# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

# GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1905. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*

He knew about such things, knew the

nearly due.

your husband ?"

beat you?"

"N-no, signor."

crat. queerly eying her. "Oh, no, no, signor!"

"It will be here in a minute!" he ex-

claimed as the frightened musicians

looked to him. "Get on this train and

repeated in Italian to the bear tamer.

'What are you crying about?' he ask-

ed of the girl as the man started for

the 'ticket window. "I couldn't help

killing your bear. It was his fault. He

gave it no water. Understand? Is that

"Si, signor," she stammered trem-

blingly. He looked at her closely.

Where the neckerchief had been torn

away the creamy skin contrasted with

her travel stained face, and the tears.

coursing down, channeled through the

"Husband, eh? Look here, does he

"Yes, he does," persisted the auto-

The train lumbered down to the sta

tion. There was one more bridge to cross, the distance from the depot door

to the cars. The platform was black

with a fermenting crowd. However

the musician felt, the autocrat looked

lazily confident, and the minute the

train pulled in he threw open the door

and marshaled the silenced minstrels

out. It needed just a match to fire

things, yet no one cared to strike it in

the autocrat's face. There was covert

crowding and shoving, the trio were

jammed into a pocket, and the Italians

were assailed by every one in swearing

distance with a torrent of abuse. The

steps of the passenger coach had been

blocked by ugly men. Without a word

the autocrat shoved sideways and

brought his pair to the door of the bag-

ly, "take these people down to the

Springs. They got into trouble here with a bear. Jump in there, Tony,

lively!" The man vaulted into the car.

"Come!" exclaimed the autocrat to the

girl, taking her arm. Then his eyes met bers, and he hesitated. "Look here,"

he muttered, bending over for her an-

The women behind crowded menac-

ingly up. The yelling was a bedlam,

yet no one broke over the arm that

barred the frightened girl. "No, no, signor!" she cried, shrinking

with fear. "Puta me in-up-please!"

The autocrat laughed. He bent down

again, and with the conductor lifting

his hand for the starting signal he said

something to her in Italian and looked

"No understanda, signor," shivered

"Hang it," burst out John Blair,

"can't you talk your own lingo? I say

if he beats you, come back here to me, and I'll kill him." The mob was surg-

"Puta me in! Oh, puta me in!" she

"Here you go, then!" he laughed, soft-

swer, "does he beat you?"

into ber fluttering eyes.

cried.

the girl, clinging to ber violin.

ing, and the train was moving.

ly catching her by the girdle.

'Curran," exclaimed John Blair hasti-

gage car, where the conductor stood.

dirt to a color that burned with blood.

get out of here! Get your tickets!" he

A Poem for Today

THOMPSON OF ANGEL'S

By Bret Harte

Angel's

revolver:

freedom.

the stranger;

Yet not happy or gay was Thompson, the hero of Angel's; Often spoke to himself in accents of angulsh and sorrow:

"Why do I make the graves of the frivolous youth who in folly

'Why in my daily walks does the surgeon drop his left eyelid,

Lean on his chisel and gaze? I care not o'ermuch for attention;

So spake that pensive man-this Thompson, the hero of Angel's;

Bitterly smiled to himself as he strode through the chaparral musing.

'Why, oh, why ?'' echoed the pines in the dark olive depth far resounding

Why, indeed?" whispered the sagebrush that bent 'neath his feet, non-

Pleasant indeed was that morn that dawned o'er the barroom at Angel's

Where in their manhood's prime was gathered the pride of the hamlet.

Smiled as they said, "Well, Jim, you can give us our regular fusel."

Suddenly as the gray hawk swoops down on the barnyard, alighting

Where, pensively picking their corn, the favorite pullets are gathered,

So in that festive barroom dropped Thompson, the hero of Angel's,

Grasping his weapon dread with his pristine lightness and freedor

Never a word he spoke; divesting himself of his garments,

Danced the war dance of the playful yet truculent Modoc.

Then rose a pallid man-a man sick with fever and ague;

As on its native plains the kangaroo, startled by hunters,

Vain at the festive bar still lingered the people of Angel's,

Hearing afar in the woods the petulant pop of the pistol;

Never again returned the Crested Hawk of the mountains;

Never again was seen the Baldheaded Snipe of the Valley.

Uttered a single whoop, and then in the accents of challenge

Spake, "Oh, behold in me a Crested Jay Hawk of the mountain!"

