THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXXIII.

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y to the body.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1908.

about a mile ahead of us. Looking back, we saw the Infuns coming over a rise of ground 'way in the distance. "Now," says my friend, "I know short cut through those hills that'll bring us out at Johnson's. They've go enough punchers there to do the United States army up-starched and blued. Shall we take it?" "Sure!" says I. "I'm only wander ing round this part of the country be-

cause this part of the country is here -if it was anywheres else I'd be just as glad." So in we went. It was the steepes

and narrowest kind of a canyon, looking as if it had been cut out of the rock with one crack of the ax. I was just thinking, "Gee whiz, but this would be a poor place to get snagged in," when bang! says a rifle right in front of us, and m-e-arr! goes the bullet over our heads.

Wè were off them horses and behind a couple of chunks of rock sooner than we hoped for, and that's saying a good deal. "Cussed poor shot, whoever he is,

says my friend. "Some Injun holding us here till the rest come up, I presume."

"That's about the size of it-and I'd like to make you a bet that he does it, too, if I thought I'd have a chance to collect." "Oh, you can't always tell-you

might lose your money," says he, kind of thoughtful,

"I wouldn't mind that half as much as winning," says I. "But, on the square, do you think we can get out? I'll jump him with you if you say so, although I ain't got what you might call a passion for suicide."

"Now you hold on a bit," says he. "I don't know but what we'd have done better to stick to the horses and run for it, but it's too late to think of that. Jumping him is all foolishness; he'd sit behind his little rock and pump lead into us till we wouldn't font in brine-and we can't back out BOW." He talked so calm he made me kind

of mad. "Well," says I, "In that case let's play 'Simon says thumbs up' till the rest of the crowd comes."

"There you go!" says he. "Just like all young fellers-gettin' hosstyle right away if you don't fall in with their plans. Now, sonny, you keep your temper and watch me play cushion carroms with our friend there."

"You see that block of stone just this side of him with the square face toward us? Well, he's only covered in front, and I'm a-going to shoot against that face and ketch him on the

"Great if you could work it!" says I "But Lord!"

squinched down behind his cover, so

sun up. The Grindstone Buttes Jay Jones from Boston, Mass., and what he didn't know about running a ranch was common talk in the country, but what he knew about running a ranch was too much for one man to carry around. He wasn't a bad hearted feller in some ways, yet on the whole he felt it was an honor to a looking glass to have the pleasure of reflecting him, Looking glass? I should say he had!

And a bureau and a bootblacking jig-ger and a feather bed and curtains and truck in his room. Strange fellers used to open their eyes when they saw that room. 'Hello-o-o!' they'd say.

'Whose little birdle have we here? And other remarks that hurt our feelings considerable. Jonesy, he said the fellers were a rank lot of barbarians. He said it to old Neighbor Case's face, and he and the old man came together like a pair of hens, for Jonesy had sand in spite of his faults. That was a fight worth traveling to see. They

covered at least an acre of ground; they tore the air with upper swats and cross swipes; they hollered, they jumped and they pitched, and when the difficulty was adjusted we found that

Jonesy's coat was painfully ripped up the back and Neighbor Case had lost his false teeth. One crowd of fellers patted Jones on the back and said, 'Never mind your coat, old horse; you've licked a man twice your age,' and the other comforted Neighbor, say-

ing, 'Never mind, Case, you can ease your mind by thinking how you headed up that rooster and he fifty pounds lighter than you?

