

Tutt's Pills

will save the dyspeptic from many days of misery, and enable him to eat whatever he wishes. They prevent SICK HEADACHE, cause the food to assimilate and nourish the body, give keen appetite, DEVELOP FLESH and cold muscle. Elegantly sugar coated. Take No Substitute.

FOR Indigestion AND Dyspepsia USE Kodol

When your stomach cannot properly digest food, of itself, it needs a little assistance—and this assistance is readily supplied by Kodol. Kodol assists the stomach, by temporarily digesting all of the food in the stomach, so that the stomach may rest and recuperate.

Our Guarantee. Get a dollar bottle of Kodol. If you are not benefited—the drug will be returned to you. Don't hesitate any drugist will sell you Kodol on these terms. The dollar bottle contains 25 times as much as the 50c bottle. Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Graham Drug Co.

ARE YOU UP TO DATE?

If you are not the NEWS AN OBEYER. Subscribe for it at once and it will keep you abreast of the times.

Full Associated Press dispatches. All the news—foreign, domestic, national, state and local all the time.

Daily News and Observer \$7 per year, 3.50 for 6 mos.

Weekly North Carolinian \$1 per year, 50c for 6 mos.

NEWS & OBSERVER PUB. CO., RALEIGH, N. C.

The North Carolinian and THE ALAMANCE GLEANER will be sent for one year for Two Dollars. Cash in advance. Apply at THE GLEANER office. Graham, N. C.

PATENTS

Send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, how to secure TRADE-MARKS, send name and address to

CASNOW & COMPANY

WASHINGTON

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

LIVES OF CHRISTIAN MINISTERS

This book, entitled as above, contains over 200 memoirs of Ministers in the Christian Church with historical references. An interesting volume—nicely printed and bound. Price per copy: cloth, \$2.00; gilt top, \$3.50. By mail 20c extra. Orders may be sent to

P. J. KERNODLE, 1012 E. Marshall St., Richmond, Va. Orders may be left at this office.

Why send off for your Job Printing? We can save you money on all Stationery, Wedding Invitations, Business Cards, Posters, etc., etc.

The Parson's Duplicity

Cause of the Backsliding of Timothy Simms
By CLARISSA MACKIE
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

"Timothy has joined the church, has he not?" asked Mrs. Peters, looking over her spectacles at the strong young figure awaiting down the path and out of the gate.

"Yes," returned Susan complacently, pushing the dark curls back from her forehead and pursing her red lips delicately. "I told him I believed he was called to join the church the same as the rest of us and feel assured of saving grace." She ended somewhat vaguely. The minister had said that to her the day before, with his slim white fingers pressed tip to tip, and she repeated it with a certain sense of importance.

"I want to know," murmured her mother uncertainly. When Susan quoted



"I GUESS I MAY AS WELL BE GOING ALONG."

ed the minister Mrs. Peters took refuge in silence, for the weighty reasoning of the young clergyman confused the old woman.

"Timothy don't seem particularly happy over it," returned Susan doubtfully. "I told him I felt as though I wanted to sing songs of praise when I joined the church—and was sure of being saved, but Timothy—she shook her pretty head sorrowfully.

"What is the matter with him? Simms all over, I expect?" remarked Mrs. Peters tartly. She was on firm conversational ground now. "Has he asked you yet?" she asked, with a keen look at Susan.

Susan blushed warmly. "Oh, mother, I wish you wouldn't ask—like that!" Mrs. Peters tossed her head indignantly. "If I can't ask my own daughter a simple question I guess I better leave it to the minister and apply a handkerchief to her thin red nose.

"Oh, don't cry, mother," said Susan tenderly, smoothing her mother's gray hair. "I was cross and touchy, I guess—no, he hasn't asked me yet," she continued with shamed reluctance in her tones, "but he did ask me if I would sell and he thought of buying it."

"I see," said Mrs. Peters, nodding her head wisely. "And what did you say, Susan?"

"I said I liked it first rate," returned Susan shyly.

"That's right. The Biggs place is the nicest place in the village except Dr. Halliday's."

