

INDIGESTION

It was troubled with stomach trouble. The doctor's Black-Draught did me more good in one week than all the doctor's medicine I took in a year.—MRS. S. A. B. H. N. SHERFIELD, Westerville, Ind.

The doctor's Black-Draught quickly invigorates the action of the stomach and cures even chronic cases of indigestion. If you will take a small dose of The doctor's Black-Draught occasionally you will keep your stomach and liver in perfect condition.


THE DOCTOR'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

More sickness is caused by constipation than by any other disease. The doctor's Black-Draught not only relieves constipation but cures diarrhea and dysentery and keeps the bowels regular.

All druggists sell 25-cent packages.

The doctor's Black-Draught is the best medicine I have ever used.—MRS. A. M. GRANT, Sueda Ferry, N. C.

CONSTIPATION



Z. T. HADLEY, JEWELER

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Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware.

ESTABLISHED 1893

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Local agency of Penn Mutual Insurance Company.

Best Life Insurance contracts now on the market.

Prompt personal attention to all orders. Correspondence solicited.

JAMES P. ALBRIGHT, Agent.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Letters of administration having been issued to the undersigned upon the estate of David Michael, deceased, he hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate to make their claims payable, and all persons holding claims against said estate to present them on or before the 25th day of December, 1904, or the 15th day of January, 1905, after which date no claims will be presented to him of their kind.

L. O. RIPPY, Adm'r of David Michael.

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GREENSBORO, N. C.

Practice regularly in the courts of Alamance County.

Aug. 2, 1904

LONG & LONG, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

GRAHAM, N. C.

DOBSON DID IT

Eph Parks and his family lived in that part of Livingston county where the farms are red and gully washed, where the cornstalks are thin and sickly looking and burn yellow in the sun almost as soon as they are green. He was strong and rugged, this sturdy farmer, with his big, bony hands and nut brown, lean cheeks.

At a grindstone at the rear of the house stood an old man grinding away at an ax. His hair was snowy white. His wide brimmed straw hat, with its steerskin band, did not conceal the deep wrinkles in his face. His hickory shirt was worn and faded, and the skin looked blistered through the rents. He rested once in awhile and tested the edge of his ax with his thumb. This was Eph's father. A woman almost as old and long past the age of work sat on a stone in a shady spot watching the grinding of the ax and remarking in a cracked voice the chances for a crop.

A tall, angular woman of perhaps forty, though she looked much older, came to the door. Her calico dress was soiled and torn. A pair of Eph's boots with great patches of rawhide and with the heels run over peeped out from under her tucked up dress. Her face was hard and pinched. The sallow color contrasted strongly with the dark, almost black blue of her gown, and when the sleeves were rolled to the elbows her arms were brown. One busy hand clutched a dishrag, which she held against the side of the door as she shaded her eyes with the other. She was looking at her husband as he worked across the red clay field.

The clatter of a horse's hoofs on the hard and gravel washed road was heard. Her eyes were turned in the direction of the rapidly approaching rider. A half dozen children, the eldest a boy of ten, came from a gully near by, where they had been playing, also attracted by the sounds. All moved around to the front of the house. To the surprise of all, the stranger pulled up at the fence.

"Eph Parks live here?" he asked.

"Yep; that's him over there in the field," answered the woman.

The stranger dismounted, tied the bridle rein to the rail fence and started across the field toward Eph. The children instinctively clustered around their mother and tugged unconsciously at her dress. She smacked them right and left impulsively. She was watching the stranger. The man finally reached Eph, and the two had a parley for several minutes. When they started toward the house the stranger had hold of Eph's arm. Eph's parents and his wife and children were all standing close together when the pair reached the house.

"Mandy, this 'ere's a government ossifer, and he's cum ter take me 'way ter jail fer makin' no how. 'Twan't no harm nohow—let's wise I'm a church member yet."

"Hurry up, hurry up," said the detective. "I want to get to the station in time to catch the night train."

"How long will yer be gone, Eph?" said his wife. His aged parents stood with their mouths open. They did not understand it at all.

"Doan know," answered Eph as the handcuffs were adjusted to his wrists.

Then the men climbed over the fence. The stranger got on his horse and told Eph to walk along in front of him. He also said that any attempt on Eph's part to run would cost him his life. There was no handsaking, no tears. The men moved off down the scorching hot road, leaving the group standing as it had stood at first, together. The old man and old woman looked at Mandy appealingly, but Mandy watched her husband and the stranger disappear in the woods. She stood there in the sun with her head uncovered long after they had moved out of her sight. The old man and woman went back to the rear of the house, and the children finally resumed their playing. Still she stood there, looking. The sun continued its traveling and finally dropped behind the woods in which her husband had disappeared.

