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# Red Saunders

HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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MATTIE sat on her little rout porch, facing the setting Across the road, now ankle deep in June dust, was the of the Peters place-back broken roof, crumbling chimneys, shutters hanging down like broken wings, the old house had the pathetic appeal of shipwrecked gentility. A house without people in it, even when it is in repair, is as forlorn as a dog who has lost his master.

Up the road were more houses of the aondescript village pattern, made neither for comfort nor looks. God knows why they built such houses! Perhaps it was in accordance with the old Puritan idea that any kind of physical perfection is blasphemy. Some of these were kept in paint and window glass, but there were enough poor relations to spoil the effect.

Down the road between the arches of the weeping willows came first the brook, with the stone bridge-this broken as to coping and threadbare in general-then on the hither side of the way some three or four neighbors' houses and opposite the blacksmith's shop and postoffice, the latter of course in a store, where you could buy anything from stale groceries to shingles. In short, Fairfield was an eastern

village whose cause had departed, a community drained of the male principle, leaving only a few queer men the blacksmith and some halfling boys to give tone to the background of doz ens of old maids.

An unsympathetic stranger would have felt that nothing was left to the Fairfieldians but memory, and the sooner they lost that the better.

Take a wineglassful of raspberr vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of sugar half a cup each of boneset and rhu bard, a good full cup of the milk of human kindness, dilute in a gallon of water and you have the flavor of Fairfield. There was just enough of each ingredient to spoil the taste of

Miss Mattle rested her elbow on the railing, her chin in her hand, and gazed thoughtfully about her. As a matter of fact, she was the most inspiring thing in view. At a distance of fifty yards she was still a tall, slender girl. Her body retained the habit as well as the lines of youth, a trick of gliding into unexpected, pleasing attitudes, which would have been awkard but for the suppleness of limb to which they testified and the uncon sciousness and ease of their irregular

Her face was a child's face in the ennobling sense of the word. The record of the years written upon it seemed a masquerade—the face of a clear eyed girl of fourteen made up to represent her own aunt at a fancy dress party; a face drawn a trifle fine, a little ascetic, but balanced by the hu mor of the large, shapely mouth, and really beautiful in bone and contour, the beauty of mignonette and doves

and gentle things.
You could see that she was thirty-five in the blatant candor of noon, but now, blushed with the pink of the setting sun, she was still in the days of the

Miss Mattie's reverie idled over the year upon year of respectable stupidity that represented life in Fairfield, while her eyes and soul were in the boiling gold of the sky glory. She sighed.

A panorama of life mineed before
Miss Mattle's mind about as vivid and

full of red corpuscies as a Greek frieze. Her affectionate nature was starved. They visited each other, the ladies of Fairfield-these women who had rolled on the floor together as babies-in their best black or green of whatever it might be, and glovesthis though the summer sun might be hammering down with all his might And then they sat in a closed room and talked in a reserved fashion which was entirely the property of the call.
Of course one could have a moment's
real talk by chance meeting, and there drawn out and conventional af-

were the natural griefs of life to break the corsets of this etiquette, although in general the griefs seemed to be long drawn out and conventional aled to the system, conquered by the invincible conventionality and stubbornness of the ladies of Fairfield. It was the unspoken but firm belief of each of these women that a person of their circle who had no more idea of respectability than to drop dead on

the public road would never go to Poor Miss Mattie! Small won she dropped her hands, sat back and wondered, with another sigh, if it were for this she was born. She did not for this she was born. She did not rebel—there was no violence in herbut she regretted exceedingly. In spite of her slenderness it was a wide mother lap in which her hands rested, an obvious cradie for little children. And instinctively it would come to you as you looked at her that there could be removed the could be removed.

Miss Mattie but the tale of her years She had had offers, such as Fairfield and vicinity could boast, and declined them with tact and the utmost gratitude to the suitor for the compilment, but her "no," though mild, was firm, for there lay within her a certain quiet valiant spirit which would rather shdure the fatigue and loneliness of old theil and hurried down as though through with Fairfield as soon able. It was a most magnificent faming, gorgoous, wild—be-