Small was he, and his step was tremulous, weak and uncertain;

Slowly a Derringer drew and covered the person of Thompson;

Leaps with successive bounds and hurries away to the thickets, So leaped the Crested Hawk and, quietly hopping behind him,

Ran and occasionally shot that Baldheaded Snipe of the Valley,

Yet in the hamlet of Angel's, when truculent speeches are uttered,

Maidens and men in their prime recall the last hero of Angel's.

Think of and vainly regret the Baldheaded Snipe of the Valley!

When bloodshed and life alone will atone for some trifling misstatemen

The frightened girl with the violin-

John saw she was young and slight-

beat her hands and panted in a pretty

terror. Reaching the child's side with

astonishing bounds, the autocrat, seiz-

ing the bear's collar, jerked it off the

bawling urchin. Thoroughly and ex-cusably enraged, the beast turned on

the interloper, and with the utmost air

of business. The encounter was short,

for miners and bears are instant in

shouted Mrs. Jackson, dragging her

innocent vindictively up by the

Said in his feeblest pipe, "I'm a Baldheaded Snipe of the Valley."

The undertaker smile and the sculptor of gravestone marbles

Simple am I in my ways, save for this lightness of freedom."

Six "took sugar in theirs," and nine to the barkeeper lightly

Thoughtlessly pass my revolver, forgetting its lightness and freedom?

T is the story of Thompson-of Thompson, the hero of

Frequently drunk was Thompson, but always polite to

Light and free was the touch of Thompson upon his

Great the mortality incident on that lightness and

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

NO. 41

Good spirits don't all com o rrom Kentucky. The main source is the Royal 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. Baking You can't have good spirits and a had 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 ste Powder vigorous and successful in your puf suit. You can put your liver in is made of Grape finesi condition by using Green's August Flower-the greatest of all Cream of Tartar. medicines for the liver and stomach

Good Spirits.

and a certain cure for dyspepsia or

indigestion. It has been a favorite

The best dish cloths are made of

knitted cotton, for they wash again

"Do It To-day."

The time-worn injunction, "Nev-

er 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. Bos-

chee's German Syrup, which has been in use for over thirty-five years

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even if dread consumption has at-

tacked your lungs, German Syrup

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men connected with the sgricultural

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and again and look like new. After Graham, using always wash a dish cloth with soap and water, then rinse Underwriters thoroughly and hang in the air to Agency

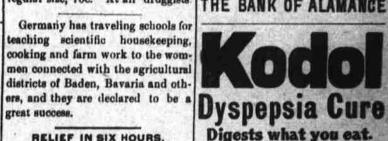
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THE BANK OF ALAMANCE



RELIEF IN SIX HOURS. Distressing kidney and bladder This preparation con

contained copies of all records, was issued. A minute passed in 1834 reads: "That we do not allow young men and women of our society to court with each other on Sunday. Neither do we allow our single men and women to walk arm in arm in the streets together at any time, nor do we allow them to stand in the streets together chatting." Anoth-er resolution forbade girl choiris-ters wearing bows in their bonnets. England's Marriage Rate. The marriage rate is higher in England than elsewhere, being 15 per thousand. In most other coun-tries it varies from 7 to 10 per thou-

sand

The distinguishing feature in the dif-

Next to the bronze, the white Holick there, Tony!" he roared as the bear tamer leaned anxiously forward. "Get away - will you - you brute?" John was carrying the frantic girl forward with the movement of the train. "Now, up you go! One, two, three!" fight. The frightened Italian girl, With the word he swung her. She rose

disappointment, because a large num-ber of eggs from his pen will be found pull of them, how they sucked the atnosphere out of a corner all at once, and his gasp was evidence that the air had left the corner he occupied. John knew nothing about summer hats, as big as Toledore ore baskets, nothing of trains that spread like Japanese fans over waxed floors and dresses that made the autocratic blood sweep into the heart and out again at precise ly the same instant, but he did know something of ventilation. Again the beat of the music drew he from across the room toward him, and he felt the pressure registering inside He caught again a glimpse of her face,

on his, and she was gone. Twice again that evening John saw her fairly, once in the promenade when she passed on the arm of the

day no more he thought of El Toledore.

ing hour with the Buffalo set and after the luncheon and after the lazy interval John Blair's repose was still unsettled as if by a swell that marks the sea after the wind dies.

man of promise-summer promise-sat in the Buffalo corner and tried to comprehend something about the fall gridren. With her friends, the Ramsey girls, sat Mr. Howard Tifft, and, like a convalescent toper, among various guests of distinction lounged John

A1.

