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CHAPTER XVI.

THE EVE OF BATTLE. N the following morning Blound found a telegram on his desk. It bore the vice president's name, and the date line was



IT DIRECTED HIM TO GO TO A REMOT PORTION OF THE STATE.

amine the papers in a right of way case which was coming up for trial at the next term of court.

This was in Kittredge's department, and Blount called up the superin-tendent on the phone. Kittredge was in his office, and he evidently knew about the vice president's telegram; also he seemed very anxious to have the division counsel go to Lewiston at once, so anxious that he offered his own service car to be run as a special

Blount saw no way to evade a posimore than suspicious that Gantry or Kittredge or possibly both of them were conspiring to get him away from the capital at the critical me What did not occur to him at the time was the fact that Mr. McVickar's telegram might have originated in Kit-

tredge's office. Asking the superintendent to have the service car made ready immediately, he packed his hand bag, left a note for Patricia and began the useless

journey.
In all his traveling up and down the state he had never found anything to equal the slowness of the special train. Four mortal hours were lost on the lonely siding. There was no station, and Blount could not tele-graph. So far as he knew, the seryice car might stay there for a day or week. It was all to no purpose that he quarreled with his conductor. The train crew had orders to wait for westbound 17, and there was nothing

to do but to keep on waiting. Late in the afternoon train 17 or Late in the afternoon train 17 or some other train came along, and the special was once more set in motion eastward, but at dinner time it was again sidetracked, eighty odd miles from its destination, and once more at a blind siding, where there was no telegraph office. The car was still standing on the siding when Blount tranding on the siding when Blound standing on the siding when Blount went to bed. But in the morning it was in motion again, jogging now on its leisurely way up the branch line.

At Lewiston, the town at the end of the branch where the right of way trouble had originated, Blount found more delay, carefully planned for, as he had now come firmly to believe. The plaintiffs in the right of way case The plainting in the right of way case were out of town, and their lawyers had gone to the capital. Blount saw that he might wait a week without accomplishing anything; hence he immediately instructed his conductor to get

After having been gone a leisurely half hour the conductor came back the service car to say that the single telegraph wire connecting Lewiston with the outer world was down and that the orders for the return jour-ney could not be obtained until the

There was a mining company having its headquarters in the test of the test of

and Blount had met the manager ence in the capital—met him in a social way and had been able to show him some little attention. Hiring a buckboard at the one livery stable in the place, he drove out to the Little Mary mine and luckily found Blatchford, the friendly manager. It did not take over a minute to renew the pleasant acquaintance and to state his dilemma. "I'm hung up here with my special train, the wires are down, and I can't, get out," was his statement of the crude fact. "Didn't you tell me that you owned a motorcar?" "Idd," was the prompt repty. "Want

s the prompt reply. "Want

"You beat me to it," said Blount, g. "That was precisely what I

The Honorable **Senator** Sagebrush

FRANCIS LYNDE

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had driven it from here to the capital. "Oh, yes, several times. You ought to make it in six hours and a half or seven at the most. Drive me down to the burg and I'll put you in posses-

A little later Blount found himself handling the levers of a very service-able knockabout car equipped for hard work on country roads. When he was ready to go he drove down to the railroad yard and hunted up his conductor

"After you have had your vacation you may get orders from Mr. Kittredge and take his car back to the capital," he told the man. "When you do you may give him my compli-ments and tell him that I preferred to run my own special train."

The conductor grinned and made no

reply, and he was still grinning when he sauntered into the railroad telehe sauntered into the railroad tele-graph office and spoke to the operator.

"I dunno what's up," he said, "but, whatever it was, the string's broke. Old Dave Sagebrush's son has borrowed him an automobeel and gone back to town on his own hook. Guess you'd better call up the division dispatcher and tell him the broken wire gag didn't work. Get a move on. We hain't got nothing to stay here for

now."

The traffic manager had left his office for the day, but Blount found him at

the railway club.

"Just a word, Dick," he began when
he had overtaken Kittredge's accomplice in the grill room corridor. "Kittredge put up a job on me, and I think you helped him. I had to borrow an automobile to come back in from

"Confound you!" said Gantry hearti-

But that was all that he had a hance to say, since Blount had turn ed abruptly and was already leaving

ed abruptly and was already leaving the club to go on to the hotel.

