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Perranung, Kas., March 25, 1904. Privature, S.A., March 25, 1965.

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OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING

IOHN GRAY BYROW. W. P. STRUK, JR. BYNUM & BYNUM. Attorneys and Counselors at Lav

"I'm going to take you to the dumps, dog," said the boy, "and in case you're a stranger and don't know what the dumps are I'll just explain that it's the sommon where the askes from the city GARENESORO, E U.

Practice regularly in the courts of Ala
Aug. 2, 94 ly

JACOB A. LONG. J. ELMER LONG LONG & LONG.

Attorneys and Counselors at Law GRAHAM, N. C.

cautiously skirting the yard of the cottage, he made his way over the soft,
yielding heaps of ashes to a spot some
distance from his home.

"There"—and he gently laid the dogdown—"that's a nice bed for you! Now
for a roof to keep out the rain," and he
looked anxionsly about. "Cricky, there's
a packing case!" And, springing up, he
ran like a deer to the place where a
larger wooden hox was protruding from ROB'T' C. STRUDWICK

Attorney-pt-Law. GREENSBORO N. U.

Practices in the courts of Ala-manos and Guilford counties.

in the most miserable of ways. Now

spring as coming, and he was tired

The dogs of this Canadian city knew

that he was a stranger and had fought

him continuously. There were certain

streets, the best streets for pickings,

that he dared not enter. The shopping

streets were not good ones for scrap

boxes and barrels of rubbish, and he

had become hungry—very hungry—and,

stopping short, he sat down on the

No home, no master-and he had been

brought up like a baby! These well

dressed persons contemptuously avoid-ed the place where he sat. He was

dirty, and there were sore spots on

drew their skirts aside; children start

ed back in affright from his lean and

shaggy form. One little girl called

him a sheep. Another said, "Look,

Poor, sad eyed dog! He was almost

at the end of his power of endurance

but he did not know it. He thought he

would just lie down here on the hard

pavement in sight of the delicious mor-

sels in the windows, and when he was

rested he would move on, on in his end-

He curled himself up in a ball, his

a sleep which if begun would never

have ended-when he was roused by

an exclamation: "Hello, dog! You look

He raised his head. A tall lad was

standing over him, an overgrown lad

with twinkling eyes, a thin jacket and

bare hands thrust into his pockets to

The dog attempted to get on his feet.

This was the first kind word he had

heard for many a day, but, strangely

mough, his legs doubled under him

"Blest if he isn't played out," pur-

sued the boy. "Can't you stand up,

The animal did try again; his lip

curled back in a feeble dog smile, but

the strength was all gone out of his

limbs, and, gazing up helplessly into

the lad's face, he seemed to say, "It's

whenever he tried to stand on them.

mamma, at the funny wolf!"

less quest for food.

beat out!"

keep them warm.

dog? Come, try again."

he slipped out to the dog.

"Here, old man, eat some."

to eat them, yet he could not.

stay here it's all up with you. A police

that wolfy head of years and the bot-

The dog was absolutely unable to

move, and the boy bent over him.
"Confederation! What a smell!

guess you don't know what the insid

of a bath looks like. However, I'd be

dirty, too, if I'd never been washed,

and I'm not going to see a dog go un-

der, if he doesn't smell as sweet as a

rose. Here you go!" And, taking the

weary beast in his strong young arms, he flung him over his shoulder and

Every boy that he met jeered at him,

and to every one he flung a sancy answer. In their hearts, he knew, they

were sympathizing, and if it had not

been close upon mealtime he would have had a following of approving

When he reached the outskirts of t

city he began to talk to the dog.
"Do you see that little cottage you

der, with the yard about as big as a

pocket handkerchief? That's where in the conce we used to have a larger

bouse, but, like you, I've come down in the world. Father's dead—only step-ma

and me left, dog. If it weren't for her

I'd take you right in the back yard, but it wouldn't do, dog; it wouldn't

The dog, of course, made no response. In a weary heap he lay over the boy's shoulder. He was in good hands, and

are dumped. I'll find you a nice warm

heap and cover something over you Here we are; don't make a noise." And

sly skirting the yard of the cot

went staggering up the hill.

tom of the harbor. I'll help you."

him where he had been bitten. Ladies

frosty pavement and looked discouse

ut-so very, very tired.

lately about him.

H

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Ву....

