THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL XXXVIII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1912.

JUST ONE WORD that word is Tutt's MEANS HEALTH. roubled with indige ANY of these symptoms and many other indicate inaction of the LIVER You Need utt's Pills PROFESSIONAL CARDS J. S. COOK ey-at-Law, GRAHAM, · · · · N. C. Office Patterson Building Second Fleor. DAMERON & LONG

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UP

Full Associated Press dispatch



emiss hais. He is desperate, and Croissel alds him. They reach a deserted cabin overlooking the home of Meicess and Howkand's en-mies. Though threatened with death Croisset refuses to explain why Howkand's life is sought. At night Howkand goes to Meicess.

If is sought. At night Howland goes to Meleese. She promises to marry him and to join him in the south if he will only flee. Ene-mise discover him, and he is shot and im-prisoned in a cabin. Croisset, who has been appointed his executioner, visits the cabin. Meleese's three brothers believe that Howland's fa-ther wronged Meleese's mother and that Howland is to be shot at 6 o'clock. Be-fore that hour arrives his enemies discor-er that he is the wrong John Howland; that they have made a mistake. Me-leese and Howland are happliy united.

CHAPTER XVI. MELEESE.

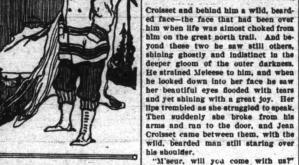
OR many minutes Howland stood waiting as if life had left him. The note futtered from his fingers, and he drew his watch from his pocket and placed it on the table. It was a quar-ter after 5. There still remained for-

ty-five minutes. Three-quarters of an hour and then -death! There was no doubt in his mind this time. Through one of the black holes in the wall he was to be shot down, with no chance to defen self, to prove himself innocen Meleese-did she, too, believe hi And Mel guilty of that crime?

He groaned aloud and picked up the note again. Softly he repeated her last words to him, "If God fails to answer my prayers I will still do as I have promised and follow you." Those words seemed to cry aloud his doom. Even Meleese had given up hope. And yet was there not a deeper significance in her words? He started as if some one

had struck him, his eyes agleam. will follow you.'" almost sobbed the words th He almost sobbed the words this time. His hands trembled, and he time. His hands trembled, and be dropped the paper again on the table and turned his eyes in starting horror toward the door. What did she mean? Would Meleese kill herself if he was murdered by her brothers? He could see no other meaning in her last mes-sage to him, and for a time after the dillics of infinitesence of her mended

chilling significance of her words struck his heart he scarce restrained once more under the watch. Two min utes! One and a half! One! himself from calling aloud for Jean. If he could but send a word back to her, tell her once more of his great



IUvea-ine IOVE OI Der OWB Deo ple and the love of hi last she had surrendered to him. Was it possible that she could have made that surrender if she, like her broth-

that surrender if she, like her broth-ers, believed him to be the murderer of her father-the son of the man fiend who had robbed her of a mother? It was impossible, he told himself. She did not believe him guilty. And yet why had she not given him some such word in her last message to him? His eyes traveled to the note on the fable and he hering monophiles in him.

table, and he began searching in his coat pockets. In one of them he found the worn stub of a pencil, and for many minutes after that be was oblivius to the passing of time as he wrote

0

his last words to Meleese. When he 0

To B HHEYER AFTER YOU HAVE KILLED ME TAKE IT

had finished he folded the paper and placed it under his watch. At the final noment, before the shot was fired, he would ask Jean to take it. His eyes fell on his watch dial, and a cry burst from his lins. s

It lacked but ten minutes of the final Above him he heard faintly the sharp above tim he neard rainity the sharp barking of dogs, the hollow sound of men's volces. A moment later there came to him an echo as of swiftly tramping feet and, after that, sileuce. "Jean," be called tensely. "Ho, Jean! tear (Jeane") Jean Croisset"-He caught up the paper and rau

est of the three brothers. M'seur, we have made a great mistake, and we from one black opening to another ask your forgiveness." ask your forgiveness." In the silence the eyes of the two men met across the table. To How-land it was not the thought that his life was saved that came with the calling the Frenchman's name. "As you love your God. Jean, as you have a hope of heaven, take this note to Meleese!" he pleaded. "Jean-Jean greatest force, but the thought of Me-Croisset"-There came no answer, no movement

utside, and Howland stilled the beat ing of his beart to listen. Surely Crois-set was there! He looked again at the watch he held in his hand. In four minutes the shot would be fired. A cold sweat bathed his face. He tried to cry out again, but something rose in his throat and choked him until his voice was only a gasp. He sprang back to the table and placed the note