Fairfield-and Miss Mattle stared into the heart of it with a longing for something to happen. Then the thought came, "What could happen?" She sighed again, and, with eyes blinded by heaven shine, glanced down the vil-

lage street. She thought she saw-she rubbed he eyes and looked again—she did see, and surely never a stranger sight was beheld on Fairfield's street! Had a Royal Bengal tiger come slouching through the dust it could not have been more unusual. The spectacle was a man; a very large and mighty shouldered man, who looked about him with a bold, imperious, keep the change regard. There was something in the swing of him that suggested the Bengal tiger. He wore high heeled boots outside of his trousers, a flannel shirt with a yellow silk kerchief around his neck, and on his head sat a white hat which seemed to Miss Mattle to be at least a yard in diameter. Under the hat was a re-

markable head of hair. It hung below dark scarlet flecked with brown gold. Miss Mattle had seen red hair, but she remembered no such color as this, nor could she recall ever having seen hair foot and a half long on a man. That hair would have made a fortune on the head of an actress, but Miss Mattle was ignorant of the possibilities of the

profession. The face of the man was a fine tan, against which eyes, teeth and mustache came out in brisk relief. The mustache avoided the tropical tint of the upper hair and was content with a modest brown. The owner came right along, walking with a stiff, strong, straddling gait, like a man not used to that way of traveling.

Miss Mattie eyed him in some fear. He would be by her house directly, and it was hardly modest to sit aggressively on one's front porch while a strange man went by, particularly such a very strange man as this. Yes a thrill of curjosity held her for the mement, and then it was too late, for the man stopped and asked little Eddie Newell, who was playing placidly in the dust-all the children played placidly in Fairfield-asked Eddie in voice which reached Miss Mattie plainly, although the owner evidently made no attempt to raise it, if he kney where Miss Mattle Saunders lived?

Eddie had not noticed the large man's approach and nearly fell over in a fright, but seeing, with a child's intuition, that there was no danger in this fierce looking person he piped up instantiv "Y-y-yessir, I kin tell yer where she

She lives right down lives-yessir! there in that little house. I kin go down with you jes' swell 's not! Why, there she is now, on the stoop!" "Thankee, sonny," said the big voice

"Here's for miggies," and Miss Mattle caught the sparkle of a coin as it flew into the grimy fists of Eddie. "Much obliged!" yelled Eddle and vanished up the street.

Miss Mattle sat transfixed. He breath came in swallows, and her heart beat irregularly. Here was novelty with a vengeance! The big man turned and fastened his eyes upon her. There was no retreat. She no ticed with some reassurance that his eyes were grave and kindly.

As he advanced Miss Mattie rose i agitation, unconsciously putting her hand on her throat. What could it

The gate was opened and the stran ger strode up the cinder walk to the porch. He stopped a whole minute and looked at her. At last! "Well, Mattiel" he said, "don't you

know me? A flood of the wildest hypothes fisshed through Miss Mattie's mind without enlightening her. Who was this picturesque giant who stepped out of the past with so familiar a salntstion? Although the porch was foot high, and Miss Mattie a fairly tall woman, their eyes were almost on a level as she looked at him in won-

Then he laughed and showed his white teeth. "No use to bother and worry you, Mattie," said he. "You couldn't call it in ten years. Well, I'm your half uncle Fred's boy Bill, and I hope you're a quarter as glad to see me as I am to see you." "What!" she cried. "Not little Willy

who ran away!" "The same little Willy," he replie in a tope that made Miss Mattie a little, nervously, "and what I want to know is, are you glad to see me?"
"Why, of course! But, Will-I sup

some I should call you Will? I am s flustered—not expecting you—and it's been so warm today. Won't you come in and take a chair?" wound up Miss Mattle in desperation and fury at her self for saying things so different from what she meant to say. There was a twinkle in the m

eyes as he repiled in an injured tone: "Why, good Lord, Mattie! I've come 2,000 miles or more to see you, and you ask me to take a chair just as if I'd stepped in from across the way! Can't you give a man a little warmer "What shall I do?" asked poor Miss

start," said he. Miss Mattie was all abroad.

come back, and when I saw it all gone to ruin- Well, then I set out to find somebody, and do you know, of all the family there's only you and me left? That's all, Mattle, just us two! While I was growing up out west I kind of expected things to be standing still left them-hum- Well, how are you, anyhow?"

"I'm well, Will, and"-laying her hand upon his, "don't think I'm not giad to see you-please don't. I'm so giad, Will, I can't tell you-but I'm all confused-so little happens here." "I shouldn't guess it was the liveliest

place in the world, by the look of it,"

said Red. "And as far as that's con-

cerned, I kinder don't know what to

say myself. There's such a heap to

talk about it's hard to tell where to begin. But we've got to be friends, though, Mattle-we've just got to be friends. Good Lord. We're all there's eft! Funny I never thought of such a thing! Well, blast it! That's enough of such talk. I've brought you a present, Mattle." He stretched out a leg that reached beyond the limits of the front porch and dove into his trousers pocket, bringing out a buckskin sack. He fumbled at the knot a minute and then passed it over, saying, "You untie it-your fingers are sooplier than Miss Mattie's fingers were shaking, but the knots finally came undone, and from the sack she brought forth a chain of rich, dull yellow lumps fashioned into a necklace. It weighed a pound. She spread it out and looked at it astounded. "Gracious, Will! Is that gold?" she asked.

