# WEAKNESS

Ast 1-2 Congress St.

FORTLAIR, MAINE, Oct. 17, 1804,
I consider Wine of Cardui superloy
to any doctor's medicine I over used
and I know whereof I appeal. I sufjeted for aliae mouths with suppresent
assiruation which completely prectraid me. Pains would also through
who had a stand up. I nearraily shi
disconnected to superly shi
discount of the seemed to be boyond
the help of physicians, but Wine of
Cardui came as a God-sead to me. I
felt a change for the better within a
week. After mineteen days treatment
I measurested without pain. Wine of
Cardui is simply women the served and is simply wondering and it wish
that all suffering women know of its
good qualities.

Periodical headaches tell of female weakness. Wing of Cardui
cures permanently nineteen out of
every twenty cases of irregular
menses, bearing down pains or
any female weakness. If you are
discouraged and doctors have
failed, that is the best reason in
the world you should try Wine of
Cardui now. Remember that
headaches mean female weakness.
Secure a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of
Cardui today.

## WINEOF GARDU



JEW ELEK

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry

GRAHAM, - - N. C.

and Silverware.

**ESTABLISHED** -1893-

Burlington Insurance -Agency-

SURANCE IN ALL ITS BEARCHES. 0000

Local agency of Penn Mutual Insurance Company Best

Life Insurance contracts now on the market.

Prompt personal attention to all

JAMES P. ALBRIGHT, Agent.

## Annual Statement.

ordance with the req section III of the Code of North Carolina, I. Chas C. Thomeson, Register of Deeds and Iz Officio Cierk to the Board of County Comministers of Assumptee county, do hereby tertify that the following statement is true

and currect, to-wit:

1. The number of days each member of
the Seard of County Commissioners met

1. The number of miles traveled by each

days county commissioner of \$2, days on committee at \$2,

J. G. DAILEY.

S. E. TATE.

R. LONG.

he shove is given 35 days, the total the hard of County Commissioners of Ale a county, N. C., was in session, from the I, 180 to Hovember if, 1801. CHAR C. TI

# PAINTING A SIGN

Early on a fine summer morning an old man was walking on the road between Brussels and Namur. He expected friends to arrive by the diligence, and he set out some time before it was due to meet it on the road. Having a good deal of time to spare, he amused himself by watching any object of interest that caught his eye and at length stopped to inspect the operations of a painter who, mounted on a ladder placed against the front of a wayside inn. was i silv employed in depicting a sign sattable to its name, "The Risng Sun."

The critic commenced walking backward and forward before the inn, thinking that he might as well loiter there for the diligence as walk on farther. The painter meantime continued to lay on fresh coats of the brightest blue, which appeared to aggravate the old gentleman very much. At length, when the sign painter took another brush full of blue paint to plaster on, the specta-tor could endure it no longer and exclaimed severely:
"Too much blue!"

The honest painter looked down from his perch and said in that tone of forced calmness which an angry man sometimes assumes:

"Monsieur does not perceive that I am painting a sky."

"Oh, yes, I see very well you are trying to paint a sky, but I tell you again there is too much blue."

"Did you ever see skies painted without blue, Master Amateur?" "I am not an amateur. I merely tell you in passing-I make the cas-

ual remark-that there is too much blue, but do as you like. Put on more blue if you don't think you have troweled on enough already." "But I tell you that I want to

represent a clear blue sky at sun-"And I tell you that no man in his senses would make a sky at sun-

"By St. Gudula, this is too much!" exclaimed the painter, coming down from his ladder, at no pains this time to conceal his anger. "I should like to see how you would paint skies without blue."

"I don't pretend to much skill in sky painting, but if I were to make a trial I wouldn't put in too much "I tell you what, old gentleman,"

cried the insulted artist, crossing looking very fierce, "I dare say you are a very worthy fellow when you are at home, but you should not be et out alone.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the critic as he snatched the palette from the painter's hand. "You deserve to have your portrait painted to serve for the sign of The Flemish Ass!" In his indignation he mounted the ladder with the activity of a boy and began with the palm of his hand to gace the chef d'œuvre of Geran. Louw's great-grandson's

third cousin. "Stop! You old charlatan!" shouted the latter. "You are ruining my sign! Why, it's worth 35 francs! And, then, my reputation

