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January **Julianites**

By ROBERT DONNELL.

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HRISTMAS comes but once a year," wrote somebody, and everybody accepted the statement as truth. It is not true however, for Christmas comes twice a year. Those of us who reckon by the Gregorian calendar celebrate Dec. 25. Those who still adhere to the Julian calendar observe Jan. 7. Russia is the only great nation which still holds out for the Julian calendar. The Greek Catholic church sticks to the time measurement adopted by Julius Caesar forty-six years before the birth of Christ. Thus the Greeks and all the adherents of that

church, including the Russians, o

FORTY DAYS.

course, hold their Christmas on the 7th day of Jan uary. In the city of New York both Christmas days are celebrated.

The January date, as a matter of course, is observed by comparatively few persons, but it is observed rigidly, THEY FAST FOR elaborately and faithfully by those who desire to render unto Caesar

calendar. New York city has a considerable population of Greeks, Russians, Armenians, Syrians, Servians, Poles, Bulgarians, Montenegrins and Vlachs, all of whom observe the Julianic Christmas. For forty days prior to Jan. 7 they observe a fast, eating no meat neither beast, fish nor fowl. They eat fish eggs or caviare, but draw the line there. Their principal diet for the forty days' fasting is made up of olives,

that which is Caesar's even as to the

beans, caviare bread and crackers. But at 6 o'clock on the morning of Christmas day, Jan. 7, the Julianist fast is over. It is not necessary to hint that these people count the days till Christmas or that they rejoice and are exceeding glad when the anniversary arrives. These facts are obvious. Christmas means for them a glorious feast, a square meal, several square meals—in fact, a round of square meals. Our Julianist friends go to church early on their Christmas morning, but not too early. They eat breakfast first. High mass is celebrated in the

Greek Orthodox church at 8 o'clock. The forty days' fast having ended two hours before, the Julianists are loyfully full of the good things of this world before they enter the house of worship. The chief vland, so far as its symbolic character goes, is spiced loaf of rye bread covered and filled with walnuts, with a cross cut on top. This is called the christopbox of Mother's Joy and soma-"bread of the Christ." But i a bottle of Goose Grease is not to be under the mutton and fowls, fishes, saddles of mutton and Liniment. : : : : other substantials are devoured. Here and there one of the presumably faithful proves faithless and falls before Christmas, his craving for a meat diet

being too strong to resist. This weak brother is ignored by the faithful. It is in the cafes in the sections of the city where the Julianists dwel that this Christmas day is celebrated with the most visible gusto. The Greek 'young bloods" gather in the little restongants and sit long over tables heavy with edibles and light with wines



THIS WEAK BROTHER IS IGNORED BY THE

The names of some of the diners are interesting. Constantine Economopoloue is a budding florist who gathers around him his rosy young friends. Harralambos Christatos, Minicakes Kepaelacos, Pericles Doganges and Hresala Pappaniccias. And don't let us forget Nicholas Booras, editor of the Daily Thermopylae, who gets out an extra edition in honor of the day. These Greeks, many of them arrayed in gorgeous new clothing, bring their feast to an end with the cups of Turkish coffee and the Turkish cigarettes, mixed in with songs and toasts. It is highly interesting for a plain American, with a plain name like Jin iones, to sit in one of these cafes and lear the songs of the foreign gentlenen with the seven jointed surnames, beervo the satisfaction depicted in their countenances as the feast goes on and receive the impression that this is real Christmas cheer, though it be rteen days late according to our

method of counting time. Little Henry had been very naughty and was shut up in a closet until be should express proper penitence for his misdeeds. Near by sat his mother, ready to extend pardon to the small offender at the first sign of sorrow. lest a faint sigh ouight her ear. Creeping effectly to the door, she discovered the child seated on the floor in a dis-

consolate attitude. "Poor me!" he muttered, with an-"Why can't I get out? I's ne sorried all I can sorry!"-Delines-



Santa Claus on "The Limited"