"I wish Timothy didn't feel so blue about getting religious," said Susan, relapsing into moodiness. "He said Mr. Niles wanted him to give up smoking and drinking cider, and he wouldn't hear of Timothy's playing dominoes any more, and he did take a lot of comfort doing that. There are some things in his doing that can't be any harm in his doing that."

"Just the same, if he's joined the church he's got to live up to his professions. I know your pa hated to join because he belonged to the checker club, and he didn't want to give it up, but the minister—old Mr. Leonard it was then—said if he could get along without playing games and such he guessed that he could, but pa wouldn't join, and he was taken with his last sickness, and I guess if any man went straight to heaven your pa did." Mrs. Peters wiped her eyes, and Susan's pretty eyes grew tearful also.

"I'm afraid I made a mistake in urging Timothy to join," she said at last, "and how it comes out," said her mother. "Now you better set about hemming those dish towels before it grows any later."

"Susan," said Timothy Simms the next evening as he sat beside Susan in the pleasant old fashioned parlor of the Peters home, "I've got something to say to you, and I'm wondering how you'll take it. His good looking face was downcast, and all the bright spirit and liveliness that were characteristic of Timothy Simms had fled. His blue eyes were dull, and there was a sullen look about his handsome mouth.

Susan blushed and looked down at her little brown hands folded so demurely in her lap. "Yes, Timothy," she said timidly.

"It's this," went on the young man resentfully. "You know I've been trying to get a chance to ask you for a long time, but—"

"I'm afraid I made a mistake in urging Timothy to join," she said at last, "and how it comes out," said her mother. "Now you better set about hemming those dish towels before it grows any later."

joined the church; and said I'd try to be a Christian; I've always done the best I could by everybody, just as my mother taught me, and now comes the minister and says stop smoking, so I stopped. Then I had to give up playing dominoes and checkers down to the store and—"

"I should think you'd be willing to give up those little things," said Susan with some spirit.

"So I was, but it hasn't stopped there," returned Timothy angrily.

"What do you mean?"

"Mr. Niles came up to see me last night, and he—here Timothy arose and paced the floor excitedly—"he advised me not to marry?"

"Not to marry?" repeated Susan in consternation.

"Not to marry. He said it was better for a man to wait until he was thirty or forty years old, and—"

"You are twenty-five," interrupted Susan falteringly.

"And I am twenty-five. He said a man didn't really know his mind until he reached thirty-five and then he was competent to pick out a wife whose disposition would suit him." Timothy choked wrathfully.

"What did you say, Timothy?" asked Susan, with a dazed look in her eyes.

"I haven't given him my answer yet. He's trying to get a lot of us young men together and get us to promise we will wait until we reach years of discretion before we marry. Then he says there won't be so many unhappy marriages. He's going to call it the 'Band of Thinkers.'"

"I suppose," ventured Susan wistfully, "that your taste will change after ten or fifteen years and you'll marry some one who's real sensible."

"I don't know anything about that," returned Timothy fretfully, "and I don't care. What I'm doubtful about is this: If I belong to the church ought I to do just as the minister says or else leave? You ought to know, Susan. What shall I do?" He looked appealingly at her.

"I don't know what to say," cried Susan tearfully. "I didn't know anything about the Band of Thinkers or—no—nothing!"

"You see how I'm fixed, Susie," said Timothy despairingly; "there's things I want to say to you and I can't because I've done nothing about it, and I don't know what to do. What do you mean by this extraordinary behavior?"

Timothy made no reply. He merely tightened his grasp and hustled Mr. Niles along until he reached the Peters' home. Through the gate and into the house and finally into the brilliant lighted parlor, where stood Mrs. Peters, her sister Eliza and Susie—Susan, dressed in white and looking very rosy and timid and happy.

They all started as the minister made his hurried entrance through the door, but none had seen the heavy hand that had forced him through. He shook himself angrily and turned toward Timothy, his face white with wrath.

"Parson," drawled Timothy, with a hard gleam in his blue eyes, "we got a little job for you—Susie and me—so if you'll get around to it now we'll be much obliged." He took his place

beside Susie, and the other women gathered solemnly about the little group.

