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OVERALLS.

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H. AS. A. SCOTT, Agent

Southern Live Stock Ins. Co.,

GRAHAM, N. C.

DEAR SIR:

We beg to acknowledge receipt of your favor of the 11th, enclosing check No. 10 for \$100, 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 8th inst.

We wish to thank you for the promptness in which your company has handled this loss and will say, in closing, 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.

Yours very truly,

SCOTT-MEBANE M'FG CO.,

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## Red Saunders

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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"If that's the way you look at it, I'm much obliged to you," said Red, who would not have discouraged such a feeling for anything. He said to himself, "This don't seem much like the kind of people I've heard inhabited these parts. Those boys are all right. Reckon if you use people decent they'll play up to your lead, no matter what country it is."

At 7:30 the fence was done, gorgeous in a coat of fresh red paint, and the hands departed, each with a slice of Miss Mattie's chocolate cake, a thing to make the heathen gods feel contemptuous of ambrosia.

"Good Lord!" he said a little later, "if you fellows will talk one at a time, I'll give you a hand." Now, Sammy, s'pose you do the speaking?"

Whereupon Sammy faithfully chronicled the events of the day. The boys had behaved themselves as if there was nothing out of the common happening while they were with Red, being held up by a sense of pride, but naturally the splendid physique of the cowboy, his picturesque attire, his abandoned way of scattering money around and the air of a frollic he had managed to impart to a day's hard work—all had effect on imagination, and the boys were very much excited.

"I'd like to know how many Injuns that fellow killed!" piped up the youngest. "Hi! He could grab hold of a man and wring his neck like a chicken."

"Aw, ist!" remonstrated the blacksmith. But the elders stood by the younger this time.

"Yes, he could, Mr. Farrell," said they. "You ought to see him when he rolled up his sleeves! He's got an arm on him like the hind leg of a horse, and he uses an axe like a tack hammer. He got mad once when he pounded his thumb and busted the post square in two with one crack."

"Well, he looks like a hunky man," admitted the blacksmith. "But why didn't you boys take the extra dollar when he made the offer? He seems to know what he was about, and it looks kind of foolish to say 'no' to it."

There was a moment's silence. "We wanted to show him we were just as good as the folks he knew," explained the eldest somewhat shamefacedly.

"The blacksmith straightened himself. "Quite right, too," said he. "We air when you come to that." A little pride is a wonderful tonic. Each man of that gathering felt himself the better for the display of it.

In the meantime Red was repairing the ravages of the day opposite Miss Mattie at a supper table which was bountifully spread. Miss Mattie put two and two together and found they meant a larger sum of eatables than she had hitherto felt sufficient, and, with a little pang at the thought of the inadequacy of her first offering to her cousin, provided such fatness as the land of Fairfield boasted.

They discussed the events of the day with satisfaction.

"My!" said Miss Mattie. "You do things wholesale while you are about it, Will, don't you?"

Red smiled in pleased acknowledgment. "I'm no peanut stand, old lady," said he. "I like to see things move."

These Miss Mattie broached the question she had been hovering around ever since her guests had taken their leave.

"He lives about three miles out on the Peterville road, but he's in town tonight visitin' Miss Aldrich, Johnny" to a small boy who had been following the conversation, his wide open eyes bent on Red and his mouth and wiggling bare toes expressing their delight in vigorous contentions. "Johnny, you run tell Mr. Upton there's a gentleman in here wants to see him about buying a horse."

"Don't disturb him if he's visitin'," remonstrated Red.

"He won't call that disturbing him," replied the postmistress, with a shrill laugh. "He'll be here in no time."

She was a true prophet. It seemed as if the boy had barely left the store when he returned with a stoop shouting.

"There they go!" piped up a shrill voice of the small boy brigade. "Right through Miss Davisses hen coops! You ought to see them hens fly!" The triumphant gleam in beyond the reach of words. Simultaneous squawking verified the remark as well as a feminine voice urging a violent protest, cut short by a scream of terror, and the slam of a door. The inhabitants of "Miss Davisses' house instantly appeared through the front door, seeking the street.