By FRANK H. SWEET.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Asso

HE Chicago Limited was pulling out of the Grand Central station in New York as Dr. Henry Van Valkenberg submitted his ticket to the gateman. He dashed through, pushing that indignant official to one side, made a leap for the railing of the last car of the train, and a friendly brakeman dragged him "on board." Dr. Van Valkenberg smiled a little ruefully as he thanked the man and rubbed the aching surface of his hand. Then he pulled himself together, picked up the books and newspapers he had dropped and which the bystanders had enthusiastically hurled after him



very dignified and wholly self "WERE YOU HURT?" possessed and fully four years old. She was looking up at him with dark brown eyes and was so delicious in her almost maternal leitude that he smiled irrepressibly. "Why, no, thank you," he said.

am not hurt. Didn't you see the kind man help me on to the car?" "I'm very glad," she said, with dignity. "I was 'fraid he hurt you." She turned as she spoke and toddled into the section opposite his, where a plain but kindly faced elderly woman sat. "Won't you come over and visit me?"

he asked. "I am very lonely, and I have no one to take care of me." She slid off the seat at once, with

great alacrity. "I'd like to," she said, "but I must ask Nana. I must always ask Nana now," she added, with dutiful emphasis, "'fore I do anyfing."

She laid her hand on the gloved fingers of the nurse as she spoke, and the woman opened her eyes, shot a quick glance at the man and nodded. She had not been asleep. Dr. Van Valken-berg rose and lifted his visitor to the sent beside him, where her short legs stuck out in uncompromising rigidity. "I can take care of you." she said brightly. "I taked care of mamma a great deal, and I gave ber her med'-

"Very well," he said, with the smile romen loved; "if you really are going to take care of me I must know you name. You see," he explained, "I might need you in the night to get me a glass of water or something. Just think how disappointing it would be if I should call you by the wrong name

and some other little girl came!" "You say funny things," she said ontentedly. "But there isn't any other little girl in the car. I looked soon as came in. 'cos I wanted one to play with. I like little girls. I like little boys, too," she added, with innocent expansiveness.

"Then we'll play I'm a little boy You'd never believe it, but I used to be. You haven't told me your name," "Hope," she said promptly. "Do you think it is a nice name?" She made the inquiry with anxious interest. "I think Hope is the nicest name little girl could have except one," he "The nicest little girl I ever knew was named Katharine. She grew to be a nice big girl, too, and has little girls of her own now, no doubt," he added, balf to himself.

"Were you a little boy when she was little girl?" asked his visitor. "Oh, no; I was a big man, just as I am now. Her father was my friend and she lived in a white house with an old garden where there were all kinds of flowers. She used to play there when she was a tiny baby, and I would carry her around and hold her high up so she could pull the apples and pears off the trees. When she grew larger I gave her a horse and taught her to ride. She seemed like my very own little girl, but by and by she grew up and became a young lady, and-well, she went away from me, and I never had another little girl," "Did she go to heaven?" asked the

"Oh, dear, no?" answered the doctor with brisk cheerfulness. "Then why didn't she keep on being your little girl always?" was making the discovery that after many years old wounds can reopen and throb. No one had ever been brave enough to breach to him the sub-

tittle girl softly.

Tutt's Pills Christmas of the Three Cheers For Dear Old, Queer Old



her. So finally-one of them took her away from me.

He uttered the last words wearily, and the sensitive atom at his side seemed to understand why. Her little hand slipped into his, "O-oh! Were "Why didn't you ask her to please stay with you?" she persisted pity-

> ingly. "I did," he told her. "But, you see she liked the other man better.' "Oh-h-h!" The word came out long

"I don't see drawn and breathless. how she possibly could." There were such sorrow for the vic tim and scorn for the offender in the tone that, combined with the none too subtle compliment, it was too much for Dr. Van Valkenberg's self control He threw back his gray head and burst into an almost boyish shout of



"I can't hang them up," she answered soberly.