With a sudden fearless cry he sprang "Jean Croisset, there is a note under

"1-7-belleve I understand every-thing now, Jean." he said. "You traced the wrong John Howland, that's sli. I love Nelecese, Jean. I would kill John Howland for her. I COPYRIGHT 1910 5.

The bearded man dropped back into the thick gloom, and without speak-ing Howland followed Croisset, his

Frenchman's hand fell detainingly on Howland's arm, and when a moment. later they reached the top of the stairs all had disappeared but Jean and the bearded man. Dawn was breaking, and a pale light fell through the two

windows of the room they had enter-ed. On a table burned a lamp, and near the table were several chairs. To one of these Croisset motioned the engineer, and as Howland sat down

the bearded man turned slowly and

passed through a door. Jean shrug-ged his shoulders as the other disap-

peared. "Mon Dieu, that means that be leaves it all to me," be exclaimed. "I don't wonder that it is hard for him to talk, m'seur. Perhaps you have begun

"Yes, a Hitle," replied Howland. His

heart was throbbing as if he had just finished climbing a long hill. "That was the man who tried to kill me. But

Meleese-the"- He could go no fur-ther. Scarce breathing, he waited for

est brother to Meleese. It is he who should say what I am about to tell you, m'seur. But he is too full of grief to speak. You wonder at that? And yet I tell you that a man with a better

soul than Pierre Thoreau never lived, though three times he has tried to kill you. Do you remember what you asked me a'short time ago, m'seur-if

I thought that you were the John Howland who murdered the father of

than balf an hour ago, when some one came from the south and exploded a mine under our feet. It was the soung-

when all seemed to be lost she was nearer to him than ever. He leaned

half over the table, his hands clinched, his eyes bluzing. Jenn did not under-stand, for he went on quickly. "I know it is hard, missur. Perhaps

it will be impossible for you to for-give a thing like this. We have tried

to kill you-kill you by a slow torture, as, we thought you deserved. But think for a moment, m'seur, of what

e sixteen years ago? diod's and 1 did until hardly more

under our feet. It was the young-

ean to speak. "It is Pierre Thoreau," he said, "eld-

to understand!"

Melee

wher

want to meet her bruthers and shake their hands. I don't Lame them. But somehow it hurts to think of her -of Melcese-as-as almost a mur-"Mon Dieu, m'seur, has she no saved your life? Listen to this! I Alon Dieu, mee'r, ans sae not saved your life? Listen to this! It was then-when she knew what had happened-that Meleese came to me-whom she had made the happiest man in the world, because it was she who brought my Marlane over from Churchill on a visit especiality that I might see her and fall in love with her, m'seur-which I did. Meleese came to me-to Jean Croisset-and in-stead of planning your murder, m'seur, she schemed to save your life-with me-who would have cut you into bita no larger than my finger and fed you to the carrion raveas, who would have choked the life out of you until your eyes bulged in death, as I choked that one up on the Great Slave! Do you understand, m'seur? It was Me-leese who came and pleaded with me to save your life-before you had left Chicago, before she bad heard more of you than your name, before she bad heard me et and behind him a wild, bearded face-the face that had been over him when life was almost choked from

of you than your name, before she had

learned"earned"-Croisset hesitated and stopped. "Before what, Jean?" "Bofore she had learned to love you.

