GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1904.

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

"I don't think we could keep house without Thedford's Black-praught. We have used it in the family for ever 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, ill.

Because this great medicine relieves stomsch pains, frees the constipated bowels and invigor-stes the torpid liver and weak-ened kidneys

No Doctor

is necessary in the home where Thedford'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. Thedford's Black-Draught cures biliousness, dyspepsia, colds, chills and fever, bad blood, headaches, diarrhea, constipation, colic and almost every other ailment because the stomach, bowels liver and kidneys so nearly control the health.

THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT



JEWELER GRAHAM, - - - N. C.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware.

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Aug. 2, 94 17

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GRAHAM, N. C. -Ten nice town lote in Graham

Very desirable and terms reasons-J. A. LONG & CO., Real Estate agents.

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 hand some and charming that he never dared rumple her up with damp caresses, as he had seen some little boys love their mammas, 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 shrunk 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 mor-bid had he not loved Mary, the Irish housemaid, who mothered him surreptitiously; Miss Herrick, his Sunday school teacher, and Patsv. 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 self dealing with one of his own do not owe him." ood 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

"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 lav."

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

A dozen little voices piped out, "The bright star."

"How many of my little children are going to be bright stars and find out the poor and miserable?" Every little voice rang out jubilantly, "I am!" except Tommy, who

was thinking deeply.

After the lesson Tommy went up to Miss Herrick and asked shyly: "Who are the poor and miserable? Do you know any?"

Miss Herrick pinched his cheek playfully and said: "Why, people who are blind, who are poor, who have lost their homes; little crippled children. Oh, Tommy, the world is full of them. They are all around

The next few days Tommy was so full of subdued excitement, his eyes shone so and he acted so queerly that the family physician was called in to prescribe, which he did after so much deliberate scrutiny that Tommy was afraid his little secres would be discovered on his tongue or his face and swallowed the bitter

pills without a murmur. Mary, the housemaid, was his stanch ally in these days. She went out with him constantly, and both of them after Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt had gone out for the evening would creep down to the library, where Tommy would carefully and painfully write little cards which Mary promised faithfully to deliver.

These were happy days for Tom-my. He had found "the poor and miserable" he was looking for. There were a little bootblack, who had no home; two little girls, who were crippled; a poor woman, Mary's friend, who was about to lose her home because she could not meet the payments; one of Mr. Nesbitt's own men, who had been dis-charged; an own woman, who needed help, a young mother and babe, who were penniless, and a score of others whom Tommy thought answered to Miss Herrick's definition of "the poor and miserable"-all

8 o'clock Christmas morning at his home. Mary had promised to watch the front door and let them in, es- He Talked "Like a Book" and Was corting them to the library, where Tommy's Christmas tree would be and where he would distribute his gifts.

Tommy did not sleep much that night.

restrain himself, he was so excited.

Mrs. Nesbitt nearly collapsed. dirty little newsboys, kicking their women, decrepit old men, and the only familiar face that of Norton, the discharged employee.

Mr. Nesbitt advanced threateningly, saying in a voice of thunder:
"Who brought these people here?"

"The star brought them," 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 laces and 11bbons down to Mrs. Nesbitt's heart. His bravery was nearly gone, but he managed to say tear-

"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 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 ex-

plained: "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 himmen-something he had never before condescended to do-and Nor ton 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.

When Miss Herrick heard about Tommy's Christmas she laughed blue eyes were all red when she dressed for her Christmas party.

It was a very weary little boy that went in that evening to say good night to mamma as she sat be-

fore the fire. And when mamma said, "Why, Tommy, you haven't seen your Christmas gifts yet, we have been so busy with your poor people; let us go down now and find them," Tommy stood before her hesitatingly, his very soul shining out of his eyes in

adoration of his beautiful young

mother; then he said softly: "All I want, mamma, is to hug you tight like this," and he jumped into her lap, winding his arms round her neck, "and to kiss you like I kiss Patsy." And he proceeded to demonstrate what kissing Patsy was

Oh, the blessed miracle! Mamma kissed him back rapturously, and, snuggling his curly head to her dear heart, he sank into happy

A few moments later Tommy's papa opened the door softly and, coming in, kissed the sleeping boy and the beautiful mother as they sat enthroned in the rosy glow of the gleaming fire. The star of Bethchem had brought them to Tommy. -Mrs. Fred Le Roy in Streator (Ill.) Independent-Times.

Thieves and Bibles. Bibles are said by detectives to be more rarely stolen than any other objects. This is not because Bibles are worthless to a thief, but because criminals are sufficiently deprayed to steal the good book. A detective said

recently that in an important case which he had followed up some years ago a thief had entered the house, ago a thief had entered the house, stolen some valuable jewels and left untouched a Bible bound in white chicken skin and studded with pearls. The detective caught the thief, and the man who had been robbed, a dealer in curios, visited his despoiler in jail, took an interest in him because he had not taken the Bible and eventually reform ed him and got him a good job.

