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Your favor of the lith, enclosing check No. 139 for kild, the same being in full payment of our claim under policy No. 27, covering insurance on our Iron Gray Dray Horse, which died on the night of the last inst. We wish to thank you for the promplises in which your company has handled this loss and will say, in pasting, that a company of this character has long been needed in our flate, and in vices of the small premium, asked, no one should be without insurance on their lips shock.

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THE BANK OF ALAMANCE

CASTORIA

# Tutt's Pills A MAKER HISTORY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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

sentries. I could see that they were

a little way into the wood. From the

For the first time M. Grisson inter

mouth and leaned over toward the

"You were lost yourself. You did not

"It seems odd, I suppose, that I

accost them? Ask them the way any

the whole thing which rather frighten

the air of looking for somebody to

shoot. Anyhow, while I was hesitating

what to do there was a whistle and an

other train came from the opposite di-

"And you saw?" the duke began.

see what was going to happen."

rection. Then, of course, I waited to

"I saw another single carriage ar-

ive, more men in long cloaks and more

soldiers. There was a brief but hearty

greeting between two men who seem

ed to be the principals in this little

pantomime. Then they both got into

the train which had arrived first, and

I could see them sitting at a table talk-

ing, and a third man, who seemed to

be a sort of secretary, was writing all

the time. In about half an hour they

both stepped back on to the line, and

every one commenced shaking hands and sating goodby. Then the whole thing seemed to melt away. The trains

went on, the soldiers climbed into a

erything was just as quiet as before."

"And afterward?"

young Englishman.

where?"

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CHAPTER XXVI.

UT moved uneasily upon his train three or four men in long cloaks

chair. The color mounted almost to his forehead. It was standing in the track talking together." humiliation, this, upon which he had not counted. M. Gris- rupted. He took his eigar from his son was sitting within a few feet of him. A serviette was tucked carefully underneath his collar, and his face was a little flushed with the exercise of eating. His eyes, however, were undimmed, and his manners, aithough a little brusque, had certainly not merited the epithet of bourgeoise! know there was an air of secrecy about

"It isn't much of a story," Guy began, making a desperate effort. "It ed me. And those soldiers had exactly was my first visit to Paris, and I lost my head a bit. I drank too much wine and quarreled with a fellow who certainly insulted me. They all told me that I must fight him, so"-"Stop, M. Poynton!"

Guy raised his head in surprise. The exclamation had come from the Duc de Bergillac. M. Grisson was looking toward him as though for an explana-

"My dear young friend," the duke re marked, with a smile, "it is my stupidty which is to blame. I had forgotten the little matter to which you are alluding, and-between ourselves-it is one which is very much better not re

lated to M. Grisson. I was alluding to your other adventure-up in the Pozen Guy for a moment was too aston-

ished for words. Then he recovered simself with a little laugh and raised als head. There was nothing terrible in the other affair.

"I will tell M. Grisson about that "I waited until it was clear daylight, with pleasure," he said, "if it is likely and then I resumed my walk along to interest him. I was in the north of the line. I found the next station Germany on a walking tour, and I about five miles off, and I was thankhad rather a stupid fancy to go as far ful to see that the guard of the train as the Russian frontier and then re- which had left me behind had had the turn by Vienna to Paris. I was quite sense to put my luggage out there. I alone and had no one's plans but my went to the hotel and had some breakown to consult, so I started off from fast, and afterward I chucked my idea Steritz. I think the place was called, of going so far as the frontier and left Well, we were within about forty miles for Vienna. A week later I was in of a place called Renzan when our Paris."

train was stopped and shunted. We The duke nodded. "I have asked you this question bewere told that some specials were to go by. I should think we must have fore," he said, "but M. Grisson is anxwaited there for an hour or more. ious to hear it from your own lips. To how many people did you tell this Anyhow I got sick of it and passed through the cars on to the rear platlittle adventure of yours before you reached Paris?" "To not a soul!" Guy answered. was very dull in Vienna. I found no one who could speak English, and my few words of German did me no good

3

M. Grisson was looking toward him as

though for an explanation.

form and down on to the line. I spoke

to the guard, and I understood him to

say that we should not be starting for

at least twenty minutes. I strolled

rear light of the train was moving

away. I shouted and ran as hard as

I could, but it was no use. In less

than two minutes the train was out of

The duke pushed a small atlas across

carefully and looked at the scale. Then

"As near as I could say," he de-

The duke and M. Grisson exchanged

"Proceed, if you please," the duke said

courteously. "I am sure that all dis-son finds your story most interesting.

