THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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H AS. A. SCOTT, Agent
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DEAR SIR:—
We beg to acknowledge receipt of your favor of the 11th, enclosing check No. 120 for $150, the same being in full payment of our claim under policy No. 91, covering insurance on our Iron Gray Dray Horse, which died on the night of the 8th inst.
We wish to thank you for the promptness in which your company has handled this loss and will say, in passing, that a company of this character has long been needed in our State, and in view of the small premium asked, no one should be without insurance on their live stock.
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Red Saunders

...By...

HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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REDDY was on the station platform, walking up and down, looking about him anxiously. We caught sight of each other at the same time.

"Hi, there!" said he and jumped for me. "Gad-dog your little hide!" he cried as he put my right hand in line for a pension. "I thought I was booked to go without saying goodby to you. You got the note I pinned on your shack?"

"Sure."

"Well, there's time for a chin before the choo-choo starts. Thought I'd be early, not savvying this kind of traveling a great deal. Danged if you ain't growed since I saw you! Getting fat too! Well, how's everything? I didn't say nothing to the other boys about pulling my freight, as I wanted to go sober for once. You explain to 'em that old Red's head ain't swelled, will you? Seems kind of dirty to go off that way, but I'm bound for God's country and the old time folks, and somehow I feel that I must cut the budge out of it. 'Nother thing is I'm superstitious, as you may or may not have noticed, and I believe if you try the same game twicet you'll get just as different results as can be the second time. You heard how I hit it in the mines, didn't you? No? Well, that's so. You ain't seen many people out on the flat, have you? Hum! I don't know principally where to begin. You remember Wind River Smith's pardner that the boys called Shadder, because he was so thin? Nice feller, always willing to do you a favor or say something comical when you least expected it. Had kind of a style with him too. Yes, sir, that's the man. Well, him and me was out in the Bend one day, holding a mess of Oregon half breeds that was to be shipped by train shortly, when old Smithy comes with the mail. 'Letter for you, Shadder,' says Smith and passes over a big envelope with wads of sealing wax all over it. Shadder reads his letter and folds it up. Then he takes a look over the country—the kind of a look a man gives when he's thinking hard. Then says he, 'Red, take off your hat.' I done it. 'Smithy, take off your hat.' 'All right,' says Smith, 'but you tell me why or I'll snake the shirt off you to square things.'

"'Boys,' says Shadder, 'I'm Lord Walford.'

"'Lord Hellford!' hollers Smithy. 'You'd better call somebody in to look at your plumbing. What you been drinkin', Shadder?'

"'Read for yourself,' says Shadder, and he handed him the letter.

"Wish't you could have seen old Smithy's face as he read it. He thought his pardner had been cut out of his herd forever.

"'It's the God's truth, Red,' says he slowly, and he had a sideways smile on his face as he turned to Shadder. 'Well, sir,' says he, 'I suppose congratulations are in order?'

"Shadder's hand stopped short on its way to the cigarette, and he looked at Smithy as if he couldn't believe what he saw.

"'To hell with 'em!' says he as savage as a wildcat, and he jabbed the irons in and whirled his cayuse about on one toe, heading for the ranch.

"'Now you go after him, you jealous old sorehead,' says I. 'Go on,' I says as he started to argue the point, 'or I'll spread your nose all the way down your spinal column!' The only time to say 'No' to me is when I'm not meaning what I say, so away goes Wind River, and they made it up all right in no time. Well, Shadder had to pull for England to take a squint at the ancestral estates, and all of us was right here at this station to see him off. Lord, it seems as if that happened last world! Well, it took a little bit the edge off any and all drunks a ranch as an institution had ever seen before. There was old Smithy crying around, wiping his eyes on his sleeve and explaining to a lot of eastern folks that it wasn't Shadder's fault—gad hook it all! He was the best, hootin', tootin' son-of-a-sea-cook that ever hit a prairie breeze in spite of this dum foolishness.

"'They can't make no "lord" of Shadder!' hollers Smithy. 'That is, not for long. He's a man, Shadder is—ain't cher, yer d——d old gangle legged hide rack?'

"And Shadder never lost his patience at all, though it must have been kind of trying to be made into such a holy show before the kind of people he used to be used to. All he'd say was, 'Bet your life, old boy!' Well, it was right enough, too, as Smithy had nursed him through smallpox one winter up in the Shoshonee country and mighty near starved himself to death feeding Shadder out of the slim grub stock when the boy was on the mend. Still, some people would have forgot that.