Since the election was now no more than three days distant the Inter-Mountain lobby was filled with groups of caucusing politicians. Notwithstanding the position he had taken and the open eyed fearlessness with which he had discussed the political situation publicly in every considers. situation publicly in every considera-ble town in the state, Evan Blound cumstance, the reverse of straightfor

ward. Blount was halted half a dozen times before he could make his way to the elevator, and the pumping process to which he was subjected at process to which he was subjected at each fresh halting space amused him. It was plainly evident that in spite of all he had said and done a considerable majority of the politicians were still regarding him as in some sense his father's lieutenant. Somewhat to his disappointment he found that Patricia had gone out with his father and his father's wife to dimer; hence he was forced to sit at a table in the he was forced to sit at a table in the eafs with three of the caucusing politicians and was obliged to find his moderate pleasure in trying to make their very evident perplexity loss nothing of its acuteness during the table

When he reached his office on Sat-urday morning, after an early and solitary breakfast at the hotel, the young reformer scored, or thought he had scored, his first small victory. Among the envelopes on his deak wa one bearing the imprint of the traff office. It inclosed a carbon copy of the notice required by law of a pro-posed change in freight rates. Hastily comparing the figures with the memorandum in his pocketbook,

Blount felt the tension relaxing fo blount felt the tension relaxing for the first time in weeks. At the long last Gantry or his superiors had sur-rendered. The rates on lumber, elec-trical supplies and other commodities which had been given filegal preferen-tials were to be reduced to the figures given to the favored corporations. Blount passed a busy Saturday, put-ting in most of his time at his desk. Calling up the hotal in the afternoon,

Calling up the hotel in the afternoon, he found that his father had taken Patricia and Honoria for a drive in the roadster, and at dinner time the automobile party had not yet return-ed. Blount went back to his office after a hasty dinner and worked late into the night. The eve of battle had arrived, and he was striving to etineh

arrived, and he was strying to eithen the nail of argument as well as he could by writing many letters to the political friends he had made in going-up and down the state.

The Sunday proved to be a very quiet day, though the lobby of the In-ter-Mountain was still the assembling place for the gathering clans of poli-ticians. Blount went to church in the morning because Patricia insiste upon it, and his appearance in the pew as a member of the Honorable David's family would have caused fresh com-ment if there had been any churchment if there had been any church-goers among the visiting politicians.

After luncheon he borrowed the roadster and took Patricia for a drive.

The day was perfect, and the roads were in good condition. When he had put distance between them and the Sunday quiet of the city streets the Sunday quiet of the city streets he told Patricia of his experience with

"Do you think it was intended?" she asked when he had finished his story. The only baking nowder "I haven't the slightest doubt of it now. More than that, I think the telegram hearing Mr. McVickar's name was a hold forestr. But I amou ALUM NO LIME PHOSPHATE Kittredge's special train.

bringing them to time," he went on, exulting over his one small victory. "There is to be an evening up of freight rates, and one more room of the railroad house will be clean. I believe Mr. McVickar has meant to be fair all along, but the overzealous

"I am glad," she said. And in the sunshine of her approval the young man spent a very happy afternoon. At breakfast Monday morning Evan Blount again made the senator's party of three a party of four and at tabl found a puzzling surprise lying in wait

The critical day of days in the cam paign had arrived, and it was sup-posable on every hypothesis that the commander of an army would choose any other day rather than this to be absent from his post. But at the breakfast table he heard his father anaounce calmly that he was going to drive out to Wartrace, for no better stated reason than a purely routing purpose of having a talk with his ranch manager about the shipment of a trainload of beef cattle. While Blount sat in open eyed as-

conishment the day was planned for there and then. The arrangement made was one that left Patricia free to keep an engagement at the Weath erfords' while the senator drove to Wartrace in the roadster. The little ear, which Patricia had been told to the afternoon, bringing Evan with her if he cared to come.

It was Mrs. Honoris who made this arrangement, and in the midst of his astonishment Blount acknowledged a warm kindling of gratitude. If the little lady whom he was trying so con sistently to dislike had seemed to do her best to keep him and Patricia apart during the early part of the girl's visit she now appeared to be doing what she could to atone. Blount ventured one question and one only, as it was addressed to his father.