WOOLLY LAMBS. says. But I heard that Santa Claus was going to get on the train tonight at a pair of small black stockings hanging m that section he'd fill them."

Her eves sparkled. "Then I'll ask Nana," she said. "And if she says I may hang them I will. But one," she added conscientiously, "has a teeny, weeny hole in the toe. Do you think he would mind that?" He reassured her on this point and

turned to the nurse. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I've charge, and I want your help to carry to Hope that she hang up her stockings tonight. I have every reason to believe that Santa Claus will get on this train at Buffalo. In fact," he add-

ed, "I mean to telegraph him." The nurse besitated a moment. handed her one of the bits of paste-

oard it contained. "I have no evil designs," he sdded cheerfully. "If you are a New Yorker, you may possibly know who I am." The woman's face lit up as she read the name. She turned toward him impulsively, with a very pleasant smile. "Indeed I do, doctor," she said.
"Who does not? Dr. Abbey sent for you last week," she added, "for a ensultation over the last case I hadthis child's mother. But you were out of town. We were all so disappointed." "Patient died?" saked the physician,

"Yes, doctor." He rose from his sent. "Now that you have my credentinis," he said cordially, "I want you and Hope to dine with me. You will,

with professional brevity.

hanging up her stockings, going to bed and peeping tains to eatch



TIL BE YOUR OWN

trembling & most unusua

Valkenberg's rom one end to the other of the

"Well, you see," he explained, "other, fathers, mothers and doting uncles re boys liked her too. And when she be- sponded at once. Dressing cases were came a young lady other men liked unlocked, grent valises were opened, mysterious bundles were unwrapped and from all these sources came gifts of surprising fitness, A, succession of long drawn, ecstatic

breaths and happy gurgles awoke the passengers on the car Florodora at an unseemly hour Christmas morning, and a small white figure, clad informally n a single garment, danced up and down the aislé, dragging carts and woolly lambs behind it. Occasionally there was the squeak of a talking doll, and always there were the patter of small feet and soft cooing of a child's laughter. Dawn was just approaching, and the lamps, still burning, flared pale in the gray light. But in the length of that car there was no soul so base as to long for silence and the pillow. Crabbed old faces looked out between the curtains and smiled. Eyes long unused to tears felt a sudden,

strange moisture. Throughout the day the snow still fell, and the outside world seemed far away and dreamlike to Dr. Van Valkenberg. The real things were this train, cutting its way through the snow, and this little child, growing deeper into his heart with each mounique, but easy enough to understand, he told himself. He had merely gone "Santa Claus back twenty-five years to that other doesn't travel on child whom he had petted in infancy trains, Nana and loved and lost in womanhood. He had be a very lonely-how lonely he "Nana is al. had only scently begun to realize-and ways right," said the doctor oracularly. "and of DRAGGING CARTS AND COURSE you must the nurse, leaving Hope singing her

do exactly as she doll to sleep in his section. "Will you tell me all you know about the child?" be asked, "She ap-Buffalo, and I believe that if he found peals to me very strongly, probably because she's so much like some one I nsed to-know."

The nurse closed her book and looked at him curiously. She had heard much of him, but nothing would explain this interest in a strange child. He himself could not have explained it. He knew only that he felt it pow erfully and compellingly.

"Her name is Hope Armitage," she said. "Her mother, who has just died, taken a great fancy to your little was a widow, Mrs. Katharine Armitage. They were poor, and Mrs. Arout a plan of mine. I have suggested mitage seemed to have no relatives. She had saved a little, enough to pay most of her expenses at the hospital. We all loved the woman. She was very unusual and patient and charming. All the nurses who had anydrew his cardense from his pocket and died. We felt that she might have been saved if she had come in time, but she was worked out. She had earned her living by sewing after her husband's death three years ago, and she kept at it day and night. She was so sweet, so brave, yet so desperately miserable over leaving her little girl alone in the world."

Dr. Van Valkenberg sat silent. It was true, then. This was Katharine's child. He had not known of the death of Armitage nor of the subsequent poverty of his widow, but he had known Katharine's baby, he now told himself, the moment he saw her.

