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The Blazed Trail -Troil > By STEWART EDWARD WHITE
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would often lie awake half of the few hours of their night, every muscle tense, staring at the sky. His mind saw definitely every detail of the situntion as he had viewed it. In advance his imagination stooped and sweated to the work which his body was to accomplish the next morning. Thus he did everything twice. Then at last the tension would relax. He would fall into uneasy sleep. But twice that did not follow. Through the dissolving iron mist of his striving a sharp thought cleaved like an arrow. It was that, after all, he did not care. Subconsciousness, the other influence, was growing like a weed. Perhaps there were greater things than to succeed. greater things than success. And then the keen, polgnant memory of the dream girl stole into the young man's mind and in agony was immediately thrust forth. He would not think of her. He had given her up. He refused to believe that he had been wrong. In the still darkness of the night he would rise and steal to the edge of the fully roaring stream. There, his eyes blinded and his throat choked with s longing more manly than tears, he would reach out and smooth the round rough coats of the great logs.

"We'll do it," he whispered to them and to himself. "We'll do it. We can't be wrong."

CHAPTER XXX.

ALLACE CARPENTER'S search ure, as Thorpe had foreseen, but at the end of the week when the water began to recede, they came upon a mass of flesh and bones. The man was unrecognizable. The remains were wrapped in canvas and sent for interment to the cemetery at Marquette. Three of the others were never found. The last did not come to light until after the drive had quite fin-

Down at the booms the jam crev received the drive as fast as it came down From one crib to another across the broad extent of the river's mouth heavy booms were chained end to end effectually to close the exit to Lake Superior. Against these the logs caromed softly in the slackened current and stopped. The cribs were very heavy, with slanting instead of square tops, in order that the pressure might be downward instead of sidewise. In a short time the surface of the lagoon was covered by a brown carpet of logs running in strange patterns like windrows of fallen grain. The drive was

Up till now the weather had been clear, but oppressively hot for this time of year. The heat had come suddenly and maintained itself well. The men had worked for the most part in undershirts. They were as much in the water as out of it, for the icy bath had become almost grateful. Hamilton, the journalist, who had attached himself definitely to the drive, distributed bunches of papers, in which the men read that the unseasonable condi-

tions prevailed all over the country. At length, however, it gave signs of breaking. The sky, which had been of a steel blue, harbored great piled thunder heads. Toward evening the thunder heads shifted and finally dissipated, to be sure, but the portent was

Hamilton's papers began to tell of washouts and cloudbursts in the south and west. The men wished they had some of that water here.

So finally the drive approached its end and all concerned began in anticipation to taste the weariness that awaited them. The few remaining tasks still confronting them all at once seemed more formidable than what they had accomplished. The work for the first time became dogged, distaste-ful. Even Thorpe was infected. He, too, wanted more than anything else to drop on the bed in Mrs. Hathaway's boarding house. There remained but a few things to do. A mile of sacking would carry the drive beyond the influence of freshet water. After that

there would be no hurry.

He looked round at the hard, fatigue worn faces of the men about him, and he suddenly felt a great rush of affection for these comrades who had so un-reservedly spent themselves for his af-fuir. Their features showed exhaustion, it is true, but their eyes gleamed still with the steady, half humorous se of the ploneer. When they caught his glance they grinned good

numoredly. All at once Thorpe turned and start-

"That 'll do, boys," he said quietly to the nearest group. "She's down." It was noon. The sackers looked up in surprise. Behind them, to their very feet, rushed the soft smooth slope of Hemlock rapids. Below them flowed a broad, peaceful river. The drive had ed its last obstruction. To all intents and purposes it was over. Calmly, with matter of fact direct ness, as though they had not achieved

peavers and struck into the broad wag-on road. In the middle distance loomed the tall stacks of the mill, with the littie board town about it. Across the eye

spun the thread of the railroad. Far away gleamed the broad expanses of Lake Superior. The men paired off naturally and fell

into a dragging, dogged walk. Therefound himself unexpectedly with Big Junko. For a time they plodded on without conversation. Then the big man ventured a remark. "I'm glad she's over," said be. "I got

a good stake comin'."
"Yes," replied Thorpe indifferently. ost \$600 comin'," persi "Might as well be 600 cents," comted Thorpe. "It 'd make you just

After the camp had fallen asleep he Big Junko laughed self consciously, but without the slightest resentment.