"Do you happen to remember that this is the final day before election?"

"So it is; so it is, son," was the even toned reply.
"I thought maybe you had forgotten

"I thought maybe you had forgotten it," said Evan quietly.

"I have in a measure," smiled the boss, "and if you'll take my advice you'll forget it too. The political speli-binder who hasn't said his say and done his do before sunrise this morning needn't expect that he's going to be able to dig the tree up by its roots between now and tomorrow morning. It was not until the younger man

was leaving the table, excusing him-self on the plea of business, that the senator's wife clinched the arrangement for the afternoon.
"You'll come out with Patricia, won't you?" she said, putting it fairly up to him to consent or refuse. "Of course," he stammered. "I shall

be delighted. "You don't say it quite as if you meant it," laughed the one who was to drive him out to Wartrace, "but I'll be charitable and give you the benefit of the doubt. Where can I pick you up, say, between 1 and 2 o'clock? Mrs. Weatherford's luncheon is to be really French dejeuner, and I shall be

able to get away early."
"If it wouldn't be too much trouble for you to stop by for me at the Temple court," Blount began, and when she nodded her acquiescence he went away, still wondering at his father's calm indifference on the very hour striking eve of the great battle.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ROORBACK. T was on this same Monday morn ing, day of preparations for political battles, that Mr. Richard Gantry, answering a telephone call on the long distance line, hastily ed his desk and left his office to make his way by quiet side streets to the Railway club garage. Kittredge's car was in its place over one of the pits, and the chauffeur was polishing

"Get her in commission in about three shakes of a dead lamb's tail. Haberstro," said the traffic manager briefly. "I've got to go somewhere in a hurry. Do you want an order from

The chauffeur shook his head. "No: The chauteur shook his need. "No; I guess it's all right, if you say so, Mr. Gantry" he replied. And a little later he had taken on his supply of gasoline and the motor was whirring mer-

climbed to the mechanician's seat be side him.

"Out of town to the north by the quietest streets you can find. Then take the Quaretaro county road. We are due at Cliffcrest inn just about No more than a quarter of an hour



resort hotel perched among the pines at the edge of the canyon cliff. There were no guests on the hotel verandas, and Gantry knew that the inn's season had closed two weeks earlier Yet he sprang from the car and went in as if he expected to find the place open and occupied. It was open, and in the cozy guests'

writing room at one of the tables drawn up before a cheerful wood fire sat the vice president of the Trans-continental seemingly in solitary state. But in the room beyond a battery of

telegraph instruments clicked busily. and a close observer would have re-marked that the small table before the fire was fitted with a row of electric call buttons.

Cliffcrest inn. deserted of guests had been transformed into the hidde headquarters in the field of the com mander in chief.
"Well!" said the great man, looking

up quickly when Gantry entered. "You took your time about getting here. Whose car is that?" "It is Kittredge's," said the traffic

"Better tell him to get one that will make time," was the impatient com-ment. Then: "Sit down and bring the

situation up to date, and talk fast. Time is precious today." Gantry drew up a chair and gave a hasty resume of the political situation. Everything had been done that could be done, and so far as the traffic man ager knew the railroad forces wer ready to meet the issue at the polls At one point, and only one, the defenses were weak. "It's that Gryson deal," he explained. "It has been rath-er awkwardly handled, and if Evan Blount should happen to stumble upon it any time during the day I shouldn't

getting him safely out of the way, was the rasping comment of the great "You are just common bur -you and Kittredge—both you." Gantry's gesture was of humor lespair.
"There's a limit, Mr. McVickar. We

couldn't very well garrote him and carry him off to a dungeon. We have tried every way we could to muzzle him. So far as I know he hasn't been doing anything incendiary since you were here last week, but I had to put one across on him about the equalizing of the freight rates."

"What did you do?" snapped the vice president.
"I mailed him what purported to be a carbon copy of the legal notice of a reduction. He doesn't know yet that he has the only copy—that the notice hasn't been posted in our stations, as the law directs. I'm hoping that he won't find it out until after tomorrow

erence."

