

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1907.

NO. 3

A FACT ABOUT THE "BLUES"

What is known as the "Blues" is seldom occasioned by actual existing external conditions, but in the great majority of cases by a disordered liver.

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THE BANK OF ALAMANCE

Love by Graphophone

By Alice Lovett Carson
Copyright, 1906, by Alice L. Carson

The office of Horwitz & Mallon, wholesale brass manufacturers, shone with polished fixtures and fresh white wood. A pleasant, cherry place to work in, Mabel Thurston thought as she entered. She had come early that morning because it was the last day of the month and a great deal of correspondence had to be finished up. She greeted Dick, the office boy, before going into her own little sanctum, for, as the "graphophonist" of the firm, she was given a nook away from the rattle of tickers and other machines.

"The boss left a note for you, Miss Thurston," said the boy as he followed her in, carrying an armful of wax cylinders. "There it is."

Mabel read it as she opened and dusted off her typewriter. "No. 3 important—to be done first. Then 5, 4, and 2. C. H."

She nodded understandingly and fitted cylinder No. 3 into the graphophone that stood on the table at her elbow. Then she wound up and started the machine and, having fastened about her head the cap that held the tubes against her ears, sat down prepared for the work.

The instrument buzzed a few seconds, then started off. "Take this letter to Messrs. Carroll & Briggs, Middlebury, Mass.," began the gruff voice of Carl Horwitz. She could almost see the sharp glance he gave from under his bushy eyebrows while he dictated. The typewriter began to rattle in a businesslike way. Other stenographers and clerks came in, laughing and chattering, and settled down to work, and the office quickly resumed its usual active appearance.

Hurrying, for he was a little late, entered Pierce Mallon, the junior partner. He was Horwitz's nephew, a bright young fellow of twenty-six. He hesitated a moment, with flushed face and embarrassed air, before Miss Thurston's door, then moved on to the inner office. Puzzling over the phrasing of a sentence, Mabel did not see him enter, though she always looked for his morning greeting and felt something lacking in the day when he missed it. Of late the handsome boy who blushed and stammered whenever he spoke to her had been often in her thoughts.

"No. 3 next," she thought pleasantly, handing Dick a sheaf of letters to be signed by Horwitz. That cylinder always contained Mallon's correspondence and she enjoyed hearing his sympathetic voice.

"Please take this letter, Miss Thurston," it began deferentially—so different from his uncle's abrupt manner. "Mr. Henry S. Wright, 845 Main street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. My dear Mr. Wright," and so continued, the girl drinking in every word.

"If you've finished that, the next is a personal note," Mallon's voice went on. He stopped a minute, then continued with many halts and jerks of utterance. "Dear friend—no, my dear friend—just leave out the name, Miss Thurston. My dear friend, though I've wanted to do so many times lately—in fact, whenever I passed your door—I've never had the courage to speak to you of a matter on which I feel very deeply. I don't know how you'll regard this method of addressing you. No doubt it will seem to you as rude as it is unconventional, but I must run the risk of offending you. Miss Thurston—Mabel—I love you in connection with a sharp rap on the table and tore the cap from her head. "How dare you?" she cried, her cheeks flaming with indignation. To take advantage of her position to insult her in this way! Of course there were always little jokes that the instrument permitted of—things the woman would not say to her face, but never anything of this nature. James Cate, Horwitz's secretary, began his letters by drawing out, "My dear girl, if you love me take this," and Steve Murphy, the business manager, sometimes interrupted his correspondence to tell a story in his inimitable brogue, ending in a lusty "Haw! Haw!" that always made her laugh. Horwitz frequently prefaced his dictation with remarks that constrained her to correspond to Jericho, but to think that Pierce Mallon, of all men, should be guilty of a vulgar practical joke like this!

She jerked the paper off her typewriter and tore it into bits. Then she stopped the graphophone and changed the cylinder for another. "If Mr. Mallon's letters are not all written today it's his own fault," she thought hotly, with a feeling of joy that she could punish him thus.