"But did your uncle Red get under the influence of strong drink? Did he? Oh, my! Oh, my! I wish I could make it clear to you. The vigilantes put after a horse thief once in Montana, and they landed on him in a butt end canyon, and there was all the stock with the brands on 'em as big as a patent medicine sign, as the lad hadn't had time to stop for alterations.

"'Well,' says they, 'what have you got to say for yourself?' He looked at them brands staring him in the face, and he bit off a small hunk of chewing 'Pth-chay!' Says he, 'Gentlemen, I'm at a loss for words!' And they let him go, as a good joke is worth its price in any man's country. I'm in that lad's fix. I ain't got the words to tell you how seriously drunk I was on that occasion. I remember putting for what I thought was the hotel and settling down, thinking there must be a lulu of a scrap in the bar room from the noise. Then somebody gave me a punch in the ribs and says, 'Where's your ticket?' and I don't know what I said nor what he said after that, but it must have been all right. Then it got light, and I met a lot of good friends I never saw before nor since. Then more noise and trouble, and at last I woke up—in a hotel bedroom, all right, but not the one I was used to. I went to the window, heaved her open and looked out. It was a bully morning, and I felt A1. There was a nice range of mountains out in front of me that must have come up during the night. 'I'd like to know where I am,' I thinks. 'But somebody will tell me before long, so there is no use worrying about that—the main point is, have I been touched?' I dug down into my jeans, and there wasn't a thing of any kind to remember me by. 'No,' I says to myself, 'I ain't been touched—I've been grabbed—they might have left me the price of a breakfast! Well, it's a nice looking country, anyhow!' So down I walks to the office. A cheerful seeming, plump kind of a man was sitting behind the desk. 'Hello!' says he, glancing up and smiling as I came in. 'How do you open up this morning?'

"Here's your watch and the rest of your valuables."

"'Somebody saved me the trouble,' says I. 'I'm afraid I'll have to give you the strong arm for breakfast.'

"He grinned wide. 'Oh, it ain't as bad as that, I hardly reckon,' says he. He dove into a safe and brought out a cigar box.

"'When a gentleman's in the condition you was in last night,' he says, 'I always make it a point to go through his clothes and take out anything a stranger might find useful, trusting that there won't be no offense the next morning. Here's your watch and the rest of your valuables, including the cash. Count your money and see if it's right.'

"Well, sir! I was one happy man, and I thanked that feller as I thumbed over the bills, but when I got up to a hundred and seventy I begun to feel queer. Looked like I'd made good money on the trip.

"'What's the matter?' says he, seeing my face. 'Nothing wrong, I hope?'

"'Why, the watch and the gun and the other things is all right,' says I, 'but I'm now $50 to the good, even figuring that I didn't spend a cent, which ain't in the least likely, and here's ten dollar bills enough to make a bedspread left over.'

"'Pshaw!' says he. 'Blame it! I've mixed your plunder up with the mining gentleman that came in at the same time. You and him was bound to fight at first, and then you both turned to to lick me, and what with keeping you apart and holding you off and taking your valuables away from you all at the same time, and me all alone here, as it was the night man's day off, I've made a blunder of it. Just take your change out of the wad and call for a drink on me when you feel like it, will you?'

"I said I would do that, and, moreover, that he was an officer and a gentleman and that I'd stay at his hotel two weeks at least to show my appreciation, no matter where it was, but to satisfy a natural curiosity, I'd like to know what part of the country I was at present inhabiting.

"'You're at Boise, Ida.,' says he; 'one of the best little towns in the best little territory in the United States of America, including Alaska.'

"'Well'— says I. 'Well'— for again I was at a loss for words. I had no idea I'd gone so far from home. 'I believe what you say,' says I. 'What do you do round these parts?'

"'Mining,' says he. 'You're just in time—big strike in the Bob Cat district. Poor man's mining. Placer, and durned good placer, right on the top of the ground. The mining gentleman I spoke about is having his breakfast now. Suppose you go in and have a talk with him? Nice man, drunk or sober, although excitable when he's had a little too much or not quite enough. He might put you on to a good thing. I'm not a mining person myself.'

"'Thanks,' says I and in I went to the dining room.

"There was a great, big, fine looking man eating his ham and eggs the way I like to see a man eat the next morning. He had a black beard that was so strong it fairly jumped out from his face.

