THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.



816 Wells Street, Marinette, Wis., Sept. 25, 1908. MARINETTE, Wis., Sept. 25, 1908.

I was all 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 ills of our sex, 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, for worn-out, nervous condition, and am pleased to endorse it. AGNES WESTLEY.

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die if he were going to?

slunk into his box.

for it.

These words coming from a person

whose deeds were so highly to be ap-

proved of met with slight attention

from the philosophic dog. Indeed, he

began to like the woman. She fed him;

the boy only gave him water. And every

day after Thaddy went to school Koo-

jemook took up his station on a nearby

ash heap and attentively watched Mrs.

Timbs' comings and goings about the back door and yard of her cottage.

When Thaddy returned home he

"Oh, you old tramp!" said the boy to

him one day. "I expect you go all over

Koojemook curled his lip. He had

the city when no one is watching you."

never been beyond the dumps. A win-

ter of starvation and ill usage was not

so easily overcome. And he had work

On the morning of the tenth day of

his entrance into the packing box he

began an excavation behind it, working

"What are you up to now?" asked

He soon found out. Koojemook was

"Well!" said Thaddy in bewilder-

making a burrow-roomy and comfort-

ment. "I don't know what's the mat-

ter with that packing case, but if you

don't want it, let it go." And he gayly

scattered the box, the sheets of tin, the

coal hod, the barrel and the oil cans

"Now there's nothing to attract step-

ma's attention," he said. "It was too

conspicuous an o.... ment to the dust-

scape anyway." And he gave the last

Three more weeks went by, and the

month was completed. Koojemook

was now a fine, plump dog. His sores

had been licked into cleanness and

health; the bad smell, thanks to his

dust baths, was quite gone, and Mrs.

Timbs, staring down at him one morn-

ing, said with something nearly akin

to pride: "You're not bad looking now

that you've got on your bones the ten

pounds that have slipped from mine

this month. But understand, dog, this

Koojemook violently wagged his tail.

"Step-ma's pretty cute," said Thaddy

to him later in the day, "but she's not

notice that you always lie low when

she's about. You're a good dog. Just

wait till summer comes and I'm earn-ing money. Then I'll acknowledge you

and confess how I've been keeping you.

She has so much to worry her that I

hate to mention you now, and she'd

never believe that you support your-

The dog discreetly acquiesced, and for

a day or two longer things went on as

they had gone before. Koojemook kept

to his burrow, only emerging to watch

Mrs. Timbs or to note with affection-ate interest the comings and goings of the boy who had befriended him.

One night when the dog was sleeping

soundly he suddenly woke, lifted his

head and listened. Then, creeping out-

side his burrow, he sat on the top of it and stretched his neck in the direction

To ordinary hearing there were no

sounds audible but the usual ones of the night—the subdued hum from the

nearby city, the rolling of carriages, the sighing of the wind, the whirring

of distant electric cars, the shouts of

the men to the horses that were drag-

ging loads of ashes to the outskirts of

the dump. But Koojemook, with his mysterious dog sense, was aware of

something else, and soon he set out

running hurriedly in the direction of

the city. [Note.—My father when hunt-

ing has had a hound come to him

across a wood. The dog would come

directly. He could neither hear nor see his master. The wind was not in

Away in the distance, beyond his

self."

of the town.

It did not matter in whose name the

is for Thaddy's sake, not yours."

vestige of the box a gleeful kick.

as steadily as his strength would al-

the boy, with a puzzled face.

to the four winds of heaven.

able and waterproof.

to do nearer home when he was able

By Marshall Saunders Copyright, 1905, by

yellowish white fur, nose on paws, Koojemook preserved a discreet silence. Morning after morning the wobody crouched for a spring. "Alpatok!" roared the old man. man appeared at the same early hour, The spring came; the furry whirlwind and morning after morning the dog lisprecipitated itself against his breast. tened calmly to remarks upon his appearance. He was old; he was sick; The old man, staggering back, clutched the dog with one hand and with the he looked like a wolf. Why didn't he

other raised his hat. "Lord, I thank thee!" he muttered, with tears streaming down his cheeks. "My prayer is beard; my poor doggie is

There was no neat pavement out here with a stone curb; merely a rough side-walk and a deep ditch. The seafaring man sat down on the ground and let his feet dangle over the ditch. Then he put one arm round the dog, who had thrown himself across his knees and lay there like a tired child. "Boy," remarked the old man, doubt but ye've had hard usage."

