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THE TO HONEY AND TAR

The Blazed Trail Jo By STEWARD

CHAPTER L.

N the network of streams drainigan and known as the Sag-Morrison & Daly had for many years carried on extensive logging operations in the wilderness.

Now at last, in the early eighties, they reached the end of their holdings. Another winter would finish the cut. At this juncture Mr. Daiy called to a little capital and a desire for more of

"Radway," said he when the two found themselves alone in the mill office, "we expect to cut this year some 50,000,000, which will finish our pine holdings in the Saginaw waters. Most of this timber lies over in the Crooked Lake district, and that we expect to out in ourselves. We own, however, 5,000,000 on the Cass branch which we would like to log on contract. Would you care to take the job?"

"How much a thousand do you give?" asked Radway. "Four dollars," replied the lumber-

"I'll look at it," replied the jobber. So Radway got the "descriptions" and a little map divided into townships. sections and quarter sections and went out to look at it. He searched until he found a "blaze" on a tree, the marking on which indicated it as the corner of a section. From this corner the boundary lines were blazed at right angles in either direction. Radway followed the blazed lines. Thus he was able accurately to locate isolated "forties" (forty acres), "eighties," quarter sections and sections in a primeval wilder

ness. The feat, however, required considerable woodcraft, an exact sense of direction and a pocket compass. These resources were still further drawn upon for the next task. Radway tramped the woods, hills and valleys to determine the most practical road from the standing timber to the mierally. ... shores of Cass branch. He found it the test to be an affair of some puzzlement. Of a reason has skill. The out The pines stood on a country rolling cr. of ---aw bline disappeared. with hills, deep with pot holes. It became necessary to dodge in and out, | Hard. around and through the swamps, still direction and preserving always the This dead. requisite level or down grade. Rad- from water ... would promptly have lost himself in

clipped trees. "I'll take it," said he to Daly. Daly now proceeded to drive a sharp

the tangle, but the woodsman emerged

at last on the banks of a stream, leav-

ing behind him a meandering trail of

bargain with him.

Customarily a jobber is paid a certain proportion of the agreed price as each stage of the work is completed. Daly objected to this method of pro-

"You see, Radway," he explained, "it's our last season in the country When this lot is in we want to pull up stakes, so we can't take any chances on not getting that timber in. If you don't finish your job, it keeps us here another senson. There can be no doubt, therefore, that you finish your job. In other words, we can't take any chances. If you start the thing, you've got to carry it 'way through.

"I think I can, Mr. Daly." the jobber assured him. "For that reason," went on Daly. "we object to paying you as the work progresses. We've got to have a guarantee that you don't quit on us and that those logs will be driven down the branch as far as the river in time to catch our drive. Therefore I'm going to make you a good price per thousand, but payable only when the logs are

delivered to our river men." Radway, with his usual mental attitude of one anxious to justify the other man, ended by seeing only his employer's argument. He did not perceive that the latter's proposition inroduced into the transaction a gambling element. It became possible for Morrison & Daly to get a certain amount of work short of absolute completion done for nothing.

All this was in August. Radway. who was a good, practical woodsman. set about the job immediately. He gathered a crew, established a camp and began at once to cut roads through the country he had already blazed on his former trip.

Badway's task was not merely to level out and ballast the six feet of a roadbed already constructed, but to cut a way for five miles through the unbroken wilderness. The way had, reover, to be not less than twentyfive feet wide, needed to be absolutely level and free from any kind of obstructions and required in the swamps iberal ballasting with poles, called corduroys. Not only must the growth be removed, but the roots must be cut out and the inequalities of the ground leveled or filled up. Reflect further that Radway had but a brief time at his disposal, but a few months at most, and you will then be in a position to gauge the first difficulties of those the American pioneer expects to encounter

as a matter of course. The jobber of course pushed his roads as rapidly as possible, but was greatly handicapped by lack of men. Winter set in early and surprised him with several of the smaller branches yet to finish. The main line, bowever,

At intervals squares were cut out alongside. In them two long timbers or skids were laid andironwise for the reception of the piles of logs which would be dragged from the fallen They were called skidways. finally the season's cut began.

