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HEALTH

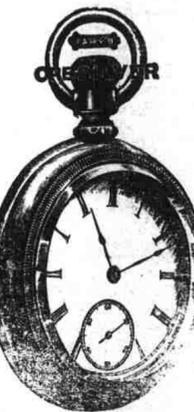
"I don't think we could keep our stomachs without Theford's Black-Draught. We have used it in the family for over two years with the best of results. I have not had a doctor in the house for that length of time. It is a doctor in itself and always ready to make a person well and happy."—JAMES HALL, Jacksonville.

Because this great medicine relieves stomach pains, frees the congested bowels and invigorates the torpid liver and weakens kidneys.

No DOCTOR

is necessary in the home where Theford's Black-Draught is kept. Families living in the country, miles from any physician, have been kept in health for years with this medicine as their only doctor. Theford's Black-Draught cures biliousness, dyspepsia, colds, chills and fever, bad blood, headaches, diarrhoea, constipation, colic and almost every other ailment because the stomach, bowels liver and kidneys so nearly control the health.

THEFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT



Z. T. HADLEY, JEWELER
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Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware.

ESTABLISHED 1893

Burlington Insurance Agency
INSURANCE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Local agency of Penn Mutual Insurance Company. Best Life Insurance contracts now on the market.

Prompt personal attention to all orders. Correspondence solicited.
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Practice regularly in the courts of Alamance county. Aug. 2, 1911

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—Ten nice town lots in Graham, suitable for dwellings, for sale. Very desirable and terms reasonable.

J. A. LONG & CO., Real Estate Agents.

One Minute Cough Cure
For Coughs, Colds and Croup.

HIS GUIDING STAR

Tommy Nesbitt was a very little boy for his nine years. He was a lonely little boy, too, although he lived in a great big house, had servants to wait on him and a mother and father who looked out for his welfare. His mother was so handsome and charming that he never dared rumpel her up with damp caresses, as he had seen some little boys love their mamma, and his father was so tall and elegant that Tommy always associated him with the bronze statue of the Duke of Wellington which stood in one corner of the large, stately hall.

Neither was to be trifled with, he had found out to his cost, for once when he had climbed up to stuff a piece of paper in the duke's mouth to see if he could not make him look less forbidding Hawkins, the butler, had severely reprimanded him, and once when he had dared to make funny with his father the chilly disapproval with which he was dismissed from the room made him more timid and shrinking.

So Tommy shrank more and more into himself. His reflections on people and things were those of a very pronounced little cynic, and he would have become hopelessly morbid had he not loved Mary, the Irish housemaid, who mothered him surreptitiously; Miss Herrick, his Sunday school teacher, and Patsy, a little vagrant cur whom he had rescued once from a brutal policeman. Patsy was his sure refuge. He kept him in the barn, and when he grew very lonely and his little heart ached to bursting he would go out to Patsy and talk out all the love of his starved little heart and find great solace in kissing Patsy's nose, for Patsy liked to be loved and kissed, and it was a never ending mystery to Tommy why mothers and fathers were so different from maids and dogs.

The Sunday before Christmas Tommy went to Sunday school as usual, dressed very smartly in his blue velvet suit, with a real lace collar, seated in a handsome sleigh, driven by the dignified family coachman, who considered it a sin to smile save in the privacy of the servants' quarters, when he sometimes condescended to relax a little.

Miss Herrick was a very earnest teacher, and this Sunday morning she grew unusually eloquent on the meaning of Christmas.

"Children, I want you to remember that Christmas is the time of good cheer, when those who have plenty give to those who are needy."

"Who remembers what the wise men did Christmas eve?"

Several little voices piped up, Tommy's a little louder than the rest.

"Well, let's hear Tommy."

"A bright star shone out and brought the wise men, who had gifts, to the stable where the infant Jesus lay."

"To a stable, dear child! What a strange place to bring their gifts!"

"Yes," Here Tommy grew excited. "Don't you remember Jesus was just a poor little baby who was born in the manger? His papa and mamma were poor, too, and I guess they needed things."

"Who showed the wise men the way to this poor family?" asked Miss Herrick.

"The bright star," said Tommy confidently.

"What do you mean?"