"God bless her." exclaimed How

ing Howland tolowed Croisser, ins eyes on the shadowy form of Me-leese. The ghostly faces turned from the light, and the trend of their re-treating feet marked the passage through the blackness. Jean fell back beside Howland, the huge bulk of the bearded man three paces ahead. A dozen steps more and they came to a stair, down which a light shone. The Frenchman's hand fell detainingly on

land. "You believe this, m'seur?" "As I believe in a God." "Then I will tell you what she did, m'seur." he continued in a low voice. "The plan of the brothers was to make you a prisoner near Prince Albert and bring you north. I knew what was to bappen then. It was to be a beautiful happen then. It was to be a beautiful vengeance, m'seur-a slow torturing death on the spot where the crime was committed sixteen years ago. But Me-leese knew nothing of this. She was made to believe that up here, where the mother and father died, you would be given over to the proper law-to the mounted police who come this way now and then. She is only a girl, means acally made to believe strenge happen then. It was to be a beautifu how and rhen. She is only a girl, m'seur, easily made to believe strange things in such matters as these, else she would have wondered why you were not given to the officers in Prince Albert.

"It was Meleese's eldest brother who thought of her as a lure to bring you out of the town into their hands, and not until the last moment, when they were ready to leave for the south, did she overhear words that aroused her suspicions that they were about to kill you. It was then, m'seur, that she came to me."

came to me." "And you, Jenn?" "On the day that Mariane promised to become my wife. m'seur, I promised in our Blessed Lady's name to repay my debt to Melecse, and the manner of payment came in this fashion. Jack-pine, too, was her slave, and so we worked together. Two hours after pine, too, was her slave, and so we worked together. Two hours after Meleese and her brothers had left for the south I was following them, shaven of beard and so changed that I was not recognized in the fight on the Great North trail. Meleese thought that her brothers would make you a prisoner that night without harming you. Her brothers told her how to bring you to their camp. She knew nothing of the ambush until they leaged on you from

ambush until they leaped on you from cover. "Not until after the fight, when

"Not until after the fight, when in their rage at your escape the broth-ers told ber that they had intended to kill you, did she reniize fully what she had done. That is all, m'seur. You know what happened after that. She dared not tell you at Wekusko who your enemies were, for those enemies were of her own flesh and blood and dearer to her than life. She was be-tween two great loves, m'seur-the love for her brothers and"-Arain Jean besitated.

Again Jean hesitated. "And her love for me," finish Howland.

"Yes, her love for you, m'seur," said Jean. The two men rose from the table and for a moment stood with clasped hands in the smoky light of lamp and DAIRY WISDOM.

If allowed to run out in pasthe or yards during the day, night should find the cows in well littered stalls. Skrinkage in milk, lumps in the udder, staring coat, can all

be brought on by one night on the fronty ground. All this means loss of hard cash. By intelligent breeding, selec-tion, feeding and care most dalry herds can be brought up to double their production. Testing is the only method by which we can cut out the rol

bers in the herd. Only the wealthy man can afford to keep a poor cow. Do not leave the cows out in any kind of storm until they are wet or chilled through. Cows giving milk are voraclous eaters. It is from their food and drink that their milk

SELECTING THE BULL. mportance of Using a Pure Bred Sire

In the Dairy Herd. The skillful breeder of any kind of stock does not need to have it pointed out to him how important it is that the sire be properly selected, writer Professor C. H. Eckles in the Kansar Farmer. If he is a skillful breeder in is largely because he realizes the im

portance of the sire and knows how to select him. While the skilled breeder realizes the importance of this in nounds of sal amn reeding, the average dairyman does not give the question of selection of

the sire one-tenth the attention the im-portance of the question demands. Thousabds of men make use of a scrub or grade sire on account of mis taken economy in cost rather than pay a few dollars more for an animal that is almost certain to transmit desirable qualities. It is not surprising that we have so many worthless cows. They come by their worthliness in the ma jority of cases from sires worse that They

ority of cases from area worse than worthless. Some of these scrub bulls are registered in the herd books. I am a believer in selecting a breed that is bred for the purpose for which it is to be used. If the farmer intends to milk cows and make that an impor-tant part of his business he is not working to the best advantage unless he selects a breed that has been de reloved with that object in view. In purchasing the sire a good general rule to follow is to get one whose fe

orks over with any sealing wax, the stout cord around the neck of each bot-tle and hang in any handy place. In male ancestry is of the type that it i case of fire shake one of the bottles



The Ayrshire is probably the youngest of the pure bred dairy breeds and had its origin in the southwest of Scotland. The Ayr-shire cow in general is a handsome, spightly cow of medium size, weighing at maturity about 1,00 pounds, and is red and white in color. She is tough and hardy, with a vigorous appetie and not too par-ticular as to what she east. A very persistent milker, giving a uniform quantity well up toward caiving, and is particularly adapted to pro-ducing milk for table use. Bogh-all's flowdrop 11, whose portrait is shown, has been a winner of grand championablp honors.

