



Miss Agnes Westley
66 Wells Street,
Marion, W. Va.

816 Wells Street,
MARION, W. VA., Sept. 25, 1903.

I was run down from nervousness and overwork and had to resign my position and take a rest. I found that I was not gaining my strength and health as fast as I could wish, and as your Wine of Cardui was recommended as such a good medicine for the like of our case, I bought a bottle and began using it. I was satisfied with the results from the use of the first bottle, and took three more and then found I was restored to good health and strength and able to take up my work with renewed vigor. I consider it a fine tonic and excellent for worn-out, nervous condition, and am pleased to endorse it.

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The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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Thorpe, in common with the other men, had thought Radway's vacation at Christmas time a mistake. He could not but admire the feverish animation that now characterized the jobber. Every mischance was as quickly repaired as aroused expedient could do the work.

Esprit de corps awoke. The men sprang to their tasks with alacrity, gave more than an hour's exertion to each of the twenty-four, took a pride in repulsing assaults of the great enemy who personified under the generic "She."

One morning in February Thorpe was helping load a big butt log. He was one of the two men who stand at either end of the skids to help the ascending log keep straight and true to its bed on the pile. His assistant's end caught on a silver, ground for a second and slipped back. Then the log ran slanting across the skids instead of perpendicular to them. To rectify the fault Thorpe dug his cant hook into the timber and threw his

weight on the stock. He hoped in this manner to check correspondingly the ascent of his end. In other words, he took the place on his side of the preventing silver, so equalizing the log and forcing the timber to its proper position. Instead of rolling the log slid. The stock of the cant hook was jerked from his hands. He fell back, and the cant hook, after clinging for a moment to the rough bark, snapped down and hit him a crushing blow on the top of the head.

They took Thorpe up and carried him in, just as they had carried Hank Paul before. Men who had not spoken a dozen words to him in as many days gathered his few belongings and stuffed them awkwardly into his satchel. Jackson Hines prepared the bed of straw and warm blankets in the bottom of the sleigh that was to take him out.

"He would have made a good boss," said the old fellow. "He's a hard man to nick."

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Thorpe finally came to himself he was in a long, bright, clean room, and the sunset was throwing splashes of light on the ceiling over his head. He watched them fly for a time, then turned on his pillow. At once he perceived a long, double row of clean white painted iron beds, on which lay or sat figures of men. Other figures of women glided here and there noiselessly. They wore long, spreading dove gray clothes, with a starched white kerchief drawn over their shoulders and across the breast. Their heads were quaintly white-garbed in stiff winglike collars, fitting close about the oval of the face. Then Thorpe sighed comfortably and closed his eyes and blessed the chance that he had bought a hospital ticket of the agent who had visited camp the month before. For these were sisters, and the young man lay in the hospital of St. Mary.

Like a great many other charities built on a common sense, self-supporting, rational basis, the woods hospitals

are under the Roman Catholic church. From one of the numerous agents who periodically visit the camps the lumber jack purchases for \$8 a ticket which admits him at any time during the year to the hospital, where he is privileged to remain free of further charge until convalescent. So valuable are these institutions and so excellent the care they maintained by the sisters that a hospital agent is always welcome even in those camps from which ordinary peddlers and insurance sales are rigidly excluded.

In one of these hospitals Thorpe lay for six weeks suffering from a severe concussion of the brain. At the end of the fourth his fever had broken, but he was pronounced as yet too weak to be moved.

The roofs were covered with snow. One day Thorpe saw it sink into sheets and gradually run away. The thick and sticky tank of snow accumulated from his own camp. Down the forest river sluggish reaches of ice drifted. Then in a night the blue disappeared from the stream. It became a massing gray, and even from his distance Thorpe could catch the swirl of her dark waters. A day or two later dark mists drifted or shrouded the cold mists of the river, and twice he thought he detected men standing upright and held on single legs as they rushed down the current.

"What is the date?" he asked of the sister.

"Isn't it early for this thaw?" "Listen to him!" exclaimed the sister delightedly. "Early, is it! Sure 't' f'rasher 'ot than him! Look, darlin'; ye can see the drive from here." "I see," said Thorpe wearily. "When can I get out?" "Not for wan week," replied the sister decidedly.