-lost, gone forever!" He shook the ladder violently to make his persecutor descend, but the latter, undisturbed either by that or by the presence of a crowd of villagers, attracted by the dispute, continued mercilessly to blot out the glowing landscape. Then, using merely the point of his finger and the handle of a brush, he sketched in masterly outline three Flemish boors, with beer glasses in their hands, drinking to the rising sun, which appeared above the horizon, dispersing the gloom of a grayish morning sky. One of the faces painter. The spectators at first were

presented a strong and laughable caricature of the supplanted sign greatly disposed to take part with their countryman against the in-trusive stranger. What right had he to interfere? There was no end to the impudence of these foreign-

As, however, they watched and grambled the grumbling gradually eased and was turned into a murmur of approbation when the design became apparent. The owner of the and even Gerard Douw's cousin nine times removed felt his fury

calming down into admiration.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "you belong to the craft, honest man, and there ne use in denying it. Yes, yes," he continued, laughing, as he turned toward his neighbors, "this is a French sign painter, who wishes to have a jest with me. Well, I must frankly say he knows what he's

The old man was about to descend from the ladder when a gentleman, riding a beautiful English horse, made his way through the

crowd. "That painting is mine!" he exelaimed in French, but with a foraign accent. "I will give 100 guineas for it!" "Another madman!" exclaimed

the native genius. "Hang me, but all these foreigners are mad!" "What do you mean, monsieur?" said the innkeeper, uncommonly in-

What I say—I will give 100 guiness for that painting," answer-ed the young Englishman, getting

of his tors.
"That picture is not to be sold," for me; that I never want to hear her say that the is too fired to so off his 'orsa. That picture is not to be sold,"

of as much pride as if it had been his own work.

"No," quoth mine host, "for it is already sold and even partly paid for in advance. However, if monsieur wishes to come to an arrangement about it it is with me that he must treat."

"Not at all, not at all," returned the Flemish painter of signs. "It belongs to me. My fellow artist here gave me a little help out of friendship, but the picture is my lawful property, and I am at liberty to sell it to any one I please."

the smallest right to it."

"I'll summon you before the magistrate!" cried he who had not painted the sign. "I'll prosecute you for breach of

covenant," retorted the innkeeper, who had half paid for it. "One moment," interposed another energetic voice, that of the inter-"It seems to me that I ought to have some little voice in this

business.' "Quite right, brother," answered the painter. "Instead of disputing on the public road, let us go into Master Martzen's house and arrange the matter amicably over a bottle of

To this all parties agreed, but I am sorry to say they agreed in nothing else, for within doors the dispute was carried on with deafening confusion and energy. The Flem-ing contended for the possession of the painting, and the Englishman repeated his offer to cover it with

"But suppose that I don't choose to have it sold?" said its real au-

"Oh, my dear monsieur," said the innkeeper, "I am certain you would not wish to deprive an honest, poor man, who can scarcely make both ends meet, of this windfall. Why, it would just enable me to lay in a good stock of wine and beer."

"Don't believe him, brother," cried the painter. "He is an old miser. I am the father of a family, and, being a painter, you ought to help a brother artist and give me the preference. Besides, I am ready to share the money with you." "He!" said Master Martzen

'Why, he's an old spendthrift who has no money left to give his daughter as a marriage portion because he spends all he gets on himself."

"No such thing. My Susette is betrothed to an honest young French cabinet maker, who, poor as she is, will marry her next Septem-"A daughter to portion!" ex-

claimed the stranger artist. "That quite alters the case. I am content that the picture should be sold for a marriage portion. I leave it to our English friend's generosity to fix the sum."

"I have already offered," replied the best bidder, "100 guineas for the sketch just as it is. I will gladly give 200 for it if the painter will consent to sign it in the corner with one word."

"What word?" exclaimed all the disputants at once. The Englishman replied:

"Meissonier." The whole party were quiet enough now, for they were struck dumb with astonishment. The sign painter held his breath, glared with his eyes, frantically clasped his hands together and fell down on his knees before the great French

painter. "Forgive me!" he exclaimed Forgive me for my audacious ignorance."

Meissonier laughed heartily and taking his hand, shook it with fraternal cordiality.

At that moment the friends whom he was expecting arrived. They were M. Lessee, a theatrical manager, and the great Talma.

THE MARRIED MAN SMILED. And When the Single Man Finish He Smiled Again.

He was going to be married soon, and he was telling the wise married man just how to manage a wife.
"Yes," he said. "I've got it all
down pat, I have, and I'd like to see a woman get the best of me."