The men who were to fell the trees Radway distributed along one bounding the eastern portion of Mich- ary of a "forty." They were instructed to move forward across the forty inaw waters the great firm of in a straight line, felling every pine tree over eight inches in diameter. While the saw gangs, three in number, prepared to fell the first trees, other men called swampers were busy cutting and clearing of roots narrow litthe pine to the skidway at the edge him John Radway, a man whom he of the logging road. The trails were knew to possess extensive experience. Derhaps three feet wide and marvels of straightened. It was a master feat of smoothness, although no attempt was made to level mere inequalities of the strength justly. ground. They were called travoy

> or a short sledge on which one end of the timber would be chained. Meantime the sawyers were busy. Each pair of men selected a tree, the first they encountered over the blazed line of their forty. After determining in which direction it was to fall they

set to work to chop a deep gash in that side of the trunk. Tom Broudhead and Henry Paul picked out a tremendous pine, which tle open space in proximity to the travoy road. One stood to right, the bit deep. Tom glanced up as a sailor

looks aloft. "She'il do, Hank," he said. The two then with a dozen half clips of the ax removed the inequalities of the bark from the saw's path. The long flexible ribbon of sicel began to sing, bending so adaptably to the hands and motions of the men manipulating that it did not seem possible so mobile an instrument could cut the rough pine. In a moment the song changed timire. Without a word the men straightened their backs. Tom flirted along the blade a thin stream of kerosome oil recent a bettle in his hip pocket, and the sawyers again bent to their route over which to build a logging | Work, swap of users and forth rhythmandes rippling under

here and there, between the knolls, "this was wase, with a heavy keeping, however, in the same general into the same general or or all of the tree . Then the way had no vantage point from which to survey the country. A city man its song.

When the trank are marky severed

Tom drove andle "Timber!" tadaed Hana in a long drawn melodious (...) that maked through the woods into the distance. The swampers ceased work and withdrew to safety. "Crack!" called the tree.

Hank coolly unbooked his saw handle, and Tom drew the blade through and out the other side.

The tree shivered, then leaned ever so slightly from the perpendicular, then fell, at first gently, afterward with a crescendo rush, tearing through the branches of other trees, bending the small timber, breaking the smallest and at last bitting with a tremendous crash and bang which filled the air with a fog of small twigs, needles and the powder of snow. Then the swampers, who have by

now finished the travoy road, trimmed the prostrate trunk clear of all protuberances. It required fairly skillful ax work. The branches had to be shaved close and clear, and at the same time the trunk must not be gashed. And often a man was forced to wield his instrument from a constrained position.

The chopped branches and limbs had now to be drugged clear and piled. While this was being finished Tom and Hank marked off and sawed the log lengths, paying due attention to the necessity of avoiding knots, forks and rotten places. Thus some of the logs were eighteen, some sixteen or fourteen and some only twelve feet in

length. Next appeared the tenmsters with their little wooden sledges, their steel chains and their tougs. They had been helping the skidders to place the parallel and level beams, or skids, on which the logs were to be piled by the side of the road. The tree which Tom and Hank had Just C-lied lay up a gentle slope from the new travey road, so little Pabian Laveque, the teamster, clamped the life of his tongs to the end of the largest or butt log.

"Allez, Molly!" he cried. A horse, huge, elephantine, her head down, nose close to her chest, intelli-

gently spying her steps, moved. The log half rolled over, slid three feet and menaced a stump. "Gee!" cried Laveque. Molly stepped twice directly sidewise, planted her forefoot on a root

she had seen and pulled sharply. The end of the log slid around the stump. "Allez!" commanded Laveque. And Molly started gingerly down the hill. She pulled the timber, heavy as an iron safe, here and there through no false moves, backing and finally pected roll with the case and intellirence of Laveque himself. In five

the brush, missing no steps, making getting out of the way of an unexminutes the burden lay by the travey road. In two minutes more one end of it had been rolled on the little flat wooden sledge and, the other and dragging, it was winding majestically down through the ancient forest. When Molly and Fabian had travey-

ed the log to the skidway they drew try it with a bump across the two parallel Acro skids and left it there to be rolled to the top of the pile. Then Mike McGovern and Bob Strat- freight cars, one couch divided half and