"Jonesy put on airs after that. He felt he was a hard citizen. And then he had the misfortune to speak harshly to Arizona Jenkins when Old Dry Belt was in liquor. Then he got roped and dragged through the slough. He cried like a baby while I helped him

scrape the mud off, but not because he was scared! No, sir! That little runt was full of blood and murder. 'You mark me now, Red.' says he, the tears making bad land water courses through the mud on his cheeks. 'I shall fire upon that man the first time I see him. Will you

fend me you - revolver? "'Lord, Jones, see here,' says I 'Don't you go making any such billygoat play as that. Keep his wages until he apologizes. Put something harmful in his grub; but, as you have respect for the Almighty's handlwork as represented by your person, don't

the one thing he won't take from nobody.' "'D-d-darn him!' snivels Jonesy. ain't afraid o-o-of him.' and the strange fact is that he wasn't. Well,

hurt, so I goes to Arizona, and says I, 'You ought to apologize to Jodes.' What Zony replied ain't worth repeat-'And you along with him,' he ing.

'A six footer like you that can shoot

I laid my eyes on that young woman. out like a brace of coyotes, nearly I'd had my mind made up so thorough pulling the buckboard out from under as to what she must be that the facts us. 'Sometimes we travel like this,' I knocked me cold. She was the sweetsays. 'And as for roads, I despise 'em. est, handsomest, healthlest female 1 You're not afraid, are you? ever see. It would make you believe in fairy stories again just to look at her. rious. Might I drive? "'Indeed I'm not. I think it's glo-She was all the things a man ever "'If I can smoke,' says I, 'then you wanted in this world rolled up in a can drive.' I'd heard about young woprize package. Tall, round and soople, men who'd been brought up so tende limber and springy in her action as a that tobacker smoke would ruin their thoroughbred and with something modmorals or something, and I kind of est yet kind of daring in her face that wondered if she was that sort. " "That's a bargain,' says she prompt. would remind you of a good, honest boy. Red, white and black were the 'But how you're going to light a cigar colors she flew. Hair and eyes black, in this wind I don't see. cheeks and Mps red, and the rest of "'Cigarette,' says I. 'And if you her white. Now, there's a pile of difwould kindly hold my hat until I get ference in them colors; when you say one rolled I'll take it kind of you." "'But what about the horses?' says 'red,' for instance, you ain't cleaned up the subject by a sight. My top she

ITO BE CONTINUED.]

HORSES' CORNS.

ing and Treatment.

WHERE CORNS OCCUR.

knot's red, but that wasn't the color of her cheeks. No; that was a color I never saw before nor since. A rose would look like a tomater alongside of 'em. Then, too, I've seen black eyes

so hard and shiny you could cut glass Cause, Location and Symptom-Shoe with 'em. And again that wasn't her style. The only way you could get a notion of what them eyes were like Bruises of the sensitive structures underlying the sole in the augle formwould be to look at 'em; you'd remember 'em all right if you did. Seems ed by the bar and wall of the boof at Hasten recovery by keep like the good Lord was kind of care- the heel are termed corns. See Fig. less when he built Jonesy, but when 1, A B. The sole forn is very thin at

square with the fambly. protect the sensitive structures underthat's easily disturbed in his mind, but "I aln't what you might call a man the shoe or other violence. The bruise I know I says to myself that first day, is evidenced by the blood staining, lady, they'd never lug you back east again.' Gee, man! There was a time of the part, which will be moist or If I was ten year younger, young may even discharge matter if the when I'd have pulled the country up by the roots but I'd have had that girll brulse has been a severe one. It is only in rare instances that corns I notice I don't fall in love so violent are found on the hind feet, which have as the years roll on. I can squint my eye over the cards now and say, 'Yes, that's a beautiful hand, but I reckon I'd better stay out,' and lay 'em down without a sigh, whereas when I was a young feller if I had three aces in sight I'd raise the rest of the gathering right out of their foot leather-or get eaught at it. Usually/I got caught at it, for a man couldn't run the mint ong with the kind of luck I have. "Well, I was plumb disgusted with

Are the Injuns up?

"Darragh was a serious Irishman, and that's the mournfulest thing on feet are e most frequent seat of top of the globe, and, besides, he be- corns on ount mainly of the horn lieved anything you'd tell him. There on the in a heel being weaker than ain't any George Washington strain in that of the uter. The practice of fitmy Mack, so I proceeded to get out of ting the i r web of the shoe to the wall whereby part of its bearing is on trouble.