To show the erraticness of fate, no sooner had they reached the road than Red's mount cleared the parapet of the bridge in a single leap, a beautiful leap, and came down upon them in the road.

All got out of the way but a three-year-old, forgotten in the excitement. Upon this small lad, fallen flat in the road, bore the powerful man and horse. Then there were frantic cries of warning. Fifty feet between the youngster and those mangled hoofs—twenty-five! The crowd gasped. They were huddled together. No one's mighty hand had snatched the boy away in that instant of time. He was safe and very indignant in a howling, huffed heap in the ditch by the roadside, but alas for horse and rider! The buckskin was not used to such feats, and when Red's weight was thrown to the side for the reach he missed his stride, struck his feet together, and down they went, while the young man sprang into the air like an explosion.

Miss Mattie rushed to the scene of the accident, followed by everybody. Young Lettis, equally frightened, was close beside her.

"Oh, Will, are you killed?" she cried. And then a voice devoid of any signs of weakness, but loaded to the breaking point with wrath, told in such language as had never been heard in Fairfield that the owner was still much alive.

"Run away, Mattie! Run away and let me cuss!" shrieked Red. Miss Mattie collapsed into the arms of Lettis.

King John and McCarty. During a session of the territorial legislature of Montana a measure was introduced which involved grave constitutional questions, as it seemed to some. One orator declaimed quite fiercely against it, urging that it was clearly in opposition to the great principles of the Magna Charta which the young man in days of old had wrested from King John. Another legislator rose immediately to reply, determined to show that he for one was not to be overwhelmed by high sounding words or obscure allusions. Plunging at once into his subject, he declared with much vigor that it was time for the legislative bodies of Montana to think and act for themselves without reference to the opinions or principles of King John and his man McCarty.

Spilled His Appetite. "Well, how are you getting on with your French, my son?" asked the father at supper.

"Very well, sir," the lad replied. The father beamed with pleasure.

"Ask politely in French for some peas," he said.

There was an awkward pause.

"But, father, I don't want any peas."

Continued in Our Next.

FROM ROYAL GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

### Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, March 7, 1908.

Senator Tillman made valiant fight in the Senate this week to secure the adoption of a resolution calling on the Secretary and Treasurer for information regarding every loan made by the New York banks between June 1 and December 31, 1907. Mr. Tillman was opposed by Senators Aldrich, Depew and Hopkins, all of whom wanted it referred to the committee on Finance of which Mr. Aldrich is the chairman, where it will be either permanently buried or emasculated so that when it returns to the Senate it will fail wholly of its purpose, an exposition of the extent to which the New York banks were aiding and abetting the stock gamblers.

The week in the House was characterized by a monumental piece of hypocrisy on the part of the Republicans. Representative Hefflin, of Alabama offered an amendment to a street car bill for the District of Columbia, a "Jim Crow" provision. Most of the Democrats supported the amendment for the conduct of negroes on the street cars of that District constitutes perhaps the greatest nuisance with which its residents have to put up, but the motion afforded an opportunity to the Republicans to assert on the floor of the House their undying love for the negroes, an opportunity of which they were not slow to avail themselves. It is almost needless to say that the amendment was defeated.

Perhaps the most powerful speech made in the House this week was that of Representative Hitchcock of Nebraska, who made an eloquent appeal to the Speaker and the other Republican leaders to take the tariff off of wood pulp in order that the current robbing of the newspaper publishers by the paper trust might be stopped. He also referred to the fact that such a step would go a long way toward saving the rapidly vanishing forests of the United States. Speaker Cannon is, however, violently opposed to this measure and there is not the slightest chance that any relief will be afforded to those who have to buy white paper, by the members of this Congress.