"Yes," she murmured, "he told there's Jim Dobson's work. He told on Eph."

She shook her head several times, looked down the road once again and then passed into the house. She prepared the scanty meal without a word. There was a strange silence in the house, as if a corpse were near. The children were put to bed, and soon the old man and old woman followed. Then Mandy pulled her stool over to the open window and looked out into the night. She placed her elbows on the sill and rested her chin in her hands. The moon came creeping up from behind a distant hill and shed its soft light over the farm. Still Mandy gazed out into the night. Her face seemed as void of expression as the black oaks in the yard. The cold, hard stars were directed toward the road, and there it rested immovably. The hours passed slowly. The moon crept on and on until it was almost directly over the house. The loud snoring of the old folks, the occasional cough of

WATER FOR THE STOMACH.

Copious Drafts Are Useful to Cleanse the System.

The habits of people in general do not seem so bad when one considers the average individual's limitations as to knowledge and thought. The fact is that most people don't know, don't think and hence don't care. Let them read more science, think more sensibly and act more seriously; then their habits will be more satisfactory.

The alimentary receptacle—the stomach or vat in which foods and liquids are received and mixed—is habitually converted by many persons into a chemical retort of all sorts of drugs and remedies, with the view of reaching and relieving the ills of the various organs of the body, from dandruff to corns. The writer believes that he can give no more and better reasons for his confidence in the therapeutic value of remedies than most other physicians, but he wishes to emphasize here the transcendent element of common sense in their administration.

Before and above all things, however, what is wanted is a clean gastro-intestinal canal, and his claim is that water, properly used, is the best agent to effect that cleansing. On a par with this canal in importance are the eliminative tissues and organs of the system—the kidneys, the mucous membrane and skin. What therapeutic agent, properly used, is better than water? After all the assimilative and eliminative organs and tissues have been thoroughly rinsed with pure soft water, then if it is still necessary to administer a chemical agent one may be selected that will, with these organs and tissues in better condition, work wonders. If you are so foolish as to allow yourself to become foul from head to foot cleanse yourself with water before resorting to chemical aids.—Health.

OLD TIME COOKERY.

Some of the Culinary Capers of the Seventeenth Century.

In the early days of the seventeenth century gastronomy was truly a wonderful science if a little cookery book published in 1638 is any criterion, says the Chicago Tribune. The title it bears is "Murrell's Two Books of Cookerie and Carving. Printed for John Marriot, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstons Churchyard in Fleet-street. 1638."

To bake "red deere" you are directed to "Parboyle it, and presse it, and let it lye in Red-Wine and Vinegar; then Larde it Thicke, and season it with Pepper, Salt, Cloves, Mace, Nutmeg and Ginger, Bake it in a deepe Coffin of Bypaste, with store of Butter; let it soake well.

"Leaue a vent-hole in your Pye, and when you draw it out of the Oven put in melted Butter, Vinegar, Nutmeg, Ginger and a little Sugar; shake it well together and put it into the Oven againe, and let it stand three or foure houres at the least to soake thoroughly; when your Oven is cold take it out and stop the hole with Butter."

Next is a heading, "Fritters on the Court Fashion."

"Take the Curds of a Sackposset, the yolkes of six Egges and the whites of two of them, fine flower, and make batter; season it with Nutmeg and a little Pepper, put in a little strong ale and warme milke; mingle all together and put them into Larde, neither too hot nor too cold. If your batter swim, it is in good temper."

A recipe "to make blanch Manchet in a Fryngpan" by its substitution of "Manchet" or fine bread for meat shows Chaucer's "blanch-manger" on its way to become the modern blancmange, though it is the fourteenth and not the seventeenth century form which has survived.

The recipe runs:

"Take half-a-dozen Egges, halfe a pinte of sweet Creaue, a penny manchett grated, a nutmeg grated, two Spoonfulls of Rosewater, two ounces of Sugar, worke all stiffe like a Pudding; frye it like a Tansy in a little Fryngpan that it may be thicke; frye it browne and turne it out upon a plate.

"Cut it in quarters and serve it like a Pudding. Scrape on Sugar."

Mummy Paint.

Ground up mummy makes a brown of a certain rare color that nothing else can give. It is on account of the asphaltum in the mummy that this is so. The Egyptians wrapped their dead in garments coated with asphaltum of an incomparably fine and pure quality. This asphaltum as the centuries passed impregnated the tissues of the dead themselves. It turned them into the best paint material in the world. Being exceedingly expensive, it is used only by portrait painters in depicting brown hair.

Amnity.