At the end of the week Thorpe said good-by to his attendant. He took two days of tramping the little town to regain the use of his legs and boarded the morning train for Beeson Lake. He did not pause in the village, but bent his steps to the river trail.

He followed the trail by the river. Butterballs and scoters paddled up at his approach. Bits of rotten ice occasionally swirled down the diminishing stream. Around every bend Thorpe looked for some of Radway's crew "driving" the logs down the current. He knew from chance encounters with several of the men in Bay City that Radway was still in camp, which meant, of course, that the season's operations were not finished. Five miles farther Thorpe began to wonder whether this last conclusion might not be erroneous. The Cass branch had shrunk almost to its original limits. The drive must have been finished even this early, for the stream in its present condition would hardly float saw logs.

Thorpe, puzzled, walked on. At the banking ground he found empty skids. Evidently the drive was over. And yet even to Thorpe's ignorance it seemed incredible that the remaining million and a half of logs had been hauled, banked and driven during the short time he had lain in the Bay City hospital. More to solve the problem than in any hope of work he set out for the logging road.

Another three miles brought him to camp. It looked strangely wet and sodden and deserted. In fact, Thorpe found a bare half dozen people in it—Radway, the cook and four men who were helping to pack up the movables. The jobber showed strong traces of the strain he had undergone, but greeted Thorpe almost joyfully.

"Hello, young man!" he shouted at Thorpe's mud splashed figure. "Come back to view the remains? All well again, heigh? That's good!" "I didn't know you were through," explained Thorpe. "and I came to see if I could get a job."

"Well, now, I am sorry!" cried Radway. "You can't turn in and help, though, if you want to."

Thorpe greeted the cook and old Jackson Hines, the only two whom he knew, and set to work to tie up bundles of blankets and to collect axes, peavies and tools of all descriptions. That evening the seven dined together at one end of the long table. The big room exhaled already the atmosphere of desertion.

"Not much like old times, is she?" laughed Radway. "Can't you just shut your eyes and hear Baptiste say, 'Mak' 'em do soup one tam more for me?' She's pretty empty now."

Jackson Hines looked whimsically down the bare board. "More room than God made for geese in Ireland," was his comment.

After supper they sat outside for a little time to smoke their pipes, chairs tilted against the logs of the cabins, but soon the chill of melting snow drove them indoors. The four teamsters played seven up in the cook camp by the light of a barn lantern, while Thorpe and the cook wrote letters. Thorpe's was to his sister.

"I have been in the hospital for about a month," he wrote. "Nothing serious—a crack on the head, which is all right now. But I cannot get home this summer, nor I am afraid, can we arrange about the school this year. I am still ahead of where I was last fall, so you see it is slow business. This summer I am going into a mill, but the wages for green labor are not very high there either," and so on.

When Miss Helen Thorpe, aged seventeen, received this document she stamped her foot almost angrily. "You'd think he was a day laborer!" she cried. "Why don't he try for a clerkship or something in the city where he'd have a chance to see his brains?"

And thus she came to feeling rebelliously that her brother had been a little selfish in his choice of an occupation; that he had sacrificed her inclination to his own.

After finishing the letter Thorpe lit his pipe and strolled out into the darkness. Opposite the little office he stopped amazed.

Through the narrow window he could see Radway seated in front of the stove. He had sunk down into his chair until he rested on almost the small of his back, his legs were stretched out to front of him, his chin rested on his breast, and his two arms hung listless at his side, a pipe half falling from the fingers of one hand. All the fantastic lines had turned to pathos.

"What's the matter with the boss, anyway?" asked Thorpe in a low voice of Jackson Hines when the seven up was finished.

"Hain't ye heard?" inquired the old man in surprise.

"Why, no. What?" "Shut up," said the old man sententiously.

"How'd what do you mean?" "What I say. He's busted. That f'rasher caught him too quick. They're now over a million and a half logs left in the woods that can't be got out this year, and as his contract calls for a finished job, he don't get neither for what he's done."

"That's a queer rig," commented Thorpe. "He's done a lot of valuable work here. The timber's cut and skidded away, and he's delivered a good deal of it to the main drive. The M. & D. can't get all the advantage of that."

"The steam's of March."