desired to raise. If the animal in ion is pure bred the chances are tably good that these qualities will be tran mitted to a large exten

at least. The head of the herd should be a better bred animal than the cows if it is possible to get one. A Missouri farmer gives me the fola better bred animal than the cows



The mare with the fall colt must have a good milk making ration. Oats, wheat bran, a lit-tle lussed meal, with bright sweet clover or alfalfa hay, is a good milk making ration. The colts and unused horses should speed most of each pleas-ant day in the paddock. Carry a warm blanket with you every fime you drive away from the farm. You may intend

to come right home without hitching, but you can never fore-see the delay that may compel you to hitch your horse in the open, Horses thin in flesh or unb

ken are always poor sellers. Uninterrupted growth and de-velopment are essential in the

colt. The idle currycomb and the fat horse seldom live in the same barn. Thrush is mostly due to dirty

stables, horses standing in fermenting manure or walking in mud and snow water.

H HA

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This book, entitled as above, "Ladies and gentlemen." croaked th ontains over 200 memoirs of Minhorned toad, "the renowned Kansa Jim. the last prairie dog on the ranch isters in the Christian Church with historical references. An will now sing the pathetic ballad 'Why Does the White Man Follow My Path Like a Goldarned Sleuth on the Trail? "-Chicago Tribune. interesting volume-nicely printed and bound. Price per copy: cloth, \$2.00; gilt top, \$2.50. By mail 20c extra. Orders may be

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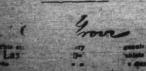
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was ample reward for all that he had lost and was about to lose, and that it gave bim such happiness as he had never known even in this last hour of

his torture! Twice he shouted for Croisset, bu there came no response save the hol-low echoings of his own voice in the

there came no response save the bol-low echoings of his own voice in the subternaean chambers. After that he began to think more sanely. If Me-leese was a prisoner in her room it was probable that Croisset, who was now fully recognized as a traitor at the post, could no longer gain access to her. In some secret way Meleese had contrived to give him the note. In Howland's breast, there grew slowly a feeling of sympathy for the renchman. Much that be had not understood was clear to him now. He understood was clear to him now. He understood way Meleese had not re-veried the names of his assallants at Prince Albert and Weknsko. He un-derstood why she had field from him after his abduction and why Jean had is faithfully kept secrecy for her sake. She had fought to save him from her own flesh and blood, and Jean had fought to save him from her frenchman's fate was to be almost as terrible as his own. It was he who would fire the fatial abot at 6 o'clock. Not the brothers, but Jean Groisset, would be his executioner and murderer.

Croisset, would be his executioner and murderer. The minutes passed swiftly, and as they went Howland was astonished to find how coolly he swaited the end. He even began to debate with himself as to through which hole the fatal shot would be fired. No matter where he stood, he was in the light of the big hanging lamp. There was no obscure or shadowy corner in which for a few moments he might elude his execu-tioner. He even smiled when the thought occurred to him that it was possible to extinguish the light and sible to extinguish the light and wi under the table, thus gaining a crawl up momentary delay. But what would that delay avail him? He was anxious for the fatal minute to arrive and be

over. There were moments of happiness when in the damp horror of his death chamber there came before him visions of Melesse, grown even sweeter and more lovable now thigh he knew how she had sacrificed herielf between two

happened up here sisten years ago this winter. I have told you how I choked life from the man fiend. So I would have choked life from you if it had not been for Meleese. I, too, am

had not been for bleicese. 1, too, and guilty. Only six years ago we knew that the right John Howland-the son of the man I slew-was in Montreal, and we sent to seek him this youngest brother, for he had been s long time at my watch on the table. After you have filled me take it to Meleese. If you fall 1 shall haunt you to your grave." Still no sound, no gleam of steel school with Meleese and knew the ways of the south better than the oth-ers. But he failed to find him at that pointing at him through the black aper ture. Would the shot come from be hind? Tick-tick-ticktime, and it was only a short while ago