# # # # #

Marshall

on joyfully-"just the thing to keep was a young dog, but he the rain out-and an old barrel for s looked like an old front hall, by which you can enter Wenrily shambling along the street, he stared hungrily at your mansion, dog," and, dragging his spoils after him, he came back to the grocers' tempting windows. Oh place where the starving animal lay. for a taste-not of the hams and the tongues, but of the saited herring, the "Cold, eh?" and he laid his hand on the dog's back. "No, you're not shivcreamy codfish, the glistening heaps of smelts in their wicker baskets! ering. You must be an Indian dog-All winter he had supported himself

think I'll call you Koojemook. That's all the Micmac I know, and it means 'Get out!' I guess that's what people have been saying to you all winter. Now, isn't that snug?" And, carefully toppling the box over the dog, he pull ed off a couple of loose boards, fitted the barrel in the aperture, propped a coal hod and some battered tin can beside it, and finally had a rain proof if not very elegant, kennel. The dog made no show of pleasure,

except that his brown eyes followed the boy wherever he went. The look in those eyes was enough. The boy un-"Now. Koolemook," said the lad at

last, "I must run over to the house but I'll be back just as soon as I can pull the wool over step-ma's eyes. She's pretty cute, and it isn't easy to fool her, but I'll make a try. So long." And, with a farewell tap on the box he started off for the cottage. "Is that you, Thaddy?" called a me-

tallic voice as he was stamping his feet in the little back porch.

"Yes, ma'am," he said vigorously. "You're late," went on the voice.

"You've kept ten waiting." "No, I'm not." said Thaddy, still stamping, "and I haven't-mustn't give up contradicting her," he went on under his breath, "or she'd down me." "You're getting carcless," went on the voice, and, stepping into the tired eyes were just closing-closing in kitchen. Thaddy found himself confronted by a small sized, black eyed young woman, who held a toasting fork in her hand.

"If you won't run me through, stepma, I'll give you a kiss," said the boy, with an extra twinkle in his eye. The little woman lowered her fork. She had a sharp tongue, but she loved

to be petted. The boy's eyes were running approvingly around the room. "Good fire! Nice tea! Step-ma, how long has that fire been lighted? It looks fresh, and, upon my word, there is hardly a mite

Before the woman could prevent him he had opened the stove door. "Now, step-ms, you're been sitting in this cold house without a speck of fire.' "I wasn't cold," she said stoutly. was by the window in the sun, and I had my big shawl on."

s what my Lath "Cricky!" observed the boy. "Isn't calls a fraus pla," remarked Thaddy,



sitting down at the table. "The end of your little nose is as red as a beet. Just you wait, though till I get to be a man. I'll build fires big enough to roast you to death." "Thank you," said the woman smart- to move."

Thaddy jumped up from the table. "Oh, have manners, boy!" he said roughly to himself. "Here you are aitting down to the table before your

stepmother. You're losing all your pos, and if you haven't p you'll never get on in the world." And be shook himself vigorously.
"You're a queer fellow, Thaddy,"
said his stepmother, spearing a piece said his stepmother, of toast in the oven.

Thaddy bent his tall, ungainly form in an ungraceful bow. "Just what I arm.

get on-you and I." "Do I smell hot muffins?" asked.
Thaddy, working his nose.
"Yes, boy," said his stepmother, "and lots of 'em. I got reckless because

"Wouldn't that be a good time to get a big boy to bring up?"

"The best of times," snapped the woman, "But, lackadais, I get fired sometimes of being careful and just feel I his fist. "You dais," just you wait unjust de something descarate. Here

"Just wait till I get to be a man," said Thaddy, moistening his lips. "You shall sit eating hot bread from morning till night."
"And die of indige

down—"that's a nice bed for you! Now for a roof to keep out the rain," and he looked anxionally about. "Cricky, there's a packing case!" And, springing up, he ran like a deer to the place where a large wooden box was protruding from a heap of rubbish.

"And some sheets of tin," he went to thank the Lord for anything."

oven. "I most forgot it." "Where's yours?" asked Thaddy, peering over at her. She smiled in a tired way and, leaning back in her chair, played with her the window.

plece of toast. "I'm not hungry," she said at last. "If you'll excuse me, I'll run over to Mrs. Goldman's. She said she knew a woman who would give me fine sewing, and she was going to find out the

"For what we are about to receive

may the Lord make us truly thankful,"

"Here's a bowl of soup for you," said

Mrs. Timbs, getting up and going to the

murmured the boy reverently.

