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PALENS

GASNO

A Poem for Today

THE SIN OF OMISSION

By Margaret E. Sangster

It isn't the thing you do, dear;
It's the thing you've left undone
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way;
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear;
The gentle and winsome word
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

The little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind;
These chances to be angels,
Which every mortal finds;
They come in night and silence,
Each chill, reproachful word,
When hope is faint and struggling,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great
To suffer our slow compassions
That thrills until too late,
And it's not the thing you do, dear;
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

Mandy's Declaration

By EPES W. SARGENT

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THE men of Jepson Center said that David Grimes was a shrewd politician, with a clean record, and he deserved to go to congress. The women pronounced him a hard taskmaster and husband, a skintail, unworthy of the wife who had helped to make him what he was, the political autocrat of Nibbrara county. But Grimes cared little enough for the latter opinion. Women could not vote. The greed for votes, for political advancement and power was upon him, and the morrow would mark the first great crisis of his life.

From justice of the peace to congressman in eight years! His first election had been a walkover. The office of sheriff had fairly fallen into his lap, and he had gone to the state legislature backed by the solid vote of his party. But the office of congressman was the gift not only of his own county, but of Rock Creek also, and then there was young Jameson of Chadron to be considered. Well, tomorrow's conference would settle the question. Smythe, manager of the great land syndicate and irrigation company which controlled miles after miles of redeemable property and hundreds of votes, was coming from Omaha to attend the county election at Chadron on Independence day, to inspect the company's broad farms and to take a hand in the political game.

And David Grimes was to be orator of the day! Flags would flutter; bands would play; cheers would follow his great speech. A strange thrill passed over this usually cold, calculating and self-contained man. Then his momentary enthusiasm died. A light touch rested on his arm.

"David, if you don't mind, I'd like to go over to the celebration with you tomorrow. I ain't been to Chadron in three years, and I ain't never heard you speak in public." "Grimes glanced suspiciously at the slender figure beside him; then down the almost blanketed street to Morgan's store, where a row of ranch teams announced the presence of voters.

"Chadron won't be any place for women folks tomorrow. There'll be more politics than skyrockets in the air, and I'll be too busy to bother with you. I've promised Brooks, superintendent of the North farm, the extra place in my buggy. Besides, one woman from the family will be enough. I'm thinking and I've written Ed-to stay over for the celebration, being as her teaching there this winter has given her something of a standing with the board. I need all the help I can get just now, and Ed'll make a better appearance than you would. You ain't much on style, Mandy, nor on making up to folks." He said this with the brutal frankness of the self-centered, absorbed individual, and without waiting for her reply, he strode off toward Morgan's store.

But there would have been no reply. Patient, docile Mandy had long since learned the futility of arguing against fate in the form of her masterful husband. Her first lesson had come twenty years before, when, after a brief wedding journey to see "David's folks," they had stopped off at Chadron to buy the simple furnishings for their new home. Mandy, stopped in the fairway of new furniture, had been brought back suddenly to reality by the brusque tones of her husband:

"That red plush sofa ain't going in to my parlor. You might as well understand now and for good that so long as I pay the bills I expect to run my own house."

Even in the midst of her pain and disappointment, Mandy had noted with a sense of relief that the clerk was a sensible fellow. Later there had come brief moments when woman's faithful wisdom, tears, had missed the mark; then days of depression and nights of wide-eyed staring into inky blackness, and a steady moonlight, and at last a broker's wife, a hopeless victim of the inevitable. The idea that her husband might be loved had never entered Mandy's head, nor had she conceived it within her province to lay across it the burden of her disappointment and grief at the feet of her gentle mother or her impetuous, generous old father. And so in time the man of decided

ing. Her touch was almost reverent. It had been so many years since she had owned a whole new dress. Then two great tears of joy splashed on the insertion which crossed the front of the waist.

"Oh, Ed, how did you know I'd dreamed of havin' a dress like this every summer for five years? But I'm afraid you spent too much for it. That lace cost a dollar a bolt if it cost a cent. Then there was the makin'."