"They do, my son. When old Daly's hand gets near anything it cramps. I don't know how the old man came to make such a contract, but he did. Result is he's out of his expenses and time."

The exceptionally early break up of the spring, combined with the fact that owing to the series of incidents and accidents already sketched the actual cutting and skidding had fallen so far behind, caught Radway unawares. He saw the railroads breaking out while his teams were still hauling in the woods. In order to deliver to the mouth of the Cass branch the 3,000,000 already banked he was forced to drop everything else and attend strictly to the drive. This left still, as has been stated, a million and a half on skidways, which Radway knew he would be unable to get out that year.

In spite of the jobber's certainty that his claim was thus annulled and that he might as well abandon the enterprise entirely for all he would ever get out of it, he finished the "drive" conscientiously and saved to the company the logs already banked. Then he had interviewed Daly. The latter refused to pay him one cent.

The next day Radway and Thorpe walked the ten miles of the river trail together, while the teamsters and the cook drove down the live teams. Under the influence of the solitude and a certain sympathy which Thorpe manifestly evinced toward a very little "I got behind; that's all there is to it," he said. "I bit off more than I could chew."

Thorpe noticed a break in the man's voice and, glancing suddenly toward him, was astounded to catch his eyes brimming with tears. Radway perceived the surprise.

"You know when I left Christmas?" he asked.

"Yes."

"The boys thought it was a mighty poor rig—my leaving that way."

He paused again in evident expectation of a reply. Again Thorpe was silent.

"Didn't they?" Radway insisted.

"Yes, they did," answered Thorpe.

The older man sighed. "I thought so," he went on. "Well, I didn't go to spend Christmas. I went because Jimmy brought me a telegram that Lida was sick with diphtheria. I sat up nights with her for eleven days."

"No bad after effects, I hope?" inquired Thorpe.

"She died," said Radway simply.

CHAPTER IX.

RADWAY, said he suddenly, "I need money, and I need it bad. I think you ought to get something out of this job of the M. & D.—not much, but something. Will you give me a share of what I can collect from them?"

"Sure!" agreed the jobber readily. "You know, 'Bum! But you can't get anything. I'll give you 10 per cent quick!"

"Good enough!" cried Thorpe. "Now, when we get to town I want your power of attorney and a few figures, after which I will not bother you again."

The next day the young man called for the second time at the little red painted office under the shadow of the mill and for the second time stood before the bulky power of the junior member of the firm.

"Well, young man, what can I do for you?" asked the latter.

"I have been informed," said Thorpe without preliminary, "that you intend to pay John Radway nothing for the work done in the Cass branch this winter. Is that true?"

Daly studied his antagonist meditatively. "If it is true what is it to you?" he asked at length.

"I am acting in Mr. Radway's interest."

"You are one of Radway's men?"

"Yes."

"For what capacity have you been working for him?"

"Cant hook man," replied Thorpe briefly.

"I see," said Daly slowly. Then suddenly, with an intensity of energy that startled Thorpe, he cried: "Now, you get out of here! Right off! Quick!"

The young man recognized the compelling and autocratic boss addressing a member of the crew.

Daly considered carefully, fating his fight like eyes unwaveringly on Thorpe's face. Evidently his scrutiny advised him that the young man was a force to be reckoned with.

"It's like this," he said abruptly; "we contracted last fall with this man Radway to put in 5,000,000 feet of our

timber, delivered to the main drive at the mouth of the Cass branch. In this he was to act independently, except as to the matter of provisions. Those he drew from our van and was debited with the amount of the same. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly," replied Thorpe.

"In return we were to pay him, merchantable scale, \$4 a thousand. If, however, he failed to put in the whole job the contract was void."

"That's how I understand it," commented Thorpe. "Well?"

"Well, he didn't get in the 5,000,000. There's a million and a half hung up in the woods."

"But you have in your hands three million and a half, which under the present arrangement you get free of any charge whatever."

"And we ought to get it," cried Daly. "Great guns! Here we intend to say this summer and quit. We want to get in every stick of timber we own so as to be able to clear out of here in the season, and now this condign jobber ties us up for a million and a half."

"It is exceedingly annoying," conceded Thorpe, "and it is a good deal of Radway's fault. I am willing to admit, but it's your fault too."

"To be sure," replied Daly, with the accent of sarcasm.