But a dull ache that would not cease remained in her heart, though she told herself over and over again that the fellow was a cad and a boor and she despised herself for ever taking him for a gentleman. Her pillow that night was wet with some bitter tears as she tossed sleeplessly on the narrow boarding house bed. It is hard to give up ideals when one is only twenty-two.

The same cylinder was frequently used more than once, for the surface could be shaved smooth ready for another impression, so No. 5 was brought in next morning by Dick, and though Mabel instinctively dreaded it, she could not refuse to take it with the rest. Mallon's voice began at once without introduction:

"I have offended you deeply, I know. You thought it was a practical joke, and a poor one at that. Pardon me for being such a boor; but, indeed, I meant every word. It wasn't a joke, but dead earnest. For I love you, love you, love you!" His voice broke passionately.

"Ah, forgive me," he went on contritely. "I'm offending you again, but I can't be silent when the phone tempts me, and I dare not speak to you face to face. Can't you pity me at least?"

As she listened the girl's expression, changed from indignation to surprise, then to a look of bewilderment. She said uncertainly, "I'm speaking the truth or not?"

"I'm speaking the truth or not?" she asked. "I'm speaking the truth or not?"

Love by Graphophone

I hope I have! With the sudden realization of her own feeling she hid her face in her hands.

Next day when she came to cylinder No. 5 in the routine of correspondence Mabel found herself hoping for the little personal message which should give assurance to her heart. It came abruptly, but decidedly:

"I'm going to stop this sort of thing, Mabel. It smacks of cowardice, and I want to be worthy of your respect. I mean to put my fate to touch at once, so expect me this afternoon."

The girl's heart sang its paeon of joy as her fingers flew over a heavy budget of letters. When the day was over she waited for his coming till long past her usual time of leaving and went home at last, sad and uncertain what to think.

"Say, you'll find some tall cuss'n' on the tubes today, Miss Thurston," said Dick as he brought her the cylinders next morning. "The boss chased Mr. Pierce off to Boston in a hurry yesterday, then ripped round all the afternoon 'cause he couldn't find some rough orders the young fellow put up. I tell you, there'll be fur fly'n' you bet, when he gets back this mornin'!"

Dick wondered why Miss Thurston beamed so on him and presented him with a rose she had just bought. He could not know that his news had put an end to a bitter heartache. It was Saturday, a half holiday, and her only fear was that Pierce would not return in time.

The clerks had all left and even the elevator had stopped running before she covered the instruments, and still he had not come. Slowly she adjusted her hat before the mirror. There came a rush of eager, impatient feet up the stairs and the door of the office was burst open. He dropped his suit case and came forward with outstretched hands.

"Oh," he exclaimed, breathless and relieved, "I was afraid you would be gone!" She did not turn.

"You know, don't you, why I didn't come yesterday? You understand it was not my fault—that I hadn't time to send you a note even?" She bowed her head in silence. "Ah, but you still think it was unmanly to talk through that old graphophone! Forgive me, dear, I didn't know what I was doing. But I do love you, Mabel!" He would not be discouraged by her silence. "I love you and I want you. Tell me, can you forgive me and love me a little in return?"

Then she wheeled about, her face radiant, her eyes shining like gray stars. "Pierce, dear!" was all she said, but he was satisfied, for he read the answer in her eyes.

He Drew on Sight.
Mart Hoover years ago, when Kansas was not the cultivated garden which it has since become, had sent a consignment of corn to a commission merchant in Kansas City. The merchant telegraphed, telling the consignee: "Your credit is \$27.40. Draw on me at sight."

But Hoover was mad. He had expected his money, and none came. He felt he had been duped, and he treasured up the grievance. One time, about six weeks later, the commission man came to Hoover's town, got out of the bus and started to walk down the street. Hoover saw him and instantly drew his revolver and fired. His eye was fast on the merchant's necktie and unfastened his collar.

Then Hoover put up his gun. "That's expensive shootin'," said he, "but I reckon you're as sorry as I am." "What do you mean?" demanded the town constable, arresting the gun man. "He told me to," said Hoover, surprised.

"Told you to?" demanded the white checked city man. "I never did anything of the kind!"

