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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Letters of administration having been issued to the undersigned upon the estate of David Michael, deceased, by the County Clerk...

J. S. COOK, Attorney-at-Law, GRAHAM, N. C. Office Patterson Building Second Floor.

DR. WILL S. LONG, JR., DENTIST, GRAHAM, N. C. Office in Simmons Building.

W. B. BYNUM, W. F. BYNUM, JR. Attorneys and Counselors at Law GREENSBORO, N. C.

LONG & LONG, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, GRAHAM, N. C.

A FRIGHTFUL LEAP

"It's now scarcely twelve months ago," said Jack Coleman as a party of us drew around our camp fire, "that I was piloting a small party of Uncle Sam's men up to one of the new forts on the upper Brazos— I believe they called it Fort Belknap or some such name. The soldiers were a precious set of greenhorns— new recruits, I should think.

"Well, these fellows were under the command of a white skinned, girlish looking young chap, fresh from West Point. But young and green as he was the lieutenant was a gentleman and at heart as good a fellow as ever lived.

"The party was mounted on such nags as the quartermaster could purchase for them in a hurry, for though they were infantry the journey before them was too long to be undertaken afoot over the grassy prairie.

"I'd been down in San Antonio about three weeks, and when the quartermaster engaged me to pilot the soldiers Strawberry had had the quiet range of the prairie all that time, and when we took the trail he was in prime order.

"The more I got acquainted with the lieutenant the better I liked him. But the fellows he had along with him were of no account, and I knew if the Comanches or Kiowas should cross our trail they couldn't be depended on.

"We had reached the foot of the Black Hills, where the country is badly cut up with deep barrancas, crossing each other in every direction, and, having had a hard day's travel, I proposed an early camp. While looking for a suitable spot I discovered fresh horse tracks and knew that a large party of Indians were in the vicinity. I informed the lieutenant of my discovery and advised him to secrete his men as soon as possible, for as yet I was convinced our approach had not been detected.

"But as soon as the men heard the word 'Indians' they set up such a hurrah that you'd have thought them the bravest chaps in the world, and it was not long before I knew that the Indians had discovered us, for we could hear them calling to each other in the bottom of one of the deep gullies, and presently a score or two showed their heads above the edge of the bank and, letting fly a volley, dodged out of sight again.

"I was for getting out of the prairie as soon as possible and reaching a spot among the rocks at the commencement of the rising ground, where we could receive them at a better advantage, but the lieutenant was so greedy for a fight that he wouldn't listen to me a moment and gave orders for his men to dismount and form in regular line and await the attack.

"But scarcely had some of them obeyed the order than we heard a yell, and the next moment the prairie was covered with a host of mounted Kiowas that came pouring out of a barranca and charged right down upon us. The soldiers who had not obeyed the order, trusting more to their horses' heels than to their rifles, put spurs to their broken down nags and attempted to escape. But they might as well have essayed to fly from the swift tornado as to get beyond the reach of those wild riders. A part of the whooping savages made a dash for the cowardly fools and soon had their scalps, while the rest, ranging past us with a headlong gallop and lying over upon the farther side of the fiery little mustangs, sent a volley into our ranks. And now, taking my advice, the lieutenant ordered his fellows to remount and in close order make an effort to gain the rocks. But two of the men were past mounting, and we had to leave them.

"We had about half a mile to go to get among the nearest rocks, but to do so we had to run the gantlet of the Indians, who kept up a hot discharge which made desperate work in our little ranks. We spurred through the savages, who attempted to cut in ahead of us, and with our sabers and revolvers kept the track clear till we had reached the rocks.

"Having gained the spot, however, we found, to our chagrin, that our situation was but little improved, for the reckless and undisciplined men in their eagerness to escape had thrown away their muskets and were now, with the exception of their sabers, entirely unarmed. But the lieutenant and myself, besides our revolvers, had each a heavy deer gun.

"In the meantime our pack mules had fallen into the hands of the savages. "I reckoned we were within about twenty miles or so of the fort and proposed to the lieutenant that while he set his poor devils to work gathering up the loose rocks and making a barricade I would endeavor to dash through the Indians and after reaching the post return as rapidly as possible with a sufficient force to relieve him.

"As this seemed to be the only feasible plan, the lieutenant approved of it, and, waiting only for the cover of the approaching night, I was prepared to make the desperate attempt. I tightened Strawberry's saddle girth and during the short twilight led him carefully under cover of the scattered rocks and among the bushes to smooth ground.

ta. Take care of yourself! And he walked away. But he returned hastily. "Mind, don't forget you owe me a half sovereign."

