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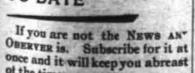
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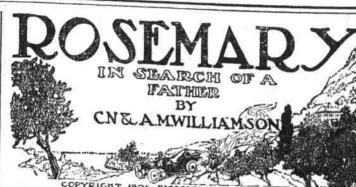


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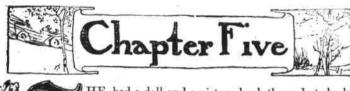


cause if you do I don't know but you'd better oe trottin'. Biby's gorn to sleep and seems to be sleepin' light."

"Yes, I think I understand," Rosemary whispered, jumping up from her footstool. "Goodby. And thank you very much for letting me come to see you and the baby."

She tiptoed across the room, her long hair waving and shimmering again, softly opened and shut the door behind her and slowly mounted the stairs to her own quarters on the fourth floor.





HE had a doll and a picture book there, but she had looked at the picture book hundreds of times, and, though her doll was a faithful friend, somehow they had nothing to say to each other now. Rosemary flitted about like a will-o'-the-wisp and finally went to the window, where she stood looking wistfully out.

Supposing that Jane were right and her father came back out of the ocean like the fathers of little girls in story books, this might be a very likely place for him to land, because there were such lots of sea, beautiful, sparkling, blue sea. Of course he couldn't know that Angel and she were in this town, because it was only about a month since they came. It must be difficult to hear things in ships, and he might go away to look for them somewhere else without ever finding them

Little thrills of excitement running from Rosemary's fingers to her toes felt like vibrating wires. What could she do? Jane had said if he came at all he was sure to come on Christmas eve, according to the habit of fathers, and it was Christmas eve now. By and by it would be too late, anyhow for a whole year, which was just the same as forever and ever. Oh, she must go out this very minute!

The child had put on her hat and coat before she remembered that Angel had told her she must never stir beyond the hotel garden alone. But, then, Angel probably did not know

this important fact about fathers lost at sea returning on Christmas eve and not at any other time. If she waited until Angel came in it might be

after sunset, as it had been yesterday, and then, even if they hurried into the street to search, they could not recognize him in the dark. "I do think Angel would surely want me to go

if she knew," thought Rosemary.

Her heart was beating fast under the little dark blue coat. What a glorious surprise for An-

gel if she could bring a tall, handsome man into this room and say: "Dearest, now you won't have to work any more or cry in the night when you think I've gone to sleep. Here's father, come back out of the sea."

"Oh, oh!" she cried and ran from the room, afraid of wasting another instant.

The sallow young concierge had often seen the child go out alone to disappear round the path that circled the hotel and play in the dusty square of grass which, on the strength of two orange trees and a palm, was called a garden. He thought nothing of it now, when she nodded in her polite little way and opened the door for herself. Five minutes later he was reading of a delicious jewel robbery which had happened in a tunnel near Nice and had forgotten all about Rosemary's existence.

The little girl had an idea that she ought to go to the place where ships came in, and as she had more than once walked to the port with her mother she knew the way very well.

Two white yachts were riding at anchor in the harbor, but no one had come on shore who looked handsome enough for a father to be recognized by "'eaven sent hinstinct" the moment

you set eyes upon him. Rosemary stood by the quay for a few minutes uncertain what to do. Two or three deep eyed, long lashed Monegasque men smiled at her kindly, as Monegasque men and Italians smile at all children. She had learned to lisp French with comparative fluency during the months she and Angel had spent in Paris, and now she asked where the people went who had come in

on those pretty white ships. "Those are yachts," said one of the deep eyed men, "and the people who come on them are rowed to shore in little boats. Then they go quickly up the hill to the Casino—that big white building there—so that they can put their money on a table or take somebody else's

"I have always seen dishes put on tables," said Rosemary, "never money. If I went there could I take some off ! I should like to have

a little very much." "So would we all," smiled the deep eyed man, patting her head. "They would not let you in, because you are too young."

"I want to find my father, who has been on the sea," the child explained. "Do you think he might be there?"

"He is sure to be there," said the deep eyed man, and he and the other men laughed. "If you sit on a bench where the grass and flowers are outside the Casino door and watch, perhaps you will see him come down the steps. But you are small to be out all alone looking for

"It's very important for me to find my father before it is dark," said Rosemary. "So I thank you for telling me, and now goodby." Daintily polite, as usual, she bowed to them all and started up

As she walked briskly on she studied with large, starry eyes the

As she walked brisks, but there was not a suitable father among for one year for Two Dollars, Cash face of every man she met, but there was not a suitable father among face of every man she met, but there was not a suitable father among the management of the place of the strength of the management of the place of the case of the

the terrace at unfashionable hours with her mother on Sundays or other days when, unfortunately, there was no work to do.