"You've changed, Junko," said he. "That's all right," said he, "but you betcher life I don't blow this stake." "I've heard that talk before," shrug-

ged Thorpe. "Yes, but this is different. I'm goin' to git married on this. How's that?" Thorpe, his attention struck at last, stared at his companion.

"Who is she?" he asked abruptly. "She used to wash at Camp Four." Thorpe dimly remembered the wom an now-an overweighted creature with a certain attraction of elfishly blowing hair, with a certain pleasing, full checked, full bosomed health.

The two walked on in re-established illence. Finally the glant, unable to contain himself longer, broke out again "I do like that woman," said he with a annintly deliberate seriousness. That's the finest woman in this district."

Thorpe felt the quick moisture rush to his eyes. There was something inexpressibly touching in those simple words as Big Junko uttered them.

"And when you are married," he asked, "what are you going to do? Are oing to stay on the river?" "No, I'm goin' to clear a farm. The woman says that's the thing to do. I like the river too. But you bet when Carrie says a thing that's plenty good

enough for Big Junko." Thorpe looked at his companion fixedly. He remembered Big Junko as a wild beast when his passions were aroused, as a man whose honesty had

"You've changed, Junko," said he. "I know," said the big man. "I been a scalawag all right. I quit it. I don't know much, but Carrie she's smart, and I'm goin' to do what she says. When you get stuck on a good woman like Carrie, Mr. Thorpe, you don't give much for anything else. Sure. That's right. It's the biggest thing top of earth.

Here it was again-the opposing And from such a source Thorpe's iron will contracted again. "A woman is no excuse for a man's neglecting his work," he snapped.

'Shorely not," agreed Junko serene-"I aim to finish out my time all right, Mr. Thorpe. Don't you worry none about that. I done my best for you. And," went on the river man in the expansion of this unwonted confidence with his employer, "I'd like to rise to remark that you're the best boss ever had, and we boys wants to stay with her till there's skating in hades." "All right," murmured Thorpe indifferently. Suddenly the remaining half mile to town seemed very long indeed.

CHAPTER XXXL ALLACE CARPENTER and Hamilton, the journalist, seated against the sun warmed bench of Mrs. Hathaway's bearding bouse, commented on the band as it stumbled into the washroom. Their conversation was interrupted by the approach of Thorpe and Big Junko. The former looked twenty years older after his winter. His eye was dull, his shoulders drooped, his gait was inclastic. The whole bearing of the man was that of one weary to

you, Harry!" eried Wallace Carpenter, waving a newspaper. "It was a great irive, and here's something to remem-

her it by."

ber it by."

"All right, Wallace, by and by," replied Thorpe dully. "I'm dead. I'm going to turn in for awhile. I need sleep more than anything else."

He passed through the little passage into the "parlor bedroom," which Mrs. Hathaway always kept in readiness for members of the firm. There he fell heavily saless almost before his body

heavily asleep almost before his body had met the bed. In the long dining room the river men consumed a belated dinner. They had no comments to make. It was

the right, at the end of the sawdust street, the utili sang its varying and lulling keys. The odor of frush sawed pine perfumed the air. Not a hundred yards away the river slipped silently to the distant blue Superior, escaping between the signifing stone filled cribs which held back the logs. Down the seuth and west the huge thunder heads gathered and flashed and grumbled, as they had done every afternoon for they had done every afternoon for the bors out again," said Tim. the right at the end of the sawdust they had done every afternoon for

finally, "these cold streaks in the air. They are just as distinct as though they had partitions around them." "Queer climate anyway," agreed Car-

Excepting always for the mill, the little settlement appeared asleep. The main booms were quite deserted. After awhile Hamilton noticed something. "Look here, Carpenter," said he. "What's happening out there? Have some of your confounded logs sunk, or what? There don't seem to be near so many of them somehow."

"No; it isn't that," proffered Carpenter after a moment's scrutiny. "There are just as many logs, but they are getting separated a little so you can see the open water between them." "Guess you're right. Say, look here, believe that the river is rising."