It is announced unofficially that the finance committee of the Senate and the Ways and Means committee of the House will secure authority to sit during the recess of Congress and to take such steps as may seem wise with a view to revising the tariff next winter. It is, of course, unlikely that this work will be undertaken at the short session but it will probably occur at a special session to be called by the next President one year from now. The President will also co-operate with the leaders of his party in Congress by appointing a committee of Treasury experts to investigate and prepare a report on such administrative features of the law, as should, in their judgment be altered. Of course the sort of tariff revision the republicans will make can be judged by every reader of this paper. The McKinley tariff law furnishes some clue to the sort of tariff tinkering they call "revision", when almost every schedule was materially advanced. Mr. Aldrich as the head of the committee on finance, he who has been termed "the High Priest of protection" will be the final arbiter in all questions of dispute, and all those who are familiar with Mr. Aldrich's record can well appreciate that his maxim is always "when in doubt raise the tariff."

Speaking of tariff revision by the Republicans, some indication of their probable course is afforded by a recent interview with Representative Tawney, chairman of the committee on Appropriations, who says that the deficit in the national Treasury next year will amount to \$150,000,000, and that any changes in the tariff schedules must be made with a view to producing more revenue. Despite the fact that there is this large deficit, in sight, Speaker Cannon, who has cried economy

every time he has been asked to permit the passage of a really meritorious measure, is engineering through the House a widow's pension bill which will give to every woman who married an old soldier, whether he served ninety days or three years, a pension of \$12 a month.

This means an increase of the annual pension budget of \$12,000,000 or \$15,000,000 a year. And the worst of this legislation is that it will benefit chiefly women who married old soldiers to secure their pensions, many of them of questionable repute. Most of what might be termed the deserving widows of the veterans are already receiving pensions under the existing law. As one Republican Senator expressed it, "I suppose that \$15,000,000 is the price the American people must pay to gratify Uncle Joe Cannon's presidential aspirations."

This is what Hon. Jake Moore, State Warden of Georgia, says of Kodol For Dyspepsia. "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago Ill.—Dear Sirs—I have suffered for more than 20 years from indigestion. About eighteen months ago I had grown so much worse that I could not digest a crust of corn bread and could not retain anything on my stomach. I lost 25 lbs; in fact I made up my mind that I could not live but a short time, when a friend of mine recommended Kodol. I consented to try it to please him and I was better in one day. I now weigh more than I ever did in my life and am in better health than for many years. Kodol did it. I keep a bottle constantly, and write this hoping that humanity will be benefited. Yours very truly, Jake C. Moore, Atlanta, Aug. 10 1904." Sold by Graham Drug Co.

Most Ancient Condiment

New York Press.

Mustard is the most ancient of condiments. The Egyptians regarded it as an aid to digestion. The Asians ate it freely. It was sold by peddlers in Solomon's time. Christ likened the Kingdom of Heaven to a mustard seed. The Normans and Anglo-Saxons in the earliest times never went to war without an ample supply of prepared mustard. It was their food and medicine. The plant seems to thrive in all parts of the world, and is eaten by every civilized nation and many heathen tribes, either as a spring salad (the young leaves are most delicious) or a seasoning prepared from the ground seed.

Order some mustard from your grocer. What will you get? A little 10 cent bottleful of brownish paste that has an agreeable aroma, but is not really pungent. It is called by its French name, "moutarde," but is made right here in New York. Ten cents a bottle. It tastes good to a child, but is not all mustard. Like the black pepper of today, the mustard seeds are deprived of their hulls and only the inside is used for the mustard of commerce. The best part is thrown away or made into mustard plasters, leaving a weak almost characterless flour. This is rendered reliable by the addition of common wheat flour, turmeric, salt, vinegar, and sometimes horse radish. Also by "and so forth," which constitutes a mystery and a menace. To make it hot for older people with seasoned stomachs, capsicum is plentifully used.

Do Not Crowd The Season.

The first warm days of spring bring with them a desire to get out and enjoy the exhilarating air and sunshine. Children that have been huddled up all winter are brought out and wonder where they all came from. The heavy winter clothing is thrown aside and many shed their flannels. Then a cold wave comes and people say that grip is epidemic. Colds at this season are even more dangerous than in mid-winter, as there is much more danger of pneumonia. Take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, however, and you will have nothing to fear. It always cures, and we have never known a cold to result in pneumonia when it was used. It is pleasant and safe to take. Children like it. For Sale by Virginia Drug Co.