Slowly, reluctantly, the minister drew a prayer book from his pocket, then, with agitated mien and a voice trembling with suppressed feeling, he united the young couple in marriage. Then, with a few curt words of congratulation, he took his departure.

"Susie," said Timothy a little later as he caressed his young wife, "I don't know what you'd say if you knew what a backslider I am. I've backslid tonight, but I couldn't help it."

"I don't care, Timothy," whispered Susan happily. "I don't care what you have done as long as you didn't join that band."

His Defense.

It was shortly after midnight, and the colonel had caught Rastus red handed.

"Well, Rastus, you old rascal, you," said he. "I've caught you at last. What are you doing in my henhouse?"

"Why, Marse Bill," said the old man, "I-I done heard such a cacklin' in dis yere coop dat I-I thought maybe do be de hen, and I went in to see 'em. I wanted ter git it for your breakfast while it was fresh, sub."—Harper's Weekly.

Agincourt.

Agincourt, French Henry V. made his triumphal entry into London, in our English way of spelling Agincourt, just as Blenheim is a similar corruption of Blenheim. In about two and a half hours Henry's little army slew 10,000 Frenchmen, nearly twice as many as England lost outright in battle during the Boer war, lasting over two and a half years, and yet we talk complacently of our "modern arms of precision." A monument at Agincourt marks the cemetery of the slain. Few battlefields have changed their appearance so little. The field may be reached within a railway hour from Boulogne, but few tourists are to the scene of England's most wonderful feat of arms.—London Chronicle.

Earnings of Writers.

There are at least fifty writers in England who are making \$1,000 a year each by their books. In this number it is possible that there are a dozen who make incomes of \$2,000 to \$5,000 a year. Marion Crawford is said to have received \$2,000 down for each of three novels, and he often turned out three a year. Sir Walter Scott made \$200,000 during his writing career. Alphonse Daudet received \$40,000 for a single novel. Lew Wallace got a royalty on "Ben-Hur" and "The Prince of India" almost \$300,000. For any of his stories Rudyard Kipling is reported to charge 2 shillings a word. "Les Miserables" brought Victor Hugo close on \$1,000,000.—T. P. The Nation Magazine.

Less Time.

Q.—In what month do ladies talk the least?

A.—In February.

MOUJIK WEDDING FEAST.

Russian Peasants Celebrate Nuptials With Riteous-Joy.

When the day's work is done the Russian moujik's recreations are of the simplest. Perhaps he dances or plays the concertina or sings some melancholy air. But when a wedding has to be celebrated and the priest has duly united the couple the peasants give themselves up to the enjoyment of the occasion. The writer well remembers peeping into the brightly lit rooms of a tiny two roomed log cabin where such a revel was in progress. The evening was a hot one. In one room, so small that only four couples could with difficulty wheel about, dancing was in progress. The perspiring couples had made up their minds to enjoy themselves. There was a kind of determined-to-see-it-through look on their faces, and evidently they had great staying powers. In the same room, closely packed and lining the walls, were onlookers waiting till a couple should drop out to take their place in the dance.

The second room was laid out with refreshments. A side table groined with all kinds of dishes led to the peasant palate. One knife, one table napkin and one fork did service for the party, but some scorned even these aids and picked up here a sardine, there a hunch of melon or tore at a hard sausage. One thought of the cave dwellers and wondered what refinements they possessed when they ate. Vodka was being served out by the father of the bridegroom, and it was having its effect.

One tall man was pointed out as the station master of a tiny wayside station near by. He was conspicuous as being better groomed and less savage in appearance than his fellows, and one heard afterward that the seductive charms of a wedding feast made him forget on that evening his duty as signalman. A freight train waits two hours before a signal is danger, and then the signalman is suffering his vodka and dancing at the wedding—the train proceeds. The driver reports at the next town. Result—two months afterward the station master for neglect of duty in his capacity of signalman is degraded to a charge at a smaller station. Surely such things happen in few other countries than Russia—Russia, the land of a great future, but whose inhabitants in the main are only awakening out of sleep.—Chambers' Journal.

Misplaced Conductor.