great pile of logs already decked. A slender, pliable steel chain like a gray snake ran over the top of the pile and disappeared through a pulley to an invisible horse-Jenny, the mate of Molly. Jim threw the end of this chain down. Bob passed it over and under the log and returned it to Jim, who reached down after it with the book of his implement. Thus the stick of timber rested in a long loop, one end of which led to the invisible borse, and the other Jim made fast to the top of the pile. He did so by jamming into another log the steel swamp hook with which the chain was armed. When all was made fast the horse started. "She's a bumper," said Bob. out, Mike!" The log slid to the foot of the two

parallel poles laid slanting up the face of the plie. Then it trembled on the ascent. But one end stuck for an instant, and at once the log took on a dangerous slant. Ouick as light Rob and Mike sprang forward, gripped the hooks of the cant hooks like great tle trails down through the forest from thumbs and forefingers, and, while one held with all his power, the other gave a sharp twist upward. The log power and the knack of applying

At the top of the little incline the

roads (French travols). Down them timber hovered for a second. the logs would be dragged and hauled "One more!" sang out Jim to the either by means of heavy steel tongs driver. He poised, stepped lightly up and over and avoided by the safe hairbreadth being crushed when the log rolled. But it did not lie quite straight or even. So Mike cut a short. thick block and all three stirred the heavy timber sufficiently to admit of

the billet's insertion.

Then the chain was thrown down for Jenny, harnessed only to a short straight bar with a book in it, leaned they determined to throw across a lit- to her collar and dug her hoofs at the word of command. The driver, close to her tall, held fast the slender steel other left, and alternately their axes chain of an ingenious hitch about the ever useful swamp book. When Jim shouted "Whoa!" from the top of the skidway the driver did not trouble to stop the horse; he merely let go the hook. So the power was shut off suddenly, as is meet and proper in such ticklish business. He turned and walked back, and Jenny, like a dog, without

> the necessity of command, followed him in slow patience. Now came Dyer, a scaler, rapidly down the logging road, a small, slender man with a little, turned up mustache. The men disliked him because of his affectation of a city smartness and because he never ate with them, even when-there was plenty of room. The scaler's duty at present was to measure the diameter of the logs in each skid



"Allez!" commanded Lavegue. vay and so compute the number board feet. At the office he tended van, kept the books and looked after sup-

He approached the skidway rapidly, laid his flexible rule across the face of each log, made a mark on his pine tablets in the column to which the log pelonged, thrust the tablet in the pocket of his cont, seized a blue crayon, in long holder, with which he made an as indication that the log had been scaled, and finally tapped severa times strongly with a sledge hammer On the face of the hammer in relief was an M inside of a delta. This was the company's brand, and so the was branded as belonging to them. He swarmed over the skidway, rapid and

absorbed, in strange activity to the slower power of the actual skidding. In a moment he moved on to the next scene of operations without having said a word to any of the men. "A fine t'ing." said Mike, spitting.

So day after day the work went on. Radway spent his time tramping through the woods, figuring on new work, showing the men how to do things better or differently, discussing minute expedients with the blacksmit the carpenter, the cook.

He was not without his troubles First he had not enough men, the snow lacked and then came too abundantly, borses fell sick of colle or calke themselves, supplies ran low unexpect-edly, trees turned out "punk," a cer-tain bit of ground proved soft for travoying, and so on. At election time, of se, a number of the men went

tion time, another and important character entered the North woods and our story.

CHAPTER II. N the evening in question so thirty or forty miles southeast of Radway's camp a train was crawling over a badly laid that led toward the Soginar valley. The whole affair was very crude. To the edge of the right of way pushed the dense swamp, like a black curtain shutting the virgin counfrom the view of civilization.

The train consisted of a string of ton and Jim Gladys took charge of it. half between baggage and smoker, and Mike and Bob were running the cant, a day car occupied by two altent, awk-

er lounged a dozen men. They were of various sizes and descriptions, but they wore heavy blanket mackinaw coats, rubber shoes and thick German socks tied at the knee. The air was so thick with smoke that the men had difficulty in distinguishing objects across the length of the car.