""They ain't up exactly,' says I, 'but the seat of corns is also responsible it looked as if they were a leetle on the in some degree. This practice is adoptrise, and, being as I had a lady to look ed presumably to prevent brushing, out for. I thought I'd play safe! but it is unnecessary, as in brushing a out for, I thought I'd play safe.' "The color kind of went out of the horse does not touch with the heel,

but with the quarter, or toe. girl's cheeks. Eastern folks are scan-The lameness caused by corns condalous afraid of Injuns. "'Perhaps I'd better not start? says sists in a short, stilty, stumbling step, is most apparent on hard roads and inshe.

"'Don't you be scart, miss,' says creases with exercise. When at rest Darragh. 'You're all right as long as the animal has a tendency to "point" you're with Red-he's the toughest the foot, with the heel slightly raised,



NO. 48

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RALLIUN. N. C.

One adapted to North Carolina

CHAPTER L. EDDY and I were alone at the cabin braiding a leather hatband-eight strands and the repeat figure-an art that I never could master. I sat inside with a one-pound packnewspapers within reach, rolling the day's supply of cigarettes. Reddy stopped his story long enough

Red shall be one of the mos

sodes in all fiction, which th

of his life.

C. A. HALL, ITORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. per,' Kid-that paper burns my tongue -take the 'Granger'; there's plenty of GRAHAM, N. C.

N. C.

four.'

son halted me.

the way I felt.

freight!"

swhile."

friend?"

for the United States army.

Now this has always been my/luck:

Whenever I made a band wagon play

somebody's sure to strike me for my

icense, or else the team goes into the

Office in the Bank of Alamance Bulding, up stairs.

GRAY BYNUM. W. P. BYNUM, JR. BYNUM & BYNUM, eys and Counselors at Law GALENSBORO, N U.

Practice regularly in the courts of Ala ance county. Aug. 2, 94 ly



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This is the famous story of red tigers "hyah-hyahing" in a style Red Saunders, big Red, tough that made my skin get up alk Red of the plains and mines. We all over me with cold feet. shall follow this expansive man How in blazes I'd managed to slip

through those Injuns I don't know. through his days of toughness and sinfulness up to the great of scouting if I'd meant it. You can day of his life, the day that shall most always do any darn thing you bring the metamorphosis of Red. don't want to do. Well, there I was, This trumpeter will not give the and, ob, doctor, but wasn't I in a lovestory away by indicating how into me that Jack Frost himself ly mess! That war song put a crimp this transformation shall come

couldn't take out. about-whether through the re-It was as dark as dark by this time. morse or repentance of Red, his The moon just stuck one eye over the edge of the prairie, and the rest of the conviction of sin, his fear of the

damnation of the wicked, his light came from the Injuns' campfire, yearnings for the peace that but not enough to ride by, and, bepasseth understanding, or wheth- sides. I didn't know which way I

ought to go. er it shall be the love of woman Says I to myself, "Billy Saunders, you that shall bring this giant to his are the champion all around, old fashknees and make him as a little loned fool of the district. You are a child. The trumpeter will only jackass from the country where ears less'n three foot long are curiosities. promise that this conversion of You sassed that poor swatty that wanted to keep you out of this, tooting your interesting and delicious epi- bazoo like a man peddling soap, but

now it's up to you. What are you goreader will enjoy and doubtless ing to do about it?" and I didn't get remember through all the years any answer neither. Well, it was no use asking myself

conundrums out there in the dark when time was so scarce. So I wraps my hankercher around Laddy's nose to keep him from talking horse to the

lake beds. He sat outside the Injun ; mies and prepared to sneak to where I'd rather be, Laddy was the quickest thing on legs

in that part of the country-out of a mighty spry little Pinto mare by our thoroughbred Kentucky horse-and I age of smoking tobacco beside me and knew if I could get to the open them Injuns wouldn't have much of a chance to take out my stopper and examine my works-not much. A half mile

to say, "Don't use the 'Princess' Slip- start, and I could show the whole Sloux nation how I wore my hair. I cut for the place where the Injuns

seemed thinnest, lifting myself up till Well, as I was saying, I'd met a lot I didn't weigh fifteen pound and of the boys up in town this day and breathing only when necessary. We they threw as many as two drinks into got along first rate until we reached the edge of 'em, and then Laddy had me: I know that for certain, because to stick his foot in a gopher hole and when we took the parting dose I had walloped around there like a whale a glass of whisky in both my right trying to climb a tree.

