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# Red Saunders

HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

"If that's the way you look at it, I'm much obliged to you," said Red, who would not have discouraged such 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 n a coat of fresh red paint, and the hands departed, each with a slice of Miss Mattle's chocolate cake, a thing to make the heathen gods feel

contemptuous of ambrosia... They went straight to the blacksmith's shop, where they were anxiously expected.

"Good Lord!" he said a little later, "if you fellers will talk one at a time, p'r'aps I can make out what's happened. Now, Sammy, s'p'ose 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 cowman, his picturesque attire, his abandoned way of scattering money around and the air of a frolic he had managed to impart to a day's hard work-all had effect on imagination, and the boys were very much ex-

"I'd like to know how many Injuns that feller's killed!" piped up the youngest. "Hy! He could grab hold of a man and wring his neck like a chicken." "Aw, tst!" remonstrated the black-

But the elders stood by the younker this time. "Yes, he could, Mr. Farrel!" said "You ought to seen 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 ax like a tack

hammer. He got mad once when he pounded his thumb and busted the ost square in two with one crack." "Well, he looks like a husky man," admitted the blacksmith. "But why didn't you boys take the extry dollar when he made the offer? He 'pears 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.

the ravages of the day opposite Miss Mattie at a supper table which was bountifully spread. Miss Mattle 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 Mattle. "You do things wholesale while you are about

it, Will, don't you?" Red smiled in pleased acknowledg-"I'm no peanut stand, old ment. lady," said he. "I like to see things

Then Miss Mattle broached the question she had been hovering around ever since her guests had taken their "Do you think you'll really go into business with that young man who

was here to dinner?" she asked. "Why, I think it's kinder likely," said Red. "But you don't know anything about him, Will," she continued, putting the

weak side of her desire forward in or-

"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 this 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 fel-ler's concerned, I might think I knew from cyclone cellar to roof tree, My idea is that life's a good -you know how that is." "I remember about his not letting angels weep.

"I remember about his not letting angels weep.

"Where does this man live?" asked whom my Bible as well as I ought to.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY McCLURE, PHILLIPS & COMPANY Will," apologized Miss Mattle, rathe

> astonished at his allusion "Let the people go? Bible?" cried Red, laying down his knife and fork. still more astonished at her allusion. Will you kindly tell me what that has to do with faro bank? Girl, one of us is full of ghost songs, and far, far off the reservation. What in the name of Brigham Young's off-ox are you talking about?"

"Why, you spoke of Pharach, Will, and I can remember about his holding the children of Israel captive, and the plagues, but I really don't see just how it applies."

"Oh!" said Red, as a great light broke upon him. "Oh, I see what you're thinking about. The old boy who corralled the Jews and made 'em work for the first and last time in their history, and they filled him full of fleas and darkness and all kinds of unpleasant experiences to break even? Well, I was not talking about him at all. My faro is a game played with a layout and a pack of cards and a little tin box that you ought to look at carefully before you put any money on the board, to see that it ain't arranged for dealing seconds; and there's a lookout and a case keeper and-well, I don't believe I could tell you just how it works, but some day I'll make a layout and we'll have some fun. It's a bully game, but I say, it's a great deal like life-the splits go to the dealer; that is to say, that if the king comes out to win and lose at the same time, you lose anyhow, see?"

"No," said Miss Mattie truthfully. Red thrust his fingers through his hair and sighed. "I'm afraid I know too much about it to explain it clearhe replied. "But what I mean is this: Some people try to play system at faro, and they last about as quick as those that don't. I always put the limit on the card that's handlest, and the game don't owe me a cent. As a matter of fact, some of the tin horns used to wear a pained expression when they saw me coming across the room. I've split 'em from stem to keelson more than once and never used a copper in my life. Played 'em wide open the time. Now," and he brought his fist down on the table, "I'm going to play that young man wide open, and I'll bet you I don't lose by him neither. He looks as honest as a mastiff pup for all be dresses kind of nice. I might just as well try him on the fly as to go lunk heading around and get stuck anyhow, with the unsatisfactory addition of feeling that I was

a fool as well as confiding." Most of the argument had been ancient Aryan to Miss Mattie, but the ring of the voice and the little she understood made the tenor plain. A sudmoisture gathered in her eyes as

she said: "You're too good and honest and generous a man to distrust anybody. That's what I think, Will." "Mattle, I wish you wouldn't talk like that," said he in an injured voice.

