

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Doctors first prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral over 60 years ago. They use it today more than ever. They rely upon it for colds, coughs, bronchitis, consumption. They will tell you how it heals inflamed lungs.

One Ayer's Pill at bedtime insures a natural action next morning.

J. S. COOK,
Attorney-at-Law,
GRAHAM, N. C.
Office Patterson Building
Second Floor.

DR. WILL S. LONG, JR.

DENTIST

Graham, N. C.

Office in Simmons Building

ROBT C. STRUDWICK

Attorney-at-Law,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Alamance and Guilford counties.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE

The undersigned have qualified as executors of the will of J. R. Garrett, dec'd, and they hereby notify all persons indebted to the estate of their testator to make immediate payment, and all persons holding claims against said estate to present them, duly authenticated on or before the 31st day of September, 1905, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

This, August 22, 1905.

LEWIS H. HOLT,
GREEN A. NICHOLSON,
Executors of J. R. Garrett, dec'd.

Write Quick Big Bargain

To better advertise the South's Leading Business College, just a few scholarships are offered in each session at less than cost.

PORT DELAY. WRITE TODAY.

GA. ALL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Macon, Ga.

Again To Be Sold!

By virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Alamance county the undersigned will sell at public outcry, to the best bidder, the court house door in Graham, N. C. in said county.

SATURDAY, OCT. 21, 1905.

A valuable tract of land in Haw River township, Alamance county, on Back Creek adjoining the lands of Madison Crawford, Frank Thompson and others, and containing

289 ACRES.

More or less, known as the home place of the late Joseph H. Bason.

The bidding will commence at 10:00 a. m. Terms: One-third of the purchase money, the other two-thirds secured by note of purchaser at six months, and title reserved as security.

JOHN W. BASON,
J. T. FLETCHER,
Commissioners.

Sept. 1, 1905.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Prevents Serious Results From a Cold.

Remember the name
Foley's Honey and Tar. Insist upon having the genuine.

Prepared only by
Foley & Company, Chicago.

PATENTS

WE PROMISE TO OBTAIN U. S. AND FOREIGN PATENTS FOR YOU.

Send model, sketch or picture of invention for report on patentability. We will advise you of the value of your idea and the best way to protect it. We will also advise you of the best way to obtain a patent. We will also advise you of the best way to enforce your patent.

CASNOW

OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Poem for Today

CHARIS, HER TRIUMPH

By Ben Jonson



"RARE BEN JONSON," so called on his tomb in Westminster Abbey, ranks next to Shakespeare in the history of the British drama. Little is known of his early life, but his later years were very prolific of plays and poems. He died Aug. 6, 1637, being about sixty-four years of age. His plays are no longer acted or read except by students, but some of his lyrics are still popular.

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty,
And, enamored, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such sight.
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes! They do light
All that Love's world comprise;
Do but look on her hair! It is bright
As Love's star when he riseth!
Than words that soothe her!
Do but mark her forehead's smoother,
And from her arched brows such a grace
Sheds itself through thy face
As alone their triumphs to the life.
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow,
Before the soil hath smothered it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver,
Or swan's down over?
Or have smelled of the bud of the brier,
Or the hard 'n' fire,
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
Oh, so white! Oh, so soft! Oh, so sweet is she!

The Wedding at St. Ann's

By EDWARD MARSDEN COOKE

Copyright, 1905, by American Press Association

As Leonard Hopkins mounted the steps of the club he met old General Dodge coming down, and there was something very attractive about the way the younger man lent his assistance across the icy pavement to the veteran. Other men might have done the same thing, but not in just the same way, and the old man felt it and smiled to himself as he drove away, muttering something about "Hopkins' boy" being an uncommonly fine fellow. These young men all occupied places in his mind as somebody's boys.

Up in the hall above the man who took Hopkins' hat and coat felt warmed by the kindness of his manner. The servants always felt that way about him after they got accustomed to the sternness of his face. It did not matter that they had no business to note the difference in their treatment by those who commanded their services. The fact was that they did, and tonight the stolid looking servant noticed that Mr. Hopkins' face was even more austere than usual, and he felt, too, that the other thing, the thing that somehow or other would raise Mr. Hopkins up above the plane occupied by the other members of the club, was more marked than ordinarily.

As Hopkins passed on into the room a man stopped him and exchanged a few words with him about an engagement which, he said, circumstances forced him to break, and then went away thinking what a very disagreeable fellow Hopkins was, and it was some minutes later before his sense of justice added to the harsh verdict the saying word "sometimes."