The dog looked up into his eyes. "Don't ye," said the old man hoarsely; then he raised his clinched hand toward the sky, "Lord, rain down fire and brimstone on the brutes that ill give it up!" use thy creatures!

"It don't come," he muttered, look-ing about him. "We've got to wait." Then he again directed his attention to his dog.



"Do you own this dog!" asked Mrs.

"Ye're fat, boy," he said, feeling his kindness was done. He resped the ribs. Timothy Slocum's dog shan't suffer for

it. Lead me to him, boy." The dog sprang up. Pressing close as cute as you and me, Koojemook. I to his master, looking up at him from time to time with eyes that shone in an unutterable devotion, he led the way, not to the cottage, but to his burrow. "At the old tricks of the wolves, your forbears, to get out of the nipping winds," chuckled the old man. "Ye forgot the feather bed ye'd slept on with me. But Alpatok, who's fed ye here? This dry fodder wouldn't keep ye." And he glanced contemptuously

about him at the heaps of ashes. Alpatok made no response. He mere-ly kept on wagging his tail and staring at his adored master.

The old man surveyed the scattered cottages with a puzzled face. "It's likely it's some one in them that's been he again turned his keen eyes on Thadnourishing ye. Come on, Alpa, dog, lead me to him."

Alpatok did not budge. "Well, ye're a wise dog, and doubtless ye've got a good reason," said the man, "and if ye won't stir, at least give a howl and bring him to me. Mayhap he's never heard your pretty tones, for ye can't bark on account of ancestral difficulties. Come on; sing, boy." And he threw his own head back

as a sign to the dog. Immediately there burst upon the night air a sound or a commingling of sounds the most melancholy and ear splitting, with also a hint of ferocity, that the residents of Common street had ever been treated to in the way of a dog's howl.

It was the cry of a wild beast, not of a domesticated animal, and, seeing lights spring into darkened cottages his master. The wind was not in the right direction to carry the scent.

M. S.]

"I doubt if ye've serenaded him be-

away in the distance, beyond his sight, beyond his hearing, a stout seafore, Aipa. Now him as loves ye will seek ye."

The old man was right. Alpatok had never before had occasion to howl, whistle, an uncivilized whistle, neared for the first time in this civilized city.

One or two pedestrians stared at him angrily and put their hands to their strangs pet in some sudden distant.

ears as they passed him, whereupon a policeman felt it his duty to remonstrate.

The bluff old captain gave him a resounding thwack on the back. "I'm up in Labrador, man, whistling for my sledge dogs. Can't you see them scuttling over the frozen ground to get their frozen fish?"

The policeman ground to get him. The dog was in great treatment.

their frozen fish?"

The policeman grinned and stood watching the sturdy, respectable old white haired, red faced salion who was going on his way, etill making the extraordinary facket with his lips.

After awhile the old man paused and drew a long breath. "Poor doggie, ye're not in the city. They've driven ye out to rat trap and scuttledom if ye're still alive." And he whistled more vediferously than ever.

His stepmother was not far behind him. The dog was in great trouble. Perhaps some one was trying to steal him, and with a strange, jeslous feeling of ownership she hurriedly thrust her feet into her shoes, slipped on her dress and, selsing her gray shawi, historied after Thaddy.

"Oh, oh, oh!" called a voice from the shedowy group beside the burrow. "This is Knoje's master, and he's an Estimo dog!"

The old man pulled off the bearing the control of the shedowy group beside the burrow. "This is Knoje's master, and he's an Estimo dog!"

He had now reached the long, dasp-late street on which Thaddy and his stepmother lived. Here the old sea dog put his fingers to his lips and blow a

stepmother lived. Here the old see dog put his fingers to his lipe and blew a trumpet blast.

Suddenly his hand fell; his mouth opened; he stopped short.