"You did," said Hoover. And, drawing out the telegram, he read: "Draw on me at sight."

"I do it," said he.

Carlson Franks of Razors.
The finest grades of razors are so delicate that even the famous Damascus razor blades cannot equal them in texture. It is not generally known that the grain of a Swedish razor is so sensitive that its general direction is changed after a short service. When you buy a fine razor the grains run in a diagonal direction but twist the steel until the grain appears to be straight up and down. Subsequent use will drag the grain outward from the edge, so that after steady use for several months the fiber of the steel occupies a position exactly the reverse of that which it did on the day of purchase. The process also affects the temper of the blade, and when the grain sets from the lower outer points toward the back you have a razor which cannot be kept in condition even by the most conscientious barber. But here's another curious freak that will make your place in the same tool: If you leave the razor alone for a month or two and take it up you will find that the grain has assumed its first position. The operation can be repeated until the steel is worn through to the back.—*Strand Magazine.*

PERILS OF BALLOONING.

An Exciting Trip in the Midst of a Wild West Storm.

After traveling twenty miles I descended to drop a note to my wife, ascending her of our safety. Again we shot into a cloud. Presently we drifted over a village and, with that exultation that accompanies the sensation of floating in the air, enjoyed to a strange degree the music of church bells drifting up from below. Before we were aware we plunged into the midst of a huge approaching thunder cloud. It seemed to open and swallow us into a pit of gloom and simultaneously into the heart of the wildest thunderstorm I think I have ever seen. The clouds rolled and tossed and twisted. The balloon would now be forced down, then tossed up and again swung swiftly about like a top. We lost all sense of direction. Thunder was crashing and rolling and crackling all around us. Lightning flashed, not in forked zigzags, but in great flashes of fire. It was frightful. We did not want to descend, but presently we heard the unmistakable sound of water not far away. Letting out a little gas, we shot downward. Faster we dropped and faster. Land was below us. The problem was to land in the high wind without damage. I let out more gas. We landed in a treetop with a jar that fixed the basket so firmly in a crotch that it could not be dislodged by the wind, for now we had dropped below the storm.—*World's Work.*

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.
Carelessness is the great sin of most people.

A man doesn't acquire a little sense with age he cheats himself.

If a man owns a pocketknife it is hard for him to pass a grackstone.

Say what you please about moral courage, the man who has a lot of it is mighty unpopular.

Make the stories you tell on a rainy day as short as possible, especially if you tell them under an umbrella.

There is very little use-trying to convince a man who meets your statement with this argument: "I'll bet you," etc.

No matter how highly you may value their own opinion, remember it does not go with other people unless they think exactly as you do, which by the way, they seldom do.—*Atchison Globe.*

Chinese Hotels.
The hotels are usually grouped within a square or two of one another. Each one seeks to attract guests by high sounding titles. For example, in Canton are hotels which flaunt the signs of the Fortunate Star, the Golden Profit (an unusually frank confession for a landlord to make), the Rank Confering and the Happiness. The food is not so bad, but the traveler who goes to one of these houses to get a rest will find that he has gone to another. The bedrooms are small, the walls board in which you may hear the breathing of your next neighbor or be kept awake half the night by the conversation of people at the other end of the hall or, worse still, be almost stifled by the smoke from an opium pipe which is being indulged in by the man across the passageway.

Naturally Puzzled.
Among the interested visitors of the marine barracks at Washington on one occasion there was a party of young girls from a Maryland town, friends of one of the officers of the barracks. They proved much interested in every thing pertaining to the life and discipline of the post.

"What do you mean by 'tape'?" asked one young woman.

"Tape are played every night on the bugle," answered the officer. "It means 'lights out.' They play it over the bodies of dead soldiers."