"Nonsense! We haven't had any rain. "She's rising just the same. You see that splie over there near the left hand Well, I sat on the boom this morning watching the crew, and I whittled the spile with my knife. You can see the marks from here. I cut the thing about two feet above the water. Look at it now."

"She's pretty near the water line, that's right," admitted Carpenter. About an hour later the younger man in his turn made a discovery.

"She's been rising right along," he submitted. "Your marks are nearer the water, and, do you know, I believe the logs are beginning to feel it. See, they've closed up the little openings between them, and they are beginning to crowd down to the lower end of the "I don't know anything about this

business," hazarded the journalist, "but I should think there was a good deal of pressure on that same lower end. By Jove, look here! See those logs up-end. believe you're going to have a jam right here in your own booms." "I don't know," besitated Wallace "I never heard of its happening."

"You'd better let some one know." "I hate to bother Harry or any of the river men. I'll just step down to the mill. Mason-he's our mill foreman-he'll know." Mason came to the edge of the high treatle and fook one look.

"Jumping fishhooks!" he cried. "Why, the river's up six inches and still -comin'! Here you, Tom!" he called to one of the yard hands. "You tell Solly to get steam on that tug double quick and have Dave bustle to-

gether his driver crew!" "What are you going to do?" asked Wallace. "I got to strengthen the booms," ex-

plained the mill foreman. "We'll drive some plies across the cribs." "Is there any danger?"

"Oh, no. The river would have to rise a good deal higher than she is now to make current enough to hurt. They've had a hard rain up above. This will go down in a few hours." After a time the tug puffed up to the ooms, escorting the pile driver. The latter towed a little raft of long, sharpened piles, which it at once began to drive in such positions as would most effectually strengthen the booms. In the meantime the thunder heads had slyly climbed the heavens, so that a sudden deluge of rain surpris workmen. For an hour it poured down in torrents, then settled to a steady

gray beat. Immediately the aspect had changed. Solly, the tug captain, looked at his mooring hawsers and then at the near-

"She's rig two inches in th' last two hours," he announced, "and she's run-nin' like a mill race." Solly was a typical north country tug captain, short and broad, with a brown, clear face and the steadlest and calmest of steel blue eyes. "When she begins to feel th' pressure behind," he went on, there's goin' to be trouble."

Toward dusk she began to feel that pressure. Through the rainy twilight the logs could be seen raising their ghostly arms of protest. Slowly, without tumult, the jam formed. In the rear they pressed in, were sucked under in the swift water and came to rest at the bottom of the river. The current of the river began to protest, pressing its hydraulics through the narrowing crevices. The situation demand-

A breeze began to pull offshore in the body of rain. Little by little it increased, sending the water by in gusts, ruffling the already hurrying river into haste, raising far from the greater ore dimly perceived whitecaps. tween the roaring of the wind, the eash of rain and the rush of the stream men had to shout to make themselves

"Guess you'd better rout out the boss," screamed Solly to Wallace Carpenter. "This water's comin' up an inch an hour right along. When she backs up once she'll push this jam out

Wallace ran to the boarding bous and roused his partner from a heavy sleep. The latter understood the situa-tion at a word. While dressing he explained to the younger man wherein lay the danger.
"If the jam breaks once," said he,

nothing top of earth can prevent it trom going out into the lake, and there it 'll scatter beaven knows where. Once scattered it is practically a total loss." They felt blindly through the rain in the direction of the lights on the tug and pile driver. Shearer, the water dripping from his flaxen mustache, joined them like a shadow. At the river he announced his opinion. "We can hold her all right," he assured than "It like a fraget," he assured them. "It 'll take a few more piles, but

by morning the storm 'll be over, and she'll begin to go down again." The three picked their way over the reaking, swaying timber. But when they reached the pile driver they found they reached the pile driver they found le afoet. The crew had must and refused longer to drive piles un der the face of the jam.

"If she breaks away she's going to bury us," said they, "She won't break," mapped Shearer.

"You get off this driver!" shouter Bolly. "Go over and He down in a ten acre lot and see if you feel safe there!"

But when the Fighting Forty, half asleep but dauntless, took charge of the driver a catastrophe made itself known. One of the ejected men had tripped the lifting chain of the hammer after another had knocked away the heavy preventing block, and so the hammer had fallen into the river and was lost. None other was to be had. The pile driver was useless.