The married man smiled. "I've got a scheme rigged up which is going to work like a charm," the single man continued, "and I don't very well see how my wife is going to get around it. You see, I don't want to hire a girl because I don't think that a home should be marred by the presence of a third party, and a comparative stranger at that. I want to have a home where I can go in the kitchen and help with the cooking. I want to carry up the coal and get up in the morning and light the fire. I want a home where I can feel at home and not have a servant going nd doing what my wife s

"So when we are married and the servant problem comes up and my wife says she wants to keep a serv-ant I'm going to say that we can keep a girl on that one condition-that I myself shall attend personally to all the ordering of meals and general housekeeping. Now, the first thing a woman thinks about when she's married is keeping house, and I know that my wife to be will say What am I to do? Then I'll up and tell her that all she has to do

anywhere. That will make her feel like a doll, and I know women—they like to feel that they're of some kind

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

The married man smiled.

"Another scheme I have discovered is also bound to work," the single man went on, "and the fact that women are never ready on time has made me think of it. Some evening when we are going to the the-ater I'm going to tell my wife to be ready promptly at 7:30 o'clock. Of course she couldn't be ready until long after 8 o'clock, and when she "What roguery!" exclaimed the innkeeper. "'My Rising Sun' is my property. Fastened on the wall of my house, how can it belong to my house, how can it belong to anybody else? Isn't it painted on will have her ready on time all right. my boards? No one but myself has Oh, I've got a lot of good ideas cooked up to make things go the way I

want them to." The married man smiled .- Philadelphia Press.

Dentistry. The world's first school of dentistry and its first dental society were established in America. Philadelphia dentist pointed out this fact the other day. "We get our American dentistry from France," he said. "A French dentist came here to fight for us during the Rev-olution, and he taught all he knew about his profession to an American soldier. The soldier afterward established in Baltimore a school for dentists, the first school in the world, and it still flourishes. The great-grandson of the man who founded it, the Revolutionary soldier who learned the principles of his profession from a French dentist beside a camp fire, is practicing bril-liantly in the suburbs of Philadelphia today. Every generation of the family, from the founder of the world's first dental school on down, has had a dentist in it."

Turned His Coat.
A writer tells this story of the governor of a British colony: "A gentleman was serving as a private in a volunteer corps in another colony. Being a man of good social position, he had dined with the governor, when one day, being in private uniform, he was taken by one of the officers of his regiment to luncheon in a tent in which the governor happened to be, whereupon the latter remarked in a loud voice to the officer in question that he could not sit down to table with one in private's uniform. When in consequence the man was about to retire the governor said it was not the man he objected to, but the dress, and suggested that he should either change it or turn it inside out. Being much in want of his luncheon the man swallowed the insult and

turned his coat inside out." "Why, daughter," said the rich father of the girl who had married the penniless nobleman, "what does this mean? How comes it that you are home again with all your trunks?

"Father," wept the girl, "I cannot live with the duke any longer." "Can't live with him any longer! Has he been cruel to you?"

"Indeed he has," she sobbed, cling-ing to the tender hearted old man. "He is always taunting me with our poverty."

"Poverty? Why, dadgum him! Didn't I buy him outright for you?"
"That's just it! He sneers that we were so poor that he was the best we could afford."—New York

Breaking It to Him Boftly. In a certain law office in New York city there is a clerk who is afflicted with occasional fits of stammering. Recently he was sent to serve some papers on another law-yer. Upon presenting himself be-fore the man he had to see he drew out the papers and tried to make a few explanatory remarks, but for all his gagging and coughing not a word could he utter. The lawyer who was to be served was of an irascible temperament, and he stood the clerk's sputtering as long as he

"Come, come!" he finally exclaim-"Are you a process server or

"N-n-n-o," gasped the wretched clerk. "I'm—haw ah—I'm—I'm an —an elo-elocutionist."

"What a methodical fellow you are, Dobbe," said Filkins, who had stepped into Dobbs' office during the latter's absence.

"Why, what do you mean?" echo-ed Dobbs in surprise.
"To think that you should lock. "To think that you should lock all your drawers up when you are only going out for five minutes." Tisn't likely that anybody would meddle with your papers."

"Of course not," replied Dobbs very significantly, "but how did you find out that the drawers were locked?"