# [TO BE CONTINUED.] BREEDS OF TURKEYS.

guish the Different Varieties.

birds.

lands are probably the most popular and are one of the hardlest and most profitable varieties to keep. Then beautiful, snowy white plumage, bright red neck and head and black beard on the breast give them a most striking appearance. The standard weight is light as a watch spring, bounded cleanhan for most

unfertile. It is the sprightly, active normal sized bird that is the good breeder, the sure getter of fertile eggs and, more than that, the begetter of the right kind of stock-chicks that thrive and grow well. There is an-other point-the big framed birds carry other point—the big framed birds carry an undue amount of bone, which is waste, and such are less desirable in the market. Being coarse looking and rangy, they are passed by for the more compact birds which show a proper proportion of meat and bone. Then, again, these big boned and coarse birds eat more and lay less than the natural her lips just parted by a smile. At the sized ones; therefore never try to breed oversized fowls, neither bens nor cocks. turn-the turn which bore her away-

the worst, and he is sure to be a great

her eyes for an instant certainly rested London Mail.

ivoried youth who had led her through the waltz. Passing, her glance met his look. Her eyes, no matter where cast or how, were glorious. And Sister Hattie whispered, "John, isn't she magnificent?" But John was silent. They were birds of passage, the Lynn

people. Next day they were off to their headquarters at Stelle's, up the Notch. One day the autocrat was driving with Hattie when a big drag from above rolled swiftly past them. In the back of it, beside a particularly offensive looking chap, sat the presence of the ballroom, and again the marvelous creature took John's breath. That

Mining problems after her face offered nothing. Even next day in the morn-

Toward evening the women began, as was their wont, to gather on the porches. Hattle, happy with a Yale

Blair. It was one of those groups set down by society Bradstreets as AnAa

itse and Color of Plumage Distin

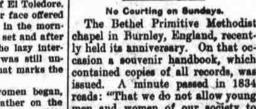
to a volume of statistics, referring chiefly to foreign countries, issued by the board of trade, is in Rouerent breeds of turkeys is in the color of the plumage and the size, writes a mania — 39 per thousand. That country also has the highest death rate—27.7 per thousand. correspondent of American Cultivator. The bronze and the Narragansett are the larger varieties, the slate and the buff are next in size, and the white Holland and the black are the smaller

The lowest marriage rate is in Sweden, where it is 0.9 per thou-sand.—London Mail. official who is as good a type of the canny Scot as one would meet any-

Drinking Vessel Spreads Dises Drinking Vessel Spreads Disease. Many poultry keepers make the his-take of using open receptacles, such as an old succepan or cracked dish, filling it up once a week and allowing it to be exposed to the sun's rays. This is a serious error, says a correspondent of American Cultivator. Should a touch of disease appear on the farm the bird affectod naturally drinks a bot and in the dolla heaves the scenes of disease. so doing leaves the germs of disease behind for the others which follow, and so disease is spread broadcast. I maintain that the scalding of the time

is very essential. No disease spreads so rapidly as by means of infected drinking water. Keep the water cool and absolutely pure.

No Courting on Sundays. The Bethel Primitive Methodist



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THE GLEANER OFFICE \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*



S WITCHBACK lay between two summer resorts in Calo rado, one a large and prosperous town, a very swell town with a group of very swell springs, the other nothing more than a huge botel until the autocrat had by a shrewd

up the gorge at Spanish Peaks, hung and merciless twist hurled the bear to about by granite tapestries hard as the manager's heart.

Nothing and

Everything

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Copyright, 1905, by Frank H. Spearman

When El Toledore mine was smok- the brute's throat. The unfortunate ing, as they put it for a lively market, bear had taken the worst of it. Meantime the child's mother ran switchback boasted a lively populaion, with three shifts on-500 menshricking into the street, and a dozen women from as many shantles swarmout never at any time more than one ed after her. The Italian girl sbrank ooss. He was El Toledore manager. in diamay beside her companion, while mining engineer and superintendent-John Blair stepped quickly to them. John Blair. He was boss. "Sorry I had to kill your bear, To-The highway that connected the re-

torts crossed the Switchback street beny," he said to the bewildered musician. "It's your fault, not taking care tween the boarding house and the depot. The sun at the noon hour beat inof him. He jumped on the child. I interfered to keep you out of trouble tently on it, and John Blair, on the porch of Mrs. Jackson's boarding This is a bad camp for your sort. They hung three dagoes here a few years ago. use, melting the last of his favor-They'd swing you up and light their ite tobacco into blue haze, was sink pipes on you if your bear did any ing into a doze when his ear caught damage. You'd best get out-see !sound of laughter, different from and be lively about it! Understand?" hback laughter. He epened his he added in Italian, for the women eyes-like the cliff road, they were were already closing about the frightgray and dusty-and saw a man and a ened pair. woman coming down from the gorge. "Them's the murderin' villains!"