Mr. McVickar frowned again. "Your expedients have all been pretty crude, Gantry. You seem to per-sistently forget that you are dealing with a mighty sharp, shrewd young lawyer; that the chances are ten to one that young Blount discovered your plous fraud at once. Go back to the city and think up some scheme that will keep him busy today, too busy to smell out the facts in the Gryson matter."

Gantry got up and stood with his back to the fire. "I'm all in, Mr. McVickar, and that's the humiliating fact. There isn't another idea left in me," he confessed

despairingly. "Can't you help us out a little, Mr. McVickar?" Being thus put face to face with the inventive test, the vice president did

do your thinking for you. Go back and get into communication with Gryson. Tell him the time has come to play the same game on young Blount that he played four years ago on Hetheredge, the speaker of the house. He'll understand."

But now Gantry was shaking his head dubiously. "I'll do what you say and do it quickly. But candidly, Mr. McVickar, I'm afraid of Gryson. If Blount should happen to go at him fust right there-might be con-

Go and do as I tell you to. Then go around to the telephone exchange and tell the manager that I want a special on this long distance wire; that you want the connection broken between the capital and David Blount's country house and that my wire is to be kept open to you and to Kittredge all day. Has Kittredge got his linemen out guarding the telegraph wires up

"Yes; all the way out from the cut-in at Grand canyon."
"All right. That's all. Now make that boy of yours burn the road get ting back."

It was only a little after 9 o'clock when this conference was held in the guest deserted mountain resort house at the head of Shonoho canyon. At 11 o'clock Blount, who was dictating to three stenographers in succes in his offices in the Temple court, had

'It's that fellow Gryson," said Collins, who had gone to answer the ante-room bell. "He says he's got to see you whether you want to see him or

"Send him in," said Blount briefly. of the mining camps entered and care-fully closed the door behind him. "Well, what is it?" queried Blount snappingly when Gryson drew up a

chair and sat down.
"I'll tell you first what it ain't," said the ward boss sullenly. "I sin't here to beg for no rakeoff. I've been given

to beg for no rakeoff. I've been given the double cross, and I'm sore."

Blount's smile was contemptuous.
"You doubtless got what was coming to you," he said coolly. "But go on and tell it out and don't waste time. This is another of my busy days."
"I want to get hold of a newspaper man," said Gryson; "that's what I want If they're oring to throw me want. If they're going to throw me down I'll squeal. It ain't too late yet. Money talks with me every time. Your boss, McVicknr, thought he had me coopered up in a barrel, but the

other side saw his bid and raised it." "What other side?" queried Blount.
"There ain't but one other side in this state when your daddy gets into the

ring and pulls off his cont," said the bribe taker, with an evil leer. "You ain't been fighting round here a coupl of months without finding that out?"

"As I was a saying, money talks, and right now, when everything is ready to pull off, Sheehan turns up and says the barrel's run dry. There ain't nothing left in it for me. By cripes, I'll show

Blount went into a reflective tranc with half closed eyes. Sheehan was the machine organizer for the capital the "pay boss," some called him. Da-vid Blount's son saw the door to a chamber of hidden facts slowly open-ing before him. For some reason Gry-son, the twice bought and sold, had been dropped, and his actuating motive now was plain revenge.

"Tell it out and tell it straight, Gry son," he resumed at the end of the

esitant pause.
"It's in the registration lists in four wards of this town. They've been cooked up two to one. I've got the lists of the crooked names right here in my pocket. Sheehan knows, 'the com mittee of six' knows, and the senator knows. But I'm the man that can swing in them extra votes, and, more than that, by grabs, I'm the only man When I told Sheehan that a little while ago he invited me to go to h-l. I'll

show him." Blount's brain was in a whirl, and his heart was pounding like that of a man who finds himself looking over the verge of a bottomless chasm.

"What is it that you want to do. Gryson?" he asked when he could control his voice sufficiently. "I want to give Sheehan and his machine crowd what's coming to 'em.

"Will you make affidavits to the fact of the false registration?" that crowd of throw-backs! "Your affidavit isn't much better than your unsupported word," said Blount coldly. "Can you get any one else to swear to the facts with you?"

of the boys in my own gang that'l do it." It was up to Blount fairly and squarely to say the word which would

"Sure I can. I can get a half dozen



"BY CRIPES, I'LL SHOW HIM!"

dal that had ever disturbed the peac ruption and bribery would center would be his father! For five long minutes he sat in grim silence, frown-ing at the miserable traitor, who was shifting uneasily in his chair under the cold glare of the hereditary Blount

eyes. But when all was over the trai-tor had gained his point.