"'Mornin',' says I.

"'Good morning, sir!' says he. 'A day of commingled incent clarity and vernal softness, ain't it?'

"'Well, I wouldn't care to bet on that without going a little deeper into the subject,' says I; 'but it smells good at least—so does that ham and eggs. Mary, I'll take the same, with coffee extra strong.'

"'You have doubtless been attracted to our small but growing city from the reports—which are happily true—of the inexhaustible mineral wealth of the surrounding region,' says he.

"'No-o—not exactly,' says I; 'but I do want to hear something about mines. Mr. Hotelman out there (who's a gentleman of the old school if ever there lived one) told me that you might put me on to a good thing.'

"'Precisely,' says he. 'Now, sir, my name is Jones—Agamemnon G. Jones—and my pardner, Mr. H. Smith, is on a business trip, selling shares of our mine, which we have called "The Treasury" from reasons which we can make obvious to any investor. The shares, Mr.'—

"'Saunders—Red Saunders—Chanta Seechee Red.'

"'Mr. Saunders, are 50 cents apiece, which price is really only put upon them to avoid the offensive attitude of dealing them out as charity. As a matter of fact, this mine of ours contains a store of gold which would upset the commercial world were the bare facts of its extent known. There is neither sense nor amusement in confining such enormous treasure in the hands of two people. Consequently my pardner and I are presenting an interest to the public, putting the nominal figure of 50 cents a share upon it, to save the feelings of our beneficiaries.'

"'What the devil do I care?' says I. 'I'm looking for a chance to dig. Could you tell a man where to go?'

"'Oh,' says he, 'when you come to that, that's different. Strictly speaking, my pardner Hy hasn't gone off on a business trip. As a matter of fact, he left town night before last with two-thirds of the money we'd pulled out of a pocket up on Silver creek in the company of two half breed Injuns, a Chinaman and four more sons of guns not classified, all in such a state of beastly intoxication that their purpose, route and destination are matters of the wildest conjecture. I've been laying around town here hating myself to death, thinking perhaps I could sell some shares in a mine that we'll find yet, if we have good luck. If you want to go wild catting over the hills and far away, I'm your huckleberry.'

"'That hits me all right,' says I. 'For what I don't know about mining nobody don't know. When do we start?'

"'This or any other minute,' says he, getting up from the table.

"'Wait till I finish up these eggs,' says I. 'And there's a matter of one drink coming to me outside. I may as well put that where it won't harm any one else before we start.'

"'All right,' says he, waving his hand. 'You'll find me outside, at your pleasure, sir.'

"I swallered the rest of my breakfast whole and hustled out to the bar, where my friend and the hotel man was waiting. 'Now I'll take that drink that's coming, and rather than be small about it I'll buy one for you, too, and then we're off,' says I.

"'You won't do no such thing,' says the hotel man. 'It's a horse on me, and I'll supply the liquor. Mr. Jones is in the play as much as anybody.'

"So the hotel man set 'em up, and that made one drink. Then Jones said he'd never let a drink suffer from lonesomeness yet when he had the price, and that made two drinks. I had to uphold the honor of the ranch, and that made three drinks. Hotel man said it was up sticks now, and he meant to pay his just debts like an honest man, and that made four drinks. Then Jones said—well, by this time I see I needn't have hurried breakfast so much. More people came in. I woke up the next morning in the same old bedroom. Every breakfast Aggy and me got ready to pull for the mines, and every morning I woke up in the bedroom. I should like to draw a veil over the next two weeks, but it would have to be a pretty strong veil to hold it. I tried to keep level with Aggy, but he'd spend three dollars to my one, and the consequence of that was that we went broke within fifteen minutes of each other.

"Well, sir, we were a mournful pair to draw to that day. We sat there and cussed and said, 'Now, why didn't we do this, that and t'other thing instead of blowing our hard earned dough?' till bimeby we just dripped melancholy, you might say. Howsomever, we weren't booked for a dull time just yet. That afternoon there was a great popping of whips like an Injun skirmish and into town comes a bull train half a mile long. Twelve yoke of bulls to the team; lead, swing and trail wagons for each, as big as houses on wheels. You don't see the like of that in this country. Down the street they come, the dust flying, whips cracking and the lads hollering: 'Whoa haw, Mary—up there! Wherp! Whoa haw!'