While rehearsing Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto for one of his London recitals the great pianist Rubinstein was at constant loggerheads with the conductor of the orchestra—a very good fellow, but far from a faultless wielder of the baton. Several times the concerto had been tried over, but always was there something wrong. At last, after attempting the finale for something like the eighth time, Rubinstein suddenly stopped and cried out to the vast amusement of the orchestra and the confusion of the conductor: "Great heavens, Mr. Blank, you ought to be conducting an omnibus!—You are always behind!"

The French Father.

The father in France is the recognized head of the family. In him is vested the clan tradition of authority. The law is his right arm, as custom has also handed to him the scepter of rulership. In many cases French law is tyrannical. How stringent, how oftentimes rigorously unjust, are the workings of marriage laws in France! A French son or daughter, though grown to the mature age of five and twenty, forfeits all rights to the continuance of maintenance by marrying without the parents' consent.—Anna Bowman Dodd in Century.

Runs on the Bank of England.

Even the Bank of England has not been entirely free from runs on the necessity of saving itself by strategy. In 1745, for instance, it was forced to employ agents to present notes, which were paid as slowly as possible in sixpences, the cash being immediately brought in by another door and paid in again, while anxious holders of notes faintly tried to secure attention. In 1825, too, only the accidental discovery of 700,000 one pound notes saved the bank from stopping payment.—London Standard.

Her Comeback.

A young man who had not been married long remarked at the dinner table the other day:

"My dear, I wish you could make bread such as mother used to make."

The bride smiled and answered in a voice that did not tremble:

"Well, dear, I wish you could make the dough that father used to make."

A merchant died, leaving to his only son the conduct of his extensive business, and great doubt was expressed in some quarters whether the young man possessed the ability to carry out the father's policies.

"Well," said one kindly disposed friend, "for my part I think Henry is very bright and capable. I'm sure he will succeed."

"Perhaps you're right," said another friend. "Henry is undoubtedly a clever fellow; but, take if from me, old man, he hasn't got the head to fill his father's shoes."

FIGHT YOUR TROUBLES.

Show Your Manhood When Tempted to Play the Coward.

We all have days of discouragement and moments when we would be glad to run away from our troubles and responsibilities, says Orion Sweet Marden in Success Magazine. In these times of depression and discouragement, when we feel that we amount to but little and doubt whether, after all, life is worth while, there is always danger of playing the coward, of doing something that we shall be ashamed of later. It is better never to take an important step or make a radical change when discouraged.

When everything seems dark ahead and you cannot see another step then say to yourself, "I guess it is up to me now to play the part of a man," grit your teeth and push on, knowing that the gloomy condition will pass; that no matter how black or threatening the clouds there is a sun behind them which will ultimately burst through. You will be surprised to find what power and courage are developed by this holding on as best you can.

After becoming better acquainted with the mighty reserve which is in you you will learn that you can depend upon it; that it will come to your rescue in your hour of need.

I have known young men to play the coward to such an extent as to cancel engagements to speak on important occasions just because they were filled with terror at the very thought of appearing before an audience. Their timidity, their fear of not acquitting themselves properly, made such cowards of them that they invented all sorts of excuses for shirking the responsibility.

Many people are frightened out of taking responsibilities which they know perfectly well they would be capable of fulfilling and which would be of untold benefit to them if carried out. They haven't the courage to measure up to their opportunities.

Now, when tempted to play the coward get by yourself and give yourself a good talking. Think how cowardly it would be to run away from your responsibility or opportunity. Just say to yourself that you are made of better stuff; that you are going to do the thing that you agreed to do, no matter how hard or disagreeable it may be.

Working Backward.

A Japanese house is built quite differently from an English one. The roof, which with us is the last important part of the outward structure to be completed, is with the Japanese the first thing to be finished. All the tools used by the carpenters and joiners have a reversed action. The Japanese carpenter does not push a plane away from him, but pulls it toward him. The gimlets are threaded in the opposite way to ours, the saws are made so as to cut on the upward pull and not on the downward thrust, screws have their threads reversed, and keyholes are always turned upside down and the keys turned backward. In the house if the clock is an old one it will have stationary hands, with the face revolving backward and the hours marked 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, and so on, reckoning onward from noon.—London Standard.