The fact was that Leonard Hopkins was very much out of sorts, as he put it to himself. It was characteristic of him in a moody fit to be especially courteous to old General Dodge and particularly considerate of the servant and, in his quiet way, viciously disagreeable to the first man of his own age and degree whom he met. He was not a man who was fair prey, and he made the most of it and seemed pacified by it afterward and sorry the next day.

Hopkins walked back through the rooms to one in the rear and took a seat at a table where Russell Carroll and Philip Maltby were chatting and smoking, and they hailed him pleasantly and looked at their watches about the same time. The three had met by agreement to go to the church together, where they were to perform the duties of ushers at the marriage of their fellow of friends, Tom Boroughs. A young fellow with a noticeably good natured face and a bunch of violets on his coat sauntered up and, leaning over Hopkins' chair, made some light and some rather serious remarks about the wedding and joined with Carroll and Maltby in saying nice things about Miss Fielding and metaphorically patting Tom Boroughs on the back. He sat tenderly for men, and as he sat he was sticking a tin of cigars in his pocket and carefully tilling a glass that stood on the table until the liquor ran down close to the edge and threatened to fall on the table and did not.

Finally the man with the good natured face turned to go and passed to say in parting:

"Well, for those who like weddings this is the kind of a wedding they ought to like. There is something about it that makes one feel comfortable all over. I really don't come up there is even an old man to come up from the country and wear queer clothes and spoil the artistic effect." And he laughed and went away, and Hopkins turned slightly in his chair and watched him go, smiling in a peculiar sort of way until Maltby attracted his attention with an abrupt, "Well, what is the matter with you?" and Hopkins replied with an attempt of a laugh:

"Oh, nothing—that is, not much. I need something to drink—something like brandy, say." And he called a waiter, while Carroll mumbled some-

thing about being glad that he knew what he needed, and Maltby added a vicious thrust about the man who took weddings seriously, and they all laughed and emptied the glasses.

"I am not going to have anything but smiles about this thing tonight," continued Maltby. "I am in a measure responsible for its success and propose to see it go off with the flags flying and the band playing, and so on. It will be time enough tomorrow for you to think about the difference between Boroughs and the bachelor and Boroughs married."

"Oh, it was not Tom I was thinking of," responded Hopkins thoughtfully; "it was another. Well, whatever it is, I'll think of something else. You see, I have been rubbed the wrong way today. I went down with the governor to see his patients in the slums, and if there was anything that was grewsome or pitiful or sorry that we overlooked it must have been out for his day. Then I went to the Parkville to dinner—just a plain dinner, as they are all ways telling you; no wine and not very much to eat and, by way of conversation, a good deal of wandering around among the skeletons and tombstones of the past and protests against the present and proposed doings of the future, and so on. I know that they are awfully nice people, and I am sorry for their misfortunes, and sometimes I do not mind their dinners. But it all went against the grain today." And Hopkins pushed his chair back impatiently and rose to go, the others following his example.

"St. Ann's church, Belden," Hopkins called to the concierge as he followed his two friends into the carriage, and when they were seated Carroll threw his head back, laughing heartily, and commenced a story to explain the fun of it, when Hopkins interrupted him in a queer sort of way as if he were talking partly to himself and partly to some one outside of the window.

"I forgot to say," he began in a low tone, "that between the slums and the Parkville I saw a ghost—that is, a first cousin to a ghost. I thought it was he and it is not."

And Carroll said very sharply, "Nonsense!" and Maltby leaned forward and asked hastily, "What do you mean?"

Hopkins studied the burning end of his cigarette with careful attention before replying and then said slowly, "I have about decided not to go into that, and be looked out of the window again as if he were searching for something else to talk about, and then, facing him, he added quickly, "Still, I have begun, and I want to tell you fellows about it. Five years ago when I went to New York on the street railway

about the way she looked, and I came to know of her in the next few months only strengthened my first impression. Now—but that is not a part of my story. If Tom had turned up there then and fallen in love with her we would not be going to his wedding tonight; at least not with her in the leading role. You see, she was in love with another man, and I reckon that thing right, our friend Tom would have been turned away very promptly and would probably have gone to Africa or some other outlandish place for solace. Men who fell in love with the Agnes Fielding of those days did not forget it very easily or very soon, and they were apt to go off at a tangent.