"You had no business entering into any such contract. It gave him no show."

"I suppose that was mainly his lookout, wasn't it? And, as I already told you, we had to protect ourselves."

"You should have demanded security for the completion of the work. Under your present agreement, if Radway goes to the timber, you were to pay him a fair price. If he didn't, you appropriated everything he had already done. In other words, you made him a bet."

"I don't care what you call it," answered Daly, who had recovered his good humor in contemplation of the security of his position. "The fact stands all right."

"It does," said Thorpe unexpectedly, "and I'm glad of it. Now, let's examine a few figures. You owned 5,000,000 feet of timber, which at the price of stumpage (standing trees) was worth \$10,000."

"Well?"

"You come out at the end of the season with three million and a half of saw logs, which with the \$4 worth of logging added are worth \$21,000."

"Hold on!" cried Daly. "We paid Radway \$4. We could have done it ourselves for less."

"You could not have done it for one cent less than four-twenty in that country," replied Thorpe, "as an expert will testify."

"Why did we give it to Radway at four then?"

"You saved the expense of a marled overseer and yourselves some bother," replied Thorpe. "Radway could do it for less because, for some strange reason which you yourself do not understand, a jobber can always log for less than a company."

"Well, put her at four, then," agreed Thorpe. "That makes your saw logs worth over \$20,000. Of this value Radway added \$18,000. You have appropriated that much of his without paying him one cent."

Daly seemed amused. "How about the million and a half feet of ours he appropriated?" he asked quietly.

"I'm coming to that. Now for your losses. At the stumpage rate your million and a half which Radway appropriated would be only three thousand. But the sake of argument we'll take the actual sum you'd have received for saw logs. Even then the million and a half would only have been worth between eight and nine thousand. Deducting this purely theoretical loss Radway has occasioned you, you are still some four or five thousand ahead of the game. For that you paid him nothing."

"That's Radway's lookout."

"In justice you should pay him that amount. He is a poor man. He has sunk all he owned in this venture, some \$12,000, and he has nothing to live on. Even if you pay him five thousand, he has not considerable, while you have gained."

"How have we gained by this bit of philanthropy?"

[To be continued.]

Warned by a Photo.

Here is a curious little story told by a solicitor. He had among his clients a few years ago a notorious company promoter whose financial affairs came to grief. One day happening to pass by a stationer's shop his attention was attracted by a portrait of Mr. —, the well known barrister. Mr. — was attired in wig and gown, and in his hand he held a paper on which the solicitor's sharp eyes caught the name of his client. His curiosity aroused, he purchased the photo and proceeded to decipher the words of Mr. —'s brief, speedily discovering that they indicated that a warrant was "out" for the arrest of his client. In a few hours the man of finance was out of England, to which country he has not since returned.—London Globe.

Went Without Paying Duty.

"Speaking of custom houses," said an artist, "once in traveling through of Florence, where they examine the baggage of the festive foreigner before they allow him to enter their gates. They proceeded solemnly to search my baggage, but found nothing desirable until they at length came upon a little bottle of essences that I had bought in Switzerland. It was half full. 'We shall have to collect duty on this wine,' they declared pompously. I got out of the cab, set down by the roadside, drank what wine was left in the bottle and threw the bottle away, whereupon they were forced to permit me to carry the wine, minus duty, into the

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

Some Gleaned From the Teachings of All Denominations.

A cup of life's elixir from the spring of pleasure will often help more to develop lives godward than all the prayers of dozens of Christians.—Rev. C. J. Harris, University, Atlanta, Ga.

The Joy of Living.

As the instinct of self preservation is the strongest instinct, so the joy of simply living is the lowest joy. And the measure of that joy is the measure of the life wherein it rejoices.—Rabbi Leon Harrison, St. Louis.

Subjective Development.

Every man must take heed to his subjective development. In each one's life there are two distinct powers—the subjective and the objective, the outer and the inner. Every one who is the architect of his own life.—Rev. Dr. Adams, Baptist, Des Moines, Ia.

Great Work.

All truly patriotic work, all educational and charitable work, all humanitarian and religious work, is great in so far as they who do it give themselves to it, put all there is of them into it.—Rev. Dr. Charles Carroll Alberson, Presbyterian, Rochester, N. Y.