"Go to it," said Blount sharply.

"Swear out your own affidavit and get as many more as you can to back it up. Bring the papers here to me be-tween 1 and 2 o'clock this afternoon. That's all! Now go before I am tempted to throw you out neck and heels. If somebody doesn't kill you for this piece of treachery you will be playing in big luck."

When Gryson was gone Blount put on his hat and went straight to the editorial rooms of the Daily Capital Blenkinsop, the thin faced, long haired his desk blue penciling copy like a man running a race against time. "In just a minute," he said when Blount stood beside him. And then, sticking the copy on the book, "Now

I'm with you."

Blount had marked the unusual daytime activities in the newspaper office and had instantly put two and

two together.
"You're at work pretty early for a force, aren't you, morning paper force, aren't you, Blenkinsop?" he asked.

"What is the matter?" queried

"Haven't you heard?" said the ed-"haven't you neard?" said the editor. "Somebody-heaven only knows who—has been gathering up a lot of false registration evidence involving half a dozen of the principal towns in the state. The stuff came to us by a sort of underground route, but it's re liable all right. It's a corker. There'l be 10,000 repeaters challenged in this state at the polls tomorrow, and no man living can tell what the outcome will be."

Blount saw a great light, which sud denly grew to clarifying brightness.
"Whom does the scandal involve

Blenkinsop?' he asked quietly. At this the long haired editor grey curiously embarrassed. "You're with us, Blount, that I know. But you are also your father's son. There are only one machine and one boss in the Sagebrush State." Blount nodded dumbly. Then

"When will you go to press with the first edition of the paper?" "At 3 a. m. sharp," was the reply. Blount turned to go. "I may have another half column or so for you be

pear like the originals, and it becar

convincingly evident that his office safe had not been dynamited for noth-

fore that time," he said, "but you needn't hold the forms open for me. I'll call you over the phone if I have anything to say."

Chee in the street, Blount went straight to the bank where he had rented the safety box. Five minutes in the privacy of the vault antercom, with the unlocked box before him, confirmed his suspicions. The packet which he had so carefully secured was made up of blank papers folded to ap-

The matter which would appear un-der flaring scare heads the next morn-ing would be the evidence which be himself had collected, carefully edithimself had collected, carefully edit-ed no doubt, so that it would leave out all that might incriminate any-body but the machine and the ma-

chine's boss-his father. With a muttered threat of vengeance lirected at his traitorous office force directed at his traitorous office force, Blount went slowly back to the Tem-ple court and sat down to wait for Gryson's return, giving Collins orders

to deny him to everybody else.

Once again in the history of the race it had become the duty of a son to be tray a father. Blount saw his waj lying clearly defined before him. He must take the affidavits which Gryson would bring and lay them before Judge Hemingway, the one man in the capital, if not in the entire state, who would have the courage of his convic tions and the high sense of duty to

tions and the high sense of duty to act, and act promptly.

Blount saw the dreadful consequences marshaling themselves in rendiness. His father would be implicated beyond any possibility or hope of exculpation, and the people of the state—stirred as they would be by the widespread story of fraud which he himself had gathered—would show its himself had gathered-would show lit tle mercy to the chief instigator of the

During the last half bour of waiting Blount could no longer sit still, and he was pacing the floor of the private of ly, when Gryson was ushered in.
"I've got 'em, a full dozen of 'em!"

growled the bribe taker, throwing thick packet of papers on Blount's desk. "Now, then, what do I get out

Blount stopped short and whirled as if the demand had been a blow.

"You'll get just what any other criminal gets when he turns state's evidence," he rasped. "You won't be prosecuted and sent to the peniter tiary, as you deserve to be. Now get out of here, and don't let me have to tell you twice!"

Gryson made a move as if he would

repossess himself of the packet of af-fidavits, but Blount came between with the danger signals flaming in his "No, you don't!" he said sharply. "I

told you to go-do it!" And, as once before, the bribe taker went out muttering curses.

