

THE ALMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XLII

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1916

NO. 35

GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Baptist—N. Main St.—Jas. W. Rose, Pastor.
Preaching services every first and third Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—C. B. Irwin, Superintendent.

Graham Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rev. J. F. Truitt, Pastor.
Preaching services every second and fourth Sundays at 11.00 a. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10.00 a. m.—E. L. Henderson, Superintendent.

New Providence Christian Church—North Main Street, near Depot—Rev. J. G. Truitt, Pastor.
Preaching every second and fourth Sunday nights at 8.00 o'clock.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—J. A. Bayliff, Superintendent.

Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting—every Thursday night at 7.15 o'clock.

Friends—North of Graham Public School—J. Robert Parker, Pastor.
Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10.00 a. m.—James Crisco, Superintendent.

Methodist Episcopal, South—cor. Main and Maple Sts.—H. E. Myers, Pastor.
Preaching every Sunday at 11.00 a. m. and at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—W. B. Green, Supt.

M. P. Church—N. Main Street, Rev. O. B. Williams, Pastor.
Preaching first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—J. L. Amick, Supt.

Presbyterian (Travara Chapel)—J. W. Clegg, pastor.
Preaching every second and fourth Sundays at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m.—J. Harvey White, Superintendent.

Onesida—Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m.—J. V. Pomeroy, Superintendent.

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BOOTH TARKINGTON

“MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE”
“THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN”
“PENROD” ETC.

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Sheridan's attempt to make a business man of his son Bibbs by turning him in the machine shop ends in Bibbs going to a sanitarium, a nervous wreck.

CHAPTER II—On his return Bibbs is met at the station by his sister Edith.

CHAPTER III—He finds himself in a considerable and unconsidered share in the "New House" of the Sheridans. He sees Mary Vertrees looking at him from a summer house next door.

CHAPTER IV—The Vertrees, an old town family and impoverished, call on the Sheridans. Bibbs is introduced to them. Mary puts into words her parents' unspoken wish that she marry one of the Sheridans.

CHAPTER V—At the Sheridan house, warming banquet Sheridan spreads himself. Mary frankly encourages Jim Sheridan's attention, and Bibbs learns he is to be sent back to the machine shop.

CHAPTER VI—Mary tells her mother about the banquet and shocks her mother by talking of Jim as a matrimonial possibility.

CHAPTER VII—Jim tells Mary Bibbs is not a lunatic—just queer. He proposes to Mary, who half accepts him.

CHAPTER VIII—Sheridan tells Bibbs he must go back to the machine shop as soon as he is strong enough. In spite of Bibbs' plea to be allowed to write.

CHAPTER IX—Edith and Bibbs, Roscoe Sheridan's wife, quarrel over Bobby Lamborn, her son, who is going to marry Mary Vertrees. Bibbs leaves her in the room alone.

CHAPTER X—Bibbs has to break to his father the news of Jim's sudden death.

CHAPTER XI—All the rest of the family learn of the death. At the funeral he meets Mary and rides home with her.

CHAPTER XII—Mrs. Sheridan pleads with Bibbs to return to the machine shop for his father's sake, and he consents.

CHAPTER XIII—Bibbs purposely interviews a "flea-baiter" between Edith and Lamborn. He tells Edith that he overheard Lamborn making love to Roscoe's wife.

CHAPTER XIV—Mutual love of music grows an intimate friendship between Bibbs and Mary.

CHAPTER XV—Mary sells her piano to help out the finances of the Vertrees family.

CHAPTER XVI—Roscoe and his wife quarrel over Lamborn.

CHAPTER XVII—Sheridan finds Roscoe in an intoxicated condition during a quarrel and takes him home.

CHAPTER XVIII—Friendship between Bibbs and Mary ripens into a more intimate relation, and under Mary's influence Bibbs decides to return to the machine shop.

CHAPTER XIX—Sheridan finds his son Roscoe's affairs in a muddled condition, owing to his intimate habits.

CHAPTER XX—Bibbs, under the inspiration of Mary's friendship, makes good in the machine shop. Sheridan is indignant while attempting to show the boy how to do his work.

CHAPTER XXI—Bibbs, insanely jealous over Lamborn's attentions to Mary, makes a scene in the Sheridan home, and Lamborn is ordered out of the house by Sheridan.