"Yes," sighed the fair young thing, "I admit that I like you, but it does not seem to me that we were ever meant for each other. We have not a single taste in common."

Mournfully the young man studied the floor some moments. At last he looked up with the dawn of hope in his eyes.

"But, yes," he whispered. "Are you not very fond of onions?"

Blushing she nodded a confession.

"So am I!" he cried rapturously.—Judge.

Juvenile Reasoning.

It was in a Philadelphia public school that a class in spelling was going over a lesson in words of two syllables. One of the words was "mummy." "Children," said the teacher, "how many of you know the meaning of the word 'mummy'?" After a long silence one little girl raised her hand.

"Well, Maggie?"

"It means yer mother."

The teacher pointed out her mistake and explained fully the meaning of the word. Presently the word "poppy" had to be spelled.

"Who knows what 'poppy' means?" asked the teacher.

The same little girl raised her hand, this time brimful of confidence.

"Well, what's the answer, Maggie?"

"It means a man mummy," replied the child.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Dramatic Motive.

"How do you figure out the plots of your plays?" inquired the anxious novice.

"Motive is the only key that opens the portals of dramatic action," said the popular dramatist. "And motive is best tested by the query 'Why?' See how I have applied the principle in my latest work. Why are the children on the stage? Because the scene is a nursery. Why does the villain come to the nursery? Because he is pursuing the mother. Why is the mother in the nursery? Because she is attending the children."

"But why do you have a nursery on the stage at all?" queried the novice. "Why not something else?"

"Because," said the popular dramatist proudly—"because I had a commission to write a play with a nursery in it."—New York Times.

So Distinguished!

Here is a story apropos of the matrimonial agencies in Paris: One M. X. had applied at an agency for an eligible spouse and was offered and accepted a damsel of twenty-seven, whose name was on the books, told her frankly that M. X. was not an Adonis, but possessed more sterling qualities than beauty. At the same time he intended to send her a carte de visite of the gentleman, but by mistake slipped into the letter a vignette portrait of a favorite ape. Next morning he discovered the error, but at the same time received a note from the lady saying: "I accept the husband you offer me. It is true that he is not precisely handsome, but then he has so distinguished an air."

Driving a Bargain.

The old Yankee skill at driving a bargain is not being lost, as a story in the Boston Herald shows. A woman visitor at a fashionable resort on the Maine coast last summer went to the Universalist church in the place the first Sunday morning of her stay and was politely shown to a seat. There was no hymn book, however, but the occupant of the pew behind her reached over and placed one in her hands. At the close of the service the visitor turned and thanked the person, saying as she was to attend that church all summer she would like to buy a hymn book.

"Well," said the other woman, "I guess you can have that book if you'll give me a pair of black gloves, No. 7."

"Very well," said the visitor. The next day she went to Portsmouth, purchased the No. 7 black gloves for \$1.50 and duly received the use of the hymnal in exchange for them on the following Sunday.

Didn't Come Back.

"Yassuh," said Uncle Moses, "Lije Hosefut done got smath down ter de 'traected meetin' las' night, an' dey p'intedly 'fected 'im tum de chuch, dat what dey do."

"Not old Deacon Lije?" says the listener.

"Yassuh, ole Deacon Lije Hosefut—yassuh."

"Why, I thought he was one of the pillars of the church."

"Reckon he war, but he ain't no mo'."

"That must have been a great take down for him. Wasn't he put out a great deal over it?"

"No, sah; not a' great deal. Des once seemed to n'fry him."—Judge.

Justifying His Fox.

Lord Alverstone, who presided over the deliberations of the Alaska boundary commission, once charged a wealthy client \$5,000 for a few pages of typewritten advice. The client ventured to suggest that this was rather a high price for half a day's work. "It's not half a day's work," said his lordship. "It is part of my whole education—all my years at the Temple, all the years I have practiced, all the years of my experience. It is half a day out of the heart of my life."

GOOD AND BAD MEMORIES.

Why Persons Forget—Come Things and Remember Others.