Permit me."
Guy sipped the fin champagne from

filed and took a cigarette from the

"I found myself," he continued, "in

nothing for me to do but to walk

shead in the direction which the train

had taken. I lit a pipe and started out all right, but I very soon got tired

The sleepers were a long way apart, and the track between frightfully rough. I walked for hours without see-ing the slightest sign of a station or a

down dead bent. My feet were all blis-

ters, and I felt that I couldn't walk an-

ther pard. Fortunately it was a warm

night, and I made up my mind to crawl under the bracken just inside the wood and go to sleep. I found a comfortable

ace, and I'd just gone off when a

nd looked around.
"Within a few feet of me an engine

sufficient clearing for two lines of rails and no more. There seemed to be

box at his elbow.

sly. "I am sure that M. Gris-

which the duke had carefully

sight, and I was left alone."

be pointed to a certain spot.

the table.

The duke nodded. "And in Paris for the first time," he remarked, "you mentioned the affair?" "Yes! I took up an illustrated paper at a cafe on the night of my arrival while waiting for supper and saw pictures of two men there who reminded me very much of the two whom I had seen on the railway near Pozen. I think I made some remark out loud which attracted the attention of a woman who was sitting at the next table, and later on I told her the whole story." "And since then?" "Since then I have told it to no one." 

"Was there any one in the cafe you have spoken of who seemed to take any particular interest in you?" Guy considered for a moment. "There was a young lady from VI-

enna." he said, "who seemed to want to talk to me." The two men exchanged glances.

"Madame has justified herself," the duke murmured. "She was trying to listen to what I

was saying to the English girl-Mile. Flossie she called herself, and when she went away with her friends she threw me a note with two words on it -Trenez garde! I know it struck me as being rather queer, because"-He hesitated. The duke nodded. "Go on," he said.

along the line a little way and stopped to light a pipe. Suddenly I heard a whistle, and when I turned round the "Well, I may as well tell you everything," Guy continued, "even if it does sound rather like rot. All the time I was in Vienna and on the journey to Paris I fancied that I was being followed. I kept on seeing the same people, and a man who got in at Strasburg-I had seen him before at "I wonder," he said, "if you could put your finger on about the spot where you were? Here, you see, is the railway line."

Guy studied it for a few moments the botel in Vienna-tried all he could to pal up to me. I hate Germans, though, and I didn't like the look of the fellow, so I wouldn't have any. thing to say to him, though I feel sure he tipped the conductor to put him in my compartment. I gave him the slip at the railway station at Paris, but I'm almost sure I saw him that night

at the Cafe Montmartre." "Your story," M. Grisson said quietquick glances. Guy was beginning to feel a little mystified. ly, "becomes more and more interest Duc here has hinted at ing. M, le some alight indiscretion of yours on the night of your arrival in Paris. I have some influence with the government here, and I think I can promise you some very substantial help in return for the information you have given us. But I want you to turn your thoughts back to the night you spent by the railroad. Can you remember the middle of a dease pine forest, with anything further about it, however trifling, which you have not told us?"

Guy leaned back in his chair and thought for a moment.
"By Jove," he declared, "there is something which I forgot altogether. Just before that little party in the rail-way saloon broke up the chap in the saloon who had been writing left his seat, and a loose page of paper futter

et," Guy answered.
"Did you read it?" the duke asked. "I couldn't! It was in German!"
"Where is it now?" M. Grisson de-

"It is with my pocketbook and my and a single carriage had pulled up.

At intervals along the line as far as I kept it as a curiosity."

Guy shook his head. "It is in my portmanteau!" he an-

The faces of the two men betrayed their disappointment. They conversed for a few moments in rapid French. Then the duke turned to Guy.

