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OFFICE AT THE BANK OF ALAMANCE

A MAKER OF HISTORY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM,

Author of "The Master Mummer," "A Prince of Sinners," "Mysterious Mr. Sabin," "Anna the Adventuress," Etc.

think you need fear the German.

upon a silver salver.

Runton, sir," he said.

for him to speak.

Duncombe said.

there!"

credulously.

partridges," Duncombe admitted, help-

"There will be no answer tonight,

Murray," he said. "Give the boy a

"He has discovered something?"

tion, and curious information too."

"What does he want to know?"

sonable. The young lady and her fa-

"Common sense won't even admit it

"Remember that he is a newspaper

CHAPTER XV.

cigarette if you have one."

combe asked a little bluntly.

"Who is your friend, Fielding?" Dun

to my brother out there, and Archibald

for them. The girl is very handsome

sort of chap, Fielding, but the girl's

Duncombe bowed-he was barehead

see her, We were introduced, however

What do you think of our maligned

ed-and held out his hands.

"I saw Miss Fielding for a

You'll see her at dinner tonight."

toward them.

"Here for long?"

guests at Runton Place."

Andrew struck the table

blow with his clinched fist.

than once, is an orphan."

beard that laugh!"

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CHAPTER XIV. HE door of the emnibus was opened as Duncombe stepped ing himself from the siphon, "butover the low wall into the Come in, come in!" road. A tall man in a long, light inverness descended.

"Hello, Duncombe!" he exclaimed, holding out his hand. "I was coming in to see you for a moment." "Good man!" Duncombe answered.

Bring your friends, won't you?" He held open the gate hospitably, but Lord Runton shook his head.

"I only wanted a word with you," he said. "We're all starving, and if you don't mind we'll get on as quickly as we can. About tomorrow. You shoot with us, of course." "Delighted!" Duncombe answered.

"Cresswell met me at the station," Lord Runton continued. "I'd drawn out a plan for the shoot, but it seems that Cresswell-old fool-hasn't got his harvest in from the two fields by Ketton's Gorse. What I wanted to ask you was if we might take your turnips up from Mile's bottom to the north end of the gorse. We can make our circuit then without a break."

"My dear fellow," Duncombe protested, "was it worth while asking me such a thing? Of course you can." "That's settled, then," Lord Runton declared, turning back toward the om-

nibus. "Let me introduce you to my friends," he added, resting his hand upon the other's shoulder, "and then we'll be off." Duncombe, in whose ears his friend's

ery was still ringing, pressed eagerly forward.

"This is my neighbor, Sir George Duncombe," Lord Runton said, looking into the carriage, "who will shoot with us tomorrow. Miss Fielding and Colonel Fielding, Lady Angrave and the Baron von Rothe." Lady Angrave held out her hand.

"Sir George and I are almost old friends," she said, with a somewhat languid smile. "We were both at Castle Holkham last autumn."

Duncombe murmured something conventional as he bowed over his fingers. His whole attention was riveted upon the tall, pale girl in the farther corner of the omnibus. Her acknowledg- said. "I know that quite well. But ment of his introduction had been of the slightest, and her features were gram?" obscured by a white vell. She looked away from him at once and continued a whispered conversation with the white baired gentleman at her side. Duncombe could think of no excuse for addressing her.

"I shall have the pleasure of meeting imagination could not make any more you all again tomorrow," he said, closing the door after Lord Runton. "I won't keep you now. I know what the fourney is down from town. Good night, Rupton."

"Good night, George, Ten o'clock sharp." The carriage rolled off, and Duncombe returned to his own domain. An-

drew was waiting for him impatiently by the gate. "Well," he exclaimed eagerly, "you

have seen her! Well?" The man was trembling with excitement. There were grops of perspira-

tion on his forehead. His voice sounded unnatural. "I saw a young lady in the carriage," Duncombe answered, "or, rather, I did not see her, for she wore a veil, and she

scarcely looked at me, but she was introduced to me as Miss Fielding, and her father was with her." "Fielding! Fielding!" Andrew repeat-

ed. "Never mind that. What was she like? What color hair had she?" "I told you that she kept her veil

down," Duncombe repeated. "Her hair was a sort of deep red brown—what I could see of it. But, seriously, Andrew, what is the use of discussing her? One might as soon expect one of my housemaids to change into Phyllis Poynton as to discover her with a brand new father, a brand new name and a guest at