"That's what," he replied. the man's shoulders in a silky mass of article, just as it came out of the ground; I dug it myself. That's the



resson I'm here. I'd never got m enough to go anywhere farther tha a horse could carry me if I hadn't taken a fly at placer mining and hit her to beat h-er-the very mischief." Miss Mattie looked first at the barbaric, splendid necklace and then at the barbaric, splendid man. Things grew confused before her in trying to realize that it was real. What two planets so separated in their orbits as her world and his? She had the imegination that is usually lacking in small communities, and the feeling know what's manners in this part o

a fairy story come true possessed her "And now, Mattle," said he, "I don't the country, but I'll make free enough on the cousin part of it to tell you that I could look at some supper without finching. I've walked a heap to day, and I ain't used to walking." Miss Mattie sprang up, herself agai at the chance to offer hospitality.

"Why, you poor man!" said she. course you're starved! It must be nearly 8 o'clock. I almost forget about eating, living here alone. You shall have supper directly. Will you come

in or sit a spell outside?" "Reckon I'll come in," said Red. "Don't want to lose sight of you now that I've found you." It was some time since Miss Mattie

had felt that any one had cared enough for her not to want to lose sight of her, and a delicate warm blo over her cheeks. She hurried into the "Mattiel" called Red.

"What is it, Will?" she answ oming to the door.
"Can I smoke in this little house?"

"Cer-tainly. Sit right down and make ourself comfortable. Don't you re-sember what a smoker father was?" Red tried the different chairs with his hand. They were not a stalward lot. Finally he spied the ho rocker in the corner. "There's the lad for me," he said, drawing it out. "Got to be kinder careful how you throw

"Morcy?" cried Miss Mattie, pan in "Do you weigh as much as that Wm?" "I do," returned Red, with much sat-infaction. "And there isn't over two pounds of it fat at that."

"What a great man you have grown up to be, Will!"

Red took in a deep draft of tobacco
and sent the vapor clear across the

"On the hay scales, yes," he answered, with a sort of joking earnestness "but otherwise I don't know." The return to the old home had touched the big man deeply, and as he named back in his chair there was a

Miss Mattie took in the mass of him stretched out at his ease, his legs crossed, and the patrician cut of his face, to which the upturned mustache gave a cavaller touch. They were good stock, the Samders, and the breed had not declined in the only two ex-

"He's my own cousin," she whispered to herself in the safety of the kitchen. "And such a spiendid jeoking man!" She felt a pride of possession the had never known before. Nobody in Pairfield or vicinity had such a cousin as that. And Miss Mattie went on joyfully fulfilling an inherited instinct to uninter to the wants of same man. The said to herself them ome man. She said to herself there an some catisfaction in cooking for smellpdy size. But alack-a-day, Miss

scale in Fairfield. But she sat the little cakes-lucky that she had made tnem yesterday-and the fried mush and the small pitcher of milk and the cold ham and the cold biscuit on the table with a pride in the appearance of the feast.

"Supper's ready, Will," she said. Red responded instanter. He took look at the board and understood. He

ate the little cakes and biscuit and said they were the durned best he ever tasted. He also took some pot cheese under a misapprehension, swallowed it and said to himself that he had been through worse things than that. Then, when his appetite had just begun to develop, the inroads on the provisions warned him that it was time to stop. Meanwhile they had ranged the fields of old times at random, and us Red took in Miss Mattie, pink with excitement and sparkling as to eyes, be thought, "Blast the supper It's a square meal just to look at her. If she ain't pretty good people, I miss

It was a merry meal. He had such a way of telling things! Miss Mattle hadn't laughed so much for years, and she felt that there was no one that she had known so long and so well as Cousin Will. There was only one jarring note-Red spoke of the vigorous elebration that had been followed by the finding of gold. It was certainly well told, but Miss Mattle asked in soft horror when he had finished You didn't get-intoxicated-Will?"

"Did I?" said he, lost in memory and not noticing the tone. "Well, I put my hand down the throat of that man's town and turned her inside out! It was like as if Christmas and Fourth of July had happened on the same

"Oh, Will," cried Miss Mattle, can't think of you like that—rolling the gutter!" Her voice shook and broke off. Her knowledge of the effect of stimulants was limited to Fairfield's one drunkard-old Tommy Mc-Kee, a disreputable old Irishman-but drunkenness was the worst vice in her "Rolling in the gutter!" cried Red

astonishment. "Why, girl, what for would I roll in the gutter? What's the fun in that? Jiminy Christmas! wanted to walk on the telegraph wires. There wasn't anything in that town high enough for me. What put gut ters into your head?"