The man led a bear, and the woman carried a violin, Right in front of the boarding house the bear became perverse. Whether

from heat or from the odors of Mrs. ought to be lynched!" There was a Jackson's kitchen, he settled back on his haunches and vigorously resisted chorus of echoes. every effort to get him forward. The asked the man of John Blair. man pulled at him, and the woman pulled; both together pulled and "Blast it! Get out the way you got in-hit the path!" exclaimed the auto

crat impatiently; but, glancing at the emed to find it very funny. The boss gathering mob of women and children of Switchback-let us say flatly, the -the men were fortunately underautocrat-gradually woke to the contest. Mining engineers know a little of everything, even bears, and with half ground or asleep- the autocrat changed his advice. Things were shaping themselves with the speed of a cyclone. The an eye exposed the autocrat saw the Italian girl shrank closer to him. A animal was thirsty and that the "dagoes," to use the word in his mind, were burly Switchback dame tore at he face, and she huddled, frightened, sgninst his arm. The virago's fingers more stupid than their class, for they ed wretchedly awkward at hanng their property. The man began to missed the girl's cheek, but they caugh prod him with a stick. The woman shook her violin rather alarmingly at the kerchief off her neck. The bear tamer interposed to resent the assault.

John Blair, pushing him back, snatchthe beast, and bruin, accepting the ed the scarf from the woman's hand challenge, squared himself. "Hey, there, Tony," sang the autoand rebuked her by name. Then he crat, interfering by virtue of his job in turned.

everyt

erything inside camp limits, "why a't you water the brute, you idiot? "Great God! Don't touch one these women. They'll tear you to pieces. Keep cool, now, my boy, or your heels will cool in the air." There Don't you see he's thirsty?" The musician turned in surprise. "I say, why don't you water him?" repeated the au-toerst, lazily insolent. "You'll never was a touch of anxiety in his voice. With a deft move he got the Italian tocrat, laxily insolent. start him that way." behind him and tried to appeal to the

The woman caught her companion's women. "Twas she set the beast on the arm and, looking John Blair's way, child!" screamed John's landlady, mak-

arm and, looking John Blair's way, spoke to her associate. John was only a brownish, mineral looking chap, but his voice rang in a domineering way. The Italian, nodding, gave his compan-ion the chain and trotted over to the corner store. Just as he entered it Mrs. ing a rush. "Nonsense, Mrs. Jackson," scoffed John. "It was all an accident. The kid isn't even scratched. There's no harm done. Didn't I see it? Here, wrap this around my arm. Have a lit-tic sense," coaxed the man of blood and steel, controuting the serious dan-ger as he twisted the kerchief in his hand about his forearm. All the while, too, he had been edging back toward the depot, with file Italians behind him. John Blair had been through one igneth-ing at Switchback. Before the woman saw the feint he had the pair in the nsense, Mrs. Jacks corner store. Just as he entered it Mrs. Jackson's little girl, spying the show, rushed from her kitchen into the street with a western slice of bread and but-ter and headed straight for the bear. The apparition must have seemed to him in the nature of a special Provi-dence, for, jerking the chain from his minimes' hand, he dashed at the bread and butter like a county. The Italian John Biair had been through one lynch-ing at Switchback. Before the woman saw the feint he had the pair in the waiting room. But men were strag-gling down the street. The autocrat listened with growing anxiety for the screech of the Kerkwater train, then mistress' hand, he dashed at the bread and butter like a griszly. The Italian girl acreamed, and Mrs. Jackson's youngster yelled. John heard, and to hear was to move, but before he could cross the narrow street the bear had borne the child, slice and all, to the

trasping her violin, saw the bear, ly into the open door and into her comspringing wickedly, tear at Blair's arm, thrown out as a buffer. In a very panion's arms. Curran smiled.

Blair turned on his campful of pets flash the struggling pair fought in blood. The Italian rushed from the and, raising both arms, chaffed them back and across the street to show the store with his tardy bucket, but not dead bear. Then, as if by inspiration, he appointed a committee for a grand the ground and put back into its sheath barbecue that night, in which his good people should feast on the spoll of the a dripping knife he had passed across enemy.