Good memory is a subject regarding which a good deal of nonsense is habitually talked. We often hear people say that they have a good memory for certain things, but a bad one for other things. This I believe to be a delusion. A man's memory may be good or it may be bad, but it cannot well be good for one thing and bad for another thing. It might as well be said that a bottle was good for holding brandy, but bad for holding whisky. In the case of a feeble intellect all its faculties will be feeble—memory, judgment and all the rest—but they will not be feeble for one purpose and vigorous for another purpose. The fact is that our memory is in itself equally powerful or feeble for all purposes, but we remember best those things which interest us most and so say that we have good memories for such things, while we forget those things which do not interest us, and we say accordingly that we have bad memories for those things. Horace Walpole used to say that his memory was all retentive as to the names of persons and of places, but that it was absolutely impotent in regard to dates. It has been said of him—by Macaulay, I think—that he could tell you the name of the grandaunt of King Ethelwald, but that he could not tell you whether she lived in the year 500 or in the year 1500. The truth was that he took an interest in names and genealogies, but none in dates. Similarly in his introduction to "Anne of Geierstein" Scott aptly says:

"I have through life been entitled to adopt old Beattie's Meiklidale's answer to his parish minister when the latter was eulogizing him with respect to the same faculty. 'No, doctor,' said the honest border laird, 'I have no command of my memory; it retains only what happens to hit my fancy, and like enough, sir, if you were to preach to me for a couple of hours on end I might be unable at the close of the discourse to remember one word of it.' Perhaps there are few men whose memory serves them with equal fidelity as to many different classes of subjects, but I am sorry to say that while mine has rarely failed me as to any snatch of verse or trait of character that had once interested my fancy it has generally been a frail support not only as to names and dates and other minute technicalities of history, but as to many more important things."

No, it is pretty certain that we have not got good memories for this and bad memories for that in any other sense than that we remember that which interests us and forget that which interests us not.—Notes and Queries.

BIRDS IN THE ARCTIC.

The Spring Rush That Breaks the Monotony of the Year.

The one great break in the monotony of the whole year along the arctic coast is the coming of the birds in the spring. The nature of it is almost violent. The last of May they begin to arrive. The notes of the first few comers are musical and buoyant with a feeling of messages from home and friends. But the stream of birds rapidly grows, and the few first joyous notes merge into a ceaseless, hideous, distracting din that robs one of his rest and for a few days becomes unbearable. Swans, cranes, geese, brant, ducks, gulls and terns swoop down upon the coast by thousands. The old birds are delighted at the sight of the old family nesting ground and the young ones at reaching once more their birthplace, and the thousands of them are all talking and screaming at the same time. The contrast of the now endless days of sunshine and abundant and animated life with that of the still arctic night is very great.

In a few days, however, each happy family has settled down in its own little home, and quietude reigns supreme through the short summer, and then again sets in the long sordid and tedious night.

Many interesting things may be learned of the birds that annually visit the arctic coast for the purpose of bringing up their families—of their reasons for going there and of the intelligence displayed by them in many ways. They have not the enemies there they have farther south. The fox is very nearly their only foe, and they find so many ways of avoiding it that it would surely go very hungry were it dependent on birds for food. Little islands in lakes and streams that are free from foxes become great nesting places, and the birds swarm to them until on many of them every available space suitable for nesting is pre-empted.—From "Camp Life in Arctic America," by Andrew J. Stone, in Scribner's.

A Good Dog.

The man wanted to sell the dog, but the prospective buyer was suspicious and finally decided not to buy. The man then told him why he was so anxious to sell.

"You see," he said, "I bought the dog and trained him myself. I got him so he'd bark if a person stepped inside the gate and thought, of course, I was safe from burglars. Then my wife wanted me to train him to carry bundles, and I did. If you put anything into his mouth it would stay there till some one took it away. Well, one night I woke up and heard some one in the next room. I got up, grabbed my gun

and started to investigate. They were there, three of them and the dog."

"Didn't he bark?" interrupted the man.

"Not a bark; he was too busy."

"Busy! What doing?"

"Carrying the lantern for the burglars. If you know anybody who wants a good dog send him around."

Hopped and Won.

Some years ago a remarkable wager was made between Captain Macell, a racing celebrity, and another officer who was noted for his activity. Captain Macell bet his fellow officer £10 that he would not hop up a certain flight of stairs "two at a time." The bet was taken; but, as there were forty-one steps in the flight, he found after taking twenty hops that he was left only one step to negotiate and had lost his bet. He accused Captain Macell of sharp practice, but Macell replied, "Well, I'll bet you another £10 I do it." The officer, thinking to get back his money, accepted the bet. Captain Macell then hopped up forty steps in twenty hops and, hopping back one, finished by going up the last two steps and won.

Willing to Pay.

Magistrate—Well, Mooney, you are accused of beating your wife. What have you to say why you shouldn't pay a fine or have ten days' imprisonment?

Mooney—Who says I beat her, sir?

Magistrate—She herself testified to it.

Mooney—What! The old lady herself don't deny it? Well, then I'll pay wid pleasure, for I'll be hanged if it isn't the first time in all our rows that she's owned up to coming out second best.

Disgraceful.

"Don't you think," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Mrs. Scaddeligh's umbronnip is rather getting the better of her lately?"