"I—I supposed people did that when they were—like that." "I wouldn't waste my money whisky if that's all the inspiration I got out of it," replied Red. "Well, of course I don't know about those things, but I wish you'd promis

me one thing." "Done!" cried Red. "What is it?" "I wish you'd promise me not touch whisky again." "Phew! That's a pretty big order! He stopped and thought a minute. "If

you'll make that 'never touch it when it ain't needed, leaving when it's needed to what's my idea of the square thing on a promise, I'll go you, Mattle. There's my hand." "Ob, I shouldn't have said anything

at all, Will. I have no right, but it man-I mean-I think- You mustn't promise me anything, Will," stammer-"Here!" he cried, "I'm no little kid!

When I promise I mean it! As for your not having any right, ain't we all there is? You've got to be mother and sister and aunt and everything to me I ain't as young as I have been, Mattle, and I miss she-ways terrible at times Now, put out-your fin like a good pardner, and here goes for no more rhine caboos for Chanta Seeches Red—time I quit drinking, anyhow," he slipped a ring off his little finger. "Here, hold out your hand," said be. "I'll put this on for luck and the sake of the promise by the same token, I've got noose on you now, and you're my prop

This of course was only Cousin Will's joking, but Miss Mattle noticed with a sudden hot fush that he had chosen the engagement finger—in all ignorance, she felt sure. The last hing she could do would be to his attention to the fact or run the risk of burting his feelings by trans terring the ring; besides, it was a pret ty ring, a rough ruby in a plain gold band-and looked very well where

Then they settled down for what Red called a good medicine talk. Miss Mattle found herself boldly speaking of little fancies and notions that had named in the inner shrine of her soul for years, shrinking from the mat er-of-fact eye of Fairfield; yet this big, ferocious looking Cousin Will seemed to find them both same and interesting, and as her self respect wen up in the arithmetical her admiration for Cousin-Will went up in the geo metrical ratio. He frankly admit weaknesses and fears that the males of Fairfield would have rejected

[TO ME CONTINUED.]

An Appropriate Text.

A clergyman in a country town we asked to fill the pupit for the past of a church not far from his own. I have a church not far from his own. I of a church not far from his own. It accepted the invitation. Before the services began he was handed sever notices which he was saked to rea and was told that they were usuall given out just before the sermon among them was a long and elaborate apology to the congrugation for the alsence of the ciergyman who had become the congruent to make to them and who ted to speak to them and who this minister had been called t on to fill on an emergency. It was the last one, and he read it without comment or change of countenance. The opening the Bible he announced heart, "Wherefore, then, he ye content

"Ah, old boy," said a gentlen meeting another on the avenue, on are married at last. Allow



### Washington Letter.

Washington, February 8 1908. Enthusiasm characterized the dis cussion of President Roosevelt's recent message on the floor of the House of Representatives this week, and at no time was the applause greater than when Representative Hepburn, of Iowa, delivered strong eulogy of the President, From the Democratic side came enthu siastic commendation and seldom had such a tribute been paid to a Republican President by a Democrat as that spoken by Representative Bourke Crockran. During the course of his speech he took occassion to say some nice things about Mr. Bryan which evoked such ap plause from the Democrats that it was quite a while before he could proceed, "If Mr. Bryan represents the determination to prosecute malefactors for their crimes, and if a rigorous enforcement of the law should result in congesting the criminal courts," said Mr. Cockran, "then the plunderers of millions will be given precedence in the pathway to prison over the pilferers of pennies."

Later in the week the Democratic leader, Mr. Williams, made a speech on the message along lines previous ly indicated to him by Mr. Bryan. He declared that railroad rate legis lation originated with the Democrats; said that the Democrats must take issue with the President on his recommendation that the railroads be granted the power to pool, and with the President's argument that "the men, the flesh, the beings," take out a Federal license. Com recommendations, saying, utterance about putting works of the demand for its products. art, wood pulp and paper on the free list, he has never raised his tem." There is no little anxiety in