"You do not object to our sending i trusted person to look through your portmanteau?" he asked. "M. Grisson and I are very curious about that sheet of paper."

"Certainly not," Guy answered. "But nay I not have my luggage here?" The duke shook his head.

"Not yet," he said. "It would not be wise. We must give M. Grisson time looking sharply up and down and even to arrange your little affair." "I don't want to seem a nulsance.

Guy continued, "but about my sister?" had already descended. They were "She has been assured of your safe ty," he duke declared. "For the rest, we will talk later in the day. M. Grisson and I are going to the telephone You will find Henri on the terrace."

CHAPTER XXVII.

T the sport, my young friend," Henri murmured from the depths of his basket chair, didn't," Guy answered, "but do you "I yield you without question supremacy. Your rude games, trials mostly of brute strength, do not interest me. Your horsemanship I must confess that I envy, and I fear that you are a better shot. But two

things remain to me.' "Only two?" Guy murmured. "What unexampled modesty." "I can drive a racing automobile at

eighty miles an hour, and with the folls I can play with you." "I give you the first," Guy answered, "but I'm beginning to fancy myself a bit with the sticks. Let's have a

"My dear Guy," Henri exclaimed, "forgive me, but what a crude suggestion. The first breeze of the day is just coming up from the lake. Close your eyes as I do. Can't you catch the perfume of the roses and the late lilac? Exquisite. In half an hour you will see a new green in the woods there as the sun drops. This is silent joy. You would exchange it for vulgar movement."

truck attached to one of them, and ev-"I don't see anything vulgar about fencing," Guy replied. "It's all right ere of course, but I'm getting stiff, and I haven't the appetite of a kitten. I should like a good hour's bout, a swim afterward in the baths and a rub intimation of this whatever. We are down. Come on, Henri! It'll make us as fit as possible." Henri shivered a little.

"My young friend," he murmured, you move me to despair. How can an alliance between nations with such surdly favorable ones, with our ancient contrary ideals be possible? You would desert a beautiful scene like this to gain by vulgar exercise an appetite that you may eat. Can't you realize the crudeness of it? Yet I must remember that you are my guest," he added, striking the bell by his side, "Antoine shall prepare my linen clothes, and I will give you a lesson. Antoine," he added, half turning to the manservant who stood by his elbow, "my black linen fencing clothes and shoes in the dressing room and have resented by the colors on the walls, the floor in the fencing gallery sprin-I came on to Paris within a

The man bowed, and Henri slowly rose from his chair.

"Don't bother about it, you know, if "Would you rather have a game of billiards or a swim in the lake?" Henri thrust his arm through

we are to do anything at all, we will do the thing in which I excel. It feeds my vanity, which is good for me, for by disposition I am overmodest."

But they were not destined to fence that night, for on their way across the hall the duke's own servant intercepted

"M. le Duc," he announced, "desires to speak with monsieur in the library." Henri let go his friend's arm,

"I return to the terrace, mon ami," he said. "You can fetch me when my respected uncle has finished with you." M. le Duc and M. Grisson were still together. Immediately the door was losed the former turned to Guy.

"Your luggage has been thoroug searched," he announced, "by a trusty agent. The letter of credit is still there, but the paper of which you spoke is missing. Guy looked a little incredulous,

"I know it was there the evening I fastened to my letter of credit by an elastic band. The man you sent must have missed it." The duke shook his head.

"That," he said, "is impossible. The paper has been abstracted." "But who could have known tt?" Guy protested.

"M. Poynton," the duke said, think it well, M. Grisson and I, to take you a little further into our confiden Has it occurred to you, I wonder, to appreciate the significance of you saw on the railway in the forest of Pozen?