Tommy stood up straight, looked his father in the eye and said:

"Why, don't you remember, papa, the star brought the wise man to the poor little boy and his mamma and papa in the stable, and the wise man left gifts? I'm the star, and you are the wise man."

"This is nonsense."

But Tommy had now turned to his mother, and there was a very appealing look in his little eager face that went straight through the faces and ribbons down to Mrs. Nesbitt's heart. His bravery was nearly gone, but he managed to say tearfully:

"Well, Miss Herrick said we were all to be 'bright stars.' I knew you and papa were too busy to find the 'poor and miserable,' so I thought I would be the star and bring them to you. Please, dear mamma, let's give our gifts and have for once a real Christmas like they had in Bethlehem so many years ago."

After Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt had held a whispered conversation a few moments Mrs. Nesbitt said:

"Well, Tommy, what is it you want us to do?"

Tommy fairly danced as he explained:

"Why, let's give them all a nice warm breakfast first, and then we'll give them what they need most. There is Mr. Norton, who is so sorry he got drunk. He will never do it again. Let's take him back, papa, for his Christmas present."

Mr. Nesbitt actually found himself dealing with one of his own men—something he had never before condescended to do—and Norton left happy.

The rest of the day Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt were kept busy investigating the conditions of Tommy's "poor and miserable," and for days after they were consulting doctors, signing checks, finding homes for children, furnishing houses and dealing out kindness right and left until all Tommy's "poor and miserable" were happy.

HERBERT SPENCER.

He Talked "Like a Book" and Was a Very "Set" Man.

Mr. George Iles in a personal article on Herbert Spencer in the Outlook tells these characteristic anecdotes:

When the philosopher visited America in 1882 he was in his sixty-third year. His fair, ruddy complexion gave little token of delicate health or of the sleeplessness which had afflicted him since 1855, when he completed the "Principles of Psychology." In frame he was rather tall and spare. To casual acquaintances his manners were cold and formal, to his friends he was cordial, and on occasions he could be downright jovial, telling and listening to humorous stories with unbounded glee. From his habit of dictating to an amanuensis he had come to talking "like a book." Most of his sentences might well have been printed just as they fell from his lips. Once in his hearing a friend who had not seen him for years congratulated him on his good health, as evidenced by his rosy cheeks. "Do not," said he, "confuse complete with incomplete relation. Because some healthy people are ruddy, all ruddy people are considered healthy, whereas a red complexion may denote a flabby vascular system." A fair specimen, this, of how he might at any moment drop into generalization. When he was in the critical mood the schoolmaster in his blood came out plainly; his long, bony hand, raised in objection, seemed ready to oblige a ferule, whereas I ever rejoiced that I had learned my rule of three under other auspices.

He was a very "set" man. At Montreal I told him that the view from the summit of Mount Royal commands superb stretches of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa valleys. He had found views thus restricted more pleasing than wider vistas, and not one step farther would he budge, although twice invited. Not far away a costly mansion was being finished for a multimillionaire whose fortune had been won with little scruple. When it was suggested that his carriage should pass this mansion he was indignant. "It is largely," he said, "the admiration of the ostentation of such men that makes them possible. Baron Grant, the fraudulent speculator, sent me an invitation for the inaugural of Leicester square, his gift to London. Before a party of friends I tore the card in pieces. Such men as Grant try to compensate for robbing Peter by giving Paul what they do not owe him."

Another Insurance Fraud.

When the doctor came to see what he could do for the Herlihy family, by whom he had been hastily summoned, he found Mrs. Herlihy in bed, her face and head adorned with plaster and bandages, and Mr. Herlihy sitting in stolid misery at her bedside.

"Cheer up, Tim," said the doctor. "She'll pull through all right. I don't believe there are any bones broken."

"Don't be troyin' to raise no moind," said Mr. Herlihy darkly, "for it's impossible, docther. Here Oi had her insured against accidents of every kind only four days ago an' paid down me foive dollars as prompt as anny man cud, an' befoor the week is gone she falls down stairs wid a bucket o' coal, an' now luke at her, marred from ind to ind!"—Youth's Companion.

Sardou and the Financier.

A rich financier once called upon Victorien Sardou and explained briefly that the passion of his life was to attend on the first night of the representation of a play. "Sorry I can't oblige you," said Sardou, anticipating the request. "I thought not, M. Sardou, but I have an idea. I have a beautiful daughter eighteen years old. I will give her 200,000 francs if your son will accept her as his wife; then, being the father-in-law of the son of the author, I shall have a right as a member of the family of the author to assist on the first nights of his pieces."