Andrew was silent for a moment. He touched his spectacles with a weary gesture and covered his eyes with his

"Yes," he said, "I suppose you are right. I suppose I am a fool. But the

"The laughter of women," said Duncombe, "is music all the world over,

A groom had thrown open the gate of the field across which they were looking, and Lady Runton from the One cannot differ very much from the box seat of a small mail phaeton "You are quite wrong, George," Anwaved her whip. She drove straight across the furrows toward them a little recklessly, the groom running behind. By her side was a girl with coils of

like the thumb marks of criminals. There are no two attuned exactly alike. It is the receptive organs that are at deep brown hair and a thick black veil fault. We who have lost one sense find others a little keener. The laughter of that girl! George, will you keep me a ing American. few days longer? Somehow I cannot bring myself to leave until I have ton remarked as she brought the horses to a standstill. "Help me down, Jack, beard her voice once more." and look after Miss Fielding, Sir Duncombe laughed heartily. George. By the bye, have you two met

"My dear fellow," he said, "I shall bless your uncommonly sensitive ears yet?"
if they keep you here with me for even Dun an extra few days. You shall have your opportunity too. I always dine at Runton House after our first shoot, and I know Runton quite well enough to take you. You shall sit at the same table. Hello, what's this light wabbling up the drive?" He strolled a yard or so away and

"A bleycle," be remarked. "One of the grooms been down to the village. I shall have to speak to Burdett in the morning. I will not have these fellows coming home at all sorts of times in the morning. Come along in, Andrew.

Just a drain, eh? And a cigarette and Just a drain, eh? And a cigarette and ows in her face of which there were shadthe morning. Come along in, Andrew. Just a drain, ch? And a cigarette and then to bed. Runton's keen on his bag, no traces in the picture. And yet the and they say that German Rothe's a likeness was wonderful, fine shot. Can't let them have it all "Today at least is charming," she fine abot. Can't let them have it all

have the eight of the photo-care about any more whisky. The Field mentioned your name only a few weeks ago as one of the finest shots at rising birds in the country, so I don't stepping through the window. "Pil in Europe almost as much as in Amer-

of them to suggest a transatiantic origin. She stood by his side, looking about her with an air of interest, and Duncombe began to wonder whether, after all, she was not more beautiful than the photograph which he had treasured so jealously. He became conscious of a desire to keep her by his

She laughed softly. "You don't know my father, Sir George," she answered. "He hates exercise, detests being out of doors, and his idea of paradise when he is away from business is to be in a large hotel "I ought to hold my own with the where every one speaks English, where

there are tapes and special editions

Duncombe laughed, A servant entered with a telegram "Then I am afraid Mr. Fielding will find it rather hard to amuse himself "A boy has just brought this from

and an American bar."

down here," he remarked. "Well, he's discovered the telephone," Duncombe tore it open. He was exshe said. "He's spending the morning ringing up people all over the country. pecting a message from his gunmaker, and he opened it without any particu-He was talking to his bankers when lar interest, but as he read his whole we came out. Oh, here come the rest manner changed. He held the sheet in of them. How tired they look, poor front of him long enough to have read things-especially the baron! Nature it a dozen times. He could not restrain never meant him to tramp over plowed the slight start-a half exclamation, fields, I am sure. Baron, I was just Then his teeth came together. He resaying how warm you look." membered the servant and looked up.

The baron took off his cap, gave up his gun to a keeper and turned a glowing face toward them.
"My dear young lady," he declared,

shilling and some supper. If he goes home by the Runton gates, tell him to "I am warm. I admit it, but it is good be sure and close them because of the for me-very good, indeed. I tried to make your father walk with us. He The man departed. Duncombe laid will be sure to suffer some day if he the telegram upon the table. He felt takes no exercise." "Oh, father's never Ill," the girl anthat Andrew was waiting impatiently

swered. "But, then, he eats nothing. Sir George, I hope you're going to de-"The telegram is from Spencer," vote yourself to me at luncheon. I'm terribly hungry." "So we all are," Lady Runton de-"On the contrary," Duncombe answered, "he is asking me for informaclared. "Come along, every one."