"Could you do something for sor old sailor?" asked a wander

the rear door of a house. "Pool asilor?" echoed the housewife the had opened the door.
"Yes'm, I followed the water for

med the door in the face of her un-relcome visitor, "all I've got to say a you certainly don't look as though you had ever caught it."—Philadel-phis Ledger. Many a man neglects his family

der to pose as a public bene

### HIS BETROTHED.

An Experience of Fredrika Bremer In

When Fredrika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, was traveling in America she took the liberty of talking with all kinds of strangers and asked kindly but very personal questions. One day in going from New York to Washington, says Lippin-cott's Magazine, she sat beside a young mechanic, and in her desire of obtaining information began to question him:

"What is your name?" "Jonathan Brewster, mum." "How old are you?"
"Just twenty-four, mum."

"Are your parents living?" "No, mum. "Are you married?" "No, mum."

"What work do you do?" "I am a bricklayer, mum."
"How much do you make at you trade?"

"Two dollars a day, mum."
"You do not drink, I hope?" "No, mum; I'm a teetotal." Then, to her amusement, the young workman turned about and put the same questions to her. She answered them with the greatest frankness and good nature, and at Philadelphia, where she was to stop over, she left him. That day after dinner a waiter came to her in the hotel with the information that a young man wanted to see her.

"I know no one here," said she "There must be some mistake." "He says he came over with you from New York. His name is Jonathan Brewster."

"Oh!" laughed the lady. "Well, you may tell him I am tired, and he really must excuse me." Presently the waiter was back

"Miss Bremer," said he, "that young chap won't go. He says you never could have tried to send him away, for you want to marry him. He says you asked him about his circumstances and told him you were single and that you made a lot of money. So he thinks he'd rather live in Sweden with a rich wife than slave here for \$2 a day."

Women In Prison. The woman in prison is despoiled of her fine feathers. The complete mortification of that harmless sort of vanity which fills so much of a woman's life makes her durance doubly vile. Her hair is shorn of its last lock, while the face that gazed with perfect passiveness at the judge who sentenced her is raised in piteous protest. When the hair grows longer again there is grumbling because a thoughtless administration provides no hairpins. This was said courteously, but firm-One woman skimmed the fat from ly. My first thought was to teleher broth after it had cooled to glit-ter her crown of glory, an attendant and to get out my passport declarrelates. One girl, envied to the point of madness, certainly rouged. Finally her secret was out. She had drawn some red threads from her skirt, chewed them to extract the color and used it on her lips and cheeks. The most oppressive pen-ance is lack of mirrors. Still there are no male hearts around to break -New York Press.

### MOST DEADLY OF SNAKES.

Brazillan Reptile Whose Bite is Al most Invariably FataL

The fer-de-lance is one of the most deadly poisonous snakes in the world. It is common in Brazil and some of the West Indian islands. The head is flat and triangular, the length five to seven feet. A herny spike at the end of the tail rasps against hard objects. The bite is simost instantly fatal, and even when immediate death is averted serious and eventually fatal troubles may set in.

The creature which fears the monster least is a brave cat. Seeing a snake, she at once carries her kittens to a place of safety, then boldly advances to the encour She will walk to the very limit of the serpent's striking range and be-gin to feint, teasing him, startling him, trying to draw his blow. A ent more and the triangular send, hissing from the coil, fisshe

head, hissing from the coil, flashes swift as if moved by wings. But swifter still the stroke of the armed paw dashes the horror aside, flinging it mangled into the dust, says the San Francisco Call.

Nevertheless pussy does not yet dare to spring. The enemy, still alive, has almost instantly reformed his coil, but she is again in front of him, watching, vertical pupil against vertical pupil. Again the dashing stroke; again the besutiful countering; again the living death is hurled saide, and now the scaled skin is deeply torn, one eye socket has ceased to flame. Once more the stroke of the serpent; once more the light, quick, cutting blow. But the trigonocephalus is blind, is stupelied. Before he can attempt to the trigonocephalus is onno, is seen pefied. Before he can attempt to ceil pussy has leaped upon him, nailing the horrible flat head to the yound with her two sinewy paws. Now let him lash, writhe, strive to strangle her. In vain. He will nev-er lift his head. An instant more and he lies still. The keen white

counter and was at the bargain counter and was plainly distressed. The Brooklyn Eagle thus relates her was and the remedy which she in-

"And these others have been marked down from \$5.10 to \$4?"

"Yes, ma'am." "I like the first."

"It's an excellent bargain." "But the other is a better one," she insisted. "You couldn't make the five dollar goods three ninety, could you?" "No, ma'am."