Peace restored in Switchback, h walked to the boarding house, telephoned for the company surgeon and went to his room. Spilling a basinfu water, he unwrapped the necker chief from his arm. As he was about to throw it into the paper basket a faint odor arrested him. He looked at it again. The coloring was gray, delicate as the texture, soft-very soft it was-and made a setting for the red that dabbled the sober ground. His arm was bleeding freely. The surgeon arrived and heard all

about it. He cauterized the wounds There was some laughing and mor tobacco. But John took a moment when the doctor's eves were in his in

strument case, to drop the gray kerchief, with its red blotches, into a drawer? The medical man spoke of the teeth of the bear, but the mind of the autocrat went to the woman's teeth as "signor" trembled between them. The idea stole over him that wrist. "Look a' the poor little gyuri! They'd maybe, in spite of her half hearted denials, the brute did beat her, In Switch "'Ow cap we get out?" anxiously back, where but one woman passes in a lifetime, one may indulge fancies and that night when the print of the bear's claws itched he wondered whether she would ever come back i were beaten and speculated on how had she would have felt if he had just let them hang Tony and pulled her

safely out of it. . . . East for a vacation-the first in years -John Blair went home to Buffalo, got his pister Hattle and took her with him up to the Rangeley lakes. Passing thirty-three, the autocrat was grayish;

his eyes sleepy as ever. Haitie was barely twenty and overflowed. The tour included a hait at the Law-ford House, at the foot of Mount Washford House, at the foot of Mount Wash-ington. By the happiest possible chance it developed that the landlord of Law-ford was likewise landlord of the Span-ish Peaks, the huge hotel up the gorge from El Toledore itself, a stone's throw from Switchback. He had, with favor-ed guests, himself inspected the fa-mous mins. The Biairs found themselves unexpectedly at battle. The au-tocrat, not himself a dancer, could not escape the ballroom-at least not with steter Hattie.

The Fourth of July was an especially The Fourth of July was an especially lively one. From Lynn there came is party almost bolsterous with gayety-seventy odd of them-no end of splan did women. How could there be in an American rout? And they gave the dances a color bewildering. That night the dance room was to

surging with all a man hungers for is think seriously of staying out-only music and women, frue, but such mu-nic and such women! The very ensem-ble disposed John to impression, and

where. On a recent occasion an im-portant witness failed to appear, and the judge was furious, ing from ten pounds for young birds to twenty-six pounds for old males, but

the size is very satisfactory on the maris he?" ket, as it is not always the largest birds that command the best prices.

The Narragansetts, which are next to the bronze in size, have been perfected in the New England states, especially in Rhode Island and Con Their color is black underneath, with each feather ending in a point of steel gray edged with black. This gives

grayish cast to the entire plumage. As they are full breasted and have a proud and upright carriage, they make beau tiful birds. They are strong and vig orous, the standard weight for the male being from twenty to thirty pounds and for the female from twelve to eightee pounds

The buff and slate varieties are not so common. In the buff the standard calls for a pure buff color throughout the entire plumage. The standard weight runs from eighteen to twenty-seven pounds for males and from twelve to eighteen for females. Howportance.

ever, I believe that these extreme weights are seldom attained. It would seem more appropriate if the slate turkey had been called blue,

as the standard calls for a solid of ashy blue plumage throughout. The female is lighter colored than the male. The weights range from eighteen to DAD. twenty-seven pounds for males an

twelve to eighteen for females. The blacks are not as common as any of these other varieties and have been neglected for some years. How ever, interest in them has again been awakened, and they have become i very desirable variety. Many of our common flocks of furkeys resemble the blacks more than any other of the standard breeds.

Dry Feed For Chicks. One of the best possible rations for a chick, whether reared under hen or in brooder, is what we call dry ration, writes a Pennsylvania farmer in Amer-ican Cultivator. It is the nearest approach to the natural diet of a fowl possible to attain. This method calls for all dry food, such as rolled wheat and oats, small broken corn, rice or and onts, small broken corn, rice or grain of any kind, small seeds and beef scraps mixed. To this should be add-ed small grit of some kind. The beef scrap should be of good quality that has been properly prepared and nicely ground. This kind of food can be execute improved by the addition of

ground. This kind of food can be greatly improved by the addition of some well broken peas and beans and a little properly prepared clover. The peas, beans and clover furnish the veg-etable and green food, the rest the grain seed and animal portion of their diet, giving them a most perfectly bal-anced ratios. Should it be preferred to add to this a mixed food, it should be thoroughly scalded. If cooked or baked, so much the better, for this takes away the unnaturalness of the

takes away the unnaturainess of the food, but little trouble from feeding is experienced when this method is fol-

The question as to the size of hird to keep is a more important one than most poultry breeders realize, and misnost poultry breeders realize, and ma-takes in this direction are only too fre-quent, one of the most common being that of breeding from oversized block Of all the threscale inmates of the nonitry yard a big, clumsy male bird i

"Why isn't he here?" demanded his onor. "It's his duty to be here. Where

Cautious.