Looking For Sport.

She was city bred and had the usual fear of cows.

"Why," she asked when the danger was past, "did you take me across this lot?"

THE WILD HOG.

It is a Desperate Creature and Hunters Give It a Wide Berth.

"Talking about fierce things, the wild hog is about the toughest member I have ever tackled in the woods," said a man from Arkansas, "and if you have never met him in his wildest state you have no conception of his desperate nature. He is thoroughly desperate and thoroughly vicious. He has that kind of viciousness which invites trouble. I never shall forget an experience I had with a wild boar some years ago during high water. The whole St. Francis basin was overflowed. I had gone into the bottoms from the hills for the purpose of rescuing some stock. I had carried my dogs along, thinking I might hunt bear while in a section which was notably good for this kind of sport at that time.

"Just about sundown one day my dogs opened up in a wild, almost impenetrable part of the section I was in, and from the way they barked I thought they had a bear at bay. I got to them as soon as possible. The cane and undergrowth were so thick that I was within a few yards of the dogs before I could see them. I could see that they were a bit timid about the attack, a thing I had never observed before when they had a bear at bay, and this roused my suspicion a bit, though I was not quite prepared for the thing that happened a few seconds later. Before I could realize my peril a wild boar, one of the largest I had ever seen, dashed out of a clump of cane and made straight for me. Fortunately there was a low limbed, inclining tree a few feet from where I stood. I leaped up the tree just in time to save my hide. The hog missed me by a mere scratch. The dogs were quick to take advantage of the situation and made a fierce attack. They fastened on to the hog's ears almost in a jiffy. His fight to free himself was awful and bloody. It was a frightful mix up, and my dogs were suffering fearfully. For a time I could not help them. I could not shoot without shooting one of my dogs. They were being cut all to pieces by the boar's tusks. But once in the fight not one of them would quit. The loss of blood made them desperate. Directly, during a lull in the scramble, I got a chance to use my rifle and plugged the boar between the eyes. The fight was over then, but my dogs were in bad shape. The wild boar is about the most desperate thing I have ever encountered."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Pat's Lesson in Golf.

Pat had been helping the greens keeper construct several tees at the new golf links and during the noon hour had been given a few lessons in driving. A day or two later he was telling his friend Casey about it.

"Faith, Casey," he said, "this game they call golf is a funny game. You have a little white ball an' a long stick wid a knob on the ind av it, an' yez put the white ball on a little hape av sand. Thin the game is to haul aff an' knock the ball so far yez niver find it ag'in."

"An' did yez hit the ball whin yez tried?" asked Casey.

"Did Oi?" said Pat. "That's the funny thing about golf. Shure, the first time Oi hit it Oi niver touched it!"

Two Points of View.

"Papa, you know you gave me a sovereign and a sixpence the other day. Well, I made a mistake, and—"

"I knew you would, you blundering idiot! You paid out the gold piece for a shilling!"

"No, I didn't, but I passed the sixpence on somebody for half a sovereign, and I bought a whole lot of things with the money, and I've still got the gold."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't worry about it. We're all likely to make mistakes sometimes."—London Tit-Bits.

THE USE OF APPLES.

Dietetic Value of This Common and Best of All Fruit.

One medical writer says: "The more mellow apples one eats the better, provided they be taken at mealtime. It is best of all to eat fruit before meals, and freely as you like."

This will prevent loading the system with a heavy weight of less digestible food. The no breakfast fast tells us that we must not only go without the morning meal, but that we must live much more largely upon fruit. Some of its disciples insist that the apple may be taken in the place of the ordinary breakfast. John Wesley once referred to apple dumplings as an illustration of the alarming advance of luxuries in England. Charles Lamb quotes a friend who says that "a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple dumplings," and Dr. Johnson speaks of a clergyman of his acquaintance who brought his family up almost altogether on this Anglo-Saxon combination. We have recollections of dumplings which might accord with the opinion of Lamb, and then we have recollections of other dumplings which might have been the origin of Calvinism. It must be borne in mind that the ideal apple is one that is fit to be eaten raw, yet the glorious old Spitzenburg is only fit for the cook, in whose hands it becomes the very perfection of pie apples. The nineteenth century went out with a marvelous evolution of new sorts of fruits of all kinds, but there was nothing in the list to exceed the delicious juices of the Northern Spy, the Macintosh Red, the Shanon or the Stuart's Golden.