address." As soon as Mrs. Timbs left the room the boy tiptoed to the window. He watched her enter a cottage a short distance down the street; then, rapidly emptying the plate of muffins into his bowl of soup, he darted from the house in the direction of the famishing dog. "Here, dog," he said, pushing in the bowl to the sick animal, who lay lux-

uriously on his bed of ashes; "I wish you were a few sizes smaller, but this will help to fill up." It was dark inside the box, but th boy could hear the pleased and hurried

lapping of the starving animal. Sitting back on his heels, he stared across the dumps in a kind of comical dismay. "He's going to live, and now I've got two wolves to feed-one inside of me and the other inside of that dog-and step-ma's nose getting sharper and sharper from denying herself. I believe I ought to have this dog put out of the world. I'll tell a policeman tomorrow. Hello, boy, have you fin-

The sound of lapping had ceased and there was a scratching inside the box. When the boy stretched out his hand for the bowl he found the dog had partly raised himself and was weakly

pawing the air. "Blest if he isn't trying to shake hands," muttered the boy. "Some one's taught him that. Very well, old fellow; you're powerful dirty, still I'll refuse to shake a paw. Yes, it's all right. I'll not give you up to the poince—not after that paw shake. Guess I wouldn't like any one to shoot the life out of me. Good night, now, but before I go listen to me and take another look at that brown cottage I pointed out to you. Don't you go near it. There's a lady in it with double barreled eyes and an awful mouth full of swords and ears that can hear a mile off. You're a goner if you venture

near her. D'ye hear?" The dog did hear and understood He curled himself up on his bed, and, hastily replacing his shelter, the boy ran back to the house. When his stepmother returned be

was at the sink, whistling cheerfully and washing his soup bowl. "Was it nice, Thaddy?" asked Mrs. Timbs.

"Lovely, step-ma," replied Thaddy. "I guess if you just knew how that soup was appreciated you'd think you were the best cook in creation."

"I thought you weren't very fond of soup, Thaddy," she sald suspiciously, "but I just had to make that because ! had the bones." "Step-ma," said Thaddy solemnly,

"can't you believe me when I tell you that that soup went right to the spot?" "Yes, I believe you, Thaddy. You've

Thaddy at once became dejected and stifled a heavy sigh as he put his bowl

for his schoolbooks. "Isn't it too soon to work after eating?" asked his stepmother.

"No," said Thaddy soberly, "it isn't." "I should think you'd want to rest awhile if you've disposed of all those muffins," continued Mrs. Timbs, with s gesture toward the empty plate on the The boy's eyes twinkled. "Strange to

say, they make me feel more like work. I'm just crazy to get education enough to start in business.' "You'll get on, Thaddy," said the wo

man proudly, "If you keep up your steady ways." "I'm going to get on," said the boy

doggedly. "Work doesn't scare me Fact is, I love it. Now, what has my brain got to get outside of tonight? Al-gebra, geometry, modern history and geography." And he piled his books up in front of his sent at the table. His stepmother pushed the lamp

nearer to him, and the boy, sitting down, was soon absorbed in his tasks.

Presently she heard him snickering
"What's the matter, boy?" she asked ooking up from her darning. "I'm reading about the Eakimos ster

ma. They're awful eaters, Two Eski mos will easily dispose of a seal at a sitting, and a man will lie on his back and allow his wife to feed him tidbits of blubber and flesh until he is unable

"Pigs!" said Mrs. Timbs shortly.

"And the other evening," continue Thaddy, "I was reading that in som parts of India there is such a scarcity of food that many natives never know what it is to have a full meal. The do not starve to death, but they are al

ways mildly hungry,"
"I guess some white people know that feeling," observed Mrs. Timbs calmly.

Thaddy looked at her sharply; then

his face flushed, and, abruptly closing his book, he laid his head down on his "It is good for a man that he bee

the yoke in his youth," said Mrs. Timbs calmly. Timbs calmly.

The boy flung up his head. "But what about women? Does the Bible say anything about yokes being good for young women who marry men old-er than themselves who die and leave

Here til I'm twenty-one. I'l take that yoke of over; off your neck pretty quick. What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing much—just the notion of a daisy with a yoke on."

The boy laughed, too—jaughed from pure youthfulness and light heartedness.

we can have a little fun if we are then, taking up his old sock, already a mass of darns, she added another to it.