Judgment and Eternity.

Life is no fiction; neither is the judgment a fiction. We shall all be judged for that we were and for what we are in body and spirit. Heaven is no dead level, but the eternities for us depend upon what we are in this world in body and soul.—Rev. Dr. J. T. M. Johnston, Baptist, St. Louis.

What Faith Does.

Faith gives us a better knowledge of ourselves. Our faith tells us who we are and what we are and whence we came and whither we are going. It releases us from the errors of heathenism and the blindness of the world.—Cardinal Gibbons, Catholic, New York.

Art Above Science.

Art is nobler than science. Animals can know; bees, beavers and birds have science. When God expresses himself, we call it revelation and nature. When man expresses himself we call it art. Nature is the utterance of God and art is the utterance of man.—Rev. N. M. Waters, Congregationalist, Brooklyn.

Penalty of Indulgence.

The youth with temptations to pleasure, toward which his buoyancy of life naturally leads him, does not always think what bearing indulgence in these things may have upon his future and by a few years of early dissipation may utterly disqualify himself for success in life.—Rev. T. J. Leak, Methodist, Pittsburg.

The Christian and Politics.

You can go into politics and be just as pure hearted, as clean handed and as good a Christian as you can be in any other business or in a country store, selling mackerel and molasses. True, if you go into politics, men will abuse you and throw mud at you, but that won't hurt.—Rev. B. J. Burdette, Baptist, Los Angeles.

Choice of Friends.

Young people are judged by their chums. Society swiftly concludes that they who associate with the impure are themselves impure. As you have felt virtue go out of you in the society of evil people, so have you felt virtue entering your inmost soul when associating with pure and holy natures.—Rev. Dr. Charles Bayard Miller, Methodist, Cleveland, O.

Meaning of the World's Advance.

The world is advancing with increasing acceleration on every hand. The nations are drawing together in the great march of progress either to a unity that means nothing or to a condition that means an absorption of the weaker and backward by the stronger and forward. It is impossible to resist the tendency. The whole human race is like a great procession moving on to a climax that is drawing nearer every day.—Rev. William White Wilson, Episcopalian, Chicago.

Comfort For the Discouraged.

The world is, after all, only a big family. And every family has its troubles. There are times when the head of the family gets gloomy and wonders if there is any hope for better days. In his heart he knows there is. And he usually finds it by getting old fashioned again and in not trying to get new fashions too fast, for here is a great virtue of the old. It comforts all sorrow, lifts us out of discouraging doubt, cures pessimism and warns every despairer of the good.—Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure.—Rev. Frederick E. Hopkins, Congregationalist, Chicago.

The Higher Life Needed.

Men often see but half the truth and are prone to think that in order to be spiritual we must be ascetic. Not so with God, who provides blessings for the body that he may bless the soul. To the very people whom he was striving to educate into the knowledge of a life above the bread of life, he promised every earthly good as the immediate stimulus to faithfulness. A land of milk and honey was to be theirs; a land with stores of iron and bills of gold; a land of clusters and fruit; a land not to be watered as Egypt was, but with "drinkable water of the rain of heaven." But still, recognizing all this, we ask ourselves what is the Master's meaning. "Man shall not live by bread alone." It is so plain that just as much can be expressed in it: "Man shall not live without bread. But take care! Neither shall man live by bread alone. The plain intimation is that men are prone to be content with and absorbed in the lower life. They are only too willing to live by bread alone.—Rev. Rhyester F. Scovel, Presbyterian, Pittsburg.

Problems of Love.

For individuals and for national life, for character and for social service, for the earthly life and the eternal outlook, the ultimate problem of every man is simply the problem of learning to live the life of an earnest, intelligent, thoroughgoing love. The true and final examination in any education for life is just one question: "How much does a person mean to live?" Have you really learned to be a good friend?—Rev. Henry Churchill King, President Oberlin College, Congregationalist.

HALF A SECOND'S SLEEP.

Forty Noontime Winks a Day Cured a Nervous Wreck.