When the corridor door had closed

behind the traitor Biount put the affi-daylts in his pocket and passed out quickly through the antercom. "I don't know when I shall be back." he said to Collins, with a hand on the door of egress. "Has any one called

"No. Some lady sent a boy up to ask for you, but I sent word that you were not in, as you told me to." Evan realized that he had unthink ingly barred Patricia out with all the others. And now she would drive to Wartrace Hail without him, and the terrible thing that must be done must be done before he should see her face

Not to Be Forgotten,
"I say, do you think much of Black?"
"I do unfortunately; he owes me a

len spot.' THE BLARNEY STONE.

Corkonians Seem to Have a Good Rea san For Not Kissing It. The best known trip from Cork is the one to the blarney stone, which you will find at the very top of the 120 foot castle nine miles out from Cork. A fine old castle it is, too, once a stronghold of the McCar-The country all about it is beautiful, notably on the way out, around the pretty St. Anne Shandon church, where for a sixpence or a shilling to the sexton you can hear

again

The pleasant waters of the river Lee. Now, to kiss the blarney stone you should be of a thin, wiry build. Stout people find some difficulty beof the bending required, cause which is why one well known pastor over in South Boston admitted to his congregation that the best he was to put the handle of his umbrella to the stone and then kiss the umbrella. You should first remove your coat and jacket and anything that is likely to fall from your pockets when you are held up-side down (women seldom attempt the feat), because if you do not they will drop down to the most below. And be careful of your movements for they will show you even now the tree that broke the fall (and the head) of the last man who slipped. If you should fall, of course it means death.

Two fellow tourists will grab you by your ankles; then you will sit back like a woman washing a third story window on the outside and bend down, clutching two parallel iron bars set in the granite, until your head is hanging as low as it can hang. Your head by then should be in the embrasure the top stone of which is the blarney stone You will forget, if you can, what will happen to you if you slip, while you apply your lips to the top stone. Then your sing out and your tourist himself in the breast, just below the heart, but the ball struck a ankles. From then on you are qualified to

hand out the blarney, for into your speech in future will come a beguiling quality that was not there be But do the Corkonians kiss the

blarney stone? I put the question to one man there. A twinkle came into his eyes.
"Sure." said he, "what is the

good at all to be kissing an owld-gray stone when Cork is full of pretty girls waiting to be kissed?" Something in that, too, we thought as we hurried for the train that was to take us to Killarney.— Thomas G. Connelly in Boston PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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idicine, for constipation, is fon and liver trouble, is firm ablished. It does not imite ther medicines. It is bette thers, or it would not be orite liver powder, with a SOLD IN TOWN

Cashier Short in His Acco

A dispatch from Raleigh says that R. M. Spruill, cashier of Merchants and Farmer's Bank at Columbia, Tyrrell county, and also superintendent of schools for Tyrrell, committed suicide Tuesday night. An examination last April showed the bank's affairs in unsatisfactory condition. Monday a special auditor went to work to check up the bank records and Spruill disappeared. Search was made for him and his dead body was found in the woods with a bullet hole in the temple. A note by his side requested his wife to pay his mother \$100 and Haywood Swann \$400 and gave some instructions about his insurance policy. He added that the suicide was on account of the two men whose names he gave but they are withheld. The amount of the shortage is not

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Eczema Itehing Humors, Risings and Bumps, Bone Pains, Pimples, Old Sores, Pimples, Old Sores,
Scrofula or Kernels,
Suppurating Sores, Boils, Carbuncles. B. B. B. cures all these blood troubles by killing thit poison humor and expelling from the system. B. B. B. is the analy blood remedy that can do analy blood remedy tha only blood remedy that can this—therefore it cures and he all sores when all else fails, \$1 per large bottle, with directions for home cure. Sample free by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlants,

Ga. Monday afternoon Dallas Bell, a young man of New Berne, tried to kill himself at Princeton, a small town 12 miles west of Goldsboro. He walked into a private rib, which may save Bell's life.

CASTORIA The Kind You Have Always B Bears the Cattlitte

Jo. Wentz, a pupil of the Char-lotte graded school, while at a pienic on the Catawba river with a number of companions, at-tempted to make a long-distance swim and was drowned.