A dozen men were at once dispatched for cables, chains and wire ropes from the supply at the warehouse. "It's part of the same trick," said Thorpe grimly. "Those fellows have their men everywhere among us. I don't know whom to trust."

"You think it's Morrison & Daly?" queried Carpenter, astonished. "Think? I know it. They know as well as you or I that if we save these logs we'll win out in the Stock Exchange, and they're not such fools as to let us save them if it can be helped."

"What are you going to do now?" "The only thing there is to be done. We'll string heavy booms chained together between the cribs and then trust to beaven they'll hold. I think we can hold the jam. The water will begin to flow over the bank before long, so there won't be much increase of pressure over what we have now, and as there won't be any shock to withstand I think our heavy booms will do the business."

He turned to direct the boring of some long boom logs in preparation for the chains. Suddenly he whirled again to Wallace with so strange an expression in his face that the young man almost cried out. The uncertain light of the lanterns showed dimly the streaks of rain across his countenance, and his eye flared with a look almost of panic.

"I never thought of it." he said in a low voice. "Fool that I am! I don't see how I missed it. Wallace, don't you see what those devils will do next?"

"No. What do you mean?" gasped the younger man. "There are 12,000,000 feet of logs up river in Sadler & Smith's drive. Don't

you see what they'll do?"
"No, I don't believe"— "Just as soon as they find out that the river is booming and that we are going to have a hard time to hold our jam, they'll let loose those 12,000,000 on us. They'll break the jam or dynamite it, or something. And let me tell you that a very few logs hitting the tail of our jam will start the whole shooting match so that no power on

earth can stop it." "I don't imagine they'd think of dong that," began Wallace by way of assurance.

"Think of it! You don't know them. They've thought of everything. You don't know that man Daly. Ask Tim. He'll tell you." "Well, the"-"I've got to send a man up there

right away. Perhaps we can get there

in time to head them off. They have to send their man over"- He cast his eye rapidly over the men. "I don't know just who to send. There isn't a good enough woodsman in the lot to make Siscoe Falls through the woods a night like this. The river

trail is too long, and a cut through the With infinite difficulty and caution they reached the shore. Across the gleaming logs shone dimly the lanterns at the scene of work, ghostly through the rain. Beyond, on either side, lay impenetrable, drenched darkness rack-

ed by the wind. "I wouldn't want to tackle it," panted Thorpe. "If it wasn't for that eursed tote road between Sadler & Smith's I wouldn't worry. It's just too

Behind them the jam cracked and shrieked and groaned. Occasionally was heard beneath the sharper noise dull boom as one of the heavy timbers, forced by the pressure from its resting place, shot into the air and fell back on the bristling surface.

"Tim Shearer might do it," suggested Thorpe, "but I hate to spare him." He picked his rifle from its rack and thrust the magnzine full of cartridges.
"Come on, Wallace," said he. "We'll boot him up."

They stepped again into the shrick and roar of the storm, bending their heads to its power, but indifferent to the rain. The sawdust street was saturated like a sponge. They could feel the quick water rise about the pressure at their feet. From the invisible houses they heard a steady monotone of flow-ing from the roofs. Far ahead, dim in the mist, sprayed the light of lanterns. Suddenly Thorpe felt a touch on his arm. Faintly he perceived at his elbow a face from which the water streamed. "Injun Charley!" he cried. "The very man!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

APIDLY Thorpe explained what was to be done and thrust his rifle into the Indian's hands. The latter listened in silence and stolidity, then turned and withou a word departed swiftly in the darkess. The two white men stood a minute attentive. Nothing was to be heard but the steady beat of rain and the Near the bank of the river they en

countered a man visible only as an uncertain black outline against the glow of the lanterns beyond. Thorpe, stopping him, found Big Junko.
"This is no time to quit," said Thorpe sharply.

"I ain't quittin'," replied Big Junko. "Where are you going, then?" Junko was partially and stammerin y unresponsive.
"Looks bad," commented Thorpe

"You'd better get back to your job."
"Yes," agreed Junko helplessly. the momentary slack tide of work the giant had conceived the idea of search-ing out the driver crew for purposes of ing out the driver crew for purposes of pugilistic vengeauce. Thouse's suspicious stung him, but his simple mind could see no direct way to explanation.

