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"A light purse is a heavy curse" Sickness makes a light purse. The LIVER is the seat of nine tenths of all diseases.

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go to the root of the whole matter, thoroughly, quickly, safely and restore the action of the LIVER to normal condition.

Give tone to the system and solid flesh to the body. Take No Substitute.

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The Murder at Smith's Corner

Mystery of a Lost Town and Its Solution. By CLARISSA MACKIE. Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

The detective alighted from the train and poked his head into the little red painted station. "Hey, there!" he called authoritatively.

The agent appeared from an obscure cubby hole and surveyed the newcomer curiously.

"Is this Smith's Corner?" asked Nash, the detective.

"No, it ain't," returned the agent shortly. "This is West Smithtown."

"I knew it," retorted the other between his teeth as the train rattled away into the distance.

"The railroad ran through it," said the sleuth shrilly.

"Well, it don't, because I don't recollect ever selling a ticket to no Smith's Corner. What do you want there, anyway? Selling patent papers?"

"The detective drew himself up to his pugy height. 'Do I look as if I sold patent papers?' he demanded contemptuously.

"The other looked him over critically. 'I can't say as you do. Maybe you're in the book line.'

"This is my line," said the detective as he tossed back the lapel of his coat and for a brief instant displayed a shining star.

"Great goah!" ejaculated the agent, withdrawing respectfully toward his cubby hole. "Why didn't you say you was somebody?"

"Don't I look like anybody?" snapped the angry Mr. Nash.

"Of course, of course!" reassured the agent, thrusting his face close to the wire grating of the ticket window.

"Seems to me you can't find that there Smith's Corner. I expect you've been looking for it some time, eh?"

"A week or more," returned the detective.

"What's happened? Somebody murdered down there?" quizzed the agent curiously.

"No, but the murderer is down there."

"Goah! What murderer?"

"Don't you read the papers?" demanded Nash scornfully.

"Sometimes, but they make me sleepy. They're terrible exciting, don't you think?"

"Very exciting! Say, is there anybody around here who knows where Smith's Corner is?" asked the detective peevishly.

"You can ask down to the store. I don't think a thumb over his shoulder. 'For all I know it may be in Kalamazoo.'"

"For all you know about this locality, you might as well be in Kalamazoo," snapped Mr. Nash as he rolled out of the station and down the street toward the general store.

In a half-hour he was back again red of face and exasperated as a man.

"Find out!" asked the agent.

"Find out!" belittled the detective.

"Find out nothing! Never saw such a Congress of sneezes in all my life. This station will never be anything except a water tank stop till you have had a dozen first class fellows in the village."

"Great goah!" gasped the agent indignantly. "This ain't no water tank station."

"Of course, it ain't even that!" The detective humped his shoulders and walked down the length of the station platform. He peered anxiously into the distance. Presently he turned to find the agent close behind him.

"I don't mind hearing about that murder," intimated the agent, a wide smile on his freckled face.

"Don't, eh? What do you want to know about it?"

"Whatever there is to tell. Who was killed?"

"A man named Fenderson."

"Who done it?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out," cried the detective.

"I should think they'd be some clue you could follow up."

"They all end at Smith's Corner," said the detective gruffly.

ONE MORE BATTLE

That Was What General Lee Wanted Before Yielding. HIS TALK WITH LONGSTREET.

Major Hanson's interesting Account of the Southern Confederate Commander's Chastiseing Tent the Night Before the Surrender.

An interesting account of the dramatic scene at General Lee's headquarters the night before the surrender, when the Confederate commander was still determined to strike one more blow for the cause for which he was fighting, is given by Major A. R. E. Hanson in Harper's Magazine. Major Hanson writes:

"When I arrived at headquarters General Lee was in a tent, sitting with General Longstreet on some bundles of straw, the ground being wet from the rain. At the upper side of the tent, with one candle for a light, I read my report, and the general told me to wait. At last he called me in. He asked me if I had had anything to eat, and I told him no. He said he was sorry he had nothing to offer me. He gave me a bundle of straw and told me to sit near the door. After a while I was quite wet. I was also very tired, so I put my foot through the hole in the straw and lay down on the bundle of straw, and was soon asleep."