Luncheon was served in a large open barn pleasantly fragrant of dried hay "The telegram," Duncombe said and with a delightful view of the sea slowly, "is in French. He asks me to far away in the distance. Miss Fieldwire him at once the names of all the ing chattered to every one, was amusing and amused. The baron gaye her as much of his attention as he was ever disposed to bestow upon any one "I knew it!" he cried. "It was her at meal times, and Duncombe almost laugh, her voice. Phyllis Poynton is forgot that he had breakfasted at 8 o'clock. Duncombe looked at his friend in-

"Charming young person, that!" said Lady Runton's neighbor to her. "One "My dear Andrew," he said, "be reaof our future duchesses, I suppose?" Lady Runton smiled. "Lots of money, Teddy," she an-wered. "What a pity you haven't a ther in that omnibus were introduced

to me by Runton himself as Mr. and swered. Miss Fielding. They are going to his house as his guests. Naturally there-The young man-he was in the forfore he knows all about them. Miss eign office-sighed and shook his head. Poynton, as you have told me more "Such things are not for me," he declared sententiously. "My affections

are engaged." as a matter of argument," Andrew "That isn't the least reason why you shouldn't marry money," her ladyship how do you account for Spencer's teledeclared, lighting a cigarette. "Go and

"Can't spoil sport!" he answered, correspondent," Duncombe said. "He shaking his head. "By Jove! Dunhas many interests and many friends combe is making the running, though with whom he is constantly exchanging information. It is a coincidence, Her ladyship raised her glasses. I admit. But the wildest flight of

Duncombe and Miss Fielding had strolled outside the barn. He was showing her his house, a very pictur-"You must be right," Andrew said esque old place it looked, down in the quietly. "It all sounds and is so convincing. But I wish that I had not "It's nothing but a farmhouse, of

course," he said. "No pretensions at architecture or anything of that sort, of course, but it's rather a comfortable UNCOMBE leaned his gun up against a gate. A few yards "I think it is perfectly charming."

away his host was talking to the girl said. "Do you live there all the servants who had brought alone? You have sisters, perhaps?" down luncheon. The rest of the party He shook his head. "No such luck," he answered. "Mine

were only just in sight a field or two is entirely a bachelor establishment. A great part of the time I am alone, Just "Have a glass of sherry before lunch, now I have a pal staying with me-George?" his host asked, strolling towfully decent chap, from Devon

"Nothing to drink, thanks. I'd like shire." She was certainly silent for a moment. He fancied, too, that there was Lord Runton produced his case, and a change in her face,
"From Devonshire?" she repeated, servant brought them matches, They

ooth leaned over the gate and watched with a carelessness which, if it was not e scattered little party slowly comnatural, was exceedingly well assumed. "I believe I knew some people one friend's name, Sir George?" "Fellow from New York," Lord Run-

He turned slowly toward her. on answered. "He's been very decent "Andrew Pelham," he said quietly. He comes from a place called Rayneswrote and asked me to do all we could "He is staying here now-with you?

"Yes," he answered gravely. It was not his fancy this time; of "No, unfortunately," Lord Runton that he felt sure. Her face for the mo answered. "I had very hard work to ment had been the color of chalk; a little exciamation had been stranged get them to come at all. Cicely has written them three or four times, I upon her lips. She shot a quick think, but they've always had engageglance at him. He met it steadily. ments. They're only staying till Mon-"You know the name?" he asked. day, I think. Very quiet, inoffensive

She shook her head. "The name, yes," she answered, "but ripper. Hefio! Here they are. I'll introduce you." not the person. A very old friend of mine was called Andrew Pelham, but he was an American, and he has never been in England. It startled me, though, to hear the exact name again

from you."

She was herself again. Her explanation was carelessly given. It sounded even convincing, but Duncombe himself was not convinced. He knew that she wanted him to be. He felt her eyes seeking his, studying his face. Perhaps she was only anxious that he worn after the fashion of the travelshould not misunderstand.

