SICK HEADACHE, cause the food to assimilate and n ish the body, give keen appetite,

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Mamma, go to Thompson Drug Co.'s and get a alcohol flame and it burned beneath box of Mother's Joy and the copper kettle Christopher sighed. a bottle of Goose Grease Liniment. : : : : : .

You can't afford to be without these in your house. MOTHERS' Joy is made of pure Goose Grease and Mutton Suet with the most costly medicines known : :

PAIN

hiton.

If you have a headashe, it's blood pressure.

If you have a headashe, it's blood pressure.

If you are sleepless, resiless, nervous, if's blood convestion—blood pressure. That surely is a establist, for Dr. Shoop's Headashe Tabless stoog in 20 minutes, and the tabless simply distribute its umatural blood pressure.

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band to the undersigned upon the estate of William A. Whasher door A. he keesby notices all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate satisface and all persons holding claims against same to present them duly substantiament as of the person holding claims against same to present the int day of substantiament as no re before the last day of substantiament as not repeated in last of their recovery. This last of their recovery. This

who was bending over her mother. The older woman revived immediately H Poem for Today

THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT !

By Frederick William Faber

ARK, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore. How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing. Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea, And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary; The day must dawn and darksome night be past;

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping: Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above, Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping

The Road to Arcady. By TEMPLE BAILEY.

······

"How very extraordinary!" said Christopher Kent. He sat up and surveyed the red covered cart drawn by a very plump pony hat had stopped by the side of the road.

A girl in a smart costume of tan covert climbed down from the front seat and led the pony out of the shafts, tied him with a long tether so that he might crop the julcy sod and then, returning once more to the cart, helped a somewhat fragile but smiling lady to descend.

"Well, of all things!" said Christopher helplessly.

But words failed him as he watched the further proceedings of the girl in

From the depths of the cart she brought forth a little folding table, which she proceeded to set up in a place screened from the gaze of passing folk by a hedge of wild honey

On the table the girl set a shining copper kettle, two cups, two plates, a small teapot and various tin boxes and little glass jars, whose gay labels pro-

"It's a picnic," the young man de-cided, and as the older lady lighted the In ten minutes he was due at the Sunset inn for his supper. He would eat it with the test of the surveying party of which he was the head. They

would have fried ham and boiled pota toes and ple, and the only woman would be the girl who waited on the table and who was big and frouzy and And here within a stone's throw of

where he lay under the great oak were two ladies making tea as daintily as if they were in their drawing room.

He laid down his book. "It's a ro

mantic situation," he reflected, "and far be it from me to evade it." With that he stepped jauntily into the open. He saw the girl lift ber head and look at him, and as he went toward her she rose and came forward.

"I am so glad," she said, "to see ome one who will tell me if there is a lace near here where I can get oats for my pony. I gave him the last this morning.

"I was just coming," Christopher replied gravely, "to find if there was anything I could do for you. It is an musual circumstance, I might say a great treat, to see ladles up here. I felt that I must offer you the hospitality of the mountain road-the keys of

our city, as it were." The girl gave him a quick giance noting the strength of the tall figure and his air of good breeding. "I am sure," she said, "that you are very kind, and now if you will tell me your name I will present you to my mother,

Mrs. Ames. The older lady acknowledged the inreduction genially.
"You must stay and have ten with
us," she said. "I am afraid we can't offer you much but thined things. But they are really good, and Eleanor wa thie to get some eggs and some lettuce this morning, so she is going to have salad and make an omelet in the

chafing dish." "Then your picnic has been an all iny affair?" was Christopher's ques

"It has been an affair of two nonths," Mrs. Ames said, with a smile. We live in the cart." "You live"- Words falled the oung man as he looked at the two

insectul women, each with the indeeltered woman. It seemed incredible that they should

trust themselves alone in the mountain wilds with their pony and their frail But the daughter was explaining.
But the daughter was explaining she emilingly. We lost everything," she said, "in the panic last fall. And mother's health falled at the same

time. The doctor and that she must have the mountain air, and we had the pony-he was a pet from my listle girl days so we bought the cart and start-ed on a trip of adventure.
"We have been on the road two months and haven't had a single un-comfortable experience. Mother has gained ten pounds, and we have had a

"But isn't it a bit dangerous?" Kent "We were a little scared at first,"
Eleanor admitted, "especially at night.
There was always an owl to hoot or a

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,

And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing. The music of the gospel leads us home.

Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary, And heaven, the true heart's home, will come at last.

And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

dog to how! or a freg to croak, but after we got used to it we slept like bables." Kent shook his head. "There's a

pretty tough class among the miners up here. It's different lower down, where you come in touch only with agricultural communities. But some of these men are very ignorant and very rough." "Please," the girl cautioned, "please

don't tell us about them. We want to reach t'.. of the mountain, and I afraid." She was making the omelet as she talked, turning it expertly with a thin knife and taking it up when it was

puffy and brown. "It is a food fit for the gods," Kent commented when she had served it with the salad and cream cheese and grackers.

"If you only knew," he continued "how good it seems to eat once more of the food of civilization. You should see the cooking we have at the Sunset fnn."

"This is the food of Arcady," Eleanor told him. "Mother and I call this the perfect land. And tomorrow we shall reach the heights!"

The way she said it thrilled Kent with a new emotion. How beautiful she was with the dreams in her eyes! "You must let me watch over you while you are here," he said after a silence. 'I am afraid some of these half savage foreigners may make it unpleasant when they know you are unprotected."

"Indeed we are safe," she protested. Every one we meet has treated us with fine courtesy." But he was not convinced, and all

that night he slept on the ground within calling distance of the red cart. The next day the pony drew the red cart to the top of the mountain, and there the ladies set up a permanent

camp, facing the sunset, with the val eys stretching far below them. Every day Christopher Kent climbed the forest road, taking with him some times a fish that he had caught in the

stream or a brace of birds to be broiled over the fire.

And niways the two lonely wome welcomed him, Mrs. Ames frankly and Eleanor with a dawning shyness that gave him hope.
"I have had a bit of good fortune,

be told the girl one morning eagerly. My uncle has written that when I go back in December I am to have a part interest in his business. It means big income and a settled place for

"And you won't come again to the nountain?' she asked. "No, my work will be done in town.

She sat very still, looking off over the valley. "Poor mountain!" she said "How lonely it will be when we are gone and the winter comes!" She shivered a little. "It's such

gray October day," she added, "What are your plans?" he ques

"Mine? Oh, I don't know!" a little frearily. "When I can leave mother I will go to work. In the meantime we will live with a distant cousin." It was on his tongue to tell her how he loved her, but he felt that this was

ne the time or the place. Here be must be her protector, not her lover. That night be could not sleep, and at last he rose and looked out of the indow. The wind mouned and sigh ed in the trees; the moon was over cast by clouds. Somewhere in the distance be heard a drunken song. As he listened the song grew fainter ome of the miners were going up the

He dressed hurriedly and followed As he came near the little camp he

er came into the circle of Christopher came into the circle of the firelight on a run. A half dozen warthy men were grouped about the ony. Within the cart cowered Mrs. Ames. Eleanor stood on the back step and pointed her pistol straight at the

snariing crowd.

She was enveloped in a long raincoat, and her hair was braided into
two long golden ropes. She looked like
a child, with her white face and slight figure, and when she saw Christopher the swayed toward him. "Oh, make them go away?" she cried

belpicasiy, and the pistol dropped from ar nerveless hand. The men turned and saw him, and The men turned and new him, and at the sight of his set face they at once began spologies. "We just wanted to have some fun with the pony," is said to contain more nourishment they said. But he waved them away. "Pil deal with you later," he said, and they should not be shown than a pound of ment or a cupful of butter and, being in a stage of natural they should not be shown away in the shadows.

Then Christopher went to the girl, ing blood, fat and weight.