The passengers sprawled in various attitudes, and their occupations were diverse. Three nearest the baggage room door attempted to sing, but with out much success. A man in the cor ner breathed softly through a mouth organ, to the music of which his seat mate, leaning his head sideways, gave close attention. One blg fellow with a square beard swaggered back and forth down the aisle offering to every one refreshment from a quart bottle. It was rarely refused. Of the dozen probably three-quarters were more or less drunk. After a time the smoke became too

dense. A short, thickset fellow with an evil, dark face coolly thrust his heel through a window. The conductor, who, with the brakeman and baggage master, was seated in the baggage van, heard the jingle of glass. He arose. "Guess I'll take up tickets," he remarked. "Perhaps it will quiet the

boys down a little." The conductor was a big man, rawboned and broad, with a hawk face. His every motion showed lean, quick.

pantherlike power. "Let her went," replied the brakeman, rising as a matter of course to

follow his chiet. The brakeman was stocky, short and long armed. In the old fighting days Michigan railroads chose their train officials with an eye to their superior deltoids. The two men loomed on the

noisy smoking compartment. "Tickets, please," clicked the conductor sharply. Most of the men began to fumble about in their pockets, but the three singers and the man who had been of-

fering the quart bottle did not stir. "Ticket, Jack!" repeated the con ductor, "Come on, now!"

The big bearded man leaned uncertainly against the seat. "Now, look here, Bud," he urged in wheedling tones, "I nin't got no ticket. You know how it is, Bud. I blows my stakes." He fished uncertainly in his pocket and produced the quart bottle. early empty. "Have a drink?"

"No," said the conductor sharply. "A' right," replied Jack amiably "Take one myself." He tipped the bottle, emptied it and hurled it through a window. The conductor paid no apparent attention to the breaking of the

"If you haven't any ticket, you'll have to get off," said be. The big man straightened up. 'You go to binzes!" he sported, and

with the sole of his spiked boot delivered a mighty kick at the conductor's thigh. The official, agile as a wildcat, leaped back, then forward and knocked the

man half the length of the car. You see, he was used to it. Before Jack could regain his feet the official stood The three men in the corner had also risen and were staggering down the

aisle intent on battle. The conductor

rapidity. "Get at 'em, Jimmy!" said be. And as the big man finally swayed to his feet he was seized by the collar and trousers in the grip known to "bouncers" everywhere, hustled to the door, which some one obligingly opened, and hurled from the moving train into the snow. The conductor did not care a straw whether the obstreneron

Jack lit on his head or his feet, hit a snow bank or a pile of ties. The conductor returned to find a rolling, kicking, gouging mass of kinetic energy knocking the varnish off all one end of the car. A head appearing, be coolly batted it three times against a corner of the seat arm, after which he pulled the contestant out by the hair and threw him into a seat, where he lay limp. Then it could be seen that Jimmy had clasped tight in his embrace a leg each of the other two. He hugged them close to his breast and jammed his face down against them to protect his features. They could pound the top of his head and welcome. The only thing he really feared was a kick in the side, and for that there was hardly room.

conductor stood over the hean. The at a manifest advantage. "You lumber jacks had enough, or do you want to catch it plenty?"

The men, drunk though they were, realized their helplessness. They sig-nified they had had enough. Jimmy thereupon released them and stood up, brushing down his tousied hair with his stubby fingers. "Now, is it ticket or bounce?" inquir-

ed the conductor. After some difficulty and grumbling the two paid their fare and that of the

third, who was still dazed. The interested speciators of the little drama included two men near the One of them was perhaps past the best of life, but still straight and vigorous. His lean face was leather brown is contrast to a long mustache and heavy eyebrows bleached nearly white, his eyes were a clear, steady blue and his frame was slender, but wiry. He were the regulation mackingw blanket coat. a peaked cap with an extraordinary over long stockings

The other was younger, not more than twenty-six perhaps, with the clean nsider typically American. Eyebrows that curved far down along the temples and eyeleabes of a darkness in contrast to the prevailing note of his complexion combined to lend him a rather brooding, soft and melancholy air which a very cursory second ex-amination showed to be fictitious. His eyes, like the woodman's, were steady, but inquiring. His jaw was square and settled, his mouth straight. Unlike the other inmates of the car he wote an edinary business suit, somewhat worn, but of good cut and a style that showed even over the soft finnel shirt. The trousers were, however, bound inside the usual socks and rubbers.

eider stared straight before him and spat with a certain periodicity into the center of the aisle. The younger stretched back lexity in an attitude of

from his sister and announced her arrival at the little rural village in which he had made arrangements for her to stay. "It is interesting now," she wrote, "though the resources do not look as though they would wear well. I am learning under Mrs. Renwick to sweep and dust and bake and stew and do a multitude of other things which I always vaguely supposed came ready made. I like it, but after I have learned it all I do not believe the practice will appeal to me much. However, I can stand it well enough for a year or two or three, for I am young, and then you will have made your everlasting



"She's a trump," said Thorpe to himelf, "and she shall have her everlasting fortune if there's such a thing in the country."