She had sat down on a bench between a French "nou-nou" with a wonderful headdress and a hawk visaged old lady with a golden wig and had fixed her eyes upon the Casino door

when the throb-throb of a motor caught her at-

Now, an automobile was a marvelous dragon for Rosemary, and she could never see too many for her pleasure. Above all things, she would have loved a spin on the back of such a dragon, and she liked choosing favorites from among the dragon brood.

A splendid dark blue one was panting and quivering before the door of the Hotel de Paris, having just been started by a slim chauffeur in a short fur coat. As Rosemary gazed, deciding that this was the noblest dragon of them all, a young man ran down the steps of the hotel and got into the car. He took his place in the driver's seat, laid his hand on the steering wheel as if he were caressing a baby's head, the chauffeur sprang up beside his master, and they were off. But with a cry Rosemary rushed across the road.

The nou-nou shrieked and hugged her muffled charge, the old lady screamed, and all the other old ladies and young ladies and pretty girls sitting on the benches or walking about screamed too.

The man who drove was pale under his coat of brown tan as with a crash of machinery he brought the big blue car to a stop so close to the child that its glittering bonnet touched her coat. He did not say a word for an instant,

for his lips were pressed so tightly together that they were a white line. That beautiful little golden haired, smiling thing, so full of life! But it was all right now. She was smiling still, as if she did not guess the

deadly peril she had just escaped. "Don't you know, little one," he asked gently, that it's very dangerous to run in front of automobiles ?"

"Oh, but I wanted so much to stop you!" said Rosemary. "Why, do you know me?" and the young man smiled such a pleasant smile, with a gleam of white teeth, that the child was more than

ever sure she had done right. "Yes, I know you by 'eavensenthinstinct." She got out the long word with a gasp or two, but it was a great success. She had not

mixed up a single syllable. The young man burst out laughing. "Where's your nurse?" he

"In London," said Rosemary. "She isn't my nurse any more." "Well, your mother"-"She isn't"-

"What? Are you going to tell me she isn't your mother any more? Are you out 'on your own,' little lady?" "I don't know what that is, and my mother's my mother just as

usual, thank you," said Rosemary, with dignity. "She's quite well, but she doesn't know I came out to look for you." "Oh, doesn't she?" echoed the young man

in the car. "Then don't you think the best thing you can do is to let me take you back to her?"

"She won't be home yet, not till it's dark, I expect," said the child. "Oh, that's a long time yet! Well, since

you know me wouldn't you like to climb in and have a little run?"

"May I, truly and really?" The little face grew pink with joy. "Truly and really-if you're not afraid."

"What should I be afraid of ?" Rosemary asked.

"I was talking nonsense. Get down, Paul, and put her into the tonneau. You'd better sit by her perhaps."

The chauffeur proceeded to obey, but when the child found herself being tucked into a back seat of the car she gave a little protesting cry. "Oh, can't I sit in front with you?"

"Of course you can if you like. Paul, wrap her up well in the rug. Now, little one, we're going to start. I won't take you too fast." He turned the car and, passing the Casino, drove up the hill, tak-

ing the direction of Mentone when he had reached the top. He had

not been over this road before, as he had arrived by way of Nice yesterday, but he had studied road mans and knew both how and where he wished to go.

"Now," said he, driving carefully, "how do you like it?" "Oh, it's wonderful!" answer-

ed Rosemary, with a rapt smile on her rosy face. "Have you ever motored be-

She shook her head. "Never!"

"Brave baby." "I don't usually care to be called a baby," she remarked, "but I

don't mind from you." "I'm especially favored, it seems," said the young man. "Tell me how you happen to know me. I can't think, I must confess, unless

it was on shipboard"-"There! I knew perfectly well it was you!" broke in Rosemary, with a look of rapture. "You were on a ship, and you were lost at sea. But you're found again now because it's Christmas eve."

"I wasn't lost at sea, though, or I shouldn't be here with you," said Hugh Egerton. He glanced rather wistfully in a puzzled way at the lovely little face framed with blowing golden hair. There was something in the child's eyes which stabbed his heart, yet there was sweetness in the pain. "I'm afraid we're playing at cross purposes, aren't we?" he went on. "Was it on a ship that you saw me?"