All night long in the chill of a spring rain and wind storm the Fighting Forty and certain of the mill crew gave themselves to the labor of connecting the slanting stone cribs so strongly by means of heavy timbers chained end to end that the pressure of a break in the jam might not sweep aside the defence. Wallace Carpenter, Shorty, the jam might not sweep aside the de-femes. Wallace Carpenter, Shorty, the chore boy, and Anderson, the barn boss, picked a dangerous passage back and forth carrying palls of redbot coffee which Mrs. Hathaway constantly pre-pared. The cold water numbed the men's bands. With difficulty could

they manipulate the heavy chains through the auger holes; with pain they twisted knots, bored holes. They did not complain. Behind them the jam quivered perilously near the bursting point. From it shrieked aloud the demons of pressure. Steadily the river rose an inch an hour. The key might snap at any given moment, they could not tell, and with the rush they knew

very well that themselves, the tug and the disabled pile driver would be swept from existence. The worst of it was that the blackness shrouded their experience into uselessness. They were utterly unable to tell by the ordinary visual symptoms how near the jam might be to collapse,

However, they persisted, as the old time river man always does, so that when dawn appeared the barrier was continuous and assured. Although the pressure of the river had already forced the logs against the defenses, the latter held the strain well. The storm had settled into its gait.

Overhead the sky was filled with gray, beneath which darker scuds flew across the zenith before a howling southwest wind. Out in the clear river one could hardly stand upright against the gusts. In the fan of many directions furious squalls swept over the open water below the booms, and an eager boiling current rushed to the lake.

Thorpe now gave orders that the tug and driver should take shelter. A few moments later he expressed himself as satisfied. The dripping crew, their harsh faces gray in the half light, picked their way to the shore.

In the darkness of that long night's work no man knew his neighbor. Men from the river, men from the mill, men from the yard, all worked side by side. Thus no one noticed especially a tall, slender, but well knit individual dressed in a faded mackinaw and a limp slouch hat which he wore pulled over his eyes. This young fellow occupied himself with the chains. Against the racing current the crew held the ends of the heavy booms while he fastened them together. He worked well, but seemed slow. Three times Shearer hustled him on after the others had finished, examining closely the work that had been done. On the third occasion he shrugged his shoulder somewhat impatiently.

The men straggled to shore, the young fellow just described bringing up the rear. He walked as though tired out, hanging his head and dragging his feet. When, however, the boarding house door had closed on the last of those who preceded him and the town lay deserted in the dawn he suddenly became transformed. Casting a keen glance right and left to be sure of his opportunity he turned and hurried recklessly back over the logs to the center booms. There he knelt and busied himself with the chains. ... his signag progression over the jam he so blended with the morning shadows as to seem one of them, and he would have escaped quite unnoticed had not a sudden shifting of the logs under his feet compelled him to rise for moment to his full height. So Wallace Carpenter, passing from his bed-

room, became aware of the man on the His first thought was that something demanding instant attention had bappened to the boom. He therefore ran at once to the man's assistance, ready o belp him personally or to call other aid as the exigency demanded. Owing to the precarious nature of the passage he could not see beyond his feet until very close to the workman. Then he looked up to find the man, squatted on the boom, contemplating him sardonic

room along the porch to the dining

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What to Do When a Husband Dies Leaves No Will. In ve olden time in Merrie England when a woman became a wife she lost her identity as an individ-

A WIDOW'S RIGHTS.

As the marriage service of the church declared "these twain become one flesh," so in law man and wife were one. The husband alone was recognized. His was the duty of providing for the wife and children, a responsibility not shared by the wife.

When the wife became a widow and he upon whom she had relied for her daily bread was removed from earth the courts, in a way,

time and in the progress of civilization increased by court decision and legislative enactment. Every year sees some additional right given the widow, and in almost every one of these United States the old rules of the law are valuable only as the foundation upon which have been reared the nobler, more gengrous and more just regulations which safeguard the widow today.