A well known man in England had among his ancestors a number of men and women who committed suicide. He himself became melancholy, and his children, who knew the hereditary taint, were much worried about him. A physician told him that mental fatigue was his trouble and persuaded him to try an experiment. The man was a very busy man and scoffed at the idea of taking a nap in the middle of the day. He finally agreed to the following: He would sit up in his easy chair every afternoon with his hands over his knees, holding a dinner bell in both his hands. If he lost consciousness and went to sleep he would be willing to sleep for so long a time as it would take for the dinner bell to fall to the floor and wake him up.

The doctor who suggested this arrangement declared that the real mental relaxation of going to sleep, if only for a few seconds, would suffice to save him. He invited his patient to study activity of the brain by noticing how many things he would dream while the dinner bell was falling to the floor.

Every day for several months the man with the suicidal heredity sat down after luncheon with the dinner bell in his hands. Every day he went to sleep, slept for half a second, while the bell fell to the floor, and his mental condition improved steadily, partly because of the rest which his mind got by losing consciousness for a second and partly because of his interest in the extraordinary dreams which passed through his brain while the bell was falling. These dreams carried him all over the world and seemed to last indefinitely. A dozen or more human beings were mixed up in them. A long succession of events, which were perfectly clear, passed before his eyes, gradually interrupted by a sound from a distance, which at first would mix in with the dream and ultimately would prove to be the dinner bell striking the floor. The ordinary person who says he has been dreaming all night probably does not realize that he actually dreamed about a second and a half while he was waking up.—World Magazine.

Tomkins' Hobby.

"Has your husband any hobbies, Mrs. Jumptuppe?" said the hostess to the afternoon caller.

"No, I can't say he has," replied Mrs. Jumptuppe, who was one of the old school.

"Oh, how nice!" gushed the other. "Now, mine, you know, is a terrible nuisance in that way. He's a downright bibliophile. When he's at home there's no getting a word out of him. He's simply wrapped up in his book shelves."

"I say, John," said Mrs. Jumptuppe to her spouse later in the evening, "that there old Tomkins is a nice old cup of tea. 'Is wife told me today that 'e's a regular bibulous old file and that he comes 'ome fairly speechless and goes ter sleep on the bookshelf. Shockin', ain't it? An' 'im a man of 'is education too. Wotever the world a-comin' to?"—London Answers.

The Man With the Ginger Beard.

Earl Spencer was lord lieutenant of Ireland at the time of the Phoenix park murders.

A rather good story is told of him while holding this position. He was one day watching the rifle shooting at the Dublin ranges when a messenger boy was sent to look for one of the "shooters," who happened to bear a sort of resemblance to the queen's representative.

So when the boy came to the earl and briskly addressed him, "Mr. — says you're to come at once; he's waiting for you," the former mildly suggested that there was a mistake.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "I was told to give the message to the man with the ginger beard."

He Would Take No Chances.

Two men in a western state were to be hanged for horse stealing. The place selected was the middle of a trestle bridge spanning a river. The rope was not securely tied on the first man to be dropped, and the knot slipped. The man fell into the river and immediately swam for the shore. As they were adjusting the rope for the second man, an Irishman, he remarked, "Will ye be sure and tie that good and tight, 'cause I can't swim!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Good Spirits.

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By virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Alamance County, I will sell at public outcry, to the best bidder, on

SATURDAY, FEB. 11, 1905,

the following described real property, to-wit: One-half undivided interest in and to a tract of land in Alamance County, North Carolina, on New River adjoining the lands of Frank H. Tucker, the Carolina Ferry land, Mack Andrews and others, containing 258 ACRES, more or less, in being the plantation of which the late James Thomas died testate, and now which he lived upon till his death. Said land is also piece of the Carolina River and land which the late J. M. Thomas occupied till his death, at St. Albans, upon the following terms: One-half cash, the other half at six months, upon receipt of note carrying interest from date of sale, and title reserved till payment is complete.

Jan. 6, 1905. W. E. PERRY, Com'r.

AGENTS & HEALTHY AGENTS

THE GREATNESS OF THE DAY

"CHRIST IN THE CAMP"

By Dr. J. WILLIAM JONES

AGENTS: W. E. PERRY, Com'r. N. C.—Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, Raleigh, Charlotte, and other cities. S. C.—Spartanburg, Columbia, Charleston, and other cities. Va.—Richmond, Norfolk, and other cities. Ky.—Louisville, Lexington, and other cities.