CHAPTER XXII—Bibbs finds great happiness in his work and his growing love for Mary.

CHAPTER XXIII—Edith leaves for New York, ostensibly to visit a friend. Roscoe tells his father that he is going to quit the business and go away with his wife.

CHAPTER XXIV—Sheridan announces that he is going to take Bibbs into the office with him and make a business man of him.

CHAPTER XXV—

Sibyl and Roscoe were upon the point of leaving when Bibbs returned to the new house. He went straight to Sibyl and spoke to her quietly, but so that the others might hear.

"When you said that if I'd stop to think, I'd realize that no one would be able to care enough about me to marry me, you were right," he said. "I thought perhaps you weren't, and so I asked Miss Vertrees to marry me. It proved what you said of me, and disproved what you said of her. She refused."

And, having thus spoken, he quitted the room as straightforwardly as he had entered it.

"He's so queer!" Mrs. Sheridan gaped. "Who on earth would thought of his doing that?"

"I told you," said her husband, grimly.

"You didn't tell us he'd go over there and—"

"I told you she wouldn't have him, didn't I?"

Sibyl was altogether taken aback. "Do you suppose it's true? Do you suppose she wouldn't?"

"He didn't look exactly like a young man that had just got things fixed up with his girl," said Sheridan. "Not to me, he didn't!"

"But why would—"

"I told you," he interrupted, angrily. "He ain't that kind of a girl if you got to have proof, well, I'll tell you and get it over with, though I'd pity near just as soon not have to talk a whole lot about my dead boy's private affairs. She wrote to Jim she couldn't take him, and it was a good, straight letter, too. It came to Jim's office; he never saw it. She wrote it the afternoon he was hurt."

"I remember I saw her put a letter in the mail box that afternoon," said Roscoe. "Don't you remember, Sibyl? I told you about it—I was waiting for you while you were in there so long talking to her mother. It was just before we saw that something was wrong over here, and Edith came and called me."

Sibyl shook her head, but she remembered. And she was not cast down, for, although some remnants of perplexity were left in her eyes, they were



"You Don't Know What Work Is, Yet."

way to get ahead is to do ten times the work of the hardest worker that works for you. But you don't know what work is, yet. All you've ever done was sit around and feed a machine of a child could handle, and then come home and take a bath and go callin'. I tell you you're up against a mighty different proposition now, and if you're worth your salt—and you never showed any signs of it yet—not any signs that stuck out enough to hang somebody on the head and make 'em sit up and take notice—well, I want to say, right here and now—and you better listen, because I want to say just what I do say. I say—

He remembered to a full stop. His mouth hung open, and his mind was a hopeless blank.

Bibbs looked up patiently at an old, old clock. "Yes, father, I'm listening."

"That's all," said Sheridan, frowning heavily. "That's all I came to say, and you better see 't you remember it!"

He shook his head warningly, and went out, closing the door behind him with a crash. However, no sound of footsteps indicated his departure. He stood there a minute or more. Then abruptly he turned the knob and exhibited to his son a forehead liberally covered with perspiration.

"Look here," he said, crossly. "That girl over yonder wrote Jim a letter—"

"I know," said Bibbs. "She told me."

"Well, I thought you needn't feel so much upset about it—The door closed on his voice as he withdrew, but the confusion of the sentence was nevertheless audible—if you knew she wouldn't have Jim, either."

And he stamped his way downstairs

to tell his wife to quit her fretting and not bother him with any more fool's errands. She was about to inquire what Bibbs said, but after a second thought she decided not to speak at all. She merely murmured a wordless assent, and verbal communication was given over between them for the rest of the afternoon.

Bibbs and his father were gone when Mrs. Sheridan woke, the next morning, and she had a dreary day. She missed Edith woefully, and she worried about what might be taking place in the Sheridan building. She felt that everything depended on how Bibbs "took hold," and upon her husband's return in the evening she seized upon the first opportunity to ask him how things had gone. He was noncommittal. What could anybody tell by the first day? He'd seen plenty go to things well enough right at the start and then blow up. Pretty near anybody could show up fair the first day or so. There was a big job ahead. This material, such as it was—Bibbs, in fact—had to be broken in to handling the work Roscoe had done; and then, as late as an overseer, he must take Jim's position in the Realty company as well. He told her to ask him again in a month.