"I owe you!" gasped the automatic lender. "Of course, I meant to borrow a sovereign from you; I only got a half. You owe me the other half. See? There's no hurry, of course, but I like punctuality. Name your own day and pay up punctually."—London Chronicle.

Seeing the Wind. This is the way to see the wind: Take a polished metal surface of two feet or more with a straight edge. A large handsaw will answer the purpose. A windy day is needed for the experiment, of course—whether hot or cold, clear or cloudy, makes no difference, only let it not be murky or rainy weather. Stand the metal surface on end, inclining the top away from the wind about 42 degrees, so that the wind, striking the surface, glances up and flows over the upper end. Now sight carefully along the upper edge for several moments at a well defined object beyond, and you will see the wind pouring over the edge in graceful curves. If the observation is made carefully the experiment hardly ever will fail. The result is even better if the sun is obscure.

Monkey and Parrot in Brazil. In Brazil monkeys and parrots have interests in common. They not only roost in the same trees, but work for mutual benefit. The monkeys cannot easily pick the big Brazil nut husks from the trees, so the parrots gnaw them loose, allowing them to drop, the fall to the ground splitting them. Then the monkeys tear the cracked husks asunder, gather the nuts and divide them with the parrots. Sometimes, when the husks fail to split, the monkeys carry them up to the highest limbs of the tree and let them drop again. Monkey and parrot enjoy their harvest side by side.

The Irony of Fate. Mrs. Scribber (impressively)—Whatever you do, never marry a newspaper man! School Chum—Why not? "I married one, and I know. Every night my husband brings home a big bundle of newspapers from all over the country, and they nearly drive me crazy."

The Greedy Chicken. The other day a gentleman entered a certain restaurant and ordered a chicken. The chicken was evidently tough, for when the waiter came in he beheld the gentleman in a great state of wrath. "Waiter," he said, "this chicken is very tough."

IN THE FROZEN NORTH. An Experience in Keeping Camp in an Arctic Blizzard. I awoke one morning almost suffocated. The tent had blown down on top of us, and the snow was drifting hard upon top of that, and a storm was raging with a fury beyond description. Arousing my companions, we managed with difficulty to get out of our bags and from beneath the heavy mass of snow and canvas. We always slept in our deer skin suits, and this was very fortunate, for we only had to slip through the heavy mass of snow and keep inside our sleeping bags to keep them from freezing, and we were then ready for the worst. The wind struck us with a force that made it difficult for us to stand, the atmosphere was so full of flying snow that we could scarcely see and the roar of the storm was so great we could not hear each other speak. The sound of it was exactly that of the wind and water during a heavy storm at sea.

The Doctor's Advice. At a dinner party one night Sir Andrew Clark noticed that the lady sitting next to him at table passed a dish to which he helped himself plentifully. He asked if she did not like it, as it was excellent. "Oh, yes, I like it, but my physician forbids me to eat it," she explained. "Stuff and nonsense," said Sir Andrew. "It could not hurt any one. Who is your physician?" To which the lady, whom the medical magazine had forgotten, answered, with a demure twinkle in her eye: "Sir Andrew Clark!"—London Spare Moments.

The Jaguar's Cunning. In the more tropical parts of South America the rivers are often crowded with alligators. They are ugly customers in their own element and are best given a wide berth. When a jaguar wishes to cross a stream he knows the risk he runs and acts accordingly. Standing on the bank, he begins to roar and keeps it up for an hour. Meanwhile the alligators gather near the spot in great numbers, licking their jaws as they think of the treat in store.

The Inebriated Lamp. Take time to watch the lamp flame as to be able to judge how large it should be when the temperature is about right. Then you can set it so the heat will not become too great or not enough, within a few degrees. The regulator will do the rest.

A GAME RATTLESNAKE.

It Fought to the Death While Sounding the Danger Signal. "Whenever I hear anybody speak of snakes it makes me think of an exciting experience I had a number of years ago with a big rattlesnake in Arkansas," said an old timer, "and I want to say that since that time I have had more respect for the rattler than I ever had before. Of course, it is a mere commonplace to speak of the rattlesnake's gamesness. It is game, else it would not be so fair. Gamesness and fairness go together. I am in a position to say that the rattlesnake is both fair and game. I met the reptile on the side of a hill. He made an effort to get away. I ran upon him before I was aware of his presence in the neighborhood. I was riding. He had just crossed the road, which was on the crown of the hill. The hill sloped down into a ravine which was some 300 yards from the road which the snake had crossed.