"I knew," the thief said, "that if took that Bible it would do me barn and if I didn't take it it might do me good. I let it alone, and now, thank beaven, I'm an honest and a righteous The detective added that in another

case where a thief had stolen a Bil the book had been returned. "An had been sent little cards that Tomthing few thieves will take," he added,
my Nesbitt had something to give
them, which they were to call for at
them, which they were to call for at

HERBERT SPENCER.

Very "Set" Man.

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

Eight o'clock Christmas morning | When the pl.ilosopher visited America in 1882 he was in his sixtyhe went into his parents' room to go third year. His fair, ruddy comdown with them to the library, plexion gave little token of delicate where the gifts were displayed, as health or of the sleeplessness which had been the custom ever since he had afflicted him since 1855, when could remember. He could hardly he completed the "Principles of Psychology." In frame he was rather As the library door was opened tall and spare. To casual acquaintances his manners were cold and There, seated on her elegant furni- formal, to his friends he was corture, were blind girls, crippled girls, dial, and on occasions he could be downright jovial, telling and listenheels contentedly; miserable looking ing 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 my 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 objurgation, seemed ready to wield a ferule, whereat 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. But the view from halfway up the acclivity contented Mr. Spencer. 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. is largely," he said, "the admiring 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 rob-bing Peter by giving Paul what they

A SPORTING PARSON.

The Sequel to a Wager Laid Life of Napoleon,

In 1812 an action was brought by Rev. Robert Gilbert against Sir Mark Sykes, and it arose from a bet made between the parties upon the life of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Sir Mark ten years before the action had invited some friends to dinner, the reverend gentleman being one of the number. Politics became the subject of conversation, and then cried so hard her pretty and the opinion was freely expressed by some of the party that Na poleon was in a critical situation at that time and that attempts would

be made to assassinate him. This view was held by the host. who said that he considered Bonsparte's life in such danger that if any one would give him 100 guineas he would pay him a guinea a day

during Napoleon's lifetime. Upon this Rev. Gilbert, "in the language," as the defendant's counsel put it, "of a common five guinea bettor on a race course, nailed him with: 'Will you, Sir Mark? I'll take you-done.

The sporting parson gave 100 guineas to Sir Mark, who for a considerable time paid him various sums of money on account of the wager, amounting in all to \$4,850.

Then for five or six years the guinea a day payments ceased, the baronet feeling no doubt that if Bo-naparte was not dead he ought to be, and Gilbert, who, it may be mentioned, enjoyed a living worth some \$6,000 a year, brought this action against Sir Mark to enforce the wager and sought to recover from him a further \$11,000.

The plaintiff's counsel contended that, although it might be objected that wagers on the life of men were immoral, yet the laws of England supported such wagers.

The judges did not seem to have

laid much stress upon the question whether this wager tended to im-peril the safety of the state. He asked the jury to consider whether the bet had been seriously made, and if it were a serious bet whether in all the circumstances the plaintiff had not been paid enough money by the defendant. The jury took the hint and gave a verdict against the defendant. The jury took the rapacious parson.-Longman's Magazine.

Mixed Pickles, Esq.

Lord Wolseley in his remicampaign in Ashanti: "Sailors are proverbially fond of pets, and the naval brigade adopted one, a negro boy, very black and very small. They had dressed him in the full orm of a bluejacket, which uniform of a bluejacket, which made him very proud of himself and of the wooden sword they had made for him. When you asked him his name they had taught him to stand up to attention, to salute and to answer quite solemnly, 'Mixed Pickles, Req., sir.' They took

the utmost delight in teaching him English, and the appearance and frolicsome pomposity of this child It is a Desperate Creature and Hunters were a source of perpetual amusement to all ranks."

Belleisle-en-Mer.

This island is one of the finest of the group composing the corner of Brittany called the Morbihan. It contains four towns, five lighthouses and several coast guard stations. The crossing from Quiberon takes some fifty minutes, and, the sea being usually very rough, with treacherous rocks stretching far out from the land, there is always a spice of danger in making Belleisle. Indeed, the sunken rocks in many parts render access impossible except to small rowing boats.

Mark Twain's Audiences

It was on a train somewhere between New York and the west. Mark Twain was traveling between towns on a lecture tour, and a friend had been drawing the humorist out on the subject of his experiences." "What sort of audience," he ask-

and sympathetic listeners? "College men," replied Mark after a moment's thought—"college men and convicts."-Harper's Week-

ed, "do you like best? Who, in your

opinion, make the most responsive

Wonderful Bird Flight. The most wonderful bird flight noted is the migratory achievement of the Virginia plover, which leaves its northern haunts in North America and, taking a course down the Atlantic, usually from 400 to 500 miles east of the Bermudas, reaches the coast of Brazil in one unbroken flight of fifteen hours, covering a distance of 3,200 miles at the rate of four miles a minute.