Detecting Plated Coin.

"For plated coin a drop of acid squirted on the edge where the plating wears most will chew up the base metal in a hurry," said a jeweler.

"What acid do you use?"

"For gold coin a mixture of strong nitric acid, six and one-half drams; muriatic acid, fifteen drops, and water, five drams, is used; for silver, twenty-four grains of nitrate of silver and thirty drops of nitric acid, with one ounce of water. One drop is sufficient. If the coin is heavily plated we scrape it a little before putting on the acid."

The Size of the Sea.

This term has reference not to the area of the oceans only, but to their total cubic content, which is reckoned at thirty times the cubic content of all the land lying above sea level. In other words, if all the land of the globe were scraped off down to the level of the sea and thrown into the ocean it would fill only one-thirtieth part of the enormous abyss which is occupied by the waters. According to Lyell, the mean height of the land above sea level is 1,000 feet, whereas the mean depth of the ocean is 12,000 feet. There are mountain peaks which rise as high above sea level as the depressions of the ocean sink below it, but the average height of the land is slight compared with the average depth of the sea.—Harper's Weekly.

Ineffective Idols.

There have been a scarcity of rain in Amoy, China, great idol processions were formed in order to bring about the desired downfall. The mandarins suggestively took the idols out in their chairs to feel the heat of the sun and to see the burned up condition of the fields. At a village near Chinchow the villagers took out a large idol and after carrying it around the village left it outside the temple all night, with the result that before morning it had been destroyed by a tiger. But the faith of the worshippers was unshaken by the occurrence. They merely set about collecting money for a new idol.

Knew Him.

He was looking for a rich wife and thought he was on the trail. "I love you," he said in soft, warm tones, "more than I can tell in words."

"You'd better try figures," she replied coldly, for she was not so green as she looked.

U. L. Peeden was struck and instantly killed Sunday evening a week by a freight train at Greensboro. He was 49 years old.

WEIRD STAGE EFFECTS.

How Belasco Got Results in the River of Souls Scene.

"The Darling of the Gods" was a marvel in stage production, yet as a pictorial producer, and the greatest, Belasco never came nearer to defeat than when he attempted to stage "The River of Souls" scene in this piece. And yet in its final accomplishment this scene was the most artistic thing he ever achieved. In his own mind the scene was child's play, it seemed so simple, but when it came to the stress and practical details of the last dress rehearsals in Washington, which had become the producing place of the Belasco dramas after the success of "Zaza," he realized for the first time the almost insurmountable difficulties of trying to stage a day dream. This is the scene in which the Princess Yo San, after serving her thousand years in the Japanese purgatory, goes to her tryst with her lover, Prince Kara, and cries while groping through the waters of the Japanese Styx, with the bells blazing in the background, "Which is the way to heaven?"

Thousands of dollars had been spent in devising harness and swinging effects for the supernumeraries who were to represent the hundreds of lost souls, but when it came to rehearsing the scene the effect was so conventional that Belasco threw up his hands in disgust. "Go on with the final scene!" he shouted. "We will have to cut this out until we get to New York. It's rotten!"

Just at that moment a carpenter in search of a hammer happened to step across the stage between two of the gauzes with which the stags were entirely hung. The lights from the rear of the stage suddenly threw shadows of the most ghastly effect, which seemed to multiply the man tenfold. There seemed to be ten carpenters instead of one.

"Walk across the stage again," called out Belasco, and then, as he realized what it meant, he exclaimed: "Heavens! Here I've spent \$6,000 trying to get an effect which ought not to have cost me 6 cents!"

The girls were taken out of their harness, and after a few instructions Belasco's day dream became a living nightmare. This scene—"The River of Souls"—was the spookiest ever given. It was the most artistic scenic achievement the stage has ever known.—Strand Magazine.

A Woman's Surprise.

A Philadelphia woman went to New York a few days ago and stopped on a busy street corner to stop the way to Brooklyn.

"How do I get to Brooklyn?" she asked of the policeman at the curb.

The man told her, giving her some intricate directions that were rather staggering and delivering his information in a broad Irish brogue.