"I'd take them in a minute if you ".bluor

"I am not permitted to do it." "I'd much rather have them." "You'll find them very satisfactory."
"But the other is the better bar-

she said at last, "give me the five ten goods for \$4." Later she confided in a friend,

"They weren't at all what I want, but I'm too good a shopper to be satisfied with a discount of a dollar with innumerable brown horses, all when I can get a dollar ten."

### DRUMMERS' ETIQUETTE.

A "Commercial" Dinner in England ! a Formal Affair.

On my initial trip as commercial traveler in England a kind friend ly. "That's he!" cried the girls. told me that I must state I was a "Good old Jim knows us even if we told me that I must state I was a "commercial" on entering an inn, and he added that the "commercial" room had peculiar customs. Arriving on a morning train in a famous university town, I was soon in the courtyard of an old fashioned inn, which had been recommended as the best commercial hotel. I was wel-

served promptly at 1 o'clock or at 1:15. Should twenty "commercials" be stopping at the house and but one be present at this dinner hour the soup is served. It was a few moments after the hour when I re-entered the "commercial room' to find sixteen seated at the long taand decorated with flowers. At the head of the table, engaged in serving the soup, sat Mr. President, who occupies this position by virtue of having remained in the hotel longer than any other person transfer. ger than any other person present, and at the other end is Mr. Vice, the second in length of stay. This I did not then know.

After hesitating for a moment I slipped modestly into a vacant chair. In a few seconds I was conscious that every eye in the room was fixed This was said courteously, but firming me to be a freeborn American citizen, but the savory odor of the soup and my friend's warning pre-vailed. So, half rising from my chair, I stammered out something about my ignorance. With every derire to relieve my evident embarresement and at the same time to uphold the traditions of the table, president said, "The gentleman is a stranger and wishes to join us." A hearty permission was given at once by all, and I reseated myself.

—World's Work.

Why She Wouldn't. "No, Mr. Slowun," said the fair ossessor of the square chin, "I must respectfully decline to become

"B-but why?" asked the astonish ed young man, who had believed that he was the favored one. "Because," replied the female ex-tender of the frosty digit, "the man I marry must be brave and fearless. Tonight you let out the information that you have loved me for five long, weary years, but have not dare mention it until the present meet ing. A man who has no more nerve than that would hide under the bed while his wife went downstairs to interview a burglar who was making a raid on the family larder. Therefore, Mr. Slowun, I will work the piano for a little slow music while the curtain drops on the farewell scene. You will find your hat

of the passengers greeted the words almost compensated the owner of the unlucky head gear for the battered condition in which it was finally rescued from under a cab. The Real Thing. Virginia Rosemond Josephine, our pretty colored maid from the south, is the proud possessor of a mistress brought her home from Puris not long since. Teddy asked her the other day:

"Are they real diamonds, Gin "No, indeedy," she replied, with a toss of her woolly pompadour. "Dey's real grindstones. Missy fetched on to me from account. Setched on to me from paradical apprincett's JUST LIKE A GIRL.

An Excursion and a Horse That Answered to the Name of Jim. Two girls once went on a driving

trip with a very pleasant livery horse named Jim. The third day out they stopped for lunch and to rest the horse at an inn, the stable of which was crowded with the horses of country people who had driven in to a fair that was going on in the village. These various animals a somewhat intoxicated stable boy managed to mix up, and when asked to harness Jim again gain." She hesitated again. "Well," he had to admit that he was uncertain as to which horse belonged to "the young ladies." "Why, of course," they cried, "we'd know Jim anywhere; a brown horse with a white nose." Taken to the stable, they found themselves confronted

> of whose noses were white. "Horses look terribly alike with their har-ness off," confessed the girls, "but," brightening, "our horse knows his name. Jim! Jim!" At the sound one of the brown beasts stretched out his neck and neighed intelligent-

don't know him. Besides, now we look at him closely, we recognize his expression." "Well," said the proprietor, "if you're sure it's your horse"— The girls drove off and finished their tour successfully, though once or twice Jim gave evidence of mannerisms that they had not remarked

comed by the "boots" and directed to a "commercial room" marked "Private."

The "commercial" dinner was served promptly at 1 o'clock or at 1:15. Should twenty "commercial" have in the stable. But in the name of mercy," in a voice of con-sternation, "what's that you have between the shafts?" "Why, isn't that Jim?" faltered the girls. "Jim!" cried the livery keeper furiously. "That broken down beast Jim? Not by a jugful it isn't!"