"It was a very quiet night, and looking up, saw the colonel I had left in charge of the troops at the bridge standing in the tent. He reported that the rations had not arrived, and the starving and discouraged troops had deserted in the darkness, leaving their arms in the trenches."

"General Lee heard him to the end of his account, and then with a wave of his hand dismissed him. Turning to General Longstreet, he said: 'This is very bad. That man is whipped. It is the first time since we started that my officers who had been whipped. It is very bad.'"

"The conversation between the generals was then resumed in low tones, and I again fell asleep. I must have been asleep for some time when I was awakened by General Lee's voice, speaking in loud tones, louder than I had ever heard from him. He was saying, 'General Longstreet, I will strike that man a blow in the morning. General Lee is speaking against the narrow door that led into the cubby hole of an office. The agent was hunched behind the window thumping over a dirty account book. A telegraph instrument clicked behind him on the table."

"'Boys, eh?' asked the detective, leaning against the narrow door that led into the cubby hole of an office. 'Expecting a train,' grunted the agent, with a return to his former surliness."

"You run the ticker?" asked Nash, with a nod toward the telegraph instrument.

The agent nodded. Then he asked suddenly, "Do you understand it?"

"Nary—too deep for me," laughed Nash, lastly lighting a cigar. "There she goes now. What does she say—that the train's coming?"

The agent turned his freckled face toward the instrument and listened intently, his form tensed and rigid.

A smile broadened the detective's face as the meaning of the message was ticked out. Once he had been an operator, and the sound of the dots and dashes were like the alphabet to him.

The agent leaped to the instrument and ticked back an answer, his head turned suspiciously toward the detective.

He turned his head away for an instant, and when he looked around it was to face two deadly looking revolvers in the hands of the sleuth.

"Walk up here!" commanded the sleuth sternly.

"Great goah!" began the agent excitedly, but quick as a flash the detective had laid down one weapon and snatched a pair of handcuffs on the agent's wrists. Then he walked to a corner of the cubby hole and opened a door.

Crouched on the floor of the closet was a miserable looking object of a man. Covered with dust and mud, his hair matted and his wild, dark eyes bright with fear, he looked up at the detective.

"Hands up!" said the detective, and the man in the corner closet crawled out and held up his hands to be manacled.

"Well, John Smith, so I found you in Smith's Corner after all—mighty small place. I don't wonder it's not on the map! This interesting gent, the station agent, is your brother, I reckon?"

The prisoner nodded sullenly.

"I'll let him go by and by, but we've got to take this train. John Smith, I arrest you for the murder of Henry Fenderson."

The train whistle sounded in the distance. "How'd you guess?" asked the agent, roused to curiosity by the swift course of events.

"Recognized a resemblance between you and the farm hand. I had his picture. Keep your arms while I was waiting for this train, and then the telegraphic message giving the information that I was on the right trail confirmed my suspicions."

"Where's Smith's Corner?" somebody asked Detective Nash one day during the course of the trial.

"Not far from West Smithtown," answered that official, with a knowing smile.

Had a Foot Pest. A lazarous negro wandered into a blacksmith shop in a little southern town. While watching the smith pound the iron into shape he unconsciously stepped on a red-hot coal. After several minutes had passed he remarked his nose once or twice and sniffed in an incidental way. "Peebs to me, sah, dat I smells rubbah burnin'."—National Monthly.

Four of the Trees. The first experiments at tree planting in London were sternly discouraged. A. D. Webster tells us in Town Planning that when London built his parks in Portchester terrace, Baywater—this was in the thirteenth century—was a mass of trees on the path side of the street. The act was met by prompt and triumphant opposition on the part of the district surveyor, whose complaint was that it was "likely to shade the pathway and keep it damp." In the end the tree had to go.

Better Housed Than a King.