"It ain't hardly respectable." After which there was a silence for a short time. Then said Miss Mattie,

"Do you think you could content yourself here, Will, after all the things you've seen?" Red brightened at the change of

topic. "I'll tell you how that is. If I hadn't any capital and had to work here as a poor man, I don't believe I'd take the trouble to try and live. I'd smother. But, having that pleasant little crop of long greens securely planted in the bank where the wild time doesn't grow and thusly being able to cavort around as it sweetly pleases me, why, I like the country. It's sport to take hold of a place like this that's only held together by its suspenders and try to make a real live man's town out of it."

Miss Mattle drew a deep breath of "You came like the hero in a relief. fairy story, Will, and I was afraid you'd go away like one," she said. He reached across the table and patted her hand. "You'd have had to gone, too," said he. "The family 'll

stick together." She thanked him in a soft little voice. "Dear me," she murmured, "It floes seem that you've been here year, Will!"

"Never was told that I was such slow company before." "You know perfectly well that that sn't what I mean."

"Well, you'll have to put up with me for awhile whatever I am, inso-much as I'm to be a manufacturer and the Lord knows what. Then some day I'm going to have an awful hankering for the land where the breeze blows, and then we'll take a shute for open prairie. It's cruelty to animals for me to straddle a horse now, yet there's where I'm at home, and I'm going to buy me a cayuse of some kind. Say, I ought to get at that. If I'm going around with Lettis I want to ride a horse. Know anybody that's got a real live horse for sale, Mattie? No? Well, I'll stop in and see the lady that deals the mail. I'll bet you what that woman doesn't know about what's going on in this camp will nev-er get into history. Be back right

Said he to the postmistress: "My name's Saunders, ma'am—cousin to Miss Mattie. I just stopped in to find out if you knew any one that had a riding horse for sale-horse with four good legs that'll carry me all day, and about the rest I don't care a frolic-

The postmistress replied at such length and with such velocity that Red was amused. He gathered from ber remarks that a certain Mr. Upton hed an animal, purchased of a chance horse dealer, which it was altogether likely he would dispose of, as the first time he had tried the brute it went up into the air all sorts of ways, and sed the owner to perform such caused the owner to perform such tricks before high heaven as made the

gling bare toes expressing their delight in vigorous contertions, "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 visiting," 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 bare, oft the store



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

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 pecooliar and onpleasant position. There's mighty feyew 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 yer self 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 morn-"Yes, indeedy-he's a perfect lady of a horse to lead-you can pick up

airy foot-climb all over him, in fac'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 idee of what is meant by one of the demons of hell." "What kind of saddle have you

"One of them outlandish western af fairs 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 fust try."

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 fust."

"Nary," said Red. "Come and see the fun. "I shorely will," replied the old gen tleman.

CHAPTER VII.

r 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.

"Only buying a horse, Mattle," re turned Red soberly. "Seems to be quite an event here.". "Is that all?"

"That's all, so help me Bob!" Red had a suspicion that there would be objections if she knew what kind of a horse it was.

Lettis, who had roomed with Red overnight, was in the secret. The horse arrived, leading

quietly, as Mr. Upton had said. It was a buckskin, fat and hearty from long resting. Nothing could be more docile than the pensive lower lip and the meek curve of the neck. Nothing could be more contradictory than the light of its eye, a brooding, baleful fire, quietly biding its time. "Scatter, friends!" cried Red as b

put his foot in the stirrup. "Don't be too proud to take to timber!" He swung over as lightly as a trapeze performer, deftly catching his

other stirrup. The horse groaned and

"Don't let him get his head down! Gol ding it! Don't you!" screamed Mr. Upton in wild excitement.