But during the course of dinner she gathered from some disjointed remarks of his that he and Bibbs had lunched together at a small restaurant where they had been Sheridan's custom to lunch with Jim, and she took this to be an encouraging sign. Bibbs went to his room as soon as they left the table, and his husband was not communicative after reading his paper.

She became an anxious spectator of Bibbs' progress as a man of business, although it was a progress she could glimpse but dimly and only in the evening, through his remarks and his father's at dinner. Usually Bibbs was silent, except when directly addressed, but on the first evening of the third week of his new career he offered an opinion which was apparently been the subject of previous argument.

"I'd like you to understand just what I meant about those storage rooms, father," he said, as Jackson placed his coffee before him. "Abercrombie agreed with me, but you wouldn't listen to him."

"You can talk if you want to, and I'll listen," Sheridan returned, "but you can't show me that Jim ever took up with a bad thing. The roof fell on account of weather conditions. I want that building put just the way Jim planned it."

"You can't have it," said Bibbs. "You can't, because Jim planned for the building to stand up, and it won't do it. The other one—the one that didn't fall—is so shot with cracks we haven't dared use it for storage. It won't stand weight. There's only one thing to do: Get both buildings down as quickly as we can, and build over. Brick's the best and cheapest in the long run for that type."

Sheridan looked sarcastic. "Fine! What we go to do for storage rooms while we're waitin' for those few bricks to be laid?"

Reckless, Bibbs returned, promptly, "Why not? If we don't rent, anyhow—they were waiting so long for you to give the warehouse matter your attention after the roof fell. You don't know what an amount of stuff they've got piled up on us over there. We'd have to rent until we could patch up those process perils—and the Krivitch Manufacturing Company's plant is empty, right across the street. I took an option on it for us this morning."

Sheridan's expression was queer. "Look here," he said, sharply. "Did you go and do that without consulting me?"

"It didn't cost anything," said Bibbs. "It's only until tomorrow afternoon at five o'clock. You'll get other people's money before then."

"Oh, you did?" Sheridan's tone was sarcastic. "Well, just suppose you couldn't convince me."

"I can, though—and I intend to," said Bibbs, quietly. "I don't think you understand the condition of those buildings you want patched up."

"Now, see here," said Sheridan, with slow emphasis. "Suppose I had my mind set about this. Jim thought they'd stand, and suppose it was—well, kind of a matter of sentiment with me to prove he was right."

Bibbs looked at him compassionately. "I'm sorry if you have a sentiment about it, father," he said. "But whether you have or not can't make a difference. You'll get other people's money before then."

"Oh, you did?" Sheridan's tone was sarcastic. "Well, just suppose you couldn't convince me."

Sheridan was puzzled by his son's tone. "Why are you 'sorry'?" he asked, curiously.



"They've Got to Come Down Now."

he was startin' right well, don't it, papa?"

"Startin'?" Lord! He got me on the hip! Why, he knew what I wanted—there, so 't he'd have me beat before we even started to talk about it. And did you hear him? 'Can't reasonably defend sentiment! And the way he says 'Use': 'Took an option for us! 'Stuff piled up on us!'

There was always an alloy for Mrs. Sheridan. "I don't just like the way he looks, though, papa."

"Oh, there's got to be something! Only one chick left at home, so you start to frettin' about it!"

"No. He's changed. There's a kind of a sethish look to his face, and—"

"I guess that's the common sense opinion on him, then," said Sheridan. "You'll see symptoms like that in a good many business men, I expect."

"Well, and he don't have as good color as he was gettin' before. And he'd begin to fall out some, but—"

Sheridan gave forth another dry chuckle, and, going round the table to her, patted her on the shoulder with his left hand, his right being still heavily bandaged, though he no longer wore a sling. "That's the way it is with you, mamma—got to take your frettin' out one way if you don't another!"

"No. He don't look well. It ain't exactly the way he looked when he began to get sick that time, but he kind of seems to be losin' some, he say."

"Yes, he may 'a' lost something," said Sheridan. "I expect he's lost a whole lot of foolishness besides his Godforsaken notions about writtin' poetry!"

"No," his wife persisted. "I mean he looks right peaked. And yesterday, when he was settin' with us, he kept lookin' out the window. He wasn't readin'."