"George, are you ready?" his bost called out. "We're going to take Smith's pastures."
"Quite!" Duncombe answered.

til this evening, Miss Fleiding."
"You are dining at Runton Place? "Yes," he answered. "Will you tell last night," he said, "or, rather, I didn't

me all about your Andrew Pelham?"
She raised her eyes to his and smiled.
"Do you think that you would be inerested?" she asked. "You know that I should," he anwered quietly.

For a time he shot bedly; then he fel that his host's eye was upon him and pulled himself together. But he was never at his best. He felt that the whole world of his sensetions had been anddenly disturbed. It was impossible that there could be any connection be-tween this girl and the photograph tween this girl and the "Today at least is charming,"
said. "But, then, I am quite used to
had very much the same effect upon
your elimate, you know. I have lived
him as his first sight of the photohim as his first sight of the photo-

in her words or in her pronunciation She had affected him in a most curious clared himself in love with her. It was not possible that she could be any one but Miss Fielding. That start which he had fancied that he had no-

"Is your father shooting, Miss Field-

name, yes," she answered, "but not the person."

ticed, the sudden ageing of her face, the look almost of fear! Absurd! He was losing his nerves. It was not possible, he told himself steadfastly. And

Some of the women were following them in a leisurely sort of way behind. Miss Fielding was there walking a little apart. She carried her hat in her The wind, which was blowing the skirts of her white cloth dress about her, was making havoc in her glorious hair. She walked with her head thrown back, with all the effortless grace of youth-a light heart, an easy conscience. He deliberately left his place and walked back to meet her, She waved her hand gayly. There was color in her cheeks now, and her eyes laughed into his. The shadows were gone. He felt that this was madness, and yet he said what he had come back to say.

"I thought that you might be interasted to know, Miss Fleiding, that you will meet the gentleman-with the same name as your friend-this even-Lord Runton has been good ing. enough to ask him to come up and

She nodded gayly. "What a crowd of sentimental mem eries his coming will evoke," she declared. "Be nice to me, won't you, and help me dispel them?"

"Perhaps," he said, smiling with a great relief, "I might prefer to try and onstruct a few on my own account." "Go and do your duty," she commanded, laughing.

Duncombe hastened to his place. His eyes were bright. He felt that he was walking upon air. "What a double distilled ass I nearly made of myself!" he muttered.

CHAPTER XVI.

HE came into the room a little late, and her entrance created almost a sensation. Duncombe only knew that she wore a black gown and looked divine. Lady Runton murmured "Paquin" with a "These girls might at least leave us

black," she murmured to her neighbor.

Duncombe stepped forward to meet her. He could not keep the admiration from his eyes. Her shoulders and slim, graceful neck were as white as alabaster, her hair was a gorgeous brown kissed into fine gold, glimmering as though with the touch of some hidden fire. She moved with the delightful freedom of absolute natural ness. He murmured something which

sounded ridiculously commonpla she laughed at him. "Do you know that you are going to take me in?" she said. "I hope that you are prepared to be very amusing. Do tell me which is your friend."

Then Duncombe remembered Then Duncombe remembered Andrew, who was standing by his side. He turned toward him, and the words suddenly died away upon his lips. Andrew's tall frame was shaking as though with some powerful emotion. He was standing with his head thrust forward as though listening intently. Duncombe set his teeth.

"Will you allow me to present my friend, Miss Fielding!" he said. "Andrew, this is Miss Fielding. Mr. Pelham, Miss Fielding!"

"I am so glad to know you, Mr. Pel spoke of you. I was once very nearly engaged to an Andrew Pelham in Balere, and I had most distress tions of all my old sweaths ing up to spoil my good time here."