After a time she heard him giggling areals. "What's the matter now,"

"I'm reading about a fat king," he snickered. "Step-ma, when I get in business I'm going to fatten you up to 800

"What has sent your thoughts to food this evening?" she asked curiously. 'You seem bewitched." "Oh, nothing," he replied, and, closing his books, he got up and went to

"I think I'll go to bed," he said, drawing the curtain aside and looking earnestly out." "What is there outside?" she asked

getting up and going to him. "The moon and the ashes," Thaddy calmly, "and the usual blue haze yonder where the men are burning rubbish. What a lovely smell it makes! If we were rich people the city wouldn't dare to burn old bones and rags behind our mansion. Good night, step-ma." And he abruptly ascended the small back stairway.

After he left Mrs. Timbs drew saide the curtain again. "There's a new heap of trash there," she said; "looks like s hut. Upon my word. I believe that boy has got another sick animal!" And she despairingly dropped into a chair.

"Have I got to starve myself again?" she went on. "First it was a lame cat, then a sick hen, then a blind rabbit. Deary me, I've got enough to bear without feeding another mouth! But if I don't do it, he will. He's as ob stinate as a mule about a sick thing and he's a growing boy and needs his food, while I've got my growth. Oh, dear, dear; I've got to do it, and I hate animals so!" And, with tears in her eyes, she locked the door, put out the light and went upstairs.

. The starving dog, up betimes the next morning, had his eye at a large crack in the box, watching for the boy when he saw the yard gate of the cottage open and a woman come out.

It was very early in the morning and few persons were stirring. Thin lines of smoke ascended from some of the cottages where laboring men were preparing to go to their work. The dog joyfully wagged his tail.

The woman had a plate in her hand. She and the kind boy were in league to help him. When she pulled aside the barrel, he could have fawned on her for very pleasure, but a look at her face re

strained him. "Here, brute-eat," she commanded. slipping the food on the ashes. Then, as he did eat, soberly and quietly, she commented on his appearance.

"Well, if you're not the ugliest and the dirtiest! If it wouldn't break Thaddy's heart I'd telephone to the S. P. C. to put you out of your misery. I wish

The dog's pricked ears gently drooped, his bushy tail lowered itself spolo-

getically, but he went on eating. "Glutton!" said the woman. "That's my breakfast and dinner-only soup meat and bread, but still a feast for a poor wretch who never knows what it is to have a full meal in this land of plenty. So much for genteel poverty. If I'd go to the poorhouse I'd live on the fat of the land. Ugh, you beast! You've eaten it all, and you'll be happy and comfortable all day, and I'll have a rat inside me. Now, don't you ac hungry when Thaddy comes. I'll drag away the boards against this barrel, and he'll think you've been out foraghim yet. He sleeps like a top, and he'll not be up for two hours. And you needn't lick your lips. I'll not give you drop of water. He can do it when be comes. Still, he might forget. Boys are careless, and it's dreadful to suffer from thirst. Water is cheap. I'll give you all you want." And, picking up an empty tomato can, she went to the house.

Koojemook did not altogether understand the affair, but he blinked his littie, sly, kindly eyes at her, and when she returned he drank the water until his new friend began to make pointed

Then he stopped. "Go into your den. wolf," she said, and, throwing aside the can, she discontentedly made her way to the house. Koojemook lay down and had anoth-

er sleep until three hours later, when Thaddy came out of the cottage with a oile of books under his arm.

"Hist," said the boy, edging along it an apparently careless manner. word out of you. Step-ma's been watching me like a cat. Here's a crust of bread, the only thing I could get. What, you don't want it? You've been out of your kennel, you rascal, and I told you to stay in. Here's your barrel door pushed saide. Oh, well, I don't care if you'll be a wise dog and don't hang about the cottage. I guess it's just as well for you to skirmis round; then I won't have to take poor step-ma's food for you. Goodby. I'll call on you later. Find you lie low." And Thaddy went whistling away.

After dark that evening Thaddy slip ped out to say good night to Koojemook.
"What! Not hungry yet?" he said, offering him a slice of ham that he had saved from his lunch. "This is fine for me. I'll leave your barrel door open so you can come out again tonight if you like."

Koojemook, looking gravely at him, made no explanation, and Thaddy ran happily back to the house.

The next morning the strange woman called again upon Koojemook and once more presented him with a hesping plate of food. This time she had

a little milk for him that he, however would not drink. "I wonder where you were bro up," she said, staring at him with wide open eyes. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Your male bird should be at least two years old, and it would pay for the keep if your cocks had never seen a hen till you require them for breeding at two years, says H. Fuller in Western Joultry Journal. It pays every poultry breeder to build a small pen for his male birds and keep them separate—the fertility of your eggs will pay you 100 per cent. Male birds should be well fed and kept dry during molt. As soon as one has multed his spurs should be taken off, as a bird kept from hems develops a very long spur. Taking the spur off is eas-Hot Weather Piles. bird kept from bens develops a very long spur. Taking the spur off is eas-ily done by roasting a potato and while hot pushing the potato on the spur up to the leg, holding it there for thirty or forty seconds; then the spur can be twisted off. You are not troubled with a spur again if he lives for ten years. mons Drug Co.