hands and had just twice as many Some darn cuss of an Injun threw a friends as when I started. When I pulled out for home I felt handful of hay on the fire, and as it mighty good for myself-not exactly blazed up the whole gang spotted me. I unlimbered my gun, sent the irons looking for trouble, but not a-going to dodge it any, either. I was warbling into Laddy, and we began to walk. I didn't like to make f Idaho" for all I was worth-you know I knew the boys were short handed, so how pretty I can sing? Cockeyed Pe-I pointed north, praying to the good terson used to say it made him forget Lord that I'd hit some kind of settleall his troubles. "Because," says he, ment before I struck the north pole. you don't notice trifles when a man Well, we left those Injune so far bebats you over the head with a two by hind that there wasn't any fun in it. I slacked up, patting myself on the Well, I was enjoying everything in sight, even a little drizzle of rain that back, and as the trouble seemed all over I was just about to turn for the was driving by in rags of wetness ranch when I heard horses galloping. when a flatfaced swatty at Fort Johnand as the moon came out a little I saw a whole raft of redskins a-b lling Now, it's a dreadful thing to be butup a draw not half a mile away. That ted to death by a nanny goat, but for a knocked me slabsided. It looked like full sized cowpuncher to be held up I got the wrong ticket every time the by a soldier is worse yet wheel turned. To say that I was hot under the col-I whooped it up again, swearing l lar don't give you the right idea of wouldn't stop this deal short of a dead sure thing. We flew through space, "Why, you cross between the last Laddy pushing a hole in the air like flush!" says I, "what d'yer mean? a scared coyote making for home and rose of summer and a bobtailed What's got into you? Get out of my A-ways down the valley I spotted a dawight, you dog robber, or I'll walk little shack sitting all alone by itself the little horse round your neck like a out in the moonlight. I headed for it, three ringed circus. Come, pull your hollering murder. A man came to the door in his un-

"Meaning how?"

glance.'

"Well, watch," says he. Then he





pull a gun on Arizona Jenkins. That's

I saw he was in such a taking that he might do something foolish and get

winds up. "'Now, ain't that childish?' I says. straight with either hand and yet ain't got generosity enough to ease the feelings of a poor little devil that's fair

he turned that girl out he played this part and is therefore less able to

the fool way I'd rigged myself up, but, fortunately for me, Darragh, the sta tion man, came out with the girl. There's Reddy, from your ranch, now ma'am,' says he, and when he caugh sight of me: 'What's the matter, Red!

ROB'T C. STRUDWICK Attorney-at-Law, GREENSBORO N. U Practices in the courts of Alamance and Guilford counties.

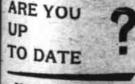


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It seems that this swatty had been derrigging. chucked out of the third story of "Hi, there! What's eating you?' he Frenchy's dance emporium by Bronc

yells. Thompson, which threw a great re-spect for our profesh into him. Con-"Injuns coming, pardner! The country's just oozing Injuns! Better get a sequently he wasn't fresh, like most wiggle on you!" "All right-slide along. I'll ketch up soldiers, but answers me as polite as a

tin horn gambler on pay day. had. to you," says he. Says he: "I just wanted to tell you I looked back and saw him hustling

that old Frosthead and forty braves out with his saddle on his arm. "He's are some'ers between here and your a particular kind of cuss," I thought outfit, with their war paint on and "Bareback would suit most people." blood in their eyes, cayoodling and Taking it a little easier for the next whoopin' fit to beat hell with the blowcouple of miles, I gave him a chance er on, and if you get tangled up with to pull up.