"Well," the nurse resumed, "after she died we raised a small fund to buy some clothes for Hope and take her to Chicago to her new home. Mrs. Armitage has a cousin there who has agreed to take her in. None of the relatives came to the funeral. There go people haven't much money, I

Dr. Van Valkenberg was hardly sur prised. Life was full of extraordinary ought him face to face with many of them. Nevertheless a deep solem-nity filled him, and a strange peace ettled over him.

"I want her," he said briefly. mother and father were old friends of mine, and this thing looks like fate. Will they give her to me-these Chirago people—do you think?" Tears filled the woman's eyes. "Indeed they will," she said, "an giadly. There was"—she hesitated

ere was even some talk of sending

her to an institution before they final decided to take her. Dear little Hope How happy she will be with you?"
He left her and went back to the seat where Hope sat crooning to the doll. Sitting down, he gathered them "Hunited" that a little girl in section 0. curis re ing against his breast. Her child-be: little, helpless baby—now his child to love and care for! He

Santa Claus



vas not a religious man. Nevertheles a prayer rose spontaneously in his heart.

"Hope," he said gently, "once long ago I asked a little girl to come and live with me, and she would not come. Now I want to ask you to come and stay with me always and be my own little girl and let me take care of you

and make you happy. Will you come?" The radiance of June sunshine broke out upon her face and shone in the brown eyes upturned to his. How wel he knew that look! Hope did not turn toward Nana, and that significant omis sion touched him deeply. She seemed to feel that here was a question she alone must decide. She drew a long breath as she looked up at him.

"Really, truly?" she asked. Then, as he nodded without speaking, she saw something in his face that was new to her. It was nothing to fright en a little girl, for it was very sweet and tender, but for one second she thought her new friend was going to She put both arms around his cry. necl: and replied softly, with the exquisite maternal cadences her voice had taken on in her first words to him when she entered the car:

"I'll be your own little girl, and I'll take care of you too. You know, you said I could."

Dr. Van Valkenberg turned to the nurse.

"I shall go with you to her cousin's from the train," he announced. "I'm ready to give them all the proofs they need that I'm a suitable guardian for the child, but," he added, with a touch of the boyishness that had never left him, "I want this matter settled now." The long train pounded its way into the station at Chicago, and Dr. Van Valkenberg summoned a porter.

"Take care of these things," he said, indicating both sets of possessions with a sweep of his "I shall have my hands full with my little daughter.' He gathered ber into his arms as be spoke, and she nestled against his broad ches with a child's unconscious satinfaction in the

strength and firmness of SHE NESTLED AGAINST HIS BROAD CHEST. "Merry Christ-

mas!" sounded on every side. Everybody was absorbed and excited, yet there were few who did not find time to turn a last look on a singularly attractive little child held above the crowd in the arms of a tall man. She was laughing triumphantly as he bore her through the throng, and his heart was in his eyes as he smiled back at her.

Cuffs Soiled or Frayed.

From an aesthetic point of view the cuff seems to be an indispensable part of the clothing of the seatly and cleandressed individual. This assumes, of course, that the cuff is clean and spotless. Bacteriological refinements are often dismissed by many people as tions of life, but the exhibition of a dirty or even frayed cuff is commonly held to be the mark of slovenliness and dirt or as an indication that the individual has lost all regard for his cleanly appearance and condition. There can be no doubt at all that when the euff picks up, as it is prone to do, dirt from the counter, desk or table it picks up also a multitude of micro organisms.-London Lancet.

Fooling His Wife. "I would advise you," he said to the friend he was taking home to dinner, ne of my wife's brandled "to try so: aches. Of course I know you don't care for them ordinarily, but these are worth trying. "Extra good, are they?"
"Well, I bought the brandy myself

and dumped an extra bottle of it in when she wasn't looking."-Kansas City Independent. "Your bushand does not beat you

ow as he need to do eb?" "No, str." "I am delighted to hear it. After all, ros see, his Leart is in the right place. "Oh, yes, sir-and the rest of his body too! He is in prison!"-London

A man was "tried" at the Old Balley On the first witness being called the prisoner neked, "My lord, is this man oing to give evidence against me?"