"I'm afraid-not altogether," Guy an-

said. "What you did see was this: You saw a meeting between the German emperor and the exar of Russia. It was marvelously well arranged, and except those interested you were probably the only witness. According to the newspapers, they were never less than 400 miles apart, but on the day in question the emperor was reported to be confined to his room by a slight chill and the czar to be resting after a fatiguing journey. You understand that this eeting was meant to be kept a pro-

Guy nodded. "But why?" he asked. "Was there any special reason why they should not

"My young friend," the vicom swered gravely, "this meeting of which you were the only witness might but for your chance presence there have altered the whole destines of Europe. Try how you will, you cannot app ciate its farreaching possibilities. lines of the affair. Even you, I sup-pose, have observed or heard of the growing friendship between my coun-try and yours, which has culminated in what is called the entente cor-

"Yes, I know

been looked upon with growing distaste and disfavor in Russia. Russia is the traditional and inevitable enemy of your country. Russia had, I may go so far as to say, made up her mind for war with England very soon after her first reverses at the hands of Japan. I am telling you now what is a matter of common knowledge among diplomatists when I tell you that it was the attitude of my country-of Francewhich alone has stayed her hand." "This is very interesting," Guy said,

even to me, who have never taken any interest in politics, but"—
"Wait! Russia, as I say, found us indisposed to back her in any quarrel with England. She turned then, of course, to Germany. We became aware

through our secret service, that some thing was on foot between the two countries. With our utmost vigilance we were unable to obtain any particu lars. It is you, M. Poynton, who have brought us the first information of s definite character." Guy looked his amasement, but he

"To you," the duke continued, "a seeret meeting between these two monarchs may not seem at all an astonish ing thing. To us it is of the gravest political importance. Some sort of an understanding was arrived at between them. What was it? That sheet of paper which was once in your possess might very possibly contain the clew. Now you can appreciate its importance to us.

"What an ass I was not to take more care of it," Guy muttered. "There are other things to be considered," the duke continued. "For the last month every dockyard in Germany has been working night and day, and we have authentic information as to s huge mobilization scheme which is already on foot. We might have wondered against whom these preparations were intended but for you. As it is the English government has been fully apprised of everything. Your magnificent fleet, under the pretext of seeing the Baltic squadron safely on its way, has been gradually concentrated. From dispatches to the German ambassador which we have managed to intercept in England we know that it is intended to raise a 'casus belli' during the presence of the squadron in British waters Quite unexpectedly, as it was hoped, Germany was to range herself on Rus sia's side and strike against England. We, Russia's nominal ally, have had no apparently left to ourselves-ignored Our friendship with your country has destroyed Russia's friendship for us. She relies, no doubt, on our neutrality, and she makes terms, doubtless ab

enemy. In the eyes of the world France

is to be made to appear ridiculous. The

German empire is to be ruled from

London, and the Emperor Withelm's known ambition is to be realized." TTO BE CONTINUED. Souvenire of a Criminal Career A bedroom papered with the flags of all nations is occupied by an artist who has a hankering for oddities. Every nationality under the sun is repand the effect upon a person when first "Those flags," said the artist, zling. represent a career of crime which has extended over the entire world. In you mind very much," Guy said. fact, I am an international thief. When I toured Africa, Asia, Europe and Australia some years ago with two other fellow artists we each boasted of our ability in 'pinching' towels from the botels at which we stopped. The fellow who got the lowest number was

to pay the passage of the other back to this country. I came in first by managing to collect 207 towels many of which came from world fa mous hotels. When I got them home I immediately turned them into flags with my water colors, and they make good souvenirs of my criminal career.

—Philadelphia Record.

Climbing plants have two opposing methods of describing spiral growth. The plants that turn to the right in the northern hemisphere reverse this trend in the southern hemisphere, and therefore, for the sake of consistency, therefore, for the sake of co it may be preferable to describe the two kinds of spiral tendency as respectively "clockwise" and "counter clockwise," which latter can be short ened to "counterwise." The honey suckle and the hop turn "clockwise," while the convolvalus and the scr ner beans in opaque cylinders, to dis-cover whether the deviation of the twist was innate or merely from the direction of the light, disclosed the fact that the plant possesses an inclina-tion resembling the instinct of animals of proceeding in a given direction, and resents any attempt to force it other

Swedenborg In Rufflee and Wis Swedenborg was a great deal in Lo and had several good friends, but his small knowledge of English and the impediment in his speech him from any real intimacy. figure, with its fine features and he eyes, was well known in the neighbor hood of Coldbath fields, where he lodg ed, and he was often seen stopping to talk to the children, for whom he used to carry sweetments. He was siways dressed in an old fashioned suit with ince ruffies and wore a full bottomed wig carrying a sword and a gold bead-ed cape. On Christmas eve, 1771, he had a stroke of apolexy, and on March 29, 1772, the day he had fore-told, he died at the house which he had himself named.—Occult Review.