Blood poisoning is now recog

nized as poisoning by a living or ganism, while ordinary poisoning is by some chemical substance devoid of life. Blood poisoning took its name before its nature was properly understood, and it was thought to be a form of ordinary poisoning, but that the blood rather than the "vital principles" was chiefly attacked.

As the stomach can, as a rule, destroy the life of most organisms. while it can only to a limited extent alter the constitution of chemical poisons, poisoning by living organ-isms, or blood poisoning, is far more common through wounds than by things caten, and thus the idea of its being a poisoning of the blood was strengthened. As a "blood poison" is alive, it can and often does go on increasing after its first ingestion, and the most obvious difference between the two is that blood poisoning generally begins with slight symptoms and increases in-definitely, while ordinary poisoning reaches its height almost at once.

Uses of Turpentine.

Did you ever stop to think how many uses turpentine has and that you cannot afford to be without a

large bottle full in the pantry? For croup, cold, sore throat in any form, it has no equal, especially when mixed with lard or vaseline to prevent blistering. Often a severe cold may be cured by rubbing the chest and throat with a mixture of turpentine and lard. Or still another way is to wring flannel-cloths

out of hot water and turpentine. In cases of colds, burns and cuts turpentine, if applied immediately, will prevent soreness. It will remove paint from clothing when everything else fails, drive away moth and ants from chests and closets, and in cleaning woodwork and win-dows it considerably lightens the ask.-Nebraska Farmer.

|| Quita Easily Done. May.—Do tell me, Pearl, how Mr. Timmerman ever plucked up cour-age enough to propose. He is so dreadfully bashful. Pearl-Oh, he seemed to do it

didn't think mamma would make an ideal mother-in-law, and he replied at once. "What did he say?" "Said he thought she would." "What then?" "Nothing. I just told him the

easily enough. I merely asked if he

The other day a doctor met a man who was in the habit of accost-ing him in the street, and in the guise of ordinary conversation trying to extract free medical advice. "I hear fish is an excellent brain food," ventured the inquisitive man. "Do you think so?" "Escellent,"
was the physician's reply, "but in
your case it seems a pity to waste
the fish."

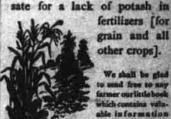
The Doctor's Calla "So you are engaged to Dr. B.?" aid one of those old ladies who are always taking medicine to a young friend. "It must be very nice to be engaged to a doctor. Every time he calls, you know—and, of course, that must be very often—you feel as if you were getting for nothing what everybody else has to pay for."

When a boy looks mintly send for

## Corn

must have a sufficient supply of Potash

in order to develop into a crop. Acid or Nitrogen can compensate for a lack of potash in fertilizers [for



We manufacture And are prepared to Furnish on short notice All kinds of Rough and dressed Lumber and

Sash, Doors, Blinds, moulding, etc. Mantels and scroll work A specialty.

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IACOB A. LONG. J. ELMER LONG. LONG & LONG.

ttomeys and Counselors at Law.

GRAHAM, N. C. DR. WILL S. LONG, JR.

OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING S. COOK

TRUSTEE'S SALE

ELON PROPERTY. Pursuant to the terms of the Deed of Trus executed to the undersigned by Sansas L. Adams and wife, registered in Book Fo. II o Mortrage Deeds, pages 188 to 500, to the uffice of the hitelater of Deeds for Alamanos coun-ty, the undersigned willon TUESDAY, THE 12TH DAY OF

JANUARY, 1904, JANUARY, 1904, at 18 o'clock M., at the court bounce done in Grubans, R. C., will to the highest hidder at public successor for cash, the following real estate situated in itoon Button township, in Alsonance county:

Adjoining the sands of D. A. Long, Mrs. E. Crawford and others. Beginning at the intersection of E. College and Antech Ayes, running North also; the middle of Astock Avecus two hum-red and sax feet 785 fb.; thence West one chundred and flarty-seven feet (187 ft.) to about, D. A. Long's corner, thence Scotth two hundred and flarty-seven feet (187 ft.) to the middle of E. College Avecus; thence Scotth two hundred and forty-seven feet (187 ft.), to the revisioning, containing two librids of the distributed and furty-seven feet (187 ft.), to the revisioning, containing two librids (20 of an exc. Terms Cash.

THOMAS E. GORMAN, Typester.

WANTED-Faithful pe chants and agents. Local is Salary \$1024 a year and az payable \$19.70 a week in a

GRO. T. WILLIAMSON, Ch'm'n. is days county commissioner at \$5, day on committee at \$5, so miles traveled at \$5,