Marriage Bureaus. The growing number of marriage advertisements in Austrian and German newspapers seems to indicate an increasing commercial element in matrimonial affairs. A journalist who investigated the matter discovered, however, that most of these advertisements are inserted by the marriage bureaus, which do a thriving business in plucking

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

"Don't be troyin' to raise me moind," said Mr. Herlihy darkly, keeper construct several tees at the "for it's unpossible, docther. Here Oi had her insured against accidints of ivery koind only foor 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. "Sor-ry 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 rancs if your son will accept her as his wife; then, being the father-inlaw 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 small country lad chuckled. "I thought it would be fun," he said, "to see you try to climb a tree." Then, after another chuckle, "And it was."—Chicago Post.

Trees and Lightning.

The oak, the poplar and the pear tree, possessing the greatest elec-trical conductivity, are the most dangerous shelters during a thun-derstorm. The beech is the safest. Chalk is the safest soil in which to plant trees that may be needed for shelter from the storm, clay the next, sand the third and loam the most dangerous of all.

"Gentlemen will not, others must

not, cut their names on or disfigure in any other way these relics."

This is a clever and evidently effective notice that is displayed in a small museum. Another exhibition contains the following:

"Fools are earnestly requested to membered 'Yes, please,'"

"I remembered 'Yes, please,'"

"Fools are earnestly cut, draw and scratch on the articles displayed." Needless to say the sarcastic no-tice has the effect of deterring would be vandals.

Tomson-Didn't you ever attemp to lay down the law in your own home?

Meekton—Certainly, and with en-

tire success. I gave instructions to the family and to the servants that Henrietta was to have her own way in every particular, and Henrietta sees to it that my instructions are implicitly carried out. THE WILD HOG.

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 the wild have no breakfast of the second of the "Talking about fierce things, the oughly vicious. He has that kind of viciousness which invites trou-ble. 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 desper-

-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ate thing I have ever encountered."

Pat's Lesson in Golf. Pat had been helping the greens 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 golluf do be a funny game. Yez 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 ut ag'in." "An' did yes hit the ball whin

yez tried?" asked Casey.
"Did Oi?" said Pat. "Thot's the funny thing about golluf. Shure, the first toime Oi hit ut Oi niver touched ut!"

Two Points of View.

"Papa, you know you gave me 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

We're all likely to make mistakes sometimes." - London Tit-

Spoiled the Romance "We are looking for the comet," explained the young man on the porch as the father of the young wo-

man came out to see what was de-

taining her.
"Why, bless you," said the kind old gentleman, "the comet is in an entirely different part of the sky." And he took him round to the other side of the house, showed him the position of the comet and talked to him for about half an hour about

Useless Phrase. Bobby had returned from his first tea party, his round face wreathed

have to say 'No, thank you,' moth-er, because I took everything every time it was passed."

As Wasps Do. Jinks-I'll never get into an argument with him again. He's entirely too bit-

Winks-is he really? links-Oh, a regular wasp Winks-I see. He always carries oint.—Catholic Standard.

nt-That's true. I bet him \$100

THE USE OF APPLES.

Dietetio Value of This Common Best of All Fruit.

tem with a heavy weight of less di-gestible foods. The no breakfast fud 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. Sold hy all draggists. 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 Shannon 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 poesy, 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 and Fire.

Most 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 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 himsel calmly to finding his way out. Cats in fires howl piteously. They hide their faces from the light and crouch in corners. When their resouer 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?"

him \$5 once, and he never paid it." "That's the same man. He never paid anybody. Well, he's in partner-ship now with Skimbridge, who used to keep a hardware store in the next block. Remember Skimbridge?" "No; I've forgotten him. I gues

he never borrowed any money of me."-Chicago Record-Herald.

In a certain parish in one of the southern counties of Ireland the congregation at the Episcopalchurch 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.

Kept His Word.

"I used to think you were not a man of your word, Jones, but I've changed my mind." "Ah, you understand me now,

friend Smith. But what led you to enange your mind?"
"You remember the remember that \$10 you bor rowed from me?"

"You said if I lent it to you you would be indebted to me forever."

"Well, you are keeping your word

Her Reading For Infants. He proposed, conjointly with his fa ther and brother, to blast the stone as the most expeditions mode of gaining access to her areans, and this in the open daylight, in order that any tul lary protection she might be dispo-to extend to her favorite haunt mi-as she was a thing of darkness: night, be effectually countervalle. Extract From Child's Fairy Book.

Make the best of the tro have and don't for more.

Prpoer Treatment of Proums Pneumonia is too dangerous a disease for anyone to attempt to doctor himself, although he may have the

physicians in the treatment of pneu

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

Sold by all druggists.

Inflammatory Rhoumatism Cured. William Shaffer, a breakman 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 Cockran, Democrat, was elected to Congress to succeed Mc-Lelland, resigned.

A Favorite Remedy for Bables.

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 pneu-monia or other serious consequences. It not only cures cronp, 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, adeven though tortured by the heat. journed to meet at Greensboro next



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Sash, Doors, Blinds, moulding, etc. Mantels and scroll work A specialty.

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