that this brother located you. "As our Blessed Lady is my wit-ness, m'seur, it is not strange that he should have taken you for the man we The could be beating of his watch up to twenty. A sound stopped him then, and he closed him eyes, and s great shiver passed through his body. It was the tiny bell of his watch

should have taken you for the man we sought, for it is singular that you bear him out like a brother in looks, as i remember the boy. It is true that François made a great error when he sent word to his brothers suggesting that if either Gregson or Thorne was put out of the way you would proba-bly be sent into the north. I swear by the Virgin that.Meleese knew noth-ing of this, m'seur. She knew nothing of the schemes by which her brothers It was the tiny bell of his watch tinkling off the hour of sis? Scarcely had that sound ceased to ring in his brain when from far through the darkness beyond the wall of his prison there came a creaking noise as if a heavy door had been swung slowly on its hinges or a trap oppened, then voices, low, quick, excited voices the hurzyne trend of feet a awung slowiy on its hinges or a trap opened, then voices, low, quick, excited voices, the hurrying trend of feet, a fash of light shooting through the foom. They were coming. After all, it was not to be a private affair, and Jean was to do his killing as the bang man's job is done in civilization-be fore a crowd. Howiand's arms drop ped to his side. This was more terrible than the other-this seeing and hearing of prejaration, in which he sidely hurt, as you mow. Buffatt hearing of prejaration, in which he came through their window at night. This was a hand fumbling at the same. They did not wish to kill the door. There were no voices now, and the when the could not account for. In another mon ment it was made clear to him. The door swung open and the while robed figure of Meleese sprang toward him with a cry that echoed through their and to be a crow from the tended through their to chose the sprang toward him with a cry that echoed through their and the hearing to a strap to be the another in a the top."

weight not developed for a model of the first part of the second of the first part of the second of the passion of the faces beyond the best passion of white faces beyond the doorway, the subdued murning are of volces-were all lost to How first beyond the best passion of white faces beyond the doorway, the subdued murning are of volces-were all lost to How first beyond they had let ber come to him they had let ber come to him they did not think barm would that they did not think barm would come to you and so kept quiet should may had below for the best ber in his arms and that they did not think barm would come to you and so kept quiet should that they did not think barm would come to you and so kept quiet should that they did not think barm would come to you and so kept quiet should may had helphened. If may be to that they did not think barm would come to you and so kept quiet should that they did not think barm would come to you and so kept quiet should may want the beled her in his arms the best her face to his breast and applened. If may be to that they did not think to bare fit thow what had happened. If may be to that they did not think they did not they did not they did would be to you and so kept quiet should that they did not they did more to you and so kept quiet should happened. If may be to that they did not think to bare fit thow hat they did not they did more they did not they did more that they did more they did not they did more they did not they did more they did not they did more they did appened. If may be to did they did they did more they did not they did more did Melesse they did all they did be doorway he saw Jean. The giare had faded from the first his they and is the doorway he saw Jean.

dawn. In that moment neither heard a tap at the door leading to the room beyond nor saw the door move gently inward and Meleese, hesitating, fram-

Inward and Stelecese, bestating, fram ed in the opening. It was Howland who spoke first. "I thank God that all these things have happened, Jean." he maid earnest ig. "I am girad that for a time you took me for that other John Howland

and that Pierre Thoreau and his broth ers schemed to kill me at Prince Al-bert and Wekusko, for if these things had not occurred as they have I would never have seen Meleese. And now Jean"-

Jean"-His cars caught sound of movement, and he turned in time to see Meleese slipping quietly out. "Meleese!" he called softly. "Me-

leese!" In an instant he had darted after her, leaving Jean beside the table. Beyond the door there was only the breaking gloom of the gray morning, but it was enough for him to see faint-but it was enough for him to see faint-ly the figure of the girl he leved, half turned, half waiting for him. With a cry of jor be sprang forward and washing milk utensils to start with hot water. This is not the best meth-od. In boiling milk a skin forms on it. The hot water ikkewise hardens this on to the sides of the milk vessel, making it hard to remove. The better way is to first rinse the utensils in cold water, and it should be rinsed as soon as it is emptied of milk or else the well we wat when during the starter

the milk will dry. and then rinsing it will not so thoroughly remo

turned, half waiting for him. With a cry of joy be sprang forward and gathered the trembling girl close in his arms. "Melcesse-my Melcesse?" he whis-pered. After that there came ne sound from the dawn lit room beyond, but Jean. Croisset, still standing by the table, murmured softly to himself, "Our Biessed Liddy be praised, for it is all as Jean Croisset would have it-and now I can go to my Mariane?" Sheep Notes. Salt is one of the essentials of success in handling sheep. The profit in mutton lambs comes in quick growth and early sales.