"Ab, there ye be?" he said, with terrible calm. Then he walked on briskly, and if she'd been landed here she's bunk half his life don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was half welf, and if she'd been landed here she's bunk half his life don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was half welf, and if she'd been landed here she's bunk half his life don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was half welf, and if she'd been landed here she's bunk half his life don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was half welf, and if she'd been landed here she's bunk half his life don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was half welf, and if she'd been landed here she's bunk half his life don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was half welf, and if she'd been landed here she's bunk half his life don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was one of my sledge don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was half welf, and if she'd been landed here she's bunk half his life don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was half welf, and if she'd been landed here she's bunk half his life don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was one of my sledge don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was half welf, and if she'd been landed here she's bunk half his life don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was one of my sledge don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was one of my sledge don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was one of my sledge don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was one of my sledge don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was one of my sledge don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was one of my sledge don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was one of my sledge don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was one of my sledge don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was one of my sledge don't want ecsams of give up the sia. She was one of my sled

to me, and, if she couldn't have done that, she'd have been queen of this city. She saved my life once, and when l went to Newfoundland to live I took her with me. She died and left this pup. He's not like her. He's been brought up soft, and his hard side ain't

"How did you lose him?" asked Mrs. Timbs sharply. "Have ye got any ensmies, ma'am?" asked the old man abruptly. "Yes, a few."

developed yet."

"I've got a hundred—one of 'em, the worst one-swore he'd get even with me. He stole my deg, the pup I was bringing up like a child. If he'd 'a' shot him, I'd have forgiven him, but he brought him to this strange place, he let him loose in the streets. he come to me, says he: 'I've took your babyfied dog. I've freed him in a foreign place, where he'll get a foreign welcome. Most likely he's inching along to death of starvation and being bit to pieces by native dogs."

"Oh," said Mrs. Timbs, with a sudden indrawing of her breath. Thaddy stamped on the ash heap. "I'd have killed that man."

The old captain looked earnestly at him. "That's the way I felt, boy. I raised my arm. I couldn't have downed him, for he is young, and I am old, but I'd have tried. Howsomever, something come over me, ma'am," he said, again turning to Mrs. Timbs. "Did ye ever get aggravated and aggravated till ye felt as if there was seventy devils inside of ye, and just at the mo ment ye thought they'd have to break loose something come over ve-an awful calm, a kind of way up in the sky feeling, as if something said to ye, 'Poor soul, ye've hated all ye can; now The woman's thin face flushed. "Yes,

yes," she murmured; "I've felt that way against the men who ruined my husband and broke his health. I've suffered till I thought my heart would

break; then I gave it up."

"And so did I," said Captain Slocum heartily. "The Lord sent a holy har-poon into my wicked heart. My arm fell to my side. 'Look here, Dolsen,' I said to my enemy. 'Ye've afflicted me sore, but I forgive ye. I'm an old man, and ye've taken my only comfort from me, but maybe I was making an idol of a common clay dog." "And what did he say?" asked Thad-

dy eagerly when the old man paused. "He never said a word. He slunk away like a fox. But next day he come back. Says he: 'Slocum, you made a fool of yourself over that dog, but he's pretty tough. Maybe he's out-lasted the winter. Step aboard my schooner, and I'll take ye to the place where I let him loose.' So I come, and the Lord led me to my dog."

"And now I've got to give him up!" cried Thaddy, with a wail of dismay. "But, dear me," and he turned to his stepmother, "I feel so bad that I forgot you don't know. I found this dog on the street ever so long ago, and I've had him out here, and I felt so sneaky to deceive you, but I didn't want you to take your food to give him, the way you did the hen and the cat. You'll forgive me, won't you?" "Yes, I forgive you," said the woman in a peculiar voice.

The boy, stooping over to caress the "Some one's been good to ye. of tone. Captain Slocum was not. He benefit, and he loved the outspoken wo- Any one that's been a neighbor to gave her a sharp look and for a sec time noted her painful thinness, the weary droop of her shoulders.

"I'm keeping you out here," he said quickly. "That's your home, ain't it?" "Yes," said Thaddy, "that's our house, and if we go in you'll take the dog away. Oh, Kooje, Kooje, or Alpatok, or whatever your name is, I don't want

"Who are you?" asked the old man shortly. The lad stopped petting the dog and

stood up. Timbs, sir." "My name is Thaddous

"What you do?"
"Go to school," said Thaddy proudly. "Want to get an education?"

"Yes, sir, I just do." "That's right. I'd have got on better if I'd had one. This your sister?" And

Ay's stepmother. "No, sir; my father's second wife.

"Indeed!" said the old man, and his gase went again to the tiny cottage. Have a hard time to get along?" Mrs. Timbs drew berself up stiffly, but Thaddy smiled a charming, boyish smile. "Yes, sir; in winter. Not so bad unning errands."

"How long have you had this dog?"

"A month last Thursday," said Mrs.
Timbe quietly.