Antiquity of Ton Smeking.
"With your ten cigaretten," said the
antiquary sternly, "you young ladies think yourselves very mo cadent. But look here."

He took from a portfolio a French print of the seventeenth century that portrayed two men, with cumbrous pipes, charging the same from a bex of China tea.

"This shows you," the old man said.

"the antiquity of tea amoking. It was a common thing in France 200 years ago. Biegut mentions it, and Grand d'Anteray in his Histoire de in Vie Privee des Francais' describes it in detail. An old vice, a dead vice—for the French found that tes smoking racked the nerves—how very, very foolish you girls are to have revived it."

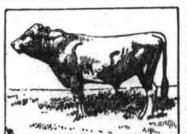
C. I. Hunt, the well known New

York dairyman, writing of his methods in American Agriculturist, says: I believe that care and feed from the time a cow is dried off until ten days or so after freshening determine to a great degree the paying espacity for the next milking period. A man who stints his animals at such time is not even penny wise, but is more than pound foolish. A cow that is allowed to run down in flesh during winter will take her own time after being turned to pasture to build up her bod ily tissue. She will do so at just the time she should be paying the largest net profit of the year.

I attribute what little success I have had to three things; First-Good special purpose cows. You might as well try to grow mutton and pork on the same animal as try to make the greatest net profit out of a dual purpose cow in the dairy. Second-Producing cheap feed in the way of silage, alfalfa and clover hay, thereby cutting the bill of the feed dealer to its lowest notch. It is easy here to raise thirty tons of sliage to the acre. One neighbor filled a 10 by 26 foot silo from a little over one acre As a complement to the carbohydrates in the corn we have alfalfa hay for the protein, making a combination that is now producing butter at a cost of less than 10 cents per pound and milk at less than 50 cents per 100 pounds.

Last, but not least, are care, regular ity in feeding, watering and milking. My cows freshen at different times in the year, so that I have a uniform amount of milk, which is made into butter for private trade.

Let us put on our thinking caps and see if we are awake for this year as



never before—take time to read and digest the contents of our papers, be nore regular in our care of the stock, keep them in out of storms and keep only as many as can have the best of care and feed and all they can profitably use. Let us wake up, get out of the ruts and remember that a full pail in front of a good cow means a pailful of milk at the rear. Scales and thermometer are imperative. Don't do dairy work by guess. A few good cows are worth a stableful of poor ones. The man who sells his best cows is eding down, not up. The future mefulness of a dairy cow. reared, will be fixed with her first calf. It is at this time that her persistency should be established.

Mr. Hunt owns a fine herd of Jersey cattle. The splendid bull shown in the illustration, Gertle's Melia Ann Stoke Pogis 68016, stands at the head of this herd. He is a dark fawn color, with light shading, and combines the blood of champions Gertie of Glynllyn, Melia Ann, Stoke Pogis and Marigold. The dam of this splendid bull is a large, strong cow of great dairy form and espacity, with a magnificent udder and large, well placed tests. Her buter test was 20 pounds 1 ounce for several days, with a year's milk test, besides the calf, of 8,306 pounds. With such an array of butter producers be-hind him, this animal is considered one of the best of the breed.

A Square Deal For the Cow. Too many are satisfied with a mod-erate milk yield. Of course this is all that can be expected unless the cows are given a square deal at the feed ers. There are thousands of cows which yield from 350 to 400 pounds butter fat annually, but there are many more thousands that might be brought up to this standard, if they were given square treatment. A good cow will do her utmost to turn her food into good, rich milk, but if she lacks food there is bound to be a corresponding decrease in her milk supply; hence successful dairying does not depend all upon the cow. She must have a real good feeder, one who tries to get her to turn into dollars all the d feed she can digest. The cow is good leed sae can digest. The cow is not getting a square deal if you skimp her on milk producing feed and at the same time expect her to keep her work up to standard.—Ranch.