THE END.

The New Arith

The New Arithmets, My income is thirty-three hundred, And this is the way is in spent: Twelve hundred for eating and dris and treating And nearly nime hundred unfices, Aithough that's a little bit small, While zervants' high portions and dee astorilos Make up, say, a thousand in all.

We must go away in the summer, And that costs eight hundred, let's say; Five hundred will measure the money for

Five hundred will measure the met-pleasure. Including the opera and play; And then there-but just stop a m Before 1 allow for my beta. Two cited quits clearly six thous nearly.

Well, most of it's paid for-in debtal

owing interesting figures showing the effect in milk production of a dairy sire as compared with one not of dairy breeding: He owned a western bred grade cow. Her first beifer was sired by a grade beef bred sire, her second by a pure bred Jersey. The mother by a grade beef bred size, her second by a pure bred Jersey. The mother averaged 3,085 pounds of milk and 117 pounds of fat per year. The daughter by the grade beef size averaged 3,700 pounds of milk and 133 pounds of fat. The daughter by the Jersey averaged 6,000 pounds of milk and 240 pounds of fat. Counting fat at 25 cents per cound, the income of the dom was

an inch hole through each way at B Then put two plus, C, through so each will rest on the ground and thus hold the post in place. Then fill space D with concrete. After this sets awhile lift the post out, take it to the next hole, and so on. Then dress your posts all to this pattern and drive them in. If they rot off it is an easy matter to put in new ones.-Farm and Fireside. thus hold the post in place. Then pound, the income of the dam was \$54.19 per year, that of the daughter by the grade beef hered airc #38.85 and that by the dairy bred \$70.

Washing Milk Vessels. It is quite a common practice in washing milk utensils to start with

Among the Chickens.

No use to sputter about it and call olds fools he muse they insist ou having white eggs. Just get yourself into position to enter to the taste and let

bon't forget that ment be good to make bens iny, but don't go crazy on the ment question and give them too much, for you can easily unke them sick. Ment two of three times a week is often enough.

Why not feed the laying hens some potatoes, enbloge, turnips, etc., and thus make them feel somewhat as A small fat sheep will bring a better price for mutton than a large poor one. Sheep should not be fed from straw stacks. Chaff and straw get into the thus make them red somewhat his they did in the summer, when they found plenty of green material for food? Then your egg basket would also fill up as it did "in the good old summer time."

nose and injure it. The winter care of sheep up to the time the lambs come consists of two things-shelter and freding.

Doesn't you remember Dat drought if is' July? Cheer up, sinser Dar's halistones in de sky! All dem sunshine troubles Is certain foh to quit. Whut you been a-wishin fob Is whut you g'netter sfill -Washington Star.

A High Grade Blood Purifier. A High Grade Blood Purifier. Go to Alamance Pharmacy and buy a bottle of B. B. B. (Botanie Blood Balm. It will purify and enrich your blood and build up your weakened, broken down sys-tem. B. B. B. is guaranteed to cure all blood diseases and skin humors such as

humors, such as Rheumatism, Ulcers, Eating Sores, Catarrh, Eczema Itching Humors.

Risings and Bumps, Bone Pains, Pimples, Old Sores, Scrofula or Kernels,

Suppurating Sores, Boils, Car ancies. B. B. B. cures all thes nn blood troubles by killing thit poison humor and expelling

food? Then your egg basket would also fill up as it did "in the good old summer time." Boup is usually a fatal maisdy, and very little can be done for the fowls unless in the first stages, when the following is effective: Balenn copabla one onnce, licorice powder half an ounce and piperine one dram. Mix well and divide into thirty dones. Give each fowl three doaes daily. "Listen in the henhouse after dark and if you hear wheezing you have roup en hand. "

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quining the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's cignature is on each box. 25e.