"Well, why shouldn't he look out the window?"

"He was lookin' over there. He never read a word all afternoon, I don't believe."

"Look here!" said Sheridan. "Bibbs' right 'a' kept goin' on over there the rest of his life, moonin' on and on, but what he had Sibyl say did one big thing, anyway. It woke him up out of his trance. Well, he had to go and bust clean out with a bang; and that stopped his goin' over there, and it stopped his poetry, but I reckon he's begun to get pretty fair pay for what he lost. I guess a good many young men have had to get over worse like his; they got to lose something if they're goin' to keep ahead of the procession nowadays—and it kind of looks to me, mamma, like Bibbs might keep quite a considerable long way ahead. Why, a year from now I'll bet you he won't know there ever was such a thing as poetry! And ain't he funny?"

He wanted to stick to the shop as he could think! What he meant was, think about something useless. Well, I guess he's keepin' his mind pretty occupied the other way these days. Yes, sir, it took a pretty fair-sized shock to get him out of his trance, but it certainly did the business. He patted his wife's shoulder again, and then, without any preface, symptoms, broke into a boisterous laugh.

not mean that a citizen is allowed to do every outrageous thing that comes into his head. The streets were without any singing! and the Motor federation issued public warnings declaring that the pedestrian's life should be in his own hands, and giving directions how to proceed with the least peril. However, Bibbs Sheridan had no desire to sing in the streets, or anywhere. He had gone to his work with an energy that, for the start, at least, was bitter, and there was no more left in him.

He began to know his active fellow citizens. Here and there among them he found a leisurely, kind soul, a relic of the old period of neighborliness, "pioneer stock," usually; and there were men—particularly among the merchants and manufacturers—"so honest they leaned backward," reputations sometimes attested by stories of heroic sacrifices to honor; nor were there lacking some instances of generosity even nobler. Here and there, too, were bookmen, in their little leather-bound, among the Germans, music men. And these, with the other, worshiped Bigness and the growth, each man serving for his own sake and for what he could get out of it, but all united in their faith in the beneficence and glory of their god.

To almost all alike that service stood as the most important thing in life, except on occasion of some such vital brief interregnum as the dangerous illness of a wife or child. In the way of "relaxation" some of the servers took golf; some took fishing; some took "shows"—a mixture of infantile and negroed humor, stockings, and tin music; some took an occasional debate; some took trips; some took cards; and some took nothing. The high priests were vigilant to watch that no "relaxation" should affect the service. When a man attended to anything outside his business, eyes were upon him; his credit was in danger—his life was in danger. And the old priests were as ardent as the young ones; the million was as eager to be bigger as the thousand; seventy was as busy as seventeen. They strove mightily against one another, and the old priests were most wary, the most plausible and the most dangerous. The handbags learned he must walk chivalry among these—he must wear a thousand eyes and beware of spiders indeed!

And outside the temple itself were the pretenders, the swarming thieves and sharpers and deceivers, the sly rascals and the open rascals; but these were feeble folk, not dangerous. Once he knew them, and he had a good guide to point them out to him. They were useful sometimes, he learned, and many of them served as go-betweens in matters where business must touch politics. He learned also how breweries and "traction" companies and banks and other institutions fought one another for the political control of the city. The newspapers, he discovered, had lost their ancient political influence, especially with the knowing, who looked upon them with a skeptical humor, believing the journals rather to be retained parasites, like lawyers, or else striving to forward the personal ambitions of their owners. The control of the city lay not with them, but was usually obtained by giving the "floating voters" gin money, and by other largesses. The revenues of the people were then distributed as fairly as possible among a great number of men who had assisted the winning side. Names and titles of offices went with many of the prizes, and most of these title holders were expected to present a busy appearance at times; and, indeed, some among them did, though just from hunger and learning to stammer a few words of the local language. Everywhere the people shouted of the power, the size, the riches and the growth of their city. Not only that, they said that the people of their city were the greatest, the proudest, the strongest, the biggest people on earth. They cited no authorities, and felt the need of none.

The plainest relation of them must have seemed! Strangest of all to him was the vehement and sincere patriotism. On every side he heard it: it was a permeation; the newest schoolchild caught it, though just from hunger and learning to stammer a few words of the local language. Everywhere the people shouted of the power, the size, the riches and the growth of their city. Not only that, they said that the people of their city were the greatest, the proudest, the strongest, the biggest people on earth. They cited no authorities, and felt the need of none.