"You remember Harry Goodloe at Princeton, don't you? Of course you do. That was the fellow from Pittsburg; a senior in our first year. Well, he was the lucky man in this case. He was fine sight in the way of a man to look at. His father died about the time I went to New York and left Harry a big pile. If I had been a girl I don't know any man it would have been easier for me to fall in love with than Goodloe. And he had, with his good looks and money, a lot of brains, too—good stuff all through and a fine prospect for making a handsome name for himself as an electrical expert. Harry and Miss Fielding were always together, and everybody said they were engaged. I don't know whether it had gone that far or not, but I saw enough of them to know that they were desperately in love with each other.

"One day Goodloe went out to look over and report on a new electrical plant at Plainfield. He got engrossed in his investigations and into a place far west and into the dog. He got the machinery and wires. Something went wrong, and a smashup occurred. An electric current went astray, and Harry got it badly. Well, they took him to a hospital and saved his life, but when he came out the sight was gone from one of his eyes and his face was shockingly scarred, to say nothing of other injuries. He was a terrible sight, and even I, cold blooded as I am, felt the repugnance of the thing, the desire to turn away when I saw him. Miss Fielding saw him once and only once after the accident. She went to see him as soon as the doctors would allow him to see anybody. That was the end of it. When he came out of the hospital she came back a year ago the family thought it best not to return to New York, and, as you know, they came to Philadelphia to live. I have only seen Harry once since then. He went to the three young men hurriedly to get down so low after he blew in all his money that I understand he dealt faro at a gambling house, when he wasn't drunk, for a living. It ruined him—the mishap—physically, financially, mentally and morally. I don't know that I can blame the girl, but think of him—think of his hell on earth!"

There was a pause at the end of the story, and Maltby was the one to break the silence as the carriage stopped in front of the church door with a muttered, "Well, that is a corker," and then he whispered while Belden was opening the door: "But we must forget this thing now. Remember there is to be nothing but smiles here tonight."

The three young men hurriedly through the awning in the blaze of light from the open church door. As they reached the vestibule Hopkins put a hand on the shoulder of each of his companions and drew them a step aside into the shadow and said in a low voice:

"This fellow Goodloe has not been seen in this part of the country since, but I met him here on the street today. He was worn to a shadow almost, ragged and drunk. Do you suppose his being here has anything to do with this business tonight? And then, without waiting for an answer, he passed rapidly into the church, followed by his wondering companions.

People came to this wedding with the rush that is characteristic of weddings, and in the busy moments which followed the bridegroom's friends forgot for the time being in their duties as ushers the story told in the carriage.

The big congregation had soon filled the church and was waiting for the ceremony. The sea of faces and richly colored cloths and silks and furs, and here and there gleaming with silver and gold and jewels, moved incessantly in the brilliant yellow light from the vaulted roof, and the murmur from it grew more and more distinct.

Everywhere the faces were eager and happy in the coming happiness of the heroine and hero of the night, save where a mother thought of a daughter already given or to be given in marriage, or the pangs of the following separation, or a husband mused on his own shortcomings since he stood up there at the altar plighting his troth. The masses of green foliage and white blossoms in the chancel waved gently in the draft from an open window and seemed to beckon the bridal party.

Then from the vestry room came the bishop in the flowing robes of his high office, followed by the rector, and for a moment stillness reigned, and as they took their places before the altar the organ burst forth into solemn melody.

The bridegroom, leaning on the arm of his best friend, entered, and down the aisle marched the daintily gowned bridesmaids to meet the bride. Then slowly the procession turned as Miss Fielding entered the church upon her father's arm; and, preceded by the choristers, their youthful faces uplifted in the notes of the beautiful wedding hymn, the group of sweet young bridesmaids moved back toward the altar.

Just as the party halted in their places before the chancel rail the doors of the church were pushed open to admit the last guest. To judge of him by the slinking manner of his walk and the evident desire to be unseen as he made his way into the nearest pew, he was an uninvited guest. But all eyes were to the front row, and no one paid him any heed. The singular spot of unattractiveness in the throng of well-dressed, well-looking men and women about him. It was not to be wondered at that the young woman beside whom he seated himself drew her gown a little closer about her for fear of the effect upon her from touching this unsmooth creature. He was tall, but physique and mental force had worn away. He had a long, thin nose, and his eyes which were necessary to give the unattractive features their proper proportions. His