"I crawled out of my saddle and began the fight. I was on the lower side. The snake was making for the ravine. He was about nine feet long and as fine a specimen of his kind as I ever saw. I attacked him with sticks, poles and every other thing I could get my hands on. He would coil up and throw himself more than his length down the hill toward me. In the meantime he was sounding the danger signal in a way I had never heard of sounded before. You could have heard the hum of his rattles half a mile from where the fight was taking place. Inch by inch he forced me down toward the ravine. I crippled him, but he kept right on just the same, and though I would get right in his path he would crowd in on me until I was forced to get out of the way in order to escape the danger of his fangs. Not once during all this time did he cease to warn me with his rattles that he was on mischief if he could but get close enough to me to use his fangs.

"Before the battle had ended I was in the ravine, the point toward which the snake was headed from the beginning of the fight. Once in the ravine, victory was an easy matter. I killed him in a short while. But I always felt ashamed of myself for doing it. A thing so game deserved to live. Besides, the snake had not harmed me. Really it was a piece of brutality that I am heartily ashamed of, and if I had the thing to pass through again I would not pass through it; that's all. At any rate, since that time I have had more respect and more sympathy for snakes, and maybe after all the game old rattler died a martyr to the reptilian cause."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE GREEDY BLACKBIRD. His Capacity for Putting Away Food is Enormous. Which is the greediest of the birds—the rook, the jackdaw, the blackbird, the starling? I have evidence, writes Mr. Fred Wishaw in Longman's, bearing upon the voracity of each, but I almost think that for his size the blackbird contrives to put away the largest amount of food. His capacity is enormous and most astonishing if we compare it with our own. Watch him on the lawn, busy over his meat course. A worm moves in his subterranean home, an inch or so below the surface of the ground. Mr. Blackbird hears him and is over the spot in an instant. Down goes his yellow beak and up comes the unfortunate wriggling victim. A gulp or two and he is gone, a fair meal in itself, you would say, and equivalent to a pound of sausages at the very lowest computation if consumed and consumer were both translated to corresponding dimensions.

But our friend is not nearly satisfied. You may watch him unearth and devour half a dozen worms, after which he will repair to the strawberry beds for his entree. He will fly along the net until he reaches some weak spot he knows of, but which you have not yet discovered. With a dive and a wriggle he is through and beginning a quiet half hour among your choicest berries, during which time he will not regard the circumstance that such fruit is worth a shilling a pound or near it. He will "tuck in" until he scarcely possesses the energy to retire when requested to do so by the human owner of the property, preferring to hide among the foliage and lie low until, with the help of that remarkably quick digestion of his, he may feel able to move with comfort. During that hour of lassitude the green eyed cat may come and peer through the net, suspecting his presence there maybe, but he will take no cognizance of her. He is too lazy even to swear at her and prefers to lie and blink under his strawberry leaves. He feels like the schoolboy in the tuck shop who has had nine penn'orth of jam roll and is then invited by the captain of the Junior House eleven to come and field out. He is "stogged" at last and incapable of exertion.

The World's Rarest Bird. To find the rarest bird in existence you must go to the mountains between Anam and Laos, where there is a certain kind of pheasant for many years its existence was known only by the fact that its longest and most splendid plume was in much request by mandarins for their headdress. A single skin was worth \$100, and the bird living would be priceless, for it soon died in captivity.—London Telegraph.

THE CITY CHURCH.

Its First Function is Toward Proper Family Living. The city church has first of all a function to fulfill to the family life of the city. In so doing it not only gives what homes have a right to expect from it, but gets from the family that upon which its own perpetuity and progress must depend. For the family is the type of relationship to realize which the church exists. It is the primary social cell which divides and develops the other structures of society. In religion it is the central sphere which unites to itself and to one another all the spheres of human life within which the relationships of religion are to be realized. The family is, therefore, to be utilized by the church in two ways—to set the earthly type, standard and example of religious relationships Godward and manward, and to realize these relationships throughout the world by the use of home life, household equipment and the co-operation of family groups.