Democratic circles in Washington over the reports which have reached here from the West to the effect that William R. Hearst is perfecting an organization and purposed to hold a Hearst League convention, probably in Indianapolis, between the Republican and Democratic national conventions. It is asserted that Mr. Hearst has secured the services of Charles A. Walsh, former Secretary of the Democratic National Committee, and that Mr. Walsh has employed a number of able lieutena nts who are assisting him in the work of organizing the he Hearst machine, or party. No there have been many changes in defi nite information can be secured their relative rank. Washington, as to the purpose of the Hearst which in 1899 stood sixth, now movement. Does Mr. Hearst expect to form a third party and pominate himself for the Presidency? Does he expect to develop a strength which will enable him to dictate terms to the Democratic party? Will producing States, though, on the his movement detract seriously from the Democratic vote? These and a host of other questions are being asked by anxious Democrats who cannot fathom the purposes of the great editor-politicisn. It has been supposed that because of his extensive newspaper properties Mr. Hearst would not dare to oppose Mr. Bryan and that may be the case, but his present purpose is the occasion of the utmost curiosity and Senator Stone of Missouri has

been making an earnest effort to organize the Democrats in the Senate so that they might pr sent an effective resistence to the Aldrich financial bill but he has been checkmated by the presistent opposition of Senators Bailey and Teller and there is ever prospect that the mi-pority will have to content itself with

ffering a few amendments which night improve the messure, seei them voted down by the Repub cans and then permitting the bill to pass the Senate. Nor is it likely that any effective opposition can be presented in the House. There are doubtless a majority of the members of the House who are opposed to the bill but the Speaker is for it and he rules the lower chamber. Mr. Cannon is himself a banker and a millionaire and he regards the Aldrich bill as eminently satisfactory. If its opponents in the Republican ran ks threaten to show their independence there will be a caucus and every Republican will be whipped into the line under the scourge of

> the party whip. Speaker Cannon is much worried these days because of the fact that there are certain magazine writers who have been sent to Washington to scrutinize his political record with a view to ascertaining whether he is a fit man to be elected President. It is whispered about in the cloakrooms and lobbies of the Capitol that there are some pages in the political life of the Speaker which would not look well in print and some of Mr. Cannon's closest friends say that the old and baggard look he has worn recently are due to the fact that he has been told that the 'muck-rakers' are close on the trail of certain pages of the Record he would be extremely sorry to see in print. However, that is all politi-

Mr. Cannon has assured the delesation of the National Manufacturers' Association that there will be no tariff commission created this year. Of course the Speaker is the "stand pat" candidate of the Republicans, but it is regarded as a safe prediction that should either Mr. Bryan or Mr. Taft be elected, the President would call a special session for tariff revision early in April 1909.

Greatest Lumber Cut

More lumber was cut in the Unit d States last year than in any other year in its history. The enormous mount of 37,550,736 board feet was it was useless to attempt to punish produced, and the mill value of this was \$621, 151,388. In addition, there who violate the law in the name of were produced 11,858,260,000 shincorporate authority. He further in gles, valued at \$24,155,555, and 3,sisted that the Democrats could not 812,807,000 lath valued at \$11,490, agree with the President on the 570. On the whole, it is safe to say proposition to compel all corpora. that the present annual lumber cut tions doing an interstate business to of the United States approximates 40 billion feet, and that the total menting on the ommissions in the value of the lumber, lath, and shinmessage, Mr. Williams emphasized gles each year produced is not less the lack of definite tariff revision than \$700,000,000. These figures "with give some idea of how vast is the the exception of a little insignificant lumber industry and how great is

A glance at the kinds of lumber produced shows very clearly the voice against the very poison that passing of white pine and oak, one lies at the heart of your entire sys- the greatest softwood and the other the greatest hardwood which the forest has ever grown. Since 1899. the cut of white pine has fallen off more than 40 per cent, while that of white oak has fallen off more than 36 per cent. To day yellow pine leads all other woods in amount cut, while Douglas fir-and this will be a suprise to many-comes second. Since 1899 the cut of Douglas fir has increased 186 per cent. Louisiana is the foremost yellow pine State, with Texas, Mississippi, and Arkansas following in order. Washington produces by far the greate t amount of Douglas fir. A comparison of the lumber-pro-

ducing States shows that since 1899 leads, while Wisconsin, which eight years ago led alliothers, is now third. In the same period Oregon, Louis ians, Mississippi, Idaho, and California made great strides as lumberother hand, the amount produced in Michigan, Wiscopsin; Minnesota, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Indiana, and Ohio fell off anywhere from 29 to 54 per cent. The highest-priced native woods

are walnut, hickory, and ash, and the cheapest are larch and white fir. From the fact, however, that since 1899 the average increase in the price of lumber has been 49 per cent, it will not be long before cheap woods are few and far between. Figures upon the lumber cut of the United States in 1906 are con-

tained in Circular 122 of the Forest Service, which can be had upon application to the Forester, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

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