - Richmond, Va. 50

The investigating committee which Dr. Kilmer, the emi-nent kidney and blad-der specialist, and is ally successful in promptly curing ak, kidney, bladder, uric acid trouhas just finished the work of examining State institutions, inspected 39 institutions and traveled about 4,125 miles, consuming many days bies and Bright's Disease, which is the worr form of kidney trouble. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kid ney. liver or bladder trouble it will be foun in an exhaustive review of the work. There are three members of the board and the cost to the State of their investigation is \$1,803.47.

> W. O. Saunders, a young man who was convicted of smoking

ney, liver or bladder trouble it will be four just the remedy you need. It has been test in so many ways, in hospital work, in priva practice, among the helpless too poor to pu obase relief and has proved so successful every case that a special arrangement h been made by which all readers of this pap who have not already tried it, may have sample bottle sent free by mail, also a boo find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble When writing mention reading this generous offer to this neare and cigarettes on the streets of Elizabeth City in violation of a city ordinance and appealed his case to test the law, did not carry up his appeal and in the Superior Court at Elizabeth city last week the young man paid out \$17.80 for his cigarette

New Type, Presses and the Know How are producing the best results in Job Work at

That Grow and

Bear Good Fruit,

Write for our 60-page H-listrated costalog and 400-pamphlet, "How to Plant and Cultivate an Orobard." Gives you that Information you have so long wanted tells you all about these her pendes, and Japan pluma-that their orisonal seest-mes, all of which you have often seen and as after wondered where the trees come from thes produced. them.

Everything Good

Unissual line of fine filtre Maples, young, thrifty tree -amodes and straight the Kind that grow of well, N old, rough frees. This is the most rayed growing maph and one of the most been tiful shade frees. Wrait for prices and give list of ward.

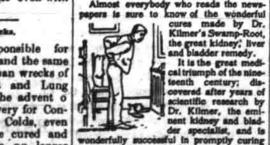
J. Via Linding Munary Co.,

POMONA, H. C.

In Fruits.

1

THE GLEANER OFFIC *****************



President Roosevelt didn't get a shot during his bear hunt in Mississippi, but Old Man Cleveland