Offive Oil.

Propriefor (in alarm)—What is the matter, sir? Would you like a doctor? Oustomer—No, thank you; but I construct any dinner 27 minutes ago, and for run down conditions," says W. C. Kiestler, of Halliday, and the matter, sir? Would you like a doctor? Oustomer—No, thank you; but I construct any dinner 27 minutes ago, and impart vigor and energy to the matter, sir? Would be advisable to butter and, being in a stage of natural to be the shadows.

Then Christopher went to the girl, ing blood, fat and weight.

in the comfort of a strong man's presence. "I was very silly," she said, "but they looked such brutes." Eleanor made some coffee under the

trees, and when Kent had carried a cup to Mrs. Ames, who was still in the cart, he came back and issued orders. "I am going to drive you down into the valley," he said. "You and your mother must spend the night at one of the farmhouses."

"But"- Eleanor protested. "There are no 'buts,' " he told her "You are to obey," and he smiled down at her.

The light from the dying fire showed the tenderness in his strong face, and, seeing it, she said "Oh!" with quick drawn breach. "Dear heart," he murmured, "just

once you must obey. But if you could promise to love and honor always we might make a marriage service of it tomorrow. There's a little church in the valley, and I know the minister." "You are doing it just to take care of me," she said, finshing.

ing it because I love you," he said. "Shall we flud the little church, Elea-"Oh, who would have believed that the road to Arcady led there?" she whispered, with a wonderful light in

He took her hand in his, "I am do-

Fatal Abstraction.

her eyes.

History tells how Archimedes the Great, while busily engaged in tracing geometric figures in the sand in his home city, Syracuse, forgetful of the fact that the city was besieged and all the inhabitants in danger of being slaughtered by the Romans, was speared by the victorious foemen, who had forced their entrance. Archimedes perished. And Plato was near to death on account of his abstraction. While walking forth one evening, his eyes fixed on the stars, his mind busy at solving some celestial problem that occupied it, he fell into a well, from which he was extricated with difficul-

-Chicago Record-Herald. Oyster Shell Window Panes.

On the west coast of India is found a species of oyster, Placuna placents whose she .. consists of a pair of roughly circular plates about six inches in diameter, thin and white. At present these oysters are collected for the which they often contain, although few are fit for the use of the leweler. But in the early days of English rule in India the shells were employed for window panes. Cut into little squares, they produced a very pretty effect, admitting light like frost ed glass. When the Bombay cathedral was built at the beginning of the eighteenth century its windows were oaned with these oyster shells. In Goo they are still thus employed .- Youth's

Carlyle Had Been Dead Too Long. Scotland has a great reputation for learning in the United States, and a lady who came over from Boston recently expected to find the proverbial shepherd quoting Virgil and the laborr who had Burns by heart. She was distillusioned in Edinburgh. Accosting a policeman, she inquired as to the whereabouts of Carlyle's house. "Which Carlyle?" he asked. "Thomas Carlyle," said the lady. "What does he do?" queried the guardian of the peace. 'He was a writer, but he's dead," she faltered. "Well, madam," the big Scot informed her, "if the man is dead over five years there's little chance of finding out anything about him in a big city like this."-Glasgow News.

"Meerschaum before its hardenin makes good soap. I have often washed

my hands with it." The speaker, a missionary of unimpenchable veracity, frowned at the incredulous smiles of his guests and then went on:

"It was in Morocco. There on the coast, down toward the Atlas mountains, meerschaum is plentiful, far mor plentiful than soap. It wouldn't pay to ship it to the Dutch meerschaum carvers; hence it is either used as soap or let alone. In the crude state, yo know, it is as soft as butter. It rubs up into a first rate lather. It removes the dirt fairly well."-New Or leans Times-Democrat.

In Venesuela once a noted revolution ary plotter was put under what we cal bonds to keep the peace." But, in addition, he was not allowed

to leave the city where he was resid-"I give you the city for a prison, was the courteous way the governo

of Caracas phrased it. Later on that plotter came in with sesful revolution, and the memory of the days when he had "the city fo prison's rankled within him.