In Aberdeen can be found a court

The highest birth rate, according

The official, with true Scotch canntness, replied, "Weel, I'll no say for thar-but he's dead."

## ONE THING AND ANOTHER

Goat's tlesh or "venison" is now sold freely as mutton in many large cities ecause of the high price of real mut ton. An ordinary kid's meat is a juicy and toothsome as fair muttor says Farm and Ranch.

A steady demand for "fire borees" reported-weight, 1,200 to 1,500 peak and price about \$200.

The cotton crop brings a vast sum of money to America and is therefore of great actional and international im-

For an asparagus bed (which may be started now) select a warm, sunny exposure and give each plant plenty of room.

The shoulders and collars of the bas working horses deserve the closest at-tention and special case. Fail plowing and other hard duties are dependent on the soundness of the shoulders, re-marks Dr. Curryer in National Stock-

An anxious season for the be in poultry comes in the fall, when the pullets demand careful and heavy feeding and yet do not lay an egg. The must be fed with a fair amount of meat if we expect them to lay early.

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by

**Kidney Trouble.** Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, dis-ourages and lessens ambition beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kid-neys are out of order

SEA Kidney tro an appeal to heaven in 1339, when ne so preva

become so provide that it is not uncommon officiated with weak kin organ is a set when the shift of the set of the set of the set of control the passage. It is yet afficiated with weak was an age when it should be able control the passage. It is yet afficiated we bed-weiting, depend upon it. the cause the difficulty is kideoy trouble, and the fin step should be towards the transment these important organs. This unplease trouble is due to a diseased condition of t Many children inherit constitu-tions weak and feeble, others due to childhood troubles. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tes will positively cure children and make them oure children and make and the fir strong. 35 cents, Tes or Tablets. Thompson Drug Co. To cure a sick headache, take the uice of halt a lemon in a cup of

Women as well as men are no rable with kidney and bladder and both need the same great the mild and the immediate a lynamp-Root is scon realized. The mild one dollar at and one dollar tast. You may have a sample bottle by mail may all about it, including many bounands of sastimenial letters form suffaces curred. In writing Dr. and bladder troubi same great romed immediate effect a realized. It is so black, unsweetened coffee.

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disease relieved iu six hours by "New Great South American Kid-ney Cure." It is a great surprise on account of its promptness in re-lieving pain in the bladder, kidneys or back, in male or female. Re-lieves retention of water almost im-mediately. If you want quick redisease relieved in six hours by mediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by the J. C. Simmons Drug Co., Graham, N. C.

Cures all stomach tre Prepared only by E. C. Dawry & Co., Ch.

Many immigrants change their ----names upon arriving in this country on account of the difficulty they Komom find in getting their names spelled correctly. Many in New York adopt the names of streets as surnames.

\$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.

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their greatest battles.

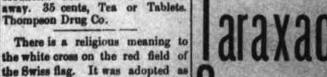
mpson Drug Co.

the Swiss fought and won one of

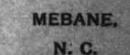
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This time of the year Three rare specimens of male tree are signals of warning. fern of more than 1,000 year's Take Taraxacum Comgrowth have been procured for the pound now. It may Imperial Botanic Gardens of St. Save you a spell of fe-Petersburg from the virgin forests on the Black sea coast near Adler. Pain may go by the name of Pain may go by the name of your indigestion.

Pain may go by the humbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, A good Tonic. pleursy. No matter what name the An honest medicine pains are called, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will drive them



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Weak Hearts

Are due to In 

Nature needs only a Little Early Riser now and then to keep the bowels clean, the liver active, and the system free from bile, headache, constipation, etc. The tamous little pills "Early Risers" are pleasant in effect and perfect in action. They nearer arise and sicken but tone flect and perfect in action. They hever grips and sicken, but tone and strengthen the liver and kid-meys. Sold by The J. C. Simmons. Drug Co.

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