clothes, like his garment of flesh, were too small. His boots had long been without the attentions of a shoemaker or blacking and brush. They were laced in places with bits of once white string. His trousers, barely reaching to the tops of his miserable boots, were baggy and threadbare and variously patched. His coat, which had once been a rich gray with dirt and shabby from long wear and buttons so closely about him as to give the familiar and pitiful appearance of having nothing underneath. A grimy, ragged collar about his neck was the only bit of linen in his costume. His hair was long and unkempt. In his hand he held a dusty, greasy, old felt hat, which he fingered nervously. And his face crowned right well this picture of fallen manhood and misery. Some mishap had terribly disfigured his face. Great livid scars ran down his cheek and neck until lost from sight under his rags. One of his eyes was fixed and white and sightless, and in the other, bloodshot and wild, and the bloated flesh about it were the unerring signs of the dissipated manner of his life, only emphasized by his harsh little cough and breath redolent with the sickening odor of liquor.

And yet there was something, had any one taken the trouble to notice it, in the delicate structure of his hands, the queer proud little shake of the head and the timid courtesy with which he found his sitting, which might have made the close observer wonder whether these things were only phenomena in their companionship with dirt and meanness or the flickering rays of a bright light just going out. But nobody did take the trouble to notice it. He was a common mental case, one of the city's great army of half frozen vagabonds was taking advantage of a few moments' grace in the warmth of the church.

The service was about to begin. The charming, sacred notes of the "Narcissus" came softly from the organ. The deep and musical voice of the bishop arose from the altar side, reaching distinctly to the most distant member of the hushed congregation. Slowly the bishop uttered the opening words of the wedding service, concluding still more slowly and impressively with the sentence, "If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

As the last words died away the bishop, rector, bridal party and congregation instinctively bowed their heads waiting. Not a move or sound broke the stillness for a moment; even the flowers seemed to stop their waving and to wait and listen.

Then there came a slight, shuffling sound from the rear pew, and the unbidden guest stood in the aisle, erect in his garments of rags and dirt. His one hand clasped convulsively the old hat and his other was raised high above his head, trembling, as was his whole frame, with excessive emotion. His face was uplifted and avid pale, save where the scars drew livid lines across it; the muscles around his mouth were strained and set, his lips were open slightly and his tongue moved, but his voice seemed gone. Then two men, attendants at the entrance, moved quickly to the figure in the aisle and, grasping him by the arms, forced him through the doors.

It was all over in a moment. Few, save those nearest to the scene, had time to turn about before the doors swung together behind the man and his prisoner. A faint sound of the disturbance reached the party in the chancel, and Miss Fielding turned quickly toward the entrance only to find Hopkins close behind her, ready to reassure her with a few hurried words. "Only a fainting woman!" But he knew it was false, and tomorrow he would add to the falsehood by telling those who gossip about it that an insane patient had somehow escaped from Blockley and got into the church.

The wedding was over, and the bride stood with her husband under the awning while they were opening the door of the carriage, when above the hum of voices and the din of rolling wheels he heard a sharp cry and the stillness that followed a few muttered words of protest, and something beside the misery in the tones startled the woman, and she looked hastily and anxiously across the street to where two policemen were forcing an apparently drunken beggar into a patrol wagon, and there was a curious mixture of pity and relief in her face as she turned from the ugly scene, and she pressed close to her husband as they drove away.

Arsenic Eaters.
Arsenic, as is well known, is a deadly poison, two grains only being, as a rule, a fatal dose. Yet, strange to say, it has been well authenticated that the human body can become arsenic proof. Over a large area of southern Austria this is quite common. Peasant girls out to increase their attractions, as it is known to improve the complexion. Laboring men take it regularly and yet attain a healthy old age. The drug has a beneficial effect on their digestive organs and so strengthens the respiratory organs that these bearers of heavy burdens find it easier to climb steep mountain roads. Often taken at first in secret, one small dose a week is enough, but the craving increases till in some cases six grains a day is eaten, enough to poison three men. A penalty, however, awaits the user, for once begun it is impossible to give it up and live.

Where the Ballet Came From.
Where did the ballet come from? Like Topsy and most other human institutions, it "grew." And in its growth it has taken such varied forms it will make an interesting study. Of course in the good old times when all civilized countries were governed by kings there was no use for a ballet. A primitive, self governing tribe like those of the ancient Germans were satisfied with the usual dancing. The Jews before they had kings might be called a self governing people. Strictly, however, their theory of government put everything in the hands of God and in technical terms was a theocracy. If a public officer must be chosen he was named by God's representative, the priest or prophet, or else lots were cast, and the lot was expected that God would send the right lot to the right man. It is not unlikely that such casting of lots gave the first hint of a secret ballot.

