

Tutt's Pills

stimulate the TORPID LIVER, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels, and are unequalled as an ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE, in malarial districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess peculiar properties in freeing the system from that poison. Elegantly sugar coated.

Take No Substitute.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. WILL S. LONG, JR.

DENTIST

Graham, N. C., North Carolina

OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING

JACOB A. LONG, J. ELMER LONG,

LONG & LONG,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law

GRAHAM, N. C.

J. S. COOK,

Attorney-at-Law,

GRAHAM, N. C.

Office Patterson Building

Second Floor.

C. A. HALL,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,

GRAHAM, N. C.

Office in the Bank of Alamance

Building, up stairs.

HENRY W. BYNUM, JR.,

BYNUM & BYNUM,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Practice regularly in the courts of Ala-

amance county.

Aug. 2, 1914

ROBT C. STRUDWICK

Attorney-at-Law,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Ala-

amance and Guilford counties.

Land Sale!

By authority of an order of the Superior

Court of Alamance county, made in a special

proceeding thereon pending, in which J. F.

Winnick is administrator of the estate of

John Shaw, plaintiff, and W. A. Shaw, et al.,

are defendants, I will sell at public auc-

tion to the best bidder, the following describ-

ed land, at the court house door, in Graham,

North Carolina, at 10 o'clock, m., on

MONDAY, DEC. 7, 1908.

To-wit: A parcel of tract of land situate in

Newtownship, Alamance county, North

Carolina, adjoining the lands of J. A. Shaw,

John A. Foust, Mrs. Julia C. Opper and others

and containing

37 ACRES.

more or less.

The third cash, balance in six (6)

months and deferred payment to bear inter-

est from date of sale at rate of per cent

per annum with privilege of prepayment at

cash on date of sale, and title reserved until

purchase in full. W. WINNICK, Adm'r.

Long & Long, Attorneys.

Heart Strength

Heart strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve

Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more, no-

thing less. Not one weak heart in a hundred is in-

terfered with. It is almost always a

hidden little nerve that really is all at fault.

It is the nerve that controls the heart's

action, and must have more power, more

strength, more controlling more governing

power, more control, more control, more

control, more control, more control, more

control, more control, more control, more

control, more control, more control, more

control, more control, more control, more

control, more control, more control, more

control, more control, more control, more

A Poem for Today

YOUTH AND AGE

By Susan Coolidge

Youth could know what age knows without teaching.
Hope's instability and Love's dear folly,
The difference between practicing and preaching,
The quiet charm that lurks in melancholy,
The after bitterness of tasted pleasure;
That temperance of feeling and of words
Is health of mind, and the calm fruits of leisure
Have sweeter taste than feverish lust affords;
That reason has a joy beyond unreason;
That nothing antidotes the soul like truth;
That kindness conquers in and out of season—
If youth could know—why, youth would not be youth.

If age could feel the uncalculating urgency,
The pulse of life that beats in youthful veins,
And with its swift, resistless ebb and surge
Make light of difficulties, sport and pains;
Could once, just once, retrace the path and find it,
That lovely, foolish zeal, so crude, so young,
Which bids defiance to all laws to bind it
And dashes in quick eye and limb and tongue,
Which, counting down for gold, is rich in dreaming,
And, reckoning means as ends, is never cold,
And, having naught, has everything in seeming—
If age could do all this, age would not old.

Finding Is Keeping.

By MARTHA McCULLOCK-WILLIAMS.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Lisabeth climbed into the rambout

and sent Meg down the road at a clip-

ping pace. There was a certain like-

ness betwixt the girl and the mare.

Both showed blood; both were hand-

some in unusual fashion. Lisabeth

was a Spanish blood, and her face

was vivid as an autumn flower. Thus

Meg's copper red coat and flaxen mane

and tail brought her beautifully into

the picture.

"I don't see why mammy and the

colonel never will pull together," Lis-

abeth complained to Meg when they

were safe in the big road. Meg was

her only confidant, her nearest com-

rade.

"If only they ever did agree I might

give up to them," Lisabeth went on

plaintively. "Since they won't I have

to stand up for my own way. They'd

hate each other forever if they thought

I was partial."

The big road swept in a long curve

halfway round the plantation. Lis-

abeth caught glimpses of the white

house, with tall red chimneys, nestling

among the trees, all along throughout

the first mile.

Several times she smiled at the

house; once she shook her fist, saying,

with a frown: "Oh, you look good, but

you're just the same as a prison!"

"I can't do anything I want to do, be-

cause I'm going some day to be mis-

tress of Willow Wand. But that isn't

the very worst—I must marry some-

body fit to be master there—if ever

they find such a paragon. I won't do

it! I won't! I won't! I'll run away

with a drummer man or even a gypsy

—if I like him."

Lisabeth was nineteen, vital to her

finger tips, an only child, and truth to

say, rather badly spoiled.