Now, suppose the case of a woman, just bereaved, whose husband has left no will to provide for the declining years of her whom he promised at the altar to love, honor and cherish. Suppose, also, she has one son, not yet of age, and that her husband had left a house and lot and \$5,000 in savings banks or in some other good security. What shall the widow do and what are her

Then there must be some one of the estate, see that it is not al-

widow is "entitled to administration"-that is, if she be a proper person she has the right to step into her husband's place and perform the duties of the administration of his estate. So, if she be wise, let her insist upon this right and become the administratrix of her husband's estate.-McCall's Magazine.

Escapes by Convicts.

A report from Australia of the escape from the French convict settlement of New Caledonia of a small boat containing six convicts and their subsequent recapture reminds old timers that it is harder to get away from the convict stations nowadays.

An Arab convict from Algiers actually succeeded in getting from New Caledonia to Australia, a distance of 800 miles, in an open boat with a pair of oars, the branch of a tree for a most and a shirt for a sail. After nine years of freedom he was caught at Marseilles and sent back to New Caledonia for life. Rochefort and four brother com-

munists escaped from New Caledonia as stowaways in an English cutter. Twenty-five of their humbler political brethren in exile were less ucky. They constructed a large canoe, launched it and were all either drowned or eaten by sharks, which swarm in New Caledonia wa-

A Wonderful Conductor.

One of the most noted of the earsettlers of Detroit was named ampau, and many of the Detroit streets bear his name and the names of his children. Along Woodward wenue, one of the finest of the nain streets, the cross streets near the center of the city, it is said, bear the first names of Campau's children-Elizabeth, Adelaide, etc. On a street car passing through Woodward the conductor nearing one of these cross streets called "Elizabeth!" and a woman got off. At the next cross street he called Adelaide!" and another woman got off, whereupon a country woman in the car turned to her companion and said, "How is it that the conductor knows the first name of all the women who get off the cars?"

He Knew It "All."

Here is the exact answer of a New York schoolboy to the questions, What is the meaning of the word hall,' how many other words are there that sound like 'hall' and

what are their meanings?" "Hall, were you open the dore and go in; hawl, hawling along a boy that won't go to skool; aul, what the shomakker chargis you 25 sents for to aul your shoe; all,

The Kitchen Table Top. If one cannot have a marble slab for the top of the kitchen table the best covering is zinc. It may be kept clean easier, and servants cannot harm it with the knife when cutting bread and meat. If only table olicioth can be afforded the tan colored in small check will be found the most serviceable of any, for it will not show stains readily

Rights and Privileges. The girl of the future will be definitely obliged to choose between her ever present privileges and her rights. And I would advise her to hang on to her privileges and let her rights go. If you can't get your vote you can al ways get your voter, and you can influence him in his vote.-Josephin

Daskam in Public Oninion.

Solled Neck Lace. Lace that has yellowed by contact with the neck—the most stubborn of stains to whiten-may be perfectly cleansed by putting it in lukewarn suds made with white soap, changing the water at least once a day and let ting it soak for a week. This treatment will not hurt the most delicate

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.

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These rights have in the lapse of the rights have a right have right h lieves retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by the J. C. Simmons Drug Co., Graham, N. C.

natzer, Davie county, Davie Superior Court adjourned Tuesday of last week for the term. Two murder your bowels, set your

Kentucky. The main source is the liver-and all the fine spirits ever made in the Blue Grass State could not remedy a bad liver or the hundred-and-one ill effects it produces. rights? She is entitled to live in You can't have good spirits and a the house for forty days without charge. This is called her "quar-liver must be in fine condition if you would feel buoyant, happy and Then there must be some one hopeful, bright of eye, light of ste who has a legal right to take charge vigorous and successful in your puf suit. You can put your liver in lowed to go to waste, collect the in- finesi condition by using Green's come and pay debts and give the August Flower—the greatest of all widow and her child their just and medicines for the liver and stomach medicines for the liver and stomach legal rights. These things require and a certain cure for dyspepsis or an administrator. This officer is appointed by a court having probate jurisdiction. In Massachusetts it is called the probate court, in New make your liver healthy and active make your liver York the surrogate's court; in other states it is called the widows and orphans' court and in some the court of chancery.

In the case we have supposed the

A dispatch from Denver says a snowstorm raged in Colorado and a portion of New Mexico for 36 hours, subsiding Sunday night a week. Between Clyde and Fairview the snow was five feet deep, and the railroads were compelled to use snow plows to clear the tracks.



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