He jingled the \$3.90 in his pocket and smiled. That was the extent of his everiasting fortune at present. The letter had been answered from

Detroit. "I am giad you are settled," he wrote 'At least I know you have enough to eat and a roof over you. I hope sincerely that you will do your best to fit courself to your new conditions, I know it is hard, but with my lack of experience and my ignorance as to where to take hold it may be a good many years before we can do any better.

When Helen Thorpe read this she eried. Things had gone wrong that nerning, and an encouraging word would have helped her. The somber tone of her brother's communication threw her into a fit of the blues from which for the first time she saw her surroundings in a depressing and distasteful light. And yet he had written as he did with the kindest possible motives.

Thorpe had the misfortune to be one of those individuals who, though careless of what people in general may think of them, are in a corresponding few they love. This feeling was further exaggerated by a constitutional shrinking from any outward manifes tation of the emotions. Perhaps for ere with those he loved.

After the disgrace of his father Harry Thorpe had done in great deal of thinking and planning which he kept carefully to himself. He considered in turn the different occupations to which he could turn his hand and negatived them one by one. Few busines firms would care to employ the son of as shrewd an embezzler as Henry Thorpe. Finally he came to a decisio He communicated this decision to his sister. It would have commended itself more logically to her had she been able to follow step by step the consideration that had led her brother to it. As the event turned, she was forced to accept it blindly. She knew that her brother intended going west, but as to rance. A little sympathy, a little mutunl understanding, would have mean a great deal to her, for a girl whos other she but dimly remer naturally to her next of kin. Helen Thorpe had always admired her broth er, but had never before needed him She had looked upon him as strong self contained, a little moody.

At the beginning of the row in the smoking car Thorpe laid aside his letter and watched with keep apprecia tion the direct practicality of the train men's method. When the bearded man fell before the conductor's blow, he turned to the individual at his side. "He knows how to hit, doesn't he?" he observed. "That fellow was knock-

ed well off his feet." "He does," agreed the other dryly. They fell into a desultory conversadon of fits and starts. Woo the genuine sort are never talkative and Thorpe, as has been explained was constitutionally reticent. In the ourse of their disjointed remarks Thorpe explained that he was looking for work in the woods and intende first of all to try the Morrison & Daly camps at Beeson lake. "Know anything about logging?" in

quired the stranger. "Nothing," Thorpe confessed. "Ain't much show for anything but lumber jacks. What did you think of

"I don't know," said Thorpe "I have driven horses a good deal. I thought ! might drive team." The woodsman turned slowly and looked Thorpe over with a quinzical eye. Then he faced to the front again "Quite like," he replied, still n

dryly. The boy's remark had amused him and he had showed it, as much as be ever showed anything. Excepting always the river men, the driver of a team commands the highest wages og out of door workers. It is easier to drive a fire engine than a logging team.

come rather expert in the reading of character. He revised his first intention to let the conversation drop.

"I think M. & D. is rather full up just now," he remarked. "I'm walkin" iust now,"—Chicago Tribune. now," he remarked. "I'm walkin" just now."—Chicago Tribune.

all made, and readmaking is what a greenhorn tackles first. They's more chance earlier in the year. But if the old fellow"-he strongly accented the first word-"hain't notfiln' for you, just ask for Tim Shearer, an' I'll try to put you on the trail for some jobber's camp."