Andrew's voice sounded odd and re-

"I have never been in America," be

"You need not be afraid that I am going to claim you," she declared. You are at least a foot taller than my Andrew. You don't even inspire me Saron, I do hope that you have not when too much exercis

"My dear young lady," he an bowing, "I never felt better in my life. Be thankful that it is not your hard fate to be my dinner companion. I am so bungry that I should have no time imost regret it. I much prefer to do

some of the talking myself, but I sal-dom get a chance. Will you promise to give me a show tonight, Bir intimate trides. The general talk busseffort to arrest it. To Duncombe she section of the language of the land creat-section of the language of the land worshiped suddenly come to life. That it was not in fact her pic-ture went for nothing. There was no ture went for nothing. There

in his dreams was here. It was for her that he had departed from the even tenor of his ways, for her he had searched in Paris, for her he had braved the horrors of that unhappy week. Already he felt that she belonged to him, and in a vague sort of way she, too, seemed to be letting herself drift, to be giving color to his unconscious assumption by her lowered tone, by the light in her eyes, which answered his by all those little nameless triffes which go to the sealing of unwritten compacts.

Once her manner changed. Her father, who was on the opposite side of the table, a little way off, leaned forward and addressed her. "Say, Sibyl, where did we stay in Paris? I've forgotten the name of the

"L'Hotel l'Athenee," she answered and at once resumed her conversation with Duncombe

But somehow the thread was broken. Duncombe found himself watching the little gray man opposite, who ate and drank so sparingly, who talked only when he was spoken to and yet who seemed to be taking a keen but covert interest in everything that went on about him. Her father! There was no

[TO BE CONTINUED.] A FEATHERED FRAUD.

Cobin Redbreast Called a Much Overrated Bird.

The horticulturist put down his paper and snorted in disgust when he read an article praising robins. bird," he said. "People rail against the English sparrow, but he doesn't begin to torment the gardener as the robin does. Did you ever hear of a robin eating insects? No, indeed; not one little bug does he eat. But he'll pull up all the worms in the soil and impoverish it, for angle worms are the natural enrichers of the soil. His appetite is enormous, and it won't take him long to clean out all the angle worms in a good plot of earth. "He also feeds on berries, and I

won't forget in a hurry what he did to me last winter. I planted a lot of black alder trees in my grounds, anticipating that by Christmas they would be blazing with red berries. You know the black alder is called the northern holly, and its berries are a vivid scarlet. Well, just as soon as the berries began to form a swarm of robins swooped down and gobbled them all up. How did they happen to be up north? Why, robins would stay north all winter if they could find enough berries to They don't mind the cold ent. weather any. It's simply a matter of food that drives them to a warmer climate. Bittersweet berries are the only sort they won't eat. They are robbers too. They'll steal the nests of such little birds as the phoebe, that sing sweetly. And they haven't a bit of common sense. When they teach their young to fly they keep up such a squawking that they attract the attention of every cat for a quarter of a mile. Of course the cats promptly gather and pounce on the young birds. Most horticulturists will tell you that the robin is a fraud and is no pet of gardeners. Even his name is a deception, for his much vaunted red breast is a yellowish brown. I welcome the sparrow around my place much more cordially than I do the fat robin." — New York Press.

QUICK IN RETORT. Stories of Some Masters of the Gentle

Art of Repartee. Senator Ingalls was always quick in retort, although he was himself a subject of some sharp shafts. Once he was attacked by Senator Eli Saulsbury of Delaware, the second smallest state in the Union. He disposed of the whole matter by saying, "I thank the senator from that great state which has three counties at low tide and two counties at high

tide for his advice." John Randolph of Roanoke was the most sarcastic man ever heard in the halls of congress, unless David A. De Armond of Missouri be an exception. Both Randolph's and De Armond's speeches drip vitriol, but they are not epigrammatic and are hard to quote. Randolph, who flourished in the early days of the republic, when things were all un-settled, was furiously attacked by a Republican from Rhode Island who had been a blacksmith. Randolph was a descendant of Pocahontas and of the best blood of aristocratic Virginia. He replied to the presumptuous blacksmith: "What credentials does the gentleman bring? From whence does he spring? And why has he left his leather apron behind?" The reply was hissed back, "I sent it to Pocahontas to make moceasins for his grandchil-