Two cool, firm hands drew away the dress, and Ed—tall, self-contained Ed—slipped into her mother's arms and clasped both hands about her neck.

"Mother, dearest mother, you make me feel so utterly selfish, you who made me whatever I am, who gave me the best there's in you for me, to see you make such a fuss over a little gift, I ought to have done so much more. I ought to have gone to work for you years ago. And I ought not!"

Again that conscious look, that sudden catch in the voice, and she handed her mother another bundle, from which tumbled a gown of sheer white lawn trimmed with delicate lace.

"The very thing for you to wear to the celebration tomorrow with your father!" exclaimed Mrs. Grimes, unmindful of her own disappointment.

A quizzical smile played about Ed's lips, and she stroked the white gown lovingly.

"Do you think there is any celebration worthy of this dress? Besides, I'm not going to Chadron. I hate speeches and fireworks." And the two women went downstairs arm in arm.

It was not until bedtime that David Grimes broached the subject of the celebration. His wife had been called to the bedside of a sick neighbor, and he sat alone with Edlie on the porch.

"You'd better take the 9 o'clock train for Chadron tomorrow. I want you to be on hand for the exercises, but you can't go over in the buggy. I'll need him to ride with me, and I'll need him to pull strings with Smythe. It's going to be a great day with me, Edlie."

"I hope so, father," said the girl smoothly, "but I don't care to go. Mother will be lonely here, and I shall stay with her."

Then, as if the matter were closed, she rose and walked deliberately in the direction her mother had taken. For a moment David Grimes sat as one stung; then there rushed into his mind the dozen or more effective answers which he should have made to this open rebellion. So much for letting one's children leave home and achieve independence! He would have a settling with this high handed young woman, but not tonight. He must reserve his energy, his diplomacy, his voice, for the morrow. There was much at stake on the morrow.

A narrow trail of white dust against a cloudless blue sky was all that told of the departure of David Grimes for the scene of his anticipated triumph. Arrayed in broadcloth and linen, respectively brushed and laundered by Mandy's hands and carefully hidden by a long linen duster, he had climbed into the best buggy, which had been led to the gate by the disconsolate Jimmy. The latter, barred from both celebration and circus, felt his patriotism oozing rapidly from his grimy finger tips. Edlie laid a caressing hand on his shoulder and said:

"Well, Jimmy, I guess it is just about time for our celebration to begin." Something hard and aly slid into his hand. Jimmy gasped. Never before had he owned a whole dollar. "For the circus, part of it, dearie, and the rest for cannon firecrackers. Be sure you get an extra large one and shoot it for me. You know I'm afraid to touch it off myself."

And with a smile the girl drew her mother's arm through her own and started back toward the house. Mrs. Grimes protested feebly against the extravagance, but Edlie laid a loving hand over her mother's lips.

"I must do something perfectly wild, or I am so happy!" But there was a suggestion of tears in her voice, and her hands that morning were not cool and firm, but hot and trembling. Mandy turned anxious eyes on her firstborn.

"Edlie, you ain't acted natural since you come home. What's on your mind?" "You, just now," came the quick response. "I don't like to be selfish, but

it had all happened at the conference, when, with the plaudits of the crowd still ringing in his ears, he had heard Smythe state as bluntly as he could that he would represent the district in congress, and the young man which his company, and incidentally Rock Creek county, had in mind was Edward F. Jameson, who had attracted considerable attention by his skillful handling of a big lawsuit in Omaha. The autocrat of Jepson Center had bowed to the powers as represented by Smythe and had walked erectly from the room at the close of the conference.

Jameson! If it had been any one but that conceited upstart, who had been forbidden his house! It was well that the rising young politician, as the Chadron Dugle called him, had not been at the conference.

"Hello, Mr. Grimes!" The dethroned autocrat jerked his horse to a standstill. A best figure slipped up to the buggy. It was only "Paw" Burns, but he had a vote, and from habit Grimes forced a genial greeting.

"You don't mind givin' me a lift the rest of the way, do you? Thanks! It is warm, an' them circus tents is the bakin' places. I seen your Jimmy there. It was a blamed poor show, but he seemed to like the lemonade an' peanuts to his likin'." Grimes ain't what they was when you an' me was boys, Dave. Now, when?"