A puzzled look came to the face of the questioner. Then she asked: "What do you do if you haven't a dead soldier?"—*Harper's Weekly.*

Hell Gate.
Hell Gate, at the entrance of Long Island sound, in the East river, was not so named because of its dangers and turbulence, as is generally supposed, but quite the contrary. The early Dutch settlers called it "Hell Gate" because it was a pleasant, beautiful passageway, in allusion to its picturesque scenery, "hell" conveying the idea of pleasantness.—*New York Herald.*

In His Own Coat.
To mark his gratitude a man who was acquitted on a charge of counterfeiting coins in India added \$10 to his lawyer's fee of \$50, but the lawyer afterward found that the whole sum consisted of counterfeit rupees.—*Albion Pioneer.*

A Problem at Cambridge.
When Lord Rayleigh, the British scientist, was a student at Cambridge the examiners set among other problems one which they based on an article in a German mathematical periodical. He supposed unlikely to have penetrated to Cambridge. Only two men solved it. Mr. Sturt (Lord Rayleigh) and another. The examiners asked the other man about this problem. "Oh," he said, "I take the (mentioning the name of the periodical), and I was very glad to find that, thanks to an article in the last number, that problem came out quite easily." When Mr. Sturt's name came they expected a similar answer, but he astonished them by replying: "The fact is, gentlemen, that I sometimes contribute to it, and I could not help feeling greatly flattered that you should have thought my little problem worthy of a place in this examination." He was awarded the prize.

The Quality Eggs.
The day of the market poultryman is drawing to a close. For now the big egg buyers are coming to the farm instead of by the car. Bred by race means accepting a bad and rotten; by the farmer's own standard that eggs are candied and poor ones not paid for. This is the poultryman who desires to work up a high class demand for a strictly fancy product. The largest buyers of eggs now demand quality above quantity, and they pay good liberal margins over the market price to get what they demand, and they soon get from their birds the ones who forward the inferior stuff along with the good.

VALUE OF WIDE TIRES

JAHADIAN DOCTOR TELLS HOW THEY BENEFIT ROADS.

Have a Greater Bearing and Do Not Cut into Them—He Favors Tires Four Inches Wide—How They Destroy Ruts.

A vast amount of the present wear and tear of and injury to roads could readily be avoided by using wide instead of narrow tires on heavily loaded wagons, says Dr. J. O. Beume of Toronto, Canada, in the Motor News. Narrow wagon tires are the great destroyers of good roads. The injury done by these increases as the wagon gets older and the wheel wobbles loosely on the axle. A narrow tire on an old and heavily loaded wagon can do more damage to a road in one trip to market and back than would pay for a new wagon.

Wide tires, on the other hand, are a benefit rather than an injury to the roads. They have a greater bearing and do not cut into the road. Instead of two inches of road surface supporting the load, wagon and all, by doubling the width of the tire the load is distributed over twice the amount of road surface. In making wagons consideration should be given not merely to the strength of the wagon and its wheels,

but also to the strength of the roads to be traveled and the kind of wagon they have strength to support.

Tests have been made from time to time of the effect of wide tires not merely on the roads, but also on the pull required to move the loads. Among these tests have been those made by the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1902, by the experimental station of Missouri university of 1907 and more recently by the United States war department.

The results in all cases have been practically the same.

First.—With regard to the roads it is found that wide tires leave a road in better condition than before passing over it.

Second.—As to tractive effect, the only practical disadvantage of wide tires arises where the road is so soft that the wheels sink into it and the mud sticks to the rims and pecks between the spokes. On very hard, smooth roads or roads covered with dust wide tires require a very slightly increased tractive effort. On all other classes of roads the advantage is in favor of the wide tire.

The practical application of the result of tests is that for traffic on country roads if wide tires of four inches and upward are generally used, there would be a decided improvement in every class of road. The tractive power required would be less and the cost of keeping the roads in repair would be much reduced. If all farm wagons were equipped with wide tires the muddest and stickiest of our roads would be very much improved and many of what are now known as bad roads in fair condition.

While the majority of wagons continue to have narrow tires, the few having wide tires are better to drive on very muddy and sticky clay roads, but on the great majority of roads, the average country roads, the advantage is in favor of the tire four inches wide. It is urged against wide tires that they do not roll freely in the ruts made by narrow tires. So long as narrow tires are commonly used this will be the case to some extent; but, on the other hand, if wide tires were generally used the ruts would not exist. In any event, with narrow tires the bottom of the ruts made by the narrow tires are constantly grinding against the sides of the ruts, creating the greatest friction, so that the objectionable difference is not so great as it appears on first sight. If it exists at all, it is further contended that the wide tires come in contact with more loose stones than the narrow tires. The greater resistance offered in this way is more than counterbalanced, however, by the loose stones dropping into the narrow ruts.