Baltimore Sun. Mr. William Andrews Clark, recently a Senator in Congress from Montana and now a resident of Fifth avenue, in New York city, started work 42 years ago as a country school teacher. Then he became a merchant, a banker, a mine owner and a manufacturer. He has experienced the vicissitudes and perils of the wilderness. And now, at the age of 72 years, he is engaged in the fight of his life—not with the wild men of the Rocky Mountains, but with the tax collectors and assessors of property in New York city. Mr. Clark contends that the house in which he lives should be assessed at only \$1,680,000. In 1910 the assessors valued it at \$3,500,000 and Mr. Clark has asked the court to order a reduction. In resisting this application the tax board called many witnesses, who described the house as something out of the ordinary. One witness, an architect, gave it as his opinion that no reigning sovereign anywhere in the world has so fine a house to live in. The glass used in the bathrooms is an imitation of Carrara marble and cost \$97,523. Every room in the house has a secret entrance in addition to the door. The panels are of the most costly wood and where brass is used in other houses bronze is used in the Clark residence. All of which shows that no matter in what kind of house a man lives he never grows very fond of the tax gatherer.

A Dreadful Wound

from a knife, gun, tin can, rusty nail, fireworks, or any other nature, demands prompt treatment with Bucklen's Arnica Salva to prevent blood poisoning or gangrene. Its the quickest, surest healer for all such wounds as also for Burns, Boils, Sores, Skin Eruptions, Eczema, Chapped Hands, Corns or Piles. 25c at Graham Drug Co.

A Leading California Druggist

Pasadena, Cal., March 9, 1911.—Foley and Co., Gentlemen:—We have sold and recommended Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for years. We believe it to be one of the most efficient expectorants on the market. Containing no opiates or narcotics it can be given freely to children. Enough of the remedy can be taken to relieve a cold, as it has no nauseating results, and does not interfere with digestion. Yours very truly, C. H. Ward Drug Co., C. L. Parsons, Sec'y and Treas. Get the original Foley's Honey and Tar Compound in the yellow package. For sale by all Druggists.

Rev. Pat. Murphy, a Catholic priest, who was making a campaign for State-wide prohibition in Texas, was ordered by the bishop to return to his parish. It was explained that Murphy had eleven churches and that his parish work required his undivided attention.

\$100—Dr. E. Detehann's Anti-Diuretic may be worth to you more than \$100 if you have a child who soils bedding from incontinence of water during sleep. Cures old and young alike. It arrests the trouble at once. \$1. Sold by Graham Drug Co.

The high mark in the heat, which caused intense suffering in most of the country Sunday, was scored by Yuma, Ariz., where the official record was 110. The record in Washington was 101, one degree under the highest known.

Good results always follow the use of Foley Kidney Pills. They give prompt relief in all cases of kidney and bladder disorders. Try them. Sold by all druggists.

Charlie Stines, of Madison county, convicted February, 1905, of rape and sentenced to death, sentence later commuted to life imprisonment, was conditionally pardoned last week by Governor Kitchin. Prosecutrix was a woman of bad character and afterwards told that she swore falsely. The solicitor and many citizens recommended pardon.

Itch relieved in 20 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. Sold by Graham Drug Co.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, of saloon-smashing fame, died Friday night in a hospital in Leavenworth, Kans. She was born in Kentucky in 1846.

Graves of the Confederate dead in the National cemetery at Washington were decorated Sunday in accordance with custom. Among the floral offerings was a wreath from President Taft.

SCISSORS and Knives are easily ruined if not properly ground when being sharpened. If you want them sharpened right and made to cut as good as new give me a trial. Will sharpen anything from a broad ax to a pen-knife. Charges moderate. B. N. TURNER, this office.

\$1,000,000 a Day For Roads.

Washington Dispatch. The money that will be expended on the roads of this country during the next six months will be more than ever before in the same period of time. The expenditure for this purpose in 1911 will aggregate about \$140,500,000. Exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays the outlay for roads will amount to \$1,000,000 a day during the present road building season. This includes all funds received from local taxation, bond issues, State appropriations and private subscriptions.