So it gave him great pleasure to arow the ex-governor of Caracae into

"I give you the prison for a city," he smarked as be did it.

Other Insects In Ants' Nests. It is certain that ants intentionally sention the residence of certain is sets in their nests. This is the case "You must let the pony alone," she said, "at on the whistle of a lash cut the air, she spoke again. "If you touch him," she said, "I'll shoot."

Christopher came labe.

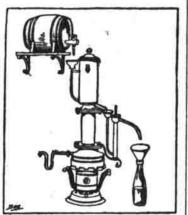
"Erivial" is derived from the Leitn or three ways and means the petry seils of the crossroads.

Farm and Garden

ALCOHOL ON THE FARM.

The Denatured Variety May Now Be Made Legally.

Two years ago congress passed a law taking the internal revenue tax from denatured alcohol. This bill was passed with the aid and by the influence of farmers, who were led to believe that this bill would help them settle a hard question of light and fuel. Many of them thought that after the bill was passed the average farm er would be able to make alcohol on

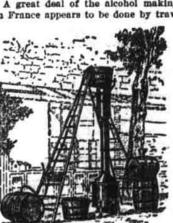


the form at a low price and that he could use this alcohol in place of other fuel. The result has been disappointing to such farmers. The price of alcohol is still so high that it cannot be used in place of wood or coal. At the time the bill was passed many well informed farmers all over the country feared that the alcohol industry would be much the same as the beet sugar business-that it would not be made on the small farms, but concentrated in the factories, where farm produce is brought, very much as sugar beets are brought to the factory or milk or

cream to the creamery. There is still, however, a demand for a small distilling apparatus, but so far nothing of practical use has been

made in this country. The illustrations given herewith are taken from a French catalogue and show two devices for making alcohol in small quantities. They are popular in France. These pictures give an idea of the way the machines are operated. The small ones appear to be pretty close to toys, but there are larger and more expensive devices which are real-

ly practical. A great deal of the alcohol making



SIMPLE PARM APPARATUS. eling distillers, who go from place to place very much the same as grain thrashers travel in this country. They will go to a farmer's place and work apples, potatoes, beets or other material into alcohol at a stated price. It is doubtful whether this method will be practical in this country for a good many years, as the conditions here are very different from those on the other

Weed Seeds In Manure. It is well known that there is con siderable risk of introducing new weeds by the purchase of manure and hay and other feeding stuffs. E. I. Oswald of the Maryland experiment station undertook to obtain more defi-nite information on this point, especially as regards dissemination through manure, by studying the effect of the ermentation of manure handled in different ways and of passing through the digestive systems of animals on the vitality of various weed seeds, including seeds of about fifty of the worst weeds found in Maryland.

In experiments in which the manure remained for six months in a barnyard heap and for a short while in piles, as when shipped in carload lots from cities, it was found that in the first case there was no danger and in the second case little danger of distributing live weed seeds. In the experiments in which the weed seeds were fed to yearling steers and the nanure handled in various ways it

was found that-Pirst.-Where the manure was haul ed directly from the stable as a top dressing an average of only 12.8 per Second.—Where manure was hauled directly from the stable upon the land

nd plowed under 2.8 per cent of the eds fed to animals came up. Third.—Where the droppings remain-ed on the pasture fields unadulter-ated as they fell an average of only 3.1 per cent of the seeds fed to ani-

It is safe to assume that the vitality

of weed seeds is destroyed in well

His Roquest, Proprietor-Yes, sir.

results indicate that in general

THE FARMER'S BOY.