The parsimonious old chap chattered on, but Grimes was not listening. He made a rapid calculation. Jimmy had spent not less than 75 cents—wasted money. Mandy might not realize the gravity of his own political downfall, but she should be made to understand the terrible extravagance of which she had been guilty. But where had she got the money? She had accounted for every cent he had given her in years. If she had sold some of those Leghorns to send Jimmy to the circus—his face turned purple, and he gave his horse a vicious cut. Wasn't it enough to watch his political balloon pricked by a man with a pull without coming home to rebellion in his own household? The memory of how Edlie had quietly ignored his expressed wish the night before rose afresh.

He pulled up before the narrow path leading to his front door and, knotting

the reins about the whip socket, called grimly for Jimmy. There was no response, but he caught sight of a strange face in the kitchen doorway. It was Poorhouse Jenny. In one hand she held a dish towel; from the other she munched a thick slice of cake. As he strode up the walk his feet ground flower petals and rice into the gravel. These he did not notice, for suddenly Mandy appeared at the door. She wore a new dress. There was a pretty color in her cheeks, a sparkle in the eyes that yesterday seemed faded. She was frail and slender; and the stalwart, frowning man could have crushed her aside without an effort, yet somehow she seemed to bar his entrance. He paused before her with an imprecation.

"Where's that boy, and what's Poorhouse Jenny eating the cake I paid for as free as if it was black bread?" The figure in the doorway trembled slightly, then seemed to turn rigid.

"I paid for that cake, David, out of my savin's. An' it's Edlie's weddin' cake. She's gone. She left goodby for you, but she didn't want no scene on her weddin' day. It's been seven years, an' we've set down to in years, an' she's tired of bein' bector to death. I don't know as I blame her for wantin' to get away from such a life. I'm goin' over to Chadron next week when they come back from Omaha an' help them furnish their house. Edward said I should."

Mandy smiled reminiscently. She should certainly buy a red plush sofa for Edlie's parlor if there was one in town. Then she looked back at her husband. His hand grasped the porch post, and his face was distorted with rage.

"D'ye mean to say she married that Jameson? And you helped her to sneak out of her father's house like-like?" "That's just what she didn't do, David. She was married right here in her mother's parlor an' with some of her old friends for witnesses, an' we had a dinner. There ain't no use for you to swear an' carry on, David. I ain't her mother, an' I ought to have some say. I'm goin' to have some say, too, about the house. I've helped you pay for it an' everything that's in it, an' the law gives me a share of it. You told me yesterday I wasn't much on appearances, but that's your fault. No one that's lived the shut in life I have would be. I'm goin' to live like other women do, an' I'm goin' over to Edward's an' Edlie's every month. Edward, he said."

The name was as a red rag to a bull. David Grimes smote the plasma railing with his fist.

"D'ye know that smooth faced, lying young rascal has got the promise of the nomination to congress, which was mine by rights? He's beaten me, beaten the father of his wife, and stole his wife in the bargain. He's—"

Mandy Grimes drew herself up, and more than ever the doorway seemed barred.

"Well, all I've got to say is that I'm glad the nomination's been kept in the family. An' as for the rest, I don't want any scene made here. There's been scandal enough about the way you treat your family without your shoutin' so the whole neighborhood can hear you. If you was half as proud of your father as Edlie's every month, I'd content as you do your voters we wouldn't be the talk of Jepson Center. I'm plumb sick of bein' spoke of as 'poor Mandy Grimes.' Now, if you have any swears to do you march out to the barn an' do it. I've got to help Jenny clear up the weddin' dishes. Your supper'll be ready in ten minutes."

She turned abruptly and walked into the parlor. Her husband sat in the seat as she disappeared; then his grip on the porch rail gradually loosened. His expression changed from fury to amazement, to incredulity and finally to thoughtfulness. Without a word he turned on his heel, walked down to the gate and led his horse round to the stable. Poorhouse Jenny, picking a chicken bone, watched him curiously from the pantry window. But Mandy, alone in the dimly lighted parlor, clasped and unclasped her hands nervously.