Red threw the bridle over the horn of the saddle. "Go it, you devil!" cried he. And they went. Six feet straight in the air, first pass. The crowd scattered, as requested. They hurried at that. Red gave the brute the benefit of his 250 as they touched earth, and his opponent grunted when he felt the jar of it. They rocketed and ricochetted; they were here, they were there, they were everywhere, the buckskin squealing like a pig and fight ing with every ounce of the strength that lay in his steel strung legs. The dust rose in clouds; Red's hat flew-in no time; be was yelling like a maniac and the crowd was yelling like more manlacs. Now and then a glimpse of the rider's face could be caught, transported with joy of the struggle; then the dust would roll up and hide everything. No one was more pleased at

the spectacle than the blacksmith. He was capering in the middle of the road, waving a hand hammer and shouting: "Hold him down! Hold him down! Why do you let him jump up like that? If I was on that horse I'd show you! Aw, there it is again. Stop him! Stop him!"-

Stop him! Stop him!" At this point the buckskin made three enormous leaps for the black-smith, as though he had understood. The smith cost elignity to the winds and went over the pearest fence in the style that little legs when coasting call "stometh whopper," or words to

"He lives about three miles out on two minutes later. He might have the Peterville road, but he's in town saved the labor, as the horse wheeled tonight visitla' Miss Alders. Johnny!" on one foot and pulled fairly for the to a small boy who had been following picket fence opposite. Red regretted the conversation, his wide open eyes the absence of herders as the sharp bent on Red and his mouth and wigpickets loomed near. It was no time for regrets. The horse was over with but little damage-a slight scratch; enough to rouse his temper, however, for he whaled away with both hind feet, and parts of the far landed a hundred feet off. Then a sh through an ancient grape arbor, and they were lost to view of the road. Some reckless small boys compered after, but the majority preferred to trace the progress of the conflict by the aboriginal "Yerhoops" that came from some where in behind the old houses. when he returned with a stoop shoul-

"There they go!" piped up a shrill voice of the small boy brigade. "Right through Mis' Davisses hen coops! You ought to see them hens fly!" The triumphant gice is beyond the reach of words. Simultaneous squawking verifled 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 "Mis' Davisses" house instantly appeared through the front door, seeking

To show the erraticalness 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 mangling hoofstwenty-five! The crowd gasped. They were blotted together! Not so, A mighty hand had snatched the boy away in that instant of time. He was safe and very indignant in a howling huddled 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 h missed his stride, struck his feet to gether, and down they went, while the foot deep dust sprang into the air like an explosion.

Miss Mattle rushed to the scene o 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 Mattle collapsed into the arms of Let-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

King John and McCarty. During a session of the territoria legislature of Montana a measure was ntroduced which involved grave cor stitutional questions, as it seemed to some. One orntor declaimed quite fiercely against it, urging that it wa clearly in opposition to the great prin ciples of the Magna Charta which the brave barons in days of old had wrest rose immediately to reply, determined to show that he for one was not to b 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 legisla tive bodies of Montana to think and act for themselves without reference to the opinions or principles of King John

Spoiled 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. It was in the days before rallways telephones and telegraph lines had reached the interior of Pennsylvania, and news traveled slowly. There had been a presidential election, and everybody was anxious to learn the result. A crowd had collected at the postoffic in one of the villages, waiting for the evening mail to come in from a sta tion sixteen miles distant. At last a man emerged from the office with paper in his hand, and a number of citizens gathered about the man and waited in breathless silence until be had finished reading and had thrown the paper in the air with a shout of exultation. Then several citizens de manded: "What's the news? Who's elected?"

"Elected nothing," replied the man Esmeralda Fitzhugh married Regi hald Abercromble after all." Then it was discovered that the man

had been reading the concluding chapters of a love story in a New York weekly.-Lippincott's.