"And those fellers had picked up dry throats walking in the dust; also they had a month's wages aching in their pockets. We hadn't much more'n got the thump of their arrival out of our ears when who comes roaring into town but the Bengal Tiger gang, and they had four months' wages. The owner of the mine got on a bender and paid everybody off by mistake. You can hardly imagine how this livened up things. There ain't nobody less likely to play lame duck than me, but there was no dodging the hospitality. The only idea prevailing was to be rid of the money as soon as possible. The effects showed right off. You could hear one man telling the folks for their own good that he was the Old Missouri River, and when he felt like swelling his banks it was time for parties who couldn't swim to hunt the high ground, while the gentleman on the next corner let us know that he was a locomotive carrying 200 pounds of steam with the gauge still climbing and the blower on. When he whistled three times, he said, any intelligent man would know that there was danger around.

"Well, sir, I put the Old Missouri River to bed that night, and he'd fattened out to a very small streamlet indeed, while the locomotive went lame before supper and had to be put in the roundhouse by a couple of pushers. That's the way with fine ideas. Cold facts comes and puts a crimp in them. Once I knew a small feller I could have stuck in my pocket and forgot about, but when we went out and took several possessions together on a day he spoke to me like this. 'Red,' says he, 'put your little hand in mine, and we'll go and take a birdseye view of the universe.' Astonishin' idea, wasn't it? And him not weighing over a hundred pound. Howsomever, he didn't take any birdseye view of the universe. He only become strikingly indisposed.

"Well, to get back to Boise, you never in all your life saw so many men and brothers as was gathered there that day, and old Aggy, he was one of the centers of attraction. That big voice and black beard was always where the crowd was thickest and the wet goods flowing the freest. 'Gentlemen,' says he, 'let's lift up our voices in melody!' That was one of Ag's delusions—he thought he could sing. So four of 'em got on top of a billiard table and presented 'Rocked In the Cradle of the Deep' to the company, which made me feel glad that I hadn't been brought up that way. After Ag had hip locked the last low note another song bird volunteered.

"This was a little fat Dutchman, with pale blue eyes and a mustache like two streaks of darning cotton. He had come to town to sell a pair of beef steers, but got drawn into the general hilarity, and now he didn't care a cuss whether he, she or it ever sold another steer. He got himself on end and sung 'Leeb Fadderlont moxtrue eckstein' in a style that made you wonder that the human nose could stand the strain.

"'Aw, cheese that!' says a feller near the door. 'Come, get your steers; one of 'em's just chased the barber up a telegraph pole!'

"So then we all piled out into the street to see the steers. Sure enough, there was the barber sitting on the crosspiece and the steer pawing dirt underneath.

"'He done made me come a fast heat from de cohner,' says the barber. 'I kep' hollerin' "Next!" but he ain't pay no 'tention—he make it "next" fur me, shuah! Yah, yah, yah! You gents orter seen me start at de bottom an' slide all de way up dis yer telegraft pole!'

"One of the bull whackers went out to rope the steers, and Ag gave directions from the sidewalk. He wasn't very handy with a riata, and that's a fact, but the way Ag lit into him was scandalous. When he'd missed about six casts of his rope, Ag opened up on him:

"'Put a stamp on it and send it to him by mail,' said Aggy in his sourcastic way. 'Address it, "Bay Steer, middle of Main street, Boise, Ida. If not delivered within ten days, return to owner, who can use it to hang himself." Blast my hide if I couldn't stand here and throw a box car nearer to the critter! Well, well, well! How many left hands have you got, anyhow? Do it up in a wad and heave it at him for general results. He might get tangled in it.'

"It rattled the bull whacker, having so much attention drawn to him, and he stepped on the rope and twisted himself up in it and was flying light generally.

"'Say,' says Ag, appealing to the crowd, 'won't some kind friend who's fond of puzzles go down and help that gentleman do himself?'

"That made the whacker mad. He was as red in the face as a lobster.

"'You come down and show what you can do,' says he. 'You've got gas enough for a balloon ascension, but that may be all there is to you.'

"'Oh, I ain't so much,' says Aggy, 'although I'm as good a man today as ever I was in my life, but I have a little friend here who can rope, down and ride that critter from here to the brick front in five minutes by the watch, and if you've got a twenty-five dollar bill in your pocket or its equivalent in dust you can observe the experiment.'