"Is it?" her hostess asked. "I knew she was a steady golf player, but I didn't know she'd took up any of these other games. Josiah thinks it would be more to her credit if she looked after her children a little now and then."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Mischievous Magpie.

Here is an anecdote illustrative of the magpie's love of mischief and of sport: There was a said when clothes were often hung out to dry on posts which were let down into deep wooden sockets buried in the ground and were carried away and put under cover when they were not in use. A gravel path ran round the field, and a tame magpie, which had the run of it, was observed to walk repeatedly and demurely from the path to a particular point in the field, conveying each time a stone in her bill and then returning without it. A magpie seldom contented at any one amusement for any length of time, but this amusement went on so long that the curiosity of the owner was aroused. There must be something unusually novel or piquant about it. He went to the spot and found that a large toad had fallen into one of the wooden sockets and that the magpie was amusing herself by deliberately stoning it! As each shot told, the toad gave a little pop of distress in the hole deep below, which the magpie capped by a big pop of satisfaction and an irresistible "cuckoo" of delight above.—R. Bosworth Smith in Nineteenth Century.

The Goose and Gridiron.

There existed in London long before the great fire in St. Paul's churchyard a very popular music house called the Miter. Here concerts were held, and the music at these performances had at least the merit of volume and joyousness. But the great fire laid the building in ruins and banished the music. When the place was rebuilt, the new tenant, wishing to ridicule the character of the former business, chose as his sign a goose stroking the bars of a gridiron with her foot and wrote below, "The Swan and Harp." At the Goose and Gridiron Sir Christopher Wren presided over the St. Paul's Lodge of Freemasons for over eighteen years, and he presided to the lodge the trowel and mallet with which he laid the first stone of the cathedral. The goose is still preserved with her unmuzzled "harp" in Guildhall.—Julian King Colford in St. Nicholas.

Columbian Native.

In Colombia the huts of the poor are of logs, with bamboo plaited sides and mud filled chimneys. The windows have wooden shutters, but no glass. Sleeping places are bamboo benches with hide thrown over them, or hammocks woven by the women. Gourds of various shapes and sizes do for dishes, spoons and knives. Chairs and benches are hollowed logs of wood. But the peons get their living easily and enjoy life well. They delight in music and dancing, and women as well as men are smokers. Cockfighting is a favorite amusement.

The peasant women are usually barefooted and bareheaded, with mantillas for special occasions. Their dress is a short skirt and bodice or an ample fitted low necked garment called a pollera. Even the poorer classes are bedecked with jewelry.

Wooden Shoes.

Wooden shoes in France are produced to the extent of about 4,000,000 pairs yearly. They are made in Alencon and Barreux by machinery and in Lons-le-Saunier by hand. In the last named province 1,700 persons are engaged in this manufacture, and the yearly product is more than half a million pairs. The best are made of maple. In the provinces nearly every lady possesses a pair of the finer sorts for wearing-out in damp weather. These have no-strings and other designs carved on the toe, and they are best on the feet by ornamented leather pieces over the instep. The manufacture of these pieces of leather is a regular business in France.

When You Have a Cold.

The first action when you have a cold should be to relieve the lungs. This is best accomplished by the free use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. This Remedy liquefies the tough mucus and causes its expulsion from the air cells of the lungs, produces a free expectoration, and opens the secretions. A complete cure soon follows. This remedy will cure a severe cold in less time than any other treatment and it leaves the system in a natural and healthy condition. It counteracts any tendency towards pneumonia. For sale by all druggists.

Mrs. Nurich—I want to get a pair of swell white gloves to wear to the ball. Clerk—Yes'm. How long do you want them? Mrs. Nurich—See here, young man, I ain't talking about rentin' 'em. I want to buy 'em.

Another Case of Rheumatism Cured by Chamberlain's Pain Balm.

The efficacy of Chamberlain's Pain Balm in the relief of rheumatism is being demonstrated daily. Parker Triplett, of Griggby, Va., says that Chamberlain's Pain Balm gave him permanent relief from rheumatism in the back when everything else failed, and he would be without it. For sale by all druggists.

Hex Gudger wants to be minister to Panama. As he is a tar heel he can be depended upon to stick wherever he is put.—Macon Telegraph.

Corn must have a sufficient supply of Potash

in order to develop into a crop. No amount of Phosphoric Acid or Nitrogen can compensate for a lack of potash in fertilizers [for grain and all other crops].

We shall be glad to send free to any farmer a circular which contains valuable information about our culture.

GERTMAN KALI WORKS, New York—66 Nassau Street, or Atlanta, Ga.—217 N. Broad St.

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