them I reckon they'll give you a hair We pounded along without saying cut and shampoo, to say nothing of anything for a spell, when I happened other trimmings. They say they're to notice that his teeth were chatter after the Crows, but it's a ten dollar ing.

bill against a last year's bird's nest "Keep your nerve up, pardner!" says that they'll take on any kind of trou-"Don't you get scared-we've got a ble that comes along. Their hearts is good start on 'em."

mighty bad, they state, and when an He looked at me kind of reproach Injun's heart gets spolled the disease is d-d catching. You'd better stop "Scared be derned!" says be.

reckon if you was riding around this nice cool night in your drawers, your "Now, cuss old Frosthead and you, too!" says I. "If he comes crow hopteeth 'nd rattle some too." I took a look at him and saw, sure

ping on my reservation I'll kick his pantalets on top of his scalp lock." enough, while he had hat, coat and "All right, pardner," says he. "It's boots on, the pants was missing. Well, your own funeral. My orders was to if it had been the last act, I'd have had halt every one going through. But I ain't a whole company, so you can to laugh.

"Couldn't find 'em nohow," says he. have it your own way. Only if your "Hunted high and low, jick, Jack and the game-just comes to my mind now that I had 'em rolled up and was sleep-ing on 'em. I don't like to go around friends have to take you home in a coal scuttie, don't blame me. Pass, So I went through the officers' quar-

way-I feel as if I was two me ters forty miles an hour, letting out a and one of 'em hardly respec string of yells you might have heard "Did you bring a gun with you?" to the const, just to show my respect

He gave me another stare. "Why, pardner, you must think I have got a light and frivolous disposition," says he, and with that he heaves up the great granduncle of all the six shoot-ers I ever did see. It made my fortyditch a mile farther on, and I come out about as happy as a small yaller dog to cut its teeth on. "That's the best

st a bobent's cancus. Some fellers can run in a rhinecaboo "Looks as if it might ba" are "Looks as if it might be," says L that 'd make the hair stand up on a "Has the foundry that cast it goes out buffeler robe and get away with it of business? I'd like to have one like

just like a mice, but that ain't ms. it, if it's as dangerous as it looks."

just like a mice, but that ain't man If I sing a little mite too high in the cellar, down comes the roof a-top of me. So it was this day. Oid Johnny Hardluck socked it to me, same as usual. Gosh a'mighty! The liquor died in me after awhile, and I went source and there. I want something that'll touch his con-sities in the saddle and woks up with a jar to find myself right in the mid-fie of old Frosthend's gamg, the drams "boom bilpping" and these forty odd

"Well, watch," says he.

as not to give the Injun an opening, trained his canbon and pulled the trigger. The old gun opened her mouth and roared like an earthquake, but I didn't see any dead Injun. Then twice more she spit fire, and still there weren't any desirable corpses to be

"Say, pardner," says I, "you wouldn't make many cigars at this game." "Now, don't you get oneasy," says he. "Just watch."

"Biff!" says the old gun, and this time, sure enough, the injun was knocked clear of the rock. I felt all slong that he wouldn't be much of a that gun did land ou him.

Still, he wasn't so awful dead, for as we jumped for the horses he kind of d himself to the rock, and, laying the rifle across it and working the lever with his left hand, he sent a hole plumb through my hat.

"Bully boy!" shys L I snapped at him and smashed the lock of his rifle to flinders. Then of course he was our mest.

As we rode up to him my pard held dead on him. The Injun stood up straight and tall and looked us square in the eye. Say, he was a man, I tell you, redskin or no redskin! The courage just stuck out on him as he stood there waiting to pass in his checks. My passiner threw the muzzie of his "D-n it!" says he. "I can't do it. He's game from the heart out. But the Lord have mercy on his sinful soul if he and I run foul of each other on the prairie again?"