An illustration of the nimble and caustic wit of Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia in senatorial de-bate occurred on the senate floor during a heated argument with Robert Toombs, also of Georgia. Ste-phens, although possessed of one of the most powerful brains of his time, was lame and had a wisened little body. Toombs was one of the largest men in the senate and was of a blustering, sputtering type. He had argued with Stephens until he was hourse and became so exasperated that he threatened to fight. However, consideration of the size of his opponent deterred him, and, turning, he said, "I won't fight you, but I could swallow you whole."
Stephens quickly retorted, "If you did you would have more brains in your stomach than you ever had : your head." — Frederic J. Haski in Louisville Courier-Journal

The Widow's Dog A case was recently tried in a justice's court in which a common old

fashioned hound was the subject of contention. This hound was alleged to be the best dog after coons in the neighborhood. Two men claimed the dog, and each employed an attorney to assist in the case. At the trial it developed that the dog belonged to a widow residing in the neighborhood, and the justice gave the custody of the dog to the widow and assessed a fine against each of the litigants in the sum of \$10. They paid the fine, and the justice gave it to the widow. She then said that either of the litigants could use the dog when he wished, provided that neither of them paid his lawyer. It is reported that the attorneys are still looking for their

Punishment.

fee.—Columbus Dispatch.

At one time in a certain penitentiary there was a renaissance in the moral discipline of the prison, and all were compelled to attend chapel regularly. One of the prisoners came to the warden one day and begged to be allowed to remain away from the chapel exercises, as he wanted Sundays to write letters to his friends. The warden looked at the beseeching convict in amazement. "What," he exclaimed, "al-"The robin is a much overrated low you to stay away from religious exercises all the time! No, sir. Why, man, don't you know that's part of the penalty?" And the convict continued to worship regularly,

while the warden led in prayer. Superstition In Calcutta.

The grossest superstition exists in Calcutta. Not long ago an Indian gentleman residing in Jaun Bazar street had a live goat flung down from his two storied house in accordance with the directions of a so called magician, who was called in to cast out a devil with which a son was supposed to be possessed. The poor brute was first fed with a few bamboo leaves over which the wizard mumbled some mantras, and it was then pushed over the terrace. The animal was killed, and its flesh was distributed to the poor.

People are buying English antiques from taste or as investments, and as they do not part with them the supply is becoming shorter and shorter. A result is that the country is full of imitations. The "antiques" to be found in country shops are frequently bogus. We are flooded with copies of antique furniture and engravings. There are shop auctions in London of whole stocks of bogus engravings, silver boxes, Battersea enamels, ministures and the like.-London Speciator.

Fooling the Boers.

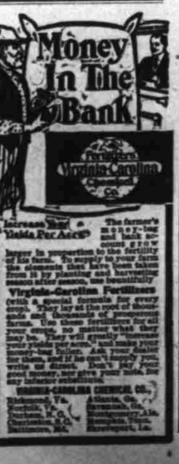
During the Boer war Frederick R. Burnham, "the American scout," was out one day with a patrol on the velds when be announced that he had lost the trail. He dismounted, says Colller's, and began moving about on hands and knees, nosing the ground like a bloodhound, and pointing out a trail that led back over the way they had just come. While he was thus employed the commanding officer rode up. "Don't ruise your head, sir," said Burnham to him. "On that kopje to

the right there is a commande of "When did you see them?" asked the

"I see them now," Burnham answered. "But I thought you were looking for

"That's what the Boers on the kopje think," said Burnham.

India Rubber. Few articles seem more strangely named than india rubber. It gets the "rubber" from the first use to which it was put-that of erasing pencil marks by rubbing. Nor should it be asso-clated with India. The tree was first mentioned by an explorer among the Mexican Indians three centuries ago, and the first account of the substance is in connection with Columbus' visit to Haiti on his second voyage. Most of our present importation comes from Brazil. But Columbus and those expiorers who followed him were searching for a short passage to India, and they supposed that the land they discovered was India. The name india rubber is therefore a permanent sign of their mistake.



A Hair Dressing

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from being too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fedhair will bestrong, and will remain where it belongson the head, not on the comb! The best kind of a testimonial-"Sold for over sixty years."

by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mar yer's SARSAPARILLA.

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

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N. C.

Weak Hearts

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