There is nothing in the world to exceed the beauty of the apple blossom, while the air is laden with an exquisite perfume that has charmed a hundred generations, has added to the poetry, the love and the comfort of Greek, of Roman and of Briton. But if there be anything more beautiful than the apple in blossom it is the same tree loaded down with crimson and golden fruit. Then it is that the apple touches human nature and wakens in the housekeeper the highest conceptions of the science and the fine art of dietetics.—Independent.

Animals are afraid of fire and will fly from it in terror. To others there is a fascination about a flame, and they will walk into it even though tortured by the heat. A horse in a burning stable goes mad with fear, but a dog is as cool in a fire as at any time. He keeps his nose down to the floor, where the air is purest, and sets himself calmly to finding his way out. Cats in their frowns piteously. They hide their faces from the light and crouch in corners. When their rescuer lifts them they are, as a rule, quite docile and subdued, never biting or scratching. Birds seem to be hypnotized by fire and keep perfectly still. Even the loquacious parrot in a fire has nothing to say. Cows, like dogs, do not show alarm. They are easy to lead forth and often find their way out themselves.

Aids to Memory.

"When I was out west a few weeks ago I ran across a couple of fellows that used to live here. Do you remember Billover, who had a lunch counter around the corner here some time in 1897?"

"Yes, I remember Billover. I lent him \$5 once, and he never paid it."

"That's the same man. He never paid anybody. Well, he's in partnership now with Skimbridge, who used to keep a hardware store in the next block. Remember Skimbridge?"

"No; I've forgotten him. I guess he never borrowed any money of me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

On Good Terms.

In a certain parish in one of the southern counties of Ireland the congregation at the Episcopal church numbered only six. One day the bishop of the diocese announced his intention of visiting the parish. Of course the parson was in serious concern lest his lordship should discover the smallness of his flock. Meeting the parish priest, he told his trouble. "Let that not grieve your soul," replied Father —, "Begorra, as soon as mass is over I'll send the boys along to the church!"—Pall Mall Gazette.

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Kept His Word.

Proper Treatment of Pneumonia.

Pneumonia is too dangerous a disease for anyone to attempt to doctor himself, although he may have the proper remedies at hand. A physician should always be called. It should be borne in mind, however, that pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of the grip, and that by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the threatened attack of pneumonia may be warded off. This remedy is also used by physicians in the treatment of pneumonia with the best results. Dr. W. J. Smith of Sanders, Ala., who is also a druggist says of it: "I have been selling Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and prescribing it in my practice for the past six years. I use it in cases of pneumonia and have always gotten the best results." Sold by all druggists.

The estate of the late Senator Hanna, which was thought to be as much as \$6,000,000, or more than out to be only \$3,000,000. The entire property is left to his children. There were no charitable bequests.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

William Shaffer, a brakeman of Dennison, Ohio, was confined to his bed for several weeks with inflammatory rheumatism. "I used many remedies," he says. "Finally I sent to McCaw's drug store for a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, at which time I was unable to use hand or foot, and in one week's time was able to go to work as happy as a clam." For sale by all druggists.

In a special election held in the twelfth New York district Tuesday, W. Bourke Cochrane, Democrat, was elected to Congress to succeed McLelland, resigned.

A Favorite Remedy for Babies.

Its pleasant taste and prompt cures have made Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a favorite with the mothers of small children. It quickly cures their coughs and colds and prevents any danger of pneumonia or other serious consequences. It not only cures croup, but when given as soon as the croupy cough appears will prevent the attack. For sale by all druggists.

The Tri-State Medical Society of the two Carolinas and Virginia, in session at Danville last week, adjourned to meet at Greensboro next year.

WALKER BROS., GRAHAM, N. C.

Building Materials
Sash, Doors, Blinds, mousing, etc. Mantels and scroll work A specialty.

Holt & May
Undertakers
Embalmers
BURLINGTON, N. C.

Make the best of the troubles you have and don't be more.