In the one case the wheel goes to the stone; in the other the stone gets in front of the wheel. The irregular bottom of the ruts and the stones in the narrow ruts keep up a constant vibrating motion, which transmits to the axle and the springs, jolting and annoying the horses and destructive to conveyances.

A provincial law requiring a street after a term of years counting its effect width of tire for certain sizes of wagon axles would not create hardship, might be accompanied by a rebate of taxes or a small bounty and would result in a benefit to the roads, decreasing the cost of maintenance.

"Breaking Up" Broody Hens.
Allow no broody hen to a house at this time of year. The only place for a sitting hen nowadays is in some place out of doors. No hen must be allowed to remain in a nest over night. Put them in some cool, shady, airy place in a coop so placed and keep a constant supply of cool, fresh water before them at all times. A little feed, if you have a yard into which they can go, will help do those with a weak body. This is as effective a way as it is known for breaking up broody hens.

Tar Heels in Command of Fifth Infantry U. S. Army.

Greensboro Record, Feb. 26.

Col. Cam D. Cowles, a North Carolinian and son of Col. C. J. Cowles, of Wilkes county, is in command of the Fifth Infantry United States Army, now stationed at Cardenas, Cuba. Capt. Douglas Settle, son of the late Judge Thomas Settle, of Green-boro is a captain in Col. Cowles' command and has been appointed adjutant by his colonel Zib B. Vance, a son of the late Senator Vance, who was a captain in the army, has recently been promoted to major and assigned to the Fifth Infantry. It is quite a coincidence that the colonel, adjutant and major of this regiment are North Carolinians, and it is a further coincidence that the adjutant and the major are sons of two distinguished North Carolinians who were opposing candidates for Governor more than 30 years ago.

State Veterinarian Tait Butler was recently at Washington and appeared before the committee on agriculture in favor of the bill in creating the appropriation ridding the Southern States of cattle ticks, from \$80,000 to \$150,000 annually. The committee makes a unanimous favorable report, which means the bill will pass. North Carolina will get some \$40,000. Dr. Butler expects to clear Stokes, Rockingham, Caswell and Person of ticks this year and probably the northern half of Guilford and Alamance.

At Vaughan, Warren county Friday, Henry Dickerson a white section laborer, was shot and instantly killed by Jim Harris, a half white boy. For some time Harris had been teased and annoyed by boys. On this occasion Dickerson and others were teasing him when Harris resented it. Dickerson cursed and abused him and the result was the shooting. According to the report made to the News and Observer Harris was provoked beyond endurance before he fired. He is in jail and there is much sympathy for him.

It's a pleasure to tell our readers about a cough cure like Dr. Shoop's. For years Dr. Shoop has fought against the use of opium, chloroform or other unsafe ingredients commonly found in cough remedies. Dr. Shoop it seems has welcomed the Pure Food and Drug Law recently enacted, for he has worked along similar lines for many years. For nearly 20 years Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure containers have had a warning printed on them against opium and other narcotic poisons. He has made it possible for mothers to protect their children by simply insisting on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Sold by J. Simmon Drug Co.

The corporation commission obtained a judgment for \$500 penalty against the Seaboard Air Line in the superior court at Raleigh last week for failure to properly bulletin a train.

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.

Congressman Pou, of North Carolina, has introduced a bill in the House appropriating \$100,000 for a statue of Gen. Lee in Washington.

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition, beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child survives, it is a life-long sufferer. The kidneys are the filters of the blood, and if they are not in good order, the blood is impure and the body is diseased.

Women as well as men are made miserable by kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail. Send three cents to J. C. Kimball & Co., Lowell, Mass. Write for all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonials received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kimball & Co., Birmingham, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

Don't make any mistake, but remember that Swamp-Root is Dr. Kimball's Swamp-Root, and the address, Birmingham, N. Y., on every bottle.