Then we shacked along down to Johnson's and had breakfast, "What became of Frosthead and his

gang?" Oh, they sent out a regiment or two and gathered him in-'bout twenty-five soldiers to an Injun. No, ne harm was done. Me and my pard were the only ones that bucked up against them. Check out a cigaretie, Kid; my lungs ache for want of a

CHAPTER IL.

W did I come to get mysch disliked down at the Chanta Seechee? Well, I'll tell you, said Reddy, the cow put "The play came up like this. First they made the Chants Seeches into a stock company; then the stock company put all their brains in one think. "We'll make this man and mays they. Jones apperiatendent, and the ranch is all right at 'onen.' So out comes

busting with shame! "'Well, what did he want to tell me to shut up my mouth for? cried Old Dry Belt. 'Men have died of less than that.'

"'Aw, shucks, Zong,' I says. great, big man like you oughtn't to come down on a little cuss who's all thumb band side and left feet.'

"'That be blowed,' says he, only he says it different. 'I'd like to know what business such a sawed off has to come and tell a full grown man like me to shut up his mouth. He'd ought to stay in a little man's place and talk sassy to people his own size. When he comes shooting off his bazoo to a man that could swaller hinf whole

without loosening his collar it's impidence; that's what it is.' "Well, as a favor to me?" I says.

"Well, if you put it in that way-I don't want to be small about it.' "So Arizona goes up to Jones and sticks out his hand, "There's my hand,

Jones,' he says. 'I'm mighty sorry you told me to shut up my mouth,' says he.

"'So am I,' says Jones heartily, not taking in the sense of the words, but feeling that it was all in good intention. So that was all right, and I stood in with the management in great shape for fixing up the fuss so pleasant. But it didn't last. They say nothing lasts in this world. There's

pretty solid rocks in the Coeur d'Alme, however, and I should like to wait around and see if they don't hold out, but I'll never make it. I've been

in too much excitement. "Well, the next thing after Jonesy got established was that his niece must come out during vacation and comfort to his friends afterward if pay him a visit. 'Jeerusalem?' thinks that gun did land on him. I, 'Jonesy's niece?' I had visions of a

thin, yaller, sour little piece, with mouse colored hair plastered down on her head and an unkind word for everybody. Jonesy told me about her being in college, and then I stuck a pair of them nose grabher specks on the picture. I can stand most any kind

of a man, but if there's anything that makes the tears come to my eyes it's botch of a woman. I know they

may have good qualities and all that, but I don't like 'em, and that's the whole of it. We gave three loud groans when we got the news in the bull pen. And I cussed for ten minutes straight, without repeating myself once, when it so fell out that the members of the board rolled out our way the day the girl had to be sent for, and Jonesy couldn't break loose, and your uncle was elected to take the buckboard and drive twenty miles to the railroad. I didn't mind the going out, but that twenty miles bad with Jonesy's niecel Say, I foamed like a soda water bottle when I got into the bull pen and told the boys

my luck. 'Well,' says Kyle Lambert, 'that's

what you might expect; your sins have you out.' found "'No, they ain't; they've caught me

at home as usual,' says L 'Well, I'll give that eastern blosseny an idea of the quality of this country, anyhow."

So I togs myself up in the awfullest rig I could find; strapped two ca'tridgo beits to me, every hole filled, and, a gun in every holster; put candle grease on my musinche and twisted the sade up to my eye winkers; stuck a knife in my hathand and another in my boot; threw a shotgun and a rifle in the

could get his peeps on to me. "Well, sir, I was jarred wittens when

proposition we've got in this part of toe resting on ground and limb bent If there are corns on both feet there is the country."

"'I'm obliged to you, Darragh,' says alternate pointing or frequent change I. He meant well, but hell's full of of the pointed foot. Unlike navicular them people. I'd have given a month's lameness, that from corus increases with exercise. wages for one lick at him.