"I declare I don't know how I ever did it. I ain't quite sure whether it was what Edlie said or just because it was Independence day. If I'd known he'd take it so well I'd read my rights years ago. Yet I have some good times comin' yet. Edward says he's goin' to take me to Omaha in the fall. I don't suppose it's a wisin' way to feel, but I'm glad Edward beat him for the nomination. Havin' that lesson kind of took the life out of him an' made it easier for me. Yes, Jenny, I'm comin', an' you can put the rest of that weddin' cake out for Jimmy an' Mr. Grimes' supper."

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, 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 bottles, 75c. At all drug-gists.

The Arkansas river is the only water course in Oklahoma ever navigated by steam. It has diminished year after year by pouring its waters into the irrigating ditches of the arid plains, until now, often in the summer solstice it is possible for a pony to pass from bank to bank without wetting a saddle girth.

DoWitt's Witch Hazel Salve
Cures Piles, Sore Throat

Make Your Grocer Give You Guaranteed Cream of Tartar Baking Powder

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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. Bochee'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.

An old picture in the Dresden gallery represents a Dutch housewife "testing eggs," and shows that the method in use to day was in use more than a hundred years ago, except for the substitution of a strong electric light for the ancient oil lamp.

Case of Lockjaw.
Lockjaw, or tetanus, caused by a bacillus or germ which exists plentifully in street dirt. It is inactive so long as exposed to the air, but when carried beneath the skin as in the wounds caused by percussion caps or by rusty nails, and when the air is excluded the germ is roused to activity and produces the most virulent poison known. These germs may be destroyed and all danger of lockjaw avoided by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm freely as soon as the injury is received. Pain Balm is an antiseptic and causes cuts, bruises and like injuries to heal without maturation and in one-third the time required by the usual treatment. It is for sale by The J. C. Simmons Drug Co.

It is said that in Mexico it is the custom to rent ground in a graveyard instead of buying it outright. The descendants of the dead buried in such a lot must pay an annual rental to the church or the bones of their ancestors are dug up and thrown into a heap.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.
Distressing kidney and bladder disease relieved in six hours by "New Great South American Kidney Cure." It is a great surprise on account of its promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys or back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by The J. C. Simmons Drug Co., Graham, N. C.

There is no punishment in France if the murderer is not brought to trial in fifteen years. A man who committed murder in Paris twenty-five years ago has just written defiantly to the police, confessing the crime and saying he was about to return to Paris.

\$100—Dr. E. DETCHON'S ANTI-DIURETIC 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.

An old Roman vault has been uncovered at Chiswick, in England, by workmen who were excavating for the foundations for a modern flat building. Many pieces of valuable pottery have been found as well as what is believed to have been part of a subterranean passage.

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.

Rufus Choate once tried to get a Boston witness to give his idea of absentmindedness. "Well," said the witness, who was a typical New England Yankee, "I should say that a man who thought that he'd left his watch to him, and took it out'n his pocket to see if he'd time to go home and get it, was a little absentminded."

Many Mothers of a Like Opinion.
Mrs. Pilmer, of Cordava, Iowa, says: "One of my children was subject to croup 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.

Paderewski, it is said can play from memory more than five hundred compositions.

CASTORIA
The Little Blue Remedy
Cures Colic, Worms, Stomach
Prepared by J. C. SIMMONS & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Weak Hearts
Are due to indigestion. Ninety-nine out of every one hundred people who have heart trouble can remember when it was simply indigestion. It is a scientific fact that all cases of heart disease, not organic, are not only treatable, but are the direct result of indigestion. All 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. Dr. O. Z. Foster's Heart Cure (Chamberlain's Heart Cure) is a medicine which acts on the stomach, pushing it up against the heart, and in the course of time that delicate but vital organ becomes diseased. Dr. O. Z. Foster's Heart Cure (Chamberlain's Heart Cure) is a medicine which acts on the stomach, pushing it up against the heart, and in the course of time that delicate but vital organ becomes diseased.

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