I never can make out why those candid people who always say what they
think have such unpleasant thoughts.— "Step-ma!" exclaimed Thaddy and

his astonishment was pittable to ese. There was a mystery here that Captain Slocum was anxious to clear up.
"My dog's grandfather was a wolf,"

"My dog's grandfather was a wolf," he said, "and Alpatok has a welf's appetite. Who's been feeding him?", "She has!" cried Thaddy, wildly pointing an accusing finger at his stepmother. "Oh, step-ma, step-ma, you had so little to give away."

"Who did you him't fed him?" asked "Who did you think fed him?" asked

the captain.
"I-I thought he picked up stuff on the dumps and about the streets, sir," said Thaddy in a choking voice. "She's crept out and fed him to save my vic-tuals. Just see how thin she is," and he stared in sorrowful distress at his

alender young stepmother.

"Thaddy," she said, "there's a proverb about low down persons that clean their selied lines before strangers."

"F-forgive me, step-ma," stuttered the boy, "but I don't know when I've had such a blow!"

"Is she a good cook?" asked Captain Slocum, with a motion of his head toward Mrs. Timbs.

Slocum, with a motion of his head to-ward Mrs. Timbs.

"Yes," said the boy bitterly, "when she has anything to cook. Just wait till I'm a man. I'll pile her kitchen table with groceries to the ceiling."

The old sailor was a shuwed judge of character. He gave one more giance at the woman's face, then he said:
"Will you take use to board with you? I'm getting too old to live alone."

Bhe heatfated.

"Ask for my character down at

"Ask for my character down at Whitehall's abipping office," said the old man shortly. "They know me."
"It isn't that"—and she hasteted—"but our house is small. We have for some forts."

"All right, it's a bargain," he said briefly. "Here's some earnest money." And he forced a roll of bills into he band.

"Hurrah!" cried Thaddy, throwing an arm round Alpatok. "New I'll not lose my dog. Will you tell me of sealing voyages, sir, and strange countries?"
"Bhat I will," said the old man beartily. "I'll move my trunk out tomorrow. Come, Alpa, boy, down to the hotel with me."

"He doesn't want to leave us," cried Thaddy. "See him look at step-ma and me. Come on, Alpa, I'll run a little way with you," and, kicking up his heels in glee, he setsed the dog by his shaggy neck and scampered over the ash heaps with him.

"You've been scrimping yourself ma'am," said the old man, turning to Mrs. Timbs, who was weakly crying over the roll of bills. She made no response beyond slight-

"For those two," said the old captain. pointing to the boy and the dog. "And neither of them beauties nor thorough-breds."

ly shaking her head.

She threw up her head. "Mixed blood in the best blood."

"I guess you're right," he said slowly, "but don't fret no more. I've got no kith nor kin but that dog, and them that is good to him, I'll be good to." Mrs. Timbs' lip was trembling. "I didn't do it for a reward, sir. 'Twas for Thaddy's sake. But I think the Lord sent you to us. There isn't a bite in the cupboard, and temerrow I was planning to take him from school, though I just bated to do it." "And he's only your stepson," said

the old man curiously. "But he loves me," she replied soft-

The old man smiled. "Well, let him get an education. You're right there. Education and always education, otherwise you're bound to go lame legged through life. Good night, ma'am."

Captain Slocum went away, but the next day be arrived with his trunk. He is now installed in Mrs. Timbs' best room, and Alpatok is growing to be a huge dog, who walks with a firm and masterful tread the streets of the city that he once roamed as a starved and fersaken puppy.

Dividing a Tip.

To a man giving a dinner in a restaurant the other night the waiter was not as prompt as he might have been about the initial course. Instead of reprimanding him the host took a one dollar bill, cut it in two with a penknife and gave one-half to the astonished waiter. The other half he put back in his pocket. Not quite sure whether the remainder of the note was coming to him later, the waiter was ef-Sciency itself for the rest of the meal. That over, the host coolly led his guests into the street.

"Pardon my curiosity," said one them, "but what are you going to do with the half of that dollar bill? It is as useless to you as the waiter's is to

intend dining in the same place tomorrow night, and I shall make it a point to get that same waiter. I shall let him see that I still have the remainder of his dollar bill, and I'll bet you the

Fereing a Cause.
In "Dueling Stories of the Sixteenth Century," Brantone, a French writer, tells of an incident that happened in Italy and that illustrates the ethical aspects of the mediaeval dueling. One of the combatants had a very bad cause and knew it. But a brilliant idea occurred to him for turning it into a good one. Having confronted his enemy, when they were just about to cross swords he pretended to be afraid, turned his back on his foe and ran away. The enemy, falling guilelessly into the trap, ran after him, exelaiming in his exultation, "Ha, cow-ard, thou fliest!" The supposed cow-ard turned upon him instantly, crying: "You lie! Now I've got a good cause.