SHEEP IN THE SPRING.

Care of the Flock After Shearing Value of Dipping. Flock masters generally are of the opinion the sooner the work of shear ing is accomplished in the spring, after the weather has moderated, the better, writes L. C. Reynolds in American Agriculturist. It is in accord with natural law. The fleece in winter serves the purpose of protection, but moderation of temperature demands its removal in order that a high state of body health may be maintained.

Too early shearing, however, if resorted to for a number of successive years, materially influences constitu tional development, making it impos sible to propagate a type of individual able to withstand the irritable conditions common to a climate.

It is very necessary after the flock is shorn that it receive attention. Cold rains are very injurious to newly shorn sheep, especially if accompanied with days of unfavorable weather. When shearing is done with the shears there are always more or less small cuts, which frequently under exposure develop into running sores and result in serious trouble. Before the flock is let out after shearing it should be gone over and the worst of these cuts meared over with some kind of disinfectant to prevent the files from work ing. I always use for a disinfectant one of the manufactured dips, and these have given good satisfaction. For the first week or two after shear ing it is advisable to keep the flock near the barn, so that in case of a cold storm they can be sheltered and cared

A most essential factor in the summer management of sheep, aside from good pasture, is the occasional dipping of the flock. A great many flock mas-ters have the idea that dipping is essentially a process for curing or destroying such diseases as scab, more commonly found in larger flocks of the western states, but this is not the whole truth. Dipping is just as important where sheep are kept in small as in large flocks, and it should be

Sows With Congested Udders. We sometimes have trouble with sows at farrowing time if there been any trouble in the feeding and care during pregnancy, says H. E. Cook in National Stockman. Sows will not let the pigs nurse, the udder is congested and pain follows. An application of kerosene is made to the udder by carefully working it with the hand, rubbing gently until the udder has been relieved. If one application does not relieve then make a second application in five or six hours.

The Profitable Sheep. Experienced shepherds and breeders know that it takes as much or more to keep a second class sheep than a first class one; therefore get a better ram and "go after" the profit.—Shepherd's Criterion.

## THE VETERINARY

simplest and most effective cures is the following, says American Cultivator: One-half pound bluestone, one-half pound common salt, one quart water. Boll in an old saucepan for ten minutes. The bluestone will then be all dissolved. The above can be used as a otion dressing, or made in larger proportion can be placed in troughs run sheep through after being pared. The bluestone attacks the fungous growth, while the salt cleanses ardens the foot. In dressing for foot rot care should be taken to remove all cose boof and decayed parts without njuring the foot, cutting toe veins, etc., and preserving as much as possi ble its natural shape. In dealing with very hard hoofs a hot iron will be found very useful for burning the hoof, hus rendering it soft and easily pared away.

Dr. Mayo of the Kansas Agricultur college states that he has received the present spring quite a number of re-ports of what seem to be clear cases of young pigs and other animals dy-ing as a result of eating young cockleburs. He says that the young burs are very poisonous at certain periods of growth, mostly when they are in the two leaved stage, causing inflammation of the stemach and intestin but he cannot throw any light on the nature of the poison. He does not hold out much hope of successful treatment after the poison has once entered the system, but suggests that perhaps raw inseed oil might be helpful. To Remove Splint. Remove hair from part and blister

with a mixture of one dram of binidide of mercury in one ounce of lard. Repeat in one mouth if necessary,-Breeder's Gazette, To Belleve Heaves.

Wet all food. Post green grass in preference to hay. Do not work soon after a meal. Give half ounce Fowler's colution of arsenic twice daily, says eder's Ganette. Disease is incura ble, but may be relieved by this treat-Worms In Swine.

To secure the best results affected hogs should receive individual treat-ment. Twenty-four hours before ad-ministering treatment very little feed ministering treatment very little feed should be given them. Then give the following medicine, first recommended by the veterinary department of the Enness state experimental station, as a dreach to each hundred pound bog (larger or smaller bogs should receive a dose in proportion); Oil of turpentine, four drams; liquor ferridialysatus, one-half dram; raw linseed oil, six ounces. If necessary repent the dose in four

Persons afflicted with Piles should be careful at this season of the year. Hot weather and bad drinking water contribute to the condition which make Piles more painful and dangerous. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve stops the pain, draws out the soreness and cures. Get the gen-uine, bearing the name of E. C. De-Witt & Co. Sold by the J. C. SimNorth Carolina News.