One of the important indications pointing to a general awakening in the direction of fire protection and prevention was the recent action of the National Association of Fire Chiefs and Engineers, advocating a more extensive use of automatic sprinklers and urging the passage of ordinances requiring automatic sprinklers to be installed in buildings where conditions favor the inception and spread of fire, especially where the safety of life is menaced. The resolutions of the fire chiefs included the appointment of committees to consider the compulsory requirements for installations of automatic sprinkler systems and to investigate ways and means whereby automatic sprinkler systems may be used to best advantage by fire departments as fire defense auxiliaries. Surely the work of fire protection and prevention is growing in popular esteem.—Fire Facts.

LIFE HAZARD.

The Indiana fire marshal receives reports weekly by fire, and these reports show that during the year 50 adults and 21 children, a total of 71 persons, lost their lives. Gasoline explosions were responsible for a total of 15 deaths; kerosene explosions for 17; clothing in contact with fire, 8; lodging and dwelling house fires, 3; children playing with matches, 4; and the rest scattering. It is noteworthy that the list shows that three adults committed suicide by fire and that the specific cause of one death was unknown. This last item indicates that much more care is exercised in discovering the specific cause of fire when it causes loss of life than when it causes loss of property.—Fire Protection.

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being themselves the people thus celebrated. And if the thing was questioned, or if it was hinted that there might be one small virtue in which they were not perfect and supreme, they would at once examine themselves to see if what the critic said was true, but fell upon him and hooted him and cursed him, for they were sensitive. So Bibbs, learning their

ways and walking with them, hearkened to the voice of the people and served Bigness with them. For the voice of the people is the voice of their god.

Sheridan had made the room next to his own into an office for Bibbs, and the door between the two rooms usually stood open—the father had established that intimacy. One morning in February, when Bibbs was alone, Sheridan came in, some sheets of typewritten memoranda in his hand.

"Bibbs," he said, "I don't like to butt in very often this way, and when I do I usually wish I hadn't—but for heaven's sake what have you been buying that ole busted inter-traction stock for?"

Bibbs leaned back from his desk. "For eleven hundred and fifty-five dollars. That's all it cost me and fifty-five cents. Well, it ain't worth eleven hundred and fifty-five cents. You ought to know that. I don't get your idea. That stuff's dead—n' Adam's cat!"

"It might be worth something—some day!"

"How?"

"It mightn't be so dead—not if we went into it," said Bibbs coolly.

"Oh!" Sheridan considered this musingly; then he said, "Who'd you buy it from?"

"A broker—Fansmith."

"Well, he must 'a' got it from one of the crowd of poor ninnies that was soaked with it. Don't you know who owned it?"

"Yes, I do."

"Ain't sayin', though? That it? What's the matter?"

"What about?"

Bibbs, shortly, applying himself to his desk.

"So?" Sheridan gazed down at his son's thin face. "Excuse me," he said. "Your business." And he went back to his own room. But presently he looked in again.

"I reckon you won't mind lunchin' alone today"—he was shuffling himself into his overcoat—"because I just thought I'd go up to the house and get this over with mamma."

He glanced apologetically toward his right hand as it emerged from the sleeve of the overcoat. The handbags had been removed, finally, that morning, revealing but three fingers—the forefinger and the next to it had been amputated. "She's bound to make an awful fuss, and it better spoil her lunch than her dinner. I'll be back about two."

But he calculated the time of his arrival at the new house so accurately that Mrs. Sheridan's lunch was not disturbed, and she was rising from the lonely table when he came into the dining room. He had left his overcoat in the hall, but he kept his hands in his trousers' pockets.

"What's the matter, papa?" she asked, quickly. "Has anything gone wrong? You ain't sick?"

"Me!" He laughed loudly. "Me sick?"

"You had lunch?"

"Didn't want any today. You can give me a cup of coffee, though."

She rang, and told George to have coffee made, and when he had withdrawn she said querulously, "I just know there's something wrong."

"Nothin' in the world," he responded, lightly, taking a seat at the head of the table. "If I thought I'd take over a notion of mine with you, that's all. It's more women-folk's business than what it is man's, anyhow."

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