BITS FROM THE WRITERS. A man never loves a woman so well

as when he has been able to come to her rescue.—Alice Woods Ullman. The man with an opinion is shunned as though he carried about him the germs of infectious disease.—Alfrèd flotre.

Sarah Grand. Unless a man believes in himself be may as well be buried immediately for all the work he is going to do I the world.—Sidney Allantt,

The man who hopes for nothing will generally attempt nothing. "Tomorrow" should always fing its light of premise upon "today."—Rev. Silas K. Hocking.

Since the garden of Eden men have taken a good deal mo' pleasure in lay-in' blame on thar wives than in layin' blame on the devil.—Elien Glasgow.

Raigh Waide Emerson was a man of sure integrity and very particular about small things. One day a new coaking stove had been provided for his house, and, although the stove came very highly recommended, it proved theroughly unenticinetory and most provoking, so it did everything but what it was expected to do. After swide the family was in despair, and some one suggested sending it to auction.

"What?" enclaimed Emerson. "Trans-fer our own perpiently to another pair of shoulders? No, nover, unless the stove is labeled 'Imperfect."

And so "Imperfect" it was labeled and sold at a great discount.—Boston

The Obliget Book.

Max Mulier said that the Brahmens in particular pride themselves on the age of their Vedas, which, according to secure critics, date from 6000 B. C.; according to others, from 1200 or 1800 B. C. Even this more moderate date is far beyond that of the Old Testsment or any other secred book, so that to the Brahmans must be given the credit, if credit there be, of possessing the effect, the most remote and consequently the most remote and consequently the most difficult of the sacred

ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

IN AMERICA.

Advocates State and Federal Aid In Road Building-Special Bonds For Raising Funds-What the Farmers Have Been Taught.

Personally I believe in an extensive development of both state and federal roads, writes Colonel Albert A. Pope in Harper's Weekly. For many years we have expended liberal sums of money for the betterment of rivers and harbors, and the results accomplished are commendable, but we must not lose sight of the fact that a great majority of the people live away from the coasts and waterways, in regions where the necessity for good highways is imperative.

In many cases these people need the appropriations and national aid a great deal more than those dwelling nearer the seaboard or on streams that teem with industry. The highways are the natural feeders to railways, and improvements on them materially increase both interstate and international commerce. If our government has seen fit to be liberal in river and harbor work, it is reasonable to expect that the building and maintenance of public highways must demand the same attention. There is an interdependency here which cannot be overlooked by those who analyze this question aright.

It has long been a mooted question as to what is the best method of raising funds for the construction of public highways, but I know of no better way than for state and federal government to issue special bonds for the purpose Three per cent fifty year bonds of this kind would find an immediate market, and they could be paid by a sinking fund of 2 per cent per annum, which would mean that there would be charged against this indebtedness 5 per cent per annum to be provided for by taxation. Such bonds could be issued from time to time as the work progressed, so that funds would always be available up to the limit of the bonded indebtedness agreed upon.

There is a trait in American character which makes us ultra conservative on some issues, especially where long established custom causes us to travel in ruts so deep that it is difficult to leave them.

For years the inhabitants of the rural districts of our country deceived themselves in believing that the best, and by that is meant the cheapest, way to pay a road tax was to work it out by a definite quota of day's labor on the highways. It took a far reaching and aggressive educational campaign to persuade them that the old method of road building and repair was unneces-sarily costly and thoroughly ineffec-tual. Nor was this reformation well started until some communities had made a practical demonstration of the actual value of good highways to those who depend on the soil for a living.

In working out his road tax the farminvest a dollar which will bring back two. Once the farmer was shown by object lessons that good highways, passable the year round, were essential to a profitable handling of farm products he freely expressed astonishment at having been fooled by the methods inherited from his ancestors.