Mortgagee's Sale

Under and by virtue of the Power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed executed on the 31st day of Jan., 1910, by J. F. Jore and wife, S. S. Fore, to the undersigned mortgagee, to secure the payment of a bond therein described, said mortgage deed being of record on page 243 of Book No. 47, of M. D.'s in office Register of Deeds for Alamance county the undersigned will sell to the highest bidder for cash, at the court house door in Graham, at noon, on

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1911, the following real property to-wit: A tract or parcel of land, in Haw River township, Alamance county, North Carolina, adjoining the lands of C. H. Johnston, Thos. M. Holt Mfg. Co., J. M. and Annie L. Baker and others and described as follows: Beginning at an iron bolt, corner of said Johnston in center of public road to Haw River, N. C., running thence South 84° E., 3.49 chains to an iron bar in said road; thence North 10° East 10.78 chains to an iron bolt, in center of N. C. R. R. Track; thence with said R. R. North 88° 50' West, 2.04 chains to an iron bolt, corner with said Mfg. Co. in center of said R. R. track, 2 feet East of North joint of R. R. Track; thence South 201° West 4.03 chains to an iron bar, corner with said Johnston in said Mfg. Co. line, thence South 1° West 6.96 chains to the beginning and containing 3.48 acres more or less, and upon which there is three room cottage dwelling, well of good water and a store building 18'x34'.

This property will be sold to satisfy the debt secured by said mortgage deed which is past due and unpaid. This June 7th, 1911. H. GOODMAN, Mortgagee.

Sale of Real Estate

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust executed by Henry Pinnix and his wife, Annie Pinnix, and recorded in the Public Registry of Alamance county in Book No. 41 of Mortgage Deeds, pages 234 to 239, inclusive the undersigned trustee will offer for sale at public outcry to the highest bidder, for cash, at the court house door in Graham, Alamance county, N. C., at noon, on

MONDAY, JUNE 26, 1911, the following described real property to-wit: A certain tract or parcel of land in Burlington township, Alamance county, N. C., adjoining the lands of the Alamance Ins. & Real Estate Co., Tobe Forest and others, and more particularly described as follows: Beginning at Tobe Forest's corner on the South side, thence N. 86 1/2 deg. W 83 feet to a stake on the line of the Alamance Ins. & Real Estate Co., thence S. 41 deg. W. 210 ft. to Alamance Ins. & Real Estate Co.'s line, thence with its line 86 1/2 deg. E 83 ft. to a stake on Tobe Forest's line, thence N. 3 deg. E. 210 ft. to the beginning, containing four-tenths of an acre, more or less.

This property will be sold to satisfy the payment of the debt of trust was executed by said Henry Pinnix and Annie Pinnix April 10, 1908. This May 24, 1911. ALAMANCE INS. & REAL ESTATE CO. Trustees. JOHN H. VERNON, Atty.

Professional Cards

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

JOHN GRAY BROWN, W. F. BYNUM, B. YNUM & B. YNUM, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, GRAHAM, N. C. Practice regularly in the courts of Alamance county.

DAMERON & LONG, Attorneys-at-Law, R. S. W. DAMERON, J. ADOLPH LONG, Piedmont Building, Burlington, N. C. Hot-Nichols Bldg., Graham, N. C.

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THE BEST

Call for our goods and insist on getting them and you will get something PURE and Good.

HUNTER & DIXON, GRAHAM, N. C.

SALE-BANK FIXTURES

Of Granite Savings and Trust Company, Haw River, N. C., July 1, 1911, at 2 o'clock p. m.

By order of Judge F. A. Daniels at May Term of Superior Court for Alamance County, the undersigned Receiver of Granite Savings & Trust Co. will offer for sale to the highest bidder at public outcry at the building in Haw River, N. C., formerly occupied by the Granite Savings & Trust Co. on

SATURDAY, JULY 1st, 1911 at 2 o'clock p. m. the following Bank Furniture and Fixtures: One large Bank safe with Burglar-proof Chest. One Burroughs Adding Machine. One Remington Typewriter. One Dictograph. One Roll top Desk. One Dictating Machine. Bank Counter Balancing. Half interest in Bank Counter. One lot of "Home Bank" Notes. One Stove. Four Chairs. Each article will be put up and sold separately and then the entire lot offered as a whole to the highest bidder at public outcry. Terms of sale cash and immediate possession given. June 28th, 1911. CHAS. A. SCOTT, Receiver Granite Savings & Trust Co.

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