The Virginia Senate has occurred in the House bill for the execution of all death sentences at the penitentiary in Richmond, by electricity, thus abolishing hanging in that State.

Best Healer In The World.

Rev. F. Starbird, of East Raymond, Maine, says: "I have used Bucklen's Arnica Salve for several years, on my old stony wound, and other obstinate sores, and find it the best healer in the world. I used it too with great success in my veterinary business." Price 25c at Graham Drug Co.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures colds, prevents pneumonia.

## Ask Your Own Doctor

If he tells you to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for your severe cough or bronchial trouble, then take it. If he has anything better, then take that. We have great confidence in this medicine. So will you, when you once know it.

The best kind of a testimonial—  
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SARSAPARILLA PILLS  
HAIR VIGOR.

We have no secret. We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

Keep the bowels open with one of Ayer's pills at bedtime, just once.

## Remember Headaches

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

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cures colds, prevents pneumonia.



At seven-thirty the fencible was done.

weak side of her desire forward in order to rest more securely if that stood the test.

"No, I don't," agreed Red. "But here's the way I feel about that: I want to be doing something according to my size; besides that, it would be a good thing for the place if some kind of a live doings was to start here. All right, that's my side of it. Now, as far as not knowing that young fellow's concerned, I might think I knew him from cyclone cellar to roof tree, and he might do me to a crowded house. My idea is that life's a good deal like fare—you know how that is."

"I remember about his not letting the people go, but I'm afraid I don't know any Bible as well as I ought to."



"I just stopped in to find out if you knew any one that had a riding horse for sale."

dered, solemn faced man, who had a brush heap of chin whisker decorating the lower part of his face. After greetings and the explanation of the errand, Mr. Upton stroked his chin whisker regretfully. "Young man," said he, "I'm in a peculiar and unpleasant position. There's mighty few things I wouldn't do in a hawse trade, but I draw the line on murder. That there hawse'll kill you, just 's sure as you're fool enough to put yourself on his back. I'll sell you a real hawse mighty reasonable."

"I'll risk him, cut in Red. "Could you lead him down here in the morning?"

"Yes, indeed—he's a perfect lady of a horse to lead—you can pick up airy foot—climb all over him, in fact—s'long's you don't try to ride him or hitch him up. If you do that—well, young man, you'll get a pretty fair idea of what is meant by one of the demons of hell."

"What kind of saddle have you got?"

"One of them outlandish western affairs that the scamp threw in with the animal—you see, I thought I'd take up horseback riding for my health; I was in bed three weeks after my first try."

"I'll go you \$75 for the outfit, just as you got it—chaps, taps and latigo straps, if you'll have it in front of my house at 9 o'clock tomorrow."

"All right, young man; all right, sir. Now don't blame me if you air took home shoes fast."

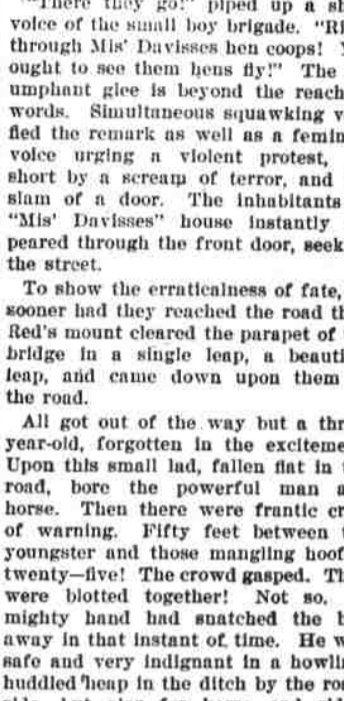
"Nary," said Red. "Come and see the fun."

"I shorly will," replied the old gentleman.

CHAPTER VII.

AT 9 the next morning there was a crowd in front of the house.

"What have you been doing now, Will?" asked Miss Mattie, with prescience.



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