This educational work, which in its nception called for great energy and the liberal expenditure of time and money, was later on helped by both state and federal government. An appropriation was made by congress for the purpose of collecting and dissemi-nating information on road building and repair, road materials and other kindred topics. As a result the farm-ers learned that to build roads properly, though apparently expensive, in reality an economic measure. They were led to see that the highways were natural feeders of railways and that it was as much of a detriment to have ce snowbound or mudbound on the farm as to have freight congested on the railroad. They compr the difference in cost between hauling a ton a mile on good and had roads, and they realized, too, that with passable roads the year round the hauling to station and other shipping points sould be done to advantage out of sea on when draft animals were not need-

ed for plowing or harvesting.

These few paragraphs will indicate n outline the manner in which this great reform was started by agitation and fostered by education until the mertion is not, "Shall we have good oads?" but "How can we best secure and maintain them?"

Experience has taught us the valua- News.

Let Common Sense Decide

De you hencetly believe, that coffee sold loose (in bulk), exposed to dust, germs and insects, passing through many hands (some of them not over-clean), "blended," you don't know how or by whom, is fit for your use? Of course you don't. But

ble lesson that highways must be con structed and cared for under skilled su pervision. This point is emphasized by the fact that the demand for trained COLONEL POPE ON GOOD HIGHWAYS road engineers is constantly increasing

and to meet it our educational institutions and colleges are offering a regular course of study to fit students for this important work. A number of states have appointed highway commissions, whose duty is to suitably provide for the expenditure of money appropriated for state highways. Though the methods of procedur

various states differ, it is generally admitted that one of the best plans is to complete sections of state roads in each of the counties, so that they may serve as object lessons and in their building supervisors and laborers may be trained to the work. These sections are parts of a carefully studied plan to connect large cities and towns throughout the state and also to unite with and form a continuation of highways in neighboring states, so as to facilitate both local and through traffic.

ON THE OCEAN'S FLOOR.

How It Feels to Go Down Into th Sea In a Diving Bell. How it feels to go down into the ser in a diving bell is described as follows by one who made the descent: Putting on a pair of stockings, legthe seat when the huge bell-it weighed forty tons and was as large as a good sized room-was swung by the powerful crane over the staging, and

gradually we were lowered into the sea. The sensation at first was very strange. As we entered the water, which was driven out of the bell by compressed air, there was a distinct buszing sound in the ears and head. I was told to hold my nose and blow through it, and I did so. Slowly we descended and at last reached the bottem, some fifty feet below the surface The bell in question was seventeen feet long and ten feet wide. There were six of us in it. It was lighted by electricity and was almost as bright as We first landed on a bed which the divers had previously leveled. The moment the bell touched the ground there was perhaps about two feet of water in it. This was quickly driven out by the compressed air, when we walked on comparatively dry ground with the sea all around us.
"By sending signals up to the man

in charge of the great crane to which the bell is attached the apparatus can be moved as its occupants wish. After inspecting the smooth bed on which the bottom blocks are laid we went out to sea and, landing on the bottom again, obtained some idea of the difficulties of digging a foundation on the floor of the ocean. It was ragged and rocky. Four men work in a bell under a pressure of twenty-seven pounds to the square inch for three hours at a time, digging up the ground until it is perfectly smooth and level. The ma-terial is thrown into a large wooden

box swung in the center of the bell. "Climbing to our seats again, the man gave the necessary signals, and away we went, all under water, of er clung to the idea that a dollar saved course, until we landed once more upon was as good as a dollar earned, and at the stones just placed in position. The the same time he lost sight of the tru- electric lights in the bell are placed e to the thick little glass windows. When we stayed on the bottom quietly for a little while the fish darted at the light, but at the noise of a shovel they quickly disappeared."

Red Hair. When red hair makes its appearance on a human head all lukewarmness is at an end. It is either loved or loathed. Its admirers, with artists in the van, are almost hysterically enthusiastic. They call it golden, though the gold that comes out of the earth is not often that comes out of the earth is not often exactly that shade. A red haired woman is sure of a success in some quarter, however plain her face or insignificant her figure. The detractors of red hair say it is a sign of bad temper or immorality or both and therefore to be scrupulously avoided.—London Queen.

Natives of Morocco think that Europeans and Americans are dirty. The habit to which they object is that of washing the hands or face in a basin and, still more, taking a bath where the and, still more, taking a bath where the water is not running. The cleaner the bather becomes, they say, the dirtier the water he is washing with must necessarily become. And eventually the bather steps forth as cleaned from water which is no longer clean.

His Proud Moment Pat-Faith, an' it show'd which av us had th' best av th' contist.—Chicago

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