"Oh, I didn't see you on the ship!" said Rosemary. "I only knew you went away on one. I haven't seen you for ever and ever so longnot since I was a tiny baby."

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"Not exactly remembered. It was the feeling I had in my heart, just as Jane said I would the minute I saw you, that told me it was you. That was why I ran to keep you from going on in your motor

car, because if you had I might have lost you again for ever and ever."

"So you might," said puzzled Hugh Egerton, pleased as well as puzzled. "And that would never have done for either of us." "It would have been dreadful," replied

Rosemary, "to have to wait for another Christmas eve." "Christmas eve seems a day for adventures,"

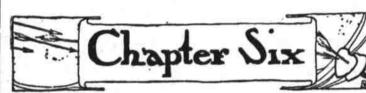
said Hugh. "One finds new friends-and dear little girls, and-goodness knows what I shall find next!"

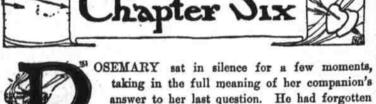
"We must find Angel next," Rosemary assured him. "She'll be so glad to see you."

"Do you really think so? By the way, who is Angel?" "Mother. Didn't you know that?"

"I expect I'd forgotten," Hugh answered. She looked so reproachful that not for the world would be have denied all knowledge of Angel. -The child evidently took him for some one she had known. Perhaps she had seen a photograph of some long lost friend of her family who resembled him and she had sprung to a conclusion, as children do. But she was an exquisitely pretty and engaging little thing, a grand little pal, and worth cultivating. Hugh liked children, especially girls, though he had always been rather shy with them, not knowing exactly how they liked best to be entertained and finding it difficult to think of things to say in keeping up a conversation. But there was no such difficulty with this child. It was really interesting to draw the little creature out and see what she would say next. As for finding Angel, however, when the time came to do that he thought he would prefer to bid Angel's daughter goodby at the door. He had no fancy for scraping up an acquaintance with strangers through their







that Angel was Angel! Though she was warmly wrapped in a soft rug of silvery fur, a chill crept into her heart. Could it be that nurse's words about father had been true, after all, and, if they were, was she doing

harm rather than good in bringing him home? Presently Hugh waked out of his own thoughts and noticed the

little girl's silence. "You're not afraid?" he asked, blissfully unconscious of offense. "I'm not driving too fast to please you?" "Oh, no!" said Rosemary.

"You're not cold?"

"No, thank you."

"Nor tired?"

"No, not tired." "But something is the matter ?"

"I'm worrying," confessed the child. "What about, little one?"

"I'm not sure if I ought to have spoken to you or have come with you, after all." To save his life Hugh could not have helped laughing, though it

was evidently a matter of serious importance. "What-do you think

we ought to have a chaperon?" he asked. "Paul's in the tonneau, you know, and he's a most discreet chap." "I don't know what a chaperon is," said

Rosemary, "but will you promise not to be angry if I ask you something, and will you promise to answer, honor bright?"

"Yes, to both your questions." "Were you really unkind to Angel before you were lost?"

This was a hard nut to crack if his past were not to be ruthlessly severed from Angel's by a word. He thought for a moment and then said, "Honor bright, I can't remember anything unkind I ever did to her."

"Oh, I'm so glad! I was afraid when you said you'd forgotten. But maybe her name wasn't Angel then ?" "That was it, I'm sure," replied Hugh soothingly. "Maybe you

named her Angel yourself ?" "I don't know," said Rosemary. "She seems to have been it always, ever since I can remember. And she does look just like one, you

know, she's so beautiful." "I expect you remember a lot more about angels than I do, because it isn't so long since you came from where they live. But here

we are in the woods at Cap Martin. Have you ever been here before!" "Angel and I had a picnic here once, all la urselves, and there were lots of sheep under the olive trees and a funny old shepherd who made music to them. Oh, I do love picnics! Don't you? Angel said if she were rich she'd take me on the lovestest kind of a pienic for Christmas; but, you see, it would cost too much money to do it, for we've hardly got any, especially since the comtesse doesn't pay us

"What kind of a picnic would it have been ?" asked Hugh, driving along the beautiful shore road, where the wind blown pines lean forward like transformed wood nymphs caught in a spell just as they spread out their arms to spring into the sea.

"Angel has told me lots of history stories about the strange rock villages in the mountains. There's one called Ere on top of a hill shaped almost like a horn. She showed me a picture of it. Children live up in the rock villages and never come down to the towns. They've never even seen any toys, like other children play with, Angel says. 'All the strangers who come here give presents to the poor in Mont

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