Does Coffee disagree with you?

Probably it does! Then try Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee. "Health Coffee" is a clever combination of parched cereals and nuts. Not a grain of real coffee, remember, in Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee, yet its flavor and taste matches closely old Java and Mocha Coffee. If your stomach, heart or kidneys can't stand Coffee drinking, try Health Coffee. It is wholesome, nourishing and satisfying. It's safe even for the youngest child. Sold by Blackmon-Coble Grocery Co.

Hon. J. F. Rixey, who represented the eighth Virginia district in Congress, died Saturday in Washington. He was a victim of tuberculosis and had been ill for some time. He had been a member of Congress since 1890. His remains were interred Monday at Calpepper, Va.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused jumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ring-bones, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Says \$50 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure known. Sold by the J. C. Simmons Drug Co., Graham, N. C.

The Legislature of '07.
The News and Observer which now goes daily to over 11,000 subscribers, will give fuller and better reports than ever of the proceedings of the General Assembly. It is on the spot and can and will get and print all the news. One dollar will get you the daily every day during the session of 60 days.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS, Editor,
Raleigh, N. C.

At Hamlet Friday Sandy Ferguson, about 20 years old, shot and killed Marion Simons, aged about 55. Ferguson is in jail. Ferguson and a son of Simons were engaged in a row when the elder Simons interfered to take his son away. As they started off Ferguson shot at him five times, each shot taking effect on his victim. Ferguson also shot at the officer who chased him but was finally captured.

Food don't digest? Because the stomach lacks some one of the essential digestants or the digestive juices are not properly balanced. Then, too, it is this undigested food that causes sourness and painful indigestion. Kodol for Indigestion should be used for relief. Kodol is a solution of vegetable acids. It digests what you eat, and corrects the deficiencies of the digestion. Kodol conform to the National Pure Food and Drug Law. Sold by J. C. Simmons Drug Co.

A limited passenger train on the St. Louis & San Francisco railroad was wrecked eight miles from Birmingham, Ala., Saturday, by a broken rail. The fireman and baggage men were killed and several persons injured.

To stop a cold with "Preventives" is safer than to let it run and cure it afterwards. Taken at all the "anxious stage" Preventives will head off all colds and grippe, and perhaps save you from pneumonia and bronchitis. Preventives are little, toothsome candy cold cure tablets, selling in 5-cent and 25-cent boxes. If you are chilly, if you begin to sneeze, try Preventives. They will surely check the cold, and please you. Sold by J. C. Simmons Drug Co.

Kodol Digests What You Eat
and relieves the stomach of all nervous strain and the heart of all pressure. Sells only \$1.00 a bottle. 25¢ more the trial size, which sells for 65¢. Prepared by E. C. DAWITT & CO., CHICAGO

J. C. Simmons, Druggist.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digest what you eat. This pure vegetable acid digests all kinds of food. It is safe and never fails to cure. It is the most sensitive stomachic that can be used. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. In use, unless 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. Dawitt & Co., Chicago. The 5¢ bottle contains 25¢ worth of the real stuff.

PATENTS

Send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. Free fee. How to secure TRADE-MARKS with the Patent Office. Write for particulars.

CASNOW

As the result of an explosion on a torpedo boat of the French navy at Lorient, France, last week nine men were killed and two injured.

Uncle Fed Messer, supposed to be the oldest citizen of the state, died Sunday a week at his home in Haywood county. He was born August 12, 1792, and was 114 years old last August.

It's the highest standard of quality, a natural tonic, cleanses your system, reddens the cheeks, brightens the eyes, gives flavor to all you eat. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do this for you. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. Thompson Drug Co.

Mr. Chas. M. Bushes, the well known Raleigh lawyer, suffered a stroke of paralysis Sunday night and his condition is serious.

A Doctor's Medicine

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is not a simple cough syrup. It is a strong medicine, a doctor's medicine. It cures hard cases, severe and desperate cases, chronic cases of asthma, pleurisy, bronchitis, consumption. Ask your doctor about this.

The best kind of a cough-c