"That's not the way we want when I was here last month," she said.

"Well, if you know better than I do go ahead," the policeman replied humbly. "I've lived all my life in New York. I ought to know."

The woman from Philadelphia looked up sweetly into the policeman's face and smiled.

"Have you, really?" she murmured. "Do you know I had an idea that New York policemen had lived all their lives in Squeedunk."—Philadelphia Times.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder Disease relieved in six hours by the "NEW GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." It is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidneys and back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is the remedy. Sold by Graham Drug Co.

Governor Clifton has commissioned Clairton M. Carr, of Durham, son of Gen. J. S. Carr, a member of his personal military staff with the rank of colonel.

Ambitious young men and ladies should learn telegraphy, for, since the new 8-hour law became effective there is a shortage of many thousand telegraphers. Positions pay from \$50 to \$70 a month to beginners. The Telegraph Institute of Columbia, S. C., and five other cities is operated under supervision of R. R. Officials and all students are placed when qualified. Write them for particulars.

CASTORIA. The Kidney and Bladder Cure. Bears the Signature of

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

J. S. COOK,
Attorney-at-Law,
GRAHAM, N. C.
Office Patterson Building
Second Floor.

FORBES & BRYNUM, W. P. BRYNUM, JR.
Attorneys and Counselors at Law
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Practice regularly in the courts of Alamance county. Aug. 2, 1910

DAMERON & LONG
Attorneys-at-Law
R. E. W. DAMEBON, J. ADOLPH LONG
Phone 250, Phone 1003
Fidelity Building, Hot-Nicholson Bldg.
Burlington, N. C., Graham, N. C.

DR. WILL S. LONG, JR.
DENTIST
Graham, N. C., North Carolina
OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING

JACOB A. LONG, J. ELMER LONG
LONG & LONG,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law
GRAHAM, N. C.

Two Notable Fortunes.

Two big fortunes have been brought to public attention by reason of the appraisers having made report upon them to the New York courts, which otherwise would not have been thought of by the public, nor had attention from anybody but those who were remembered in the distributions, or thought they should be. They were the accumulations of Stewart Kennedy, a New York banker, who died in December, 1910, and Henry O. Havemeyer, who died in December, 1907. The people of the country generally knew that Havemeyer had left a fortune, because they knew him as a sugar man, though he had far less interest in the concern known as the Sugar Trust than was supposed; but nothing at all was known of Kennedy's fortune by those outside N. Y. business circles, though it was \$65,000,000, while Havemeyer's belongings totaled but \$15,000,000. These are tremendous amounts to be accumulated by individuals in the short span of human life, but the notable feature about them both at this particular time is that their possession was known to so few people and commented on by none at all. Within the memory of the men and women of middle age the possession of even the smaller of these two great accumulations would have been considered a veritable Croesus a man of national reputation, solely because of his fortune; within 20 years the holder of the larger would have been one of the best known of American's his name a synonym for riches incalculable. Long before Jay Gould had acquired a fortune as large as that left by Mr. Kennedy to call a man a "Jay Gould" was to denominate him the possessor of wealth beyond computation. Today two fortunes of \$65,000,000 and \$15,000,000, respectively, are notable only because they can exist without attracting attention, the figures denoting possessions entitling men to the name "rich" having advanced far beyond those in which the larger of them is told.

There have been a scarcity of rain in Amoy, China, great idol processions were formed in order to bring about the desired downfall. The mandarins suggestively took the idols out in their chairs to feel the heat of the sun and to see the burned up condition of the fields. At a village near Chinchow the villagers took out a large idol and after carrying it around the village left it outside the temple all night, with the result that before morning it had been destroyed by a tiger. But the faith of the worshippers was unshaken by the occurrence. They merely set about collecting money for a new idol.

Knew Him.

He was looking for a rich wife and thought he was on the trail. "I love you," he said in soft, warm tones, "more than I can tell in words."

"You'd better try figures," she replied coldly, for she was not so green as she looked.

U. L. Peeden was struck and instantly killed Sunday evening a week by a freight train at Greensboro. He was 49 years old.