The church has no higher social function than to co-operate with the family in fulfilling its function. If upon the family society depends for the reproduction of human life, the church has a right to look to the church for the sanctity of the marriage bond and the protection of infant life. If sex life can be legitimately filled only within the family the church may be expected to teach and conserve sexual purity. As home is the only normal place for the nurture of child life, the right of the child to play, education, freedom from too early and excessive labor, guardianship and equality of opportunity is the church's own most sacred cause.—Chautauquan.

Wanted It Like Papa's. Josephine was having her hair cut at a real barber's. Finally the barber lifted the little girl down from her chair and pronounced his work done. "But I want to see it again," said Josephine. The barber lifted her up and let her look in the glass. She wagged her head vigorously from side to side and forward and backward. "Oh-h-h" she wailed. "Why, what's the matter?" asked the barber, while the father jumped up nervously. "Oh-h-h" she repeated lustily. "I wanted a little round smooth place on top of my head like papa's!" And she burst into tears.

St. Helena's Stairway. Among the staircases the world over none, it is safe to say, is so long or difficult of ascent as "Jacob's ladder." This remarkable flight contains more than 700 steps, all rising with the same lift in the same direction. The steps rise at an angle of forty-five degrees. "Jacob's ladder" ascends a particularly steep hill at St. Helena. The steps are naturally the most direct route to the summit of the hill and despite their great length are traversed daily by hundreds of wayfarers. There are said to be many persons who from long practice are able to ascend the steep stairway at a rapid pace without once stopping for breath.

The Cat as a Barometer. The Monroe City (Mo.) News informs us that the best barometer in the world is an old scratched up, lop eared, battle scarred cat. "If he eats grass, it is a sign of rain. If he stands with his back to the stove, it means cold weather. When he washes his face, wash yours, for company is coming. If he is nervous at the time he is usually sleeping, examine your lightning rods, for a big electrical storm is brewing. Everything he does is a sign of something. If you haven't a measly old cat, you'd better get one at once."

Talk. Talk is the ultimate basis of polite society. Money is the main thing, of course, but only as it talks. In business or politics talk is a mere utility; in love, a superfluity. But in polite society talk rises to the plane of the Boze arts. It is a booz who talks when he has something to say. The true gentle studies never to have anything to say and is thus able to talk freely all the time without fear of violating the proprieties. Only scandal mongers are suffered to talk shop in polite society. Talk is cheap, but a couple of pecks of diamonds skillfully worn do wonders overcoming the effect of this.—Life.

Power of the Imagination. "I never was more firmly convinced of the power of imagination," said a man, "than I was by something that happened to me on the occasion of a visit to a friend. It had been an extremely hot day, and when I went to bed at night the heat seemed almost insupportable. It seemed to me that if I should open the door from my room into the hall it would make a little circulation and make the air more comfortable, and I felt safe in doing this because I am an early riser, and I knew I could get the door shut before anybody was stirring in the morning. So I opened the door, with the pleasant result that I had anticipated, and when I went to close it in the morning I found that I had opened not the door into the hall, but the door into a closet."

When You Have a Cold.

The first action when you have a cold should be to relieve the lungs. This is best accomplished by the free use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. This Remedy liquefies the tough mucus and causes its expulsion from the air cells of the lungs, produces a free expectoration, and opens the secretions. A complete cure soon follows. This remedy will cure a severe cold in less time than any other treatment and it leaves the system in a natural and healthy condition. It counteracts any tendency towards pneumonia.—For sale by all druggists.

Edward Thomas, 65 years old, a physician of New Bern, died suddenly in New York Thursday. He fainted in the street, was carried to a store and died before a physician could be summoned. He was identified by cards in his pockets.

Another Case of Rheumatism Cured by Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The efficacy of Chamberlain's Pain Balm in the relief of rheumatism is being demonstrated daily. Parker Triplett, of Griggley, Va., says that Chamberlain's Pain Balm gave him permanent relief from rheumatism in the back when everything else failed, and he would be without it. For sale by all druggists.

Three young white men from Rhode Island on their way South to work in cotton mills got drunk and had a fight in a chariot, when one of them fell in a clinder pit, striking his head against a piece of railroad iron, from the effect of which he died.

Mr. H. Higgins, of Melbourne, Fla., writes: "My doctor told me I had Consumption and nothing could be done for me. I was given up to die. The offer of a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, induced to try it. Results were startling. I am now on the road to recovery and owe all to Dr. King's New Discovery. It saved my life." This great cure is guaranteed for all throat and lung diseases by the J. C. Simmons Drug Co. Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

Not every egg is sound that seems so, and a lame horse makes a lame farmer.

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