"Do It To-day."

The time-worn injunction, "Never put off 'til to-morrow what you can do to-day," is now generally presented in this form: "Do it to-day!" That is the terse advice we want to give you about that hacking cough or demoralizing cold with which you have been struggling for several days, perhaps weeks. Take some reliable remedy for it to-day—and let that remedy be Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which has been in use for over thirty-five years. A few doses of it will undoubtedly relieve your cough or cold, and its continued use for a few days will cure you completely. No matter how deep-seated cough, even if dread consumption has attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in the thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble. New trial bottles, 25c.; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

The Governor has appointed the directors of the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad, the re-appointments being J. W. Granger, Kinston; D. B. Hooker, Bayboro; C. M. Busbee, Raleigh; W. H. Bagley, Raleigh; new directors, C. T. Watson, New Bern; L. P. Tapp, Kinston; W. D. Creech, Goldsboro, and W. S. Chadwick, Beaufort. Directors dropped are W. H. Smith, Goldsboro; J. C. Parker, Olivette; R. W. Taylor, Morehead City; L. Harvey, Kinston.

Good Spirits.
Good spirits don't all come from 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. You can't have good spirits and a bad liver at the same time. Your liver must be in fine condition if you would feel buoyant, happy and hopeful, bright of eye, light of step and vigorous and successful in your pursuit. You can put your liver in fine condition by using Green's August Flower—the greatest of all medicines for the liver and stomach and a certain cure for dyspepsia or indigestion. It has been a favorite household remedy for over thirty-five years. August Flower will make your liver healthy and active and thus insure you a liberal supply of "good spirits." Trial size, 25c.; regular bottle, 75c. At all druggists.

Some time ago a Jim Crow street car law was passed for Nashville, Tenn., the negroes being required to occupy certain seats in street cars separate from the whites. The negroes disliked the arrangement and they organized the Union Transportation Company, which has put in operation five automobiles in the transportation of negroes in opposition to the street cars.

New Cure for Cancer.
All surface cancers are now known to be curable by Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Jas. Walters, of Suffolk, Va., writes: "I had a cancer on my lip for years, that seemed incurable, till Bucklen's Arnica Salve healed it, and it is now perfectly well." Guaranteed cure for cuts and burns. 25c. at The J. C. Simmons Drug Co.'s.

Old man Peter Smith, who was hanged at Marshall Tuesday a week for rape, had been charged with the murder of his stepdaughter but the evidence was not sufficient to convict him. Before he was hanged Smith gave to Sheriff Reid, of Buncombe, a written statement charging Henry and Columbus Friebec with killing his stepdaughter. The statement is not generally believed, the opinion that Smith himself killed his stepdaughter still prevailing.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware of Imitations
Solely at
J. C. Simmons Drug Co.

A very good substitute for cream in coffee is the yolk of an egg well beaten. One egg will season three cups.

You Know What You Are Taking
When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

The odor of perspiration can be prevented with a few drops of ammonia in the bathing water.

Many Mothers of a Like Opinion.
Mrs. Pilmer, of Cordova, Iowa, says: "One of my children was subject to a group of a serious type, and the giving of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy promptly, always brought relief. Many mothers in the neighborhood think the same as I do about this remedy and want no other kind for their children." For sale by The J. C. Simmons Drug Co.

Salt and lemon juice will remove iron rust, ink and mildew from white goods.

Conviction Follows Trial

When buying lion coffee or anything your grocer happens to have in his bin, how do you know what you are getting? Some queer stories about coffee that is sold in bulk, could be told, if the people who handle it (grocers), cared to speak out.

Could any amount of mere talk have persuaded millions of housekeepers to use

Lion Coffee,

the leader of all package coffees for over a quarter of a century, if they had not found it superior to all other brands in Purity, Strength, Flavor and Uniformity?

This popular success of LION COFFEE can be due only to inherent merit. There is no stronger proof of merit than constant and increasing popularity.

If the verdict of MILLIONS OF HOUSEKEEPERS does not convince you of the merits of LION COFFEE, it could you but a little to buy a package. It is the easiest way to convince yourself, and to make you a PERMANENT PURCHASER.