"Then I plend guilty-not that I am guilty, but I wish to save him from mitting perjury."-London Man. Medicine That is Medi

"I have suffered a good deal wifb malaria and stomech complains, but I have now found a remedy that keeps me well, and that remedy is Electric Bitters; a medicine that is medicine for stomsch and liver troubles, and for run down con says W. C. Kiestler, of Halliday, Ark. Electric Bitters purify and through him as he looked at the reliew enrich the blood, tone up the nerve.

When Santa Came to Cactus Gulch

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.] TITHEN Santy come to Cactus we wuz not expectin' him, Our almanac connections

bein' broken off complete In fact, with us the trail o' time had got so mortal dim

We only knowed 'twuz winter by th absence o' the heat.

Says I to Pinky Perkins, with a squint at Desert Dan-Bays I: "We'd orter hustle for a lit

tle extry feed. It's 'long about Thanksgivin'." "W'y, says Pinky P .- "w'y, man, I'll bet it's nearer New Year's, fo the old one's gone to seed."

We argied it an' argicd it till Deser Dan put up His canvas bag o' nuggets an' a pin o' yaller dust

He's spent the year collectin' in his pewter drinkin' cup. "It's Christmas he says: "I'll bet you, win or bust."

still maintained Thanksgivin' wuz about the proper date, As judgin' by my appetite, an' Pinky still

declared

That New Year's

wuz the blowout that wur next upon the "THERE WUZ TEAR slate. But Desert waved his nugget bag

an' dared an' dared an' dared. "See here," says Desert, "I can feel the season in my bones; | Sense a sort o' hankerin'

of old long sign, When I wuz back in Jersey an' my name wuz Daniel Jonest I'm lonesome as the soldier wux a Bingen-on-the-Rhine."

Then Desert up an' tells us what he's never said before-As how he had a cottage an' a man an' a kid; But, some misunderstandin' havin' made his sperrit sore,

Nigh on to twenty years ago he sim-

ply up and slid. looked at Pinky Perkins then, an' Pinky looked at me, But both of us wuz silent,

looked at Desert Dan, But he wuz sizzlin' bacon for a supper An', shore as I'm a sinner, there wuz

teardrops in the pan! That night we set an' hugged the stove, while all around the shack desert blizzard whistled an' the snow wuz whirlin' thick. It shore wuz Christmas weather, but

there shorely wuz a lack

The door bust open suddent-like, an stranger, dog my cat! If there sin't Santy Claus hisself, in

Of anything suggestin' o' our ancient



"IF THERE AIN'T SANTY CLAUS HISSELF." With snow a-clingin' funny to his or-

As swell a Santy makeup, sir, as anywhere you'll meet. But when he turned his bearskin dow his whiskers fell away (It wurn't anything but snow

ed on the fur), back of him an angel stood-ye angel's what I say-An' Desert Dan got wobbly when up an' looked at her.

At which old Desert gives a but struggles to his feet. Then me an' Pinky we var

Young Santy says, "Is Mr. Jones

honor of the three For if they wuzn't Joneses douse my glim complete! That's all the story, stranger, but

When Santy come to Cactus mother, which he did, clean upset the notions we ways previous had, For daddy got the Christmas gift

and Santy wuz the kidl

some inclined to add

Preventice, the new Candy Cold Cure Tablets, are said by druggists to have four special specific advantages over all other remedies for a cold. First—They contain no Quinins, nothing harsh or sickening. Second—They give almost instant relief. Third—Pleasant to the taste, the contains of the contains like candy. Fourth-A large box-48 Preventice—at 25 cents. Also fine for feverish children. Sold by Gra-

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THE GLEANER, Graham, N. C.

Weak Hearts

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