The three who had come into colli sion with Jimmy and Bud were getting noisier. They had produced a stone jug and had collected the remainder of the passengers, with the exception of Shearer and Thorpe, and now were passing the jug rapidly from hand to hand. Soon they became musical, striking up one of the wierd, long drawn out chants so popular with the shanty boy. Thorpe shrewdly guessed his companion to be a man of some weight and did not hesitate to ascribe his immunity from annoyance to the other's

presence. "It's a bad thing," said the walking boss." "I used to be at it myself, and I

know." "Bees'n Lake," cried Jimmy fiercely through the aperture of the door.
"You'll find the boardin' house just across over the track," said the woods man, holding out his hand. "So long See you again if you don't find a job with the old fellow. My name's

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TIMELY TESTIMONY.

Was Effective.

Now and then one reads of an in eident which is almost startling because of its aptness. The following anecdote, told by the founder and former president of the Massachusetts Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is an illustration of this, and also of the principle that reason and the law of right and justice lie at the bottom of human character, and will in the end prevail. Mr. Angell was engaged in preparing his exposition of the cruelties of the slaughter houses when his work was brought to a standstill by his insbility to obtain

in writing the testimony of wit-nesses. Two men upon whom he had confidently relied had, from fear of personal danger, backed out, and others had followed their example.

Disheartened at what seemed the inevitable failure of his humane project, Mr. Angell was sitting in

in and said, without preliminary explanation: "Are you forming a society for the prevention of cruelty to ani-mals?"
"Yes," answered Mr. Angell.

nis office one day when a man came

"Yes," answered Mr. Angell. "Well, I want to join it. Here is some money for you," and he laid down a ten dollar bill.

down a ten dollar bill.

"Where do you live?" inquired
Mr. Angell, entering the name on
the book. The stranger mentioned
a suburb of Boston. Mr. Angell
looked up quickly.

"Do you know anything about the slaughter house there?" he asked. of them for twenty years, and I'm going to quit. I've done enough cruelty to animals, and now I'm going to see if I can't do them some pound now. If

man who from his own personal ex-perience had seen and sickened of the horrors of the evil the society

wished to banish. The questions came thick and fast, and in the next hour enough testimony was given to fill out a report which was the means of doing away with the slaughter house brutalities and establishing what was the finest abattoir in the country-Youth's Companion.

Boycotting London.

According to Stow, in Septe 4563, "the queen's majesty lying in her castle at Windsor, there was set up in the market place a new pair of gallows to hang up all such as should come there from London, so that no persons or any kind of wares might come or be brought from London to or through, to carry stuff to or from London, upon pain of hanging without any judgment, and such people as received any wares out of London into Windsor were turned out of their houses and their houses shut up."-Liverpool Mercurv.

It Couldn't Be a Horse. A London boy was paying his first risit to the country, and his attention was drawn to a horse grazin at the roadside. "That isn't a horse," he protested

"It-is a cow." Remonstrance on the part of hi grownup companion was in vain.
"It is not a horse," the town boy again declared. "It's a cow. Horse has cabs to 'em."—London Stand

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The ostrich yawned. "Does my conversation tire you?" sked the kangaroo, highly offend-

Cure, No Pay. 50c.

"Not at all," the ostrich hasten to say. 'On the contrary, I am mark the woodsman had seen some to say. "On the contrary, I am thing in Thorpe he liked. Such men be- greatly interested. That yawn startGood spirits don't all com e

Kentucky. The main source a the liver—and all the fine spirits ever made in the Blue Grass State could not remedy a bad liver or the hundred-and-one ill effects it produces. You can't have good spirits and a bad liver at the same time. Your liver must be in fine condition if liver must be in fine condition if you would feel buoyant, happy and hopeful, bright of eye, light of ste vigorous and successful in your puf suit. You can put your liver in finesi condition by using Green's August Flower—the greatest of all medicines for the liver and stomach medicines for the liver and stomach and a certain cure for dyspensia or indigestion. It has been a favorite household remedy for over thirty-five years. August Flower will make your liver healthy and active and thus insure you a liberal supply of "good pirits." Trial size, 25c.; regular bettles, 75c. At all drug-gists.

Mr. Jones-My daughter is only 18. You had better wait until she

The Lover-Well, I've waited two years for her to get older, but al still stays at 18 .- Judge.



Well, I guess I do. I've run one them for twenty years, and Pm ping to quit. I've done enough Take Tarakacum Comsave you a spell "What sent you here?"
"I don't know; I just thought Pd come in."
This was exactly the opportunity needed by Mr. Angell. Here was a man who from his own personal exactly the opportunity of the property of th

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