LION COFFEE is sold only in U. S. sealed packages, and contains you as you get them when I last saw.

Looked in every package.
Now from Lion Coffee for valuable protection
SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE
SUGAR FREE CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Graham Underwriters Agency

SCOTT & ALBRIGHT,
Graham, N. C.

Fire and Life Insurance

Prompt Personal Attention To All Orders.

Correspondence Solicited.

OFFICE AT
THE BANK OF ALAMANCE

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It is unequalled for the stomach. Children with weak stomachs thrive on it. First dose relieves. A diet unnecessary.

Cures all stomach troubles
Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago
The 5c. bottle contains 1/4 ounce of the purest

Plaster casts and ornaments can be cleaned by covering with cold starch and brushing the powder off when dry.

\$100—Dr. E. DeWitt's ANTI-DYSPEPTIC may be worth to you more than \$100 if you have a child who soils bedding from incontinence of water during sleep. Cures old and young alike. It arrests the trouble at once. \$1. Sold by the J. C. Simmons Drug Co., Graham, N. C.

Remember Headaches

This time of the year are signals of warning. Take Taraxacum Compound now. It may save you a spell of fever. It will regulate your bowels, set your liver right, and cure your indigestion. A good Tonic. An honest medicine.

Taraxacum Co.

MEBANE, N. C.

North Carolina's Foremost Newspaper.

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Every Day in the Year.
CALDWELL & TOPPINS, Publishers.
J. P. CALDWELL, Editor.

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Receives the largest Telegraphic News Service delivered to any paper between Washington and Atlanta, and its special service is the greatest ever handled by a North Carolina paper.

THE SUNDAY OBSERVER
Consists of 16 or more pages, and is to a large extent made up of original matter.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY OBSERVER.
Printed Tuesday and Friday, \$1.00 per year. The largest paper in North Carolina.

Send for sample copies. Address
THE OBSERVER
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Weak Hearts

Are due to indigestion. Nearly nine out of every one hundred people who have heart trouble can remember when they were simple, healthy. It is a scientific fact that all cases of heart disease, not organic, are not only treatable, but are the direct result of indigestion. As food taken into the stomach, which fails of perfect digestion ferments and swells the stomach, pushing it up against the heart. This interferes with the action of the heart, and in the course of time that delicate but vital organ becomes diseased.

W. D. Kautz, of Newark, O., writes: "I had heart trouble and was in a bad state for a long time. I took Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and it cured me and I feel like a new man."

Kodol Digests What You Eat
and restores the stomach of all persons afflicted with indigestion, heart trouble, etc. It is the only medicine that does this. \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

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THE SUNDAY OBSERVER
Consists of 16 or more pages, and is to a large extent made up of original matter.

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Weak Hearts

Are due to indigestion. Nearly nine out of every one hundred people who have heart trouble can remember when they were simple, healthy. It is a scientific fact that all cases of heart disease, not organic, are not only treatable, but are the direct result of indigestion. As food taken into the stomach, which fails of perfect digestion ferments and swells the stomach, pushing it up against the heart. This interferes with the action of the heart, and in the course of time that delicate but vital organ becomes diseased.

W. D. Kautz, of Newark, O., writes: "I had heart trouble and was in a bad state for a long time. I took Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and it cured me and I feel like a new man."

Kodol Digests What You Eat
and restores the stomach of all persons afflicted with indigestion, heart trouble, etc. It is the only medicine that does this. \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Conviction Follows Trial

When buying lion coffee or anything your grocer happens to have in his bin, how do you know what you are getting? Some queer stories about coffee that is sold in bulk, could be told, if the people who handle it (grocers), cared to speak out.

Could any amount of mere talk have persuaded millions of housekeepers to use

Lion Coffee,

the leader of all package coffees for over a quarter of a century, if they had not found it superior to all other brands in Purity, Strength, Flavor and Uniformity?

This popular success of LION COFFEE can be due only to inherent merit. There is no stronger proof of merit than constant and increasing popularity.

If the verdict of MILLIONS OF HOUSEKEEPERS does not convince you of the merits of LION COFFEE, it could you but a little to buy a package. It is the easiest way to convince yourself, and to make you a PERMANENT PURCHASER.

LION COFFEE is sold only in U. S. sealed packages, and contains you as you get them when I last saw.

Looked in every package.
Now from Lion Coffee for valuable protection
SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE
SUGAR FREE CO., Toledo, Ohio.