It Didn't Come Natural. A Russian moujik sat in the ante room of the military commission of his town with an auxious frown on his face. A friend approached and said:
"What is the matter, Plotr?"

"I am worried," Piotr answered "about my son. I don't know what to say when the commissioner asks me about his age. You see, if I make him out younger than he is he will be sent back to school, and if I make him out older they'll stick him in the army What the deuce am I to do?" "How would it do if you told the

Plotr slapped his leg and laughed "The very thing!" he cried. "I never thought of that."

commissioner his exact age?

For as we dream of blies that is to be

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 informatton regarding every loan made by the New York banks between June 1 and December 31,

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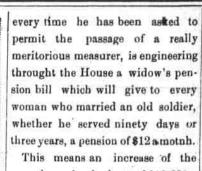
1907. Mr. Tillman was opposed by Senators Aldrich, Depew and Hopkins, all of whom wanted it referred to the committee on Finance of which Mr. Aldrich is the chairman, where it will be either permanently buried or emasculated so that when it returns to the Senate it will fail wholly of its purpose. an 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 hypocrasy on the part of the Re-

publicans. Representative Hefflin, of Alabama offered an amendament 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 The plant seems to thrive in all appeal to the Speaker and the oth. parts of the world, and is eaten by er Republican leaders to take the every civilized \ nation and many tariff off of wood pulp in order that heathen tribes, either as a spring the current robbing of the newspa- salad (the young leaves are most per publishers by the paper trust delicious) or a seasoning prepared might be stopped. He also refer. from the ground seed. red to the fact that such a step would | Order some mustard from your go a long way toward saving the grocer. What will you get? A litrapidly vanishing forrests of the tle 10 cent bottleful of brownish United States. Speaker Cannon is, paste that has an agreeable aroma. however, violently opposed to this but is not really pungent. It is measure and there is not the slight. called by its French name. "muoest chance that any relief will be af. tarde," but is made right here in forded to those who have to buy New York. Ten cents a bottle. white paper, by the members of this Congress.

the finance Committee of the Senate prived of their hulls and only the and the Ways and Means commit. inside is used for the mustard of tee of the House will secure authority to sit during the recess of Con. away or made into mustard plasters. gress and to take such steps as may leaving a weak almost characterless seem wise with a view to revising flour. This is rendered relishable the tariff next winter. It is, or by the addition of common wheat course, unlikely that this work will flour, turmeric, salt, vinegar, and be undertaken at the short session but it will probably occur at a special session to be called by the next | mystery and a menace. To make President one year from now. The it hot for older people with seasoned President will also co-operate with stomachs, capsicum is plentifully the leaders of his party in Congress used. 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 housed up all winter are brought republicans will make can be ju dged 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 and you will have nothing to fear. of protection" will be the final arbiter in all questions of dispute, and all those who are familiar mith Mr-Aldrich's record can well appreciate that his maxim is always "when in doubt raise the tariff."

tive Tawney, chairman of the com- State. mittee on Appropriations, who sava that the delict 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 ham Drug Co's



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 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. De-Witt & 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 recom.nended 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 botle constantly, and write this hoping that humanity will be benefited. Yours very truly, Jake C. Moore,

### Most Ancient Condiment

Mustard is the most ancient of condiments. The Egpytains 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 or 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.

It tastes good to a child, but is not all mustard. Like the black pepper It is appounced unofficially that of today, the mustard seeds are decommerce. The best part is thrown sometimes horse radish. Also by "and so forth," which constittues a

### Do Not Crowd The Season

The first warm days of spring bring with them a desire to get out and enjoy the exhilirating air and sunshine. Children that have been out and you 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 Champerlain's Cough Remedy, however, It slways 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 Graham Drug Co.

The Virginia Senate has concurred Speaking of tariff revision by the in the House bill for the execution Republicans, some indication of of all death sentences at the penitheir probable course is afforded by tentiary in Richmond, by electricia recent interview with Representa- ty, thus abolishing hanging in that

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