"They fight so, Meg," Lisabeth ran

on, more than ever plaintive—"my

mammy and the colonel. He gets up

by breakfast time he has thought up

a brand new reason why I ought to

marry that Kinross thing." (Type can

never express the curl here at Lis-

abeth's lips.) "And he fires it at mam-

my as she gives him his coffee—and

spoils her appetite always—and makes

her cry sometimes. But she gets on

with something good and better in

Hump Dillard. Oh, Lord! Fancy liv-

ing with a body named Hump! I hear

myself saying, 'Humpy, dear,' or 'My

Humpy sugar lump! I have my opin-

ion of folks who would go and name

a boy child Humphreys—don't care if

the name has been in the family forty

thousand years."

She fell silent a little while. The

road ran on down. Lee's hill, which

was half a mass of clay

bedded round bowlders. One could

drive over it safe enough if only one

knew how; also if one's horse were

clear footed and true pulling.

Evidently a passenger had essayed

coming up it who lacked all these

things. Halfway down the hill upon

a small gravelly bench there was an

overturned buggy with one half sit-

ting, half lying beneath it, casting re-

flex glances alternately at the vehicle

and the horse, whose head barely

showed above the depths of a roadside

gully.

The horse whickered appealingly to

Meg, who answered with the least

faint whinny. Lisabeth stopped oppo-

site the stranger, leaned a little to-

ward him, saying in her father's most

judicial tone: "Um! Can't you pick

yourself up after your spill?"

"Certainly I can. I'm doing this all

for a lack of control," the stranger re-

sponded, pointing to his forehead,

bleeding from a long gash, then on to

a foot lying helpless in front of him.

A small brass bound trunk a little

beyond explained his plight. In the

spill it had somehow fallen upon his

ankle, breaking it. "It was a

simple trunk, Lisabeth decided in-

stantly. "Therefore the stranger was a

drummer."

He served him right for trying to go

cross country without a driver and

with only a single horse, but that was

no more than a feeble thought. She

was giggling so inside as she thought

what the colonel would say to him.

"Certainly I can," the stranger said

with a grin. "I was admitted they

had their own. Notwithstanding they

would not raise so much as a special

drummer. Lisabeth checked him as

he got out and approached him, say-

ing: "I'm real sorry your hurt. At

first I thought you were only."

"Drunk," the stranger supplemented

as she passed, coloring deeply. She

smiled. "But I'll spare you spokes-

will say?"

"It doesn't matter. I say 'Yes.'" Lis-

abeth whispered. "Still, I believe they

won't make much fuss about it."

Vocation and Avocation.

The word "vocation" is derived from

the Latin *vocare*, I call, calling, calling

away or diverting; avocation, calling

away or diverting. A man's calling or

vocation is that for which he has pre-

pared himself, for which he is fitted or

for which he has received a call, as we

say especially in regard to a religious

vocation. But when a man is called

away—avocatus—from his regular

employment and engages in a diversion or

recreation of any kind the word avoca-

tion applies to such diversion or call-

ing away. "The recreation may be of a

very serious nature, as some profound

study or arduous work, but it is not his

vocation. The schoolboy has no voca-

tion. He is fitting himself for one.

But he may have many avocations.

Gladstone's vocation was statesman-

ship; among his avocations were the

study of the classics, making transla-

tions, and sometimes chopping down

trees.—London M. A. P.

A Small Girl's Philosophy.

The small daughter of the house was

sent to bed early the other evening as

punishment for some act contrary to

rules and regulations. After she had

been tucked in bed for some time and

was supposed to sleep the youngster

called her father and told him she

wished he would go ahead and spank

her and have it over with instead of

sending her off in that way.

"This lying in bed never's going to

make me any better," she said, "and

a good spanking would. Besides, it

makes me so mad I can't sleep, and so

what's the use of it?"—Cleveland Plain

Dealer.

One Way of Looking at It.

"Look at this, will you?" exclaimed

the real estate and house renting op-

timist. "In this paper there is a rec-

ord of eighty-seven marriage licenses

issued yesterday."

"Well, what of it?" said his partner,

the pessimist of the firm, who was

leaning back in a chair with his hat

pulled down over his eyes.

"Why of it?" asked the other.

"Can't you see? Those eighty-seven

marriage licenses mean eighty-seven

marriages. The eighty-seven marriages

will lead to eighty-seven inquiries for

houses, flats or at least eligible apart-

ments. It's bound to stimulate busi-

ness in our line, and we'll get our

share."

"That doesn't follow at all. Those

eighty-seven licenses represent 174

persons, don't they?"

"Yes."

"Probably all adults?"

"Undoubtedly. What of it?"

"Nothing," growled the pessimist,

"except that 174 persons who have

hitherto occupied 174 apartments will

hereafter occupy eighty-seven! You

give me a pain! Go away!"—London

Answers.

Last in the Malls.

"England," said a man who dislikes

that country, "is notorious for its tan-

gles of official red tape. Let me illus-

A TRIPLE SURPRISE.

It Came With a Pleasant Cutting in a New Auto Car.

A well known author, who for some

years has been an enthusiastic ad-

mirer of the automobile, had an amus-

ing experience, which she describes

in the Bohemian. A new model al-

ways attracted her attention, she de-

clares, and when she came out of the

New York hotel where she was stay-

ing and saw a fine new