"'I'll go you, by gosh!' says the bull whacker, slapping his hat on the ground and digging for his pile.

"'Say, if you're referring to me, Ag,' I says, 'it's kind of a sudden spring. I ain't what you might call in training, and that steer is full of triple extract of giant powder.'

"'G'wan!' says Ag. 'You can do it—and then we're twenty-five ahead.'

"'But suppose we lose?'

"'Well— It won't be such an awful loss.'

"'Now, you look here, Agamemnon G. Jones,' says I, 'I ain't going to stand for putting up a summer breeze agin that feller's good dough. That's a skin game, to speak it pleasantly.'

"Then Aggy argues the case with me, and when Aggy started to argue you might just as well 'moo' and chase yourself into the corral, because he'd get you sure. Why, that man could sit in the cabin and make roses bloom right in the middle of the floor. While he was singing his little song you could see 'em and smell 'em. He could talk a snowbank off a high divide in the middle of February. Never see anybody with such a medicine tongue, and in a big man it was all the stranger. 'Now,' he winds up, 'as for cheating that feller, you ought to know me better, Red. Why, I'll give him my note.'

"So, anyhow, I done it. Up the street we went, steer bawling and buck jumping, my hair a-flying and me as busy as the little bee you read about keeping that steer underneath me 'stead of on top of me, where he'd rather be, and after us the whole town, whoopin', yellin', crackin' off six shooters and carryin' on wild.

"Then we had $25 and was as good as anybody. But it didn't last long. The tin horns come out after pay day like hoptoads after a rain. 'Twould puzzle the government at Washington to know where they hang out in the meantime. There was one lad had a face on him with about as much expression as a hotel punkin pie. He run an arrow game, and he talked right straight along in a voice that had no more bends in it than a billiard cue.

"'Here's where you get your three for one any child may do it no chance to lose make your bets while the arrow of fortune swings all gents accommodated in amounts from two bits to double eagles and bets paid on the nail,' says he.

"'Red,' says Aggy, 'I can double our pile right here. Let me have the money. I know this game.' You'd hardly believe it, but I dug up. 'Double or quits?' says he to the dealer.

"'Let her go,' says the dealer. The arrow swung around. 'Quits,' says the dealer and raked in my dough. It was all over in one second.

"I grabbed Aggy by the shoulder and took him in the corner for a private talk. 'I thought you knew this game?' says I.

"'I do,' says he. 'That's the way it always happens.' And once more in my life I experienced the peculiar feeling of being altogether at a loss for words.

"'Aggy,' says I at last, 'I've got a good notion to lay two violent hands on you and wind you up like an eight day clock, but rather than make hard feelings between friends I'll refrain. Besides, you are a funny cuss, that's sure. One thing, boy, you can mark down. We leave here tomorrow morning.'

"'All right,' says Ag. 'This sporting life is the very devil. I like outdoors as well as the next man, when I get there.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, January 25, 1908.

It is generally conceded in Washington that the Democrats have gained a strong support in the Senatorial branch of Congress in the election of John Sharp Williams as a member of that body. He is well liked and his ability is disputed by none.

The announcement by Governor Hughes that "Barkis is willin'," has aroused multitudinous and diverse sensations in the breast of the Republican Pegotty, anticipations that are not altogether pleasurable, however interesting the prospect may be for the country at large. The prediction is made in political circles in Washington that the seat of war in the Republican party will now be transferred to the New England States and that the Ohio conflict will look like a skirmish when compared with his Waterloo between the Roosevelt policies led by Taft, and the corporations interests headed by Hughes. The developments of the next few months will be watched with the most absorbing interest by the country at large.

There are some men in the Democratic party who occupy responsible positions in the councils of their party in the House of Representatives that believe their party's welfare will not be best subserved by the nomination of Mr. Bryan for the Presidency, and so when Champ Clark nominated him in the House this week the demonstration created through the art of oratory, with which the eloquest Missourian is so familiar, did not strike a responsive chord in the breast of every Democrat on the floor. These men believe that, twice defeated as the candidate on the Democratic party, Mr Bryan's candidacy would, under existing conditions, be just as fatal to success in 1908 as it was in 1896 and 1900, and they believe that the party should seek out some man who can bring strength and confidence to the national ticket. Democrats who have unhesitatingly urged the withdrawal of Bryan as the only road which would lead to party success, joined with their colleagues in the demonstration, though they deprecated anything which would appear to commit the minority members of the House as a whole to the personal cause of Mr. Bryan. That the Republicans joined in the cheers at the mention of Bryan's name was significant. These cheers were called forth by the belief of the Republicans in the weakness of Mr. Bryan as a candidate against the man chosen by the Chicago convention next June, whomsoever that man may be.