"I stepped up to her, with my hat The spongy, bruised horn should be in my hand. 'Miss Andree,' says I pared away so as to allow any effusion (she was Jonesy's sister's child), 'if or matter to be discharged. The spot you come along with me I'll guarantee should then be dressed with balsam, you a safe journey. If any harm butter of antimony or other antiseptic reaches you it will be after one of the and hardening agent. It is essential liveliest times in the history of the that pressure should be kept off the part, and to insure this a horse with territory.'

"At this she laughed. 'Very well,' says she, 'I'll chance it, Mr. Red.' "'His name ain't Red,' puts in Dam

ragh, solemn. 'His name's Saunders We call him Red because uf his hair.' "'I'm sure I beg your pardon,' says Miss Lova, all of a fluster.

"That's all right, ma'am. No damage done at all,' says I. 'It's useless for me to try to conceal the fact that my hair is a little on the auburn. You mustn't mind what Darragh says. We've had a good deal of hot weather lately and his brains have gone wrong. Now hop in and we'll touch the breeze.' So I piled her trunk in, and away we flew.

"Bud and Dandy were a corking litcorns ought to be shod with slippers, tle team. They'd run the whole distance from the rallway to the ranch if you'd let 'em-and I never inter-



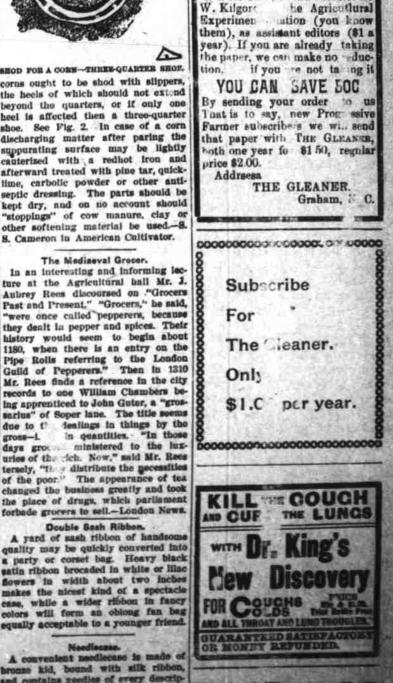
kept dry, and on no account should "stoppings" of cow manure, clay or other softening material be used.-S 8. Cameron in American Cultivator. In an interesting and informing lec ture at the Agricultural hall Mr. J. Aubrey Rees discoursed on "Grocers Past and Present," "Grocers," he said, were once called pepperers, because they dealt in pepper and spices. Their history would seem to begin about 1180, when there is an entry on the Pipe Rolls referring to the London Guild of Pepperers." Then in 1310 Mr. Rees finds a reference in the city

secords to one William Chambers being apprenticed to John Guter, a "grossarius" of Soper lane. The title se due to t' dealings in things by the gross-1. in quantities. "In those days grou ministered to the luzuries of the cich. Now," said Mr. Rees tersely, "ti + distribute the pecensitie of the poor." The appearance of te changed the business greatly and took the place of drugs, which parliament

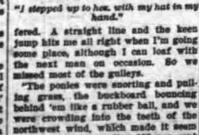
forbade grocers to sell-London News. Double Sash Ribb A yard of sash ribbon of hands quality may be quickly converted into party or corset bag. Heavy black

satin ribbon brocaded in white or lin flowers in width about two inche makes the nicest kind of a spectaci ing grass, the buckboard bouncing behind 'em like a rubber ball, and we were crowding info the teeth of the northwest wind, which made it seem case, while a wider ribbon in fanc-colors will form an oblong fan be equally acceptable to a younger frie

A convenient no " 'Goodness gracious,' says the girl, "Why, no, anys L 'Hike? and I snapped the blacksmake over the po-nies" cars, and they strung themselves bronne kid, bound with silk ribbo and contains needles of every descri







buckboard and pulled out quick through the colt pens before Jonesy

as if we were traveling 100 per cent better than a Dutch clock would