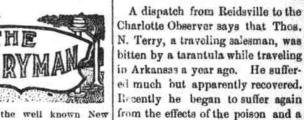
Paraffining Tube.

The question of mold is still with us.
One way to prevent mold is to parafeasily and cheaply that there is no good excuse for the presence of mold on your butter. The paraffin can be obtained of any supply house, while the application, as described by the Elgin Dairy Reporter, is easily made by us-ing a flat ordinary paint brush. Two things are requisite to make a good job. The tub must be hot and paraf-fis not below beiling temperature and applied rapidly. This is the best

Cleaning the Uteneila.

Immediately after using the milk utensils clean them thoroughly. First rinse in cold water to remove the viscous albuminoids. If boiling water is first used, it will cook this matter on the ressels, and it will be almost im-possible to remove it by any means.

I am not an oot farmer, but if I vere sowing outs I would sow seven or eight pecks per acre. The clover crop We sow in March on winter wheat with outs is like gamblingeast as soon after drilling the onts as possible. We would want the clover sowed before the ground was rained on, says a Rural New Yorker corre-



few days ago became violently insane. He was sent to the State Hospital at Morganton. I will mail you free, to prove merit, samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative, and my Book on either Dyspepsia, The Heart or the The Kidneys. Troubles of the Stomach, Heart or Kidneys, are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating the symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment, and not the cause Weak Stomach nerves-the inside nerves-mean Stomach weakness, always. And the heart, and Kidneys as well, have their controlling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves and you inevitably have weak vital organs, Here is where Dr. Shoop's

> Book. Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., The Restorative is sold by J. C. Simmons Drug Co. Monroe Enquirer: Charles Clark, an Irishman who was sentenced to thirty days on the chain gang last Saturday on a charge of vagrancy, died suddenly last Tues day morning This time of the year while the gang was at work on the Olive Branch road, about six miles Take Taraxacum Com-

Restorative has made its fame. No

other remedy even claims to treat

the "inside nerves". Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or com-

plexion, use Dr.Shoop,s Restorative.

Write me to-day for sample and free

DIGRETIC may be worth to you more liver right, and cure than \$100 if you have a child who soils bedding from incontinence of water during sleep. Cures old and A good Tonic. young alike. It arrests the nouble An honest medicine; at once. \$1. Sold by the J. C. Simmons Drug Co., Graham, N. C.

A Memorable Day.

One of the days we remember with pleasure, as well as with profit to our health, is the one on which we became acquainted with D. King New Life Pills, the painless purifie's that cure beadache and biliousness and keep the bowels right. 25c. at J. C. Simmons' Drug Store.

Mr. Jacob Dove a prominent and useful citizen of Cabarrus and a man of affairs, died Saturday his home near Concorn aged

Bad Burn Quickty Resied. "I am so delighted with what Chamberlain's Salve has done for me that I feel bound to write and tell you so," says Mrs. Robert Myt-ton, 457 John St., Hamilton, Ont. "My little daughter had a bad burn on her knee. I applied Chamber-lain's Salve and it healed beautifuly." This salve allays the pain of burn almost instantly. It sale by J. C. Simmus D rug Ce.

About 400 employes of the Roanoke Cotton Mills, at Roanoke Rapids, have struck for a reduction of hours of work from 11 to ten.

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for Piles and its action is positive and certain Itching, painful protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by itsuse Large nickel capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by J. C. Simmons Drug Co.

F. D. Markham sheriff of Durham county, died Friday night, aged 62. He had b n sheriff of Durham for about 25 years.

Talk about your breakfast foods. A thousand you can see; would not have them as a gut. But would have Rocky Mountain

Sold by Thompson Drug Co.



Cow Peas, Sorghums, Millets, Teosinte, Late Seed Potatoes. Buckwheat, Vetches, Crimson Clover, etc.

Wood's Grop Special, give prices and timely information bout Seeds that can be planted advantage and profit at differences seasons of the year, mailed from asons of the year, ma T. W. WOOD &!SONS.

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