Major General Bell, Chief of Staff in his annual report just issued, declared himself of the opinion that the law which abolished the canteen from the army should be repealed for the general good of both the solddiers in the army and the War department officials. He says, that under the new law there is more alcoholism and more disease than there was prior to its enactment. Among many other interesting paragraphs in this report is the following which is regarded as most pertinent; "Unless other great nations are wrong and wasting time and money, they are giving us an object lesson which Americans will have to learn some day by costly and humiliating experience. Time and training are both necessary to convert an untraided volunteer into a soldier, whether for infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers or signal corps. The last great war clearly demonstrated that the side which acts promptly gains decisive advantages."

Pres. Roosevelt has been obliged, after all, to alter his riding test order so as to waive the test in the cases of officers engaged in civil duties who would not, in all probability be called upon to engage in field operations. The President's decision was made after a conference with Secretary Taft on the subject, called forth mainly by the case of Lieut. Col. William L. Marshall, Corps of Engineers in charge of the government work in the improvement of New York Harbor. Col. Marshall is a man of generous weight, who has been so engaged with his engineering duties as to have no time for "banting"' and his retirement would be most detrimental to the accomplishment of the plans for the improvement for the of New York Harbor.

The Democratic Senators have suddenly decided to put in a financial bill of their own, after seeming to acquiesce in the general provisions of the Aldrich bill, now before the Senate Finance Committee. It is understood that Senator Bailey is the author of the bill, and that it differs from the Aldrich bill in its provision for the issue of United States noted instead of national bank notes in times of emergency, and changes the rate of interest to be paid by the bank with which the notes are deposited. Both are to be issued against deposits of the government, state and county, and municipal bonds, although the Aldrich bill also includes first mortgage bonds of railroads. There are some other variations in the proposed measures, but the main feature, the engroing is the principle difference between the two measures. There is a bare possibility that the Democratic Senators will hold a caucus on the question of supporting their substitute, so as to secure the solid vote of the minority.

Rank Foolishness.

"When attacked by a cough or a cold, or when your throat is sore, it is rank foolishness to take any other medicine than Dr. Kings New Discovery," says C. O. Eldridge, of Empire, Ga. "I have used New Discovery seven years and I know it is the best remedy on earth for coughs and colds, croup, and all throat and lung troubles. My children are subject to croup, but New Discovery quickly cures every attack." Known the world over as King of throat and lung remedies. Sold under guarantee at Graham Drug Co. 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

It has been finally decided that the Jamestown exposition will not reopen next summer

Bad Stomach Trouble Cured.

Having been sick for the past two years, with a bad stomach trouble, a friend gave me a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They did me so much good that I bought a bottle of them and have used twelve bottles in all. To-day I am well of a bad stomach trouble.—Mrs John Lowe, Cooper, Maine. These tablets are for sale by Graham Drug Co.

The Lenoir News learns that the charity school established some years ago by Miss E. C. Pruden, five or six miles southeast of Lenoir and known as the Mitchell Home School was burned last Tuesday night.

$100—DR. E. DETCHON'S ANTI-DIURETIC may be worth to you more than $100 if you have a child who soils bedding from incontinence of water during sleep. Cures old and young alike. It arrests the trouble at once. $1. Sold by the J. C. Simmons Drug Co., Graham, N. C.

Judge Boyd will hold a special term of Federal Court in Raleigh next week.

There is something about Kidney's Laxative Cough Syrup that makes it different from others. It causes a free yet gentle action of the bowels through which the cold is forced out of the system. At the same time it heals irritation and allays inflammation of the throat and lungs. It is pleasant to take. Children like it. Contains no opiates nor narcotics. Sold by Graham Drug Co.

The early Christian martyrs were generally buried in or near the churches.

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Every person should know that good health is impossible if the kidneys are deranged. Foley's Kidney Cure will cure kidney and bladder disease in every form, and will build up and strengthen these organs so they will perform their functions properly. No danger of Bright's disease or diabetes if Foley's Kidney cure is taken in time. Graham Drug Co.

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