[Deforred from last week.] Revenue raiders destroyed capturing 600 gallons of whiskey damage. and destroyed 500 gallons of beer

The owner was not arrested. During the past week in the mountains around Asheville the revenue officers have captured and destroyed seven big moonshine distilleries, together with large quantities of beer and low wines.

A negro boy met his death Friday afternoon while riding on the steps of a shifting engine near the Tate Furniture Factory, at High Point. He fell among the wheels of the engine, which with two cars passed over his body.

According to a r order issued by Adjutant General Robertson, all officers of the personal and general staff of the Governor, while traveling with His Excellency or in any way attending himself in public, must be appropriately uniformed.

Gov. Glenn has decided to hold the two burglars arrested at Wadesboro some time ago. They will be tried for carrying concealed weapons and it is presumed that after this offence is disposed of they will be handed over to the South Carolina authorities to be tried for robbery in that State. In Franklin county Sunday a

week, Sidney Perry, a colored youth properly attended to at least twice 18 years old, shot and killed his father, Miles Perry, 65 years old. The elder Perry was whipping the boy's mother when the latter seized gun and shot his father. It is said that Perry was in the habit of beating his wife and his son had warned him that he must stop. The boy surrendered to a magistrate.

Along the Yadkin river as it touches the lands of Mr. Phillip Sowers on the Rowan and Davidson sides Grahami the farmers have for several days been taking out fine specimens of the carp and red horse with pitchforks. The backwater has not been unusually high but fish appear to be more plentiful this season than for years and as they appear on the surface the fishermen fork them without any difficulty.

Nearlyo1,000 delegates, the ownwards of 400,000 miles of railway in 44 different countries, constitute the personnel of the International Railway Congress which began in Washington Tuesday a week. In the absence of the President, Vice-President Fairbanks accepted the post of bonorary president and opened the Congress with an address of welcome, afterward extending the courtesies of the nation to the dele-

A terrific wind and rain storm passed over the Raleigh section Friday evening about 5:80 o'clock, the wind registering 50 miles an hour. There was a perfect downpour of rain and trees were blown down in every direction, and land badly washed. No fatalities are reported. I'wo of the five oak trees in the Two of the five oak trees in the capitol square were blown down and twelve also succumbed to the wind on the campus of St. Mary's School. Great damage was done to telephone and telepraph wires. A number of houses were blown down at Garner, a small station four miles east of Raleigh.

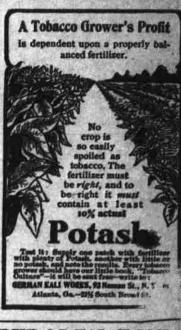
The Post says, Salisbury was visited Friday afternoon by another electrical storm. The damage done This time of the year was not great, but the storm was was not great, but the storm was are signals of warning. hardly less violent than that of Wednesday afternoon. Lightning struck pound now. It may the home of Mr. John Lamb on Jackson street and Mr. Lamb's whole family was stunned by the whole family was standed by the stroke. A post on the porch was splintered and at the same instant a mirror and lamp in the sitting room were smashed. None of Mr. Lamb's family sustained serious hurt. A good Tonic. An honest medicine. fine horse belonging to Mr. James Jones was struck by lightning and

AN OLD ADAGE

"A light purse is a heavy curse" nakes a light purso. The LIVER is the seat of nine

Give tone to the system and solid flesh to the body.

Two houses at Lenoir were struck by lightning Wednesday afternoon, 10th, and slightly damaged. No one was hurt. Lightning burned out the switchboard in the central blockade still at Hannah's Creek, in telephone office and started a blaze Johnston county Thursday night, but was extinguished with slight



RYDALE'S TONIC

**BLOOD** and **NERVES**.

It purifies the blood by eliminating the waste matter and other impurities and by destroying the germs or microbes that infest the blood. It builds up the blood by reconstructing and multiplying the red corpuscles, making the blood rich and red. it restores and stimulates the nerves, ausing a full free flow of nerve force throughout the entire nerve system. It peedily cures unstrung nerves, nervous nees, nervous prostration, and all other iseases of the nervous system. BVDALE'S TONIC is sold under a pr

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