In Many Instances He Has a Mistaken Idea of City Life. The great trouble with country boys

cumstances under which the city boy is compelled to live and work if he has to earn his living by the sweat of his brow. The idea held up to the country boy is to go to town and get a nice, easy, soft snap such as So-and-so has. How many of them do it? Not one in a thousand. Far more gethere to find work in some close, stagnant mill, to sweat amid the fumes of steam or tobacco smoke, or perhaps in some fron mill or foundry, surrounded by the curses of their fellow men, toll out a weary day of eleven or thirteen hours and after the day is over go homeand to such a home! Up some little back street in a bandbox built of brick and named a house more than likely our workman has his home, there to pass away the weary hours of the night amid the heat and stagnation of probably a filthy street only a few feet wide, hot, close and dirty. In any large city on some sultry night one may see the workmen and their families in these little narrow city streets stretched about the steps and pavements in all conditions. These are not slums either, but fairly respectable neighborhoods. To such a condition of life many

of our country boys have gone, and many more are today preparing to go. Fat pay and big pay envelopes? Not in these times. If our city laborer averages \$12 a week he is a lucky man. Tens of thousands get less rather than more. Country boy, before you make the change, in the name of that country you have been taught to hold in reverence, look and do not leap! If you understand farming there are just as many chances on the land to be worked out as there are in the city.

This is a great country, and if you do not like the kind of farming you are working at there are many others. If you belong to a family that follows the grind, grind system of all work and no play, when you reach your majority and start for yourself follow out an easier system. Do not condemn country life just because you have been unfortunate enough to be brought up in the home of a man who knows nothing but grind. Do not overlook the fact that if such a man was your boss in the city he would grind your life away. Long, long before you were twenty-one years old you would be occupying some six feet of green turf, where at last you would not hear the dreaded call and curse of the boss. Country life may not be and probably is not what many would like to color it; but, all things being equal, it is far preferable to city life. That is just where it comes in. City life is never compared with country life on an equal plane. Remember that if you must work in the country for a living you will have to work in the city for one, too, and if you possess the ability in yourself to rise above the ordinary workman in the city that same ability will carve out a home for you in the country. Look before you leap, conyou can better yourself in the city go;

if not, stay on the old farm. Plowing For Grape Leaf Hopper. Plowing is sometimes done by Call-fornia vineyardists during the winter season for the purpose of destroying the grape leaf hoppers. This is partly based upon the supposition that the eggs may be in the leaves or in the ground or that the adult hoppers are in some way killed in the operation. So far as having a direct effect in destroying the hoppers is concerned, plowing is of little avail. The only ones that will be killed are a few that may not be disturbed from their resting places among the leaves or other wise accidentally buried by the plow. During the cold or rainy days there may be a few thus turned under, but

ordinarily they are active enough to escape readily before the plow. Plowing, bowever, may have an indirect effect on the hoppers by depriving them of food or of suitable sheltering places during unfavorable weather conditions, and if this practice is generally carried out in a neighborhood it will no doubt result in reducing the numbers somewhat. However, a field may be free from hoppers during the winter, but this is not necessarily an indication of freedom from spring infestation. The insects are more generally distributed in the winter seaon, but the bulk of them will usually be found in the vineyard or on the



ADULT GRAPH LEAF HOPPER.

surrounding it. They may come in therefore, from vineyards closely adjoining, so that plowing a single vine yard may be of little help. When the plowing is done in a single vineyard or over a small area it is likely to result simply in driving them into other fields where there is a better food supply. Once in these other situntions they may or may not comback into the vineyard where they were originally.

Medicine That is Medicine "I have suffered a good deal wifb

nalaria and stomach complains, but I have now found a remedy that keeps me well, and that remedy is Electric Bitters; a medicine that is medicine for stomach and liver tran-

A BASEBALL WONDER.

"Old Hoss" Radbourne, Greatest is that they are not aware of the cirof All Pitchers.

THE HERCULES OF THE GAME

His Marvelous Feat of Pluck, Strength and Endurance That Won the Pennant For Providence In 1884-A Record In Games Won.

Pitchers may come and pitchers may go, but the name of "Old Hoss" Rad bourne goes on forever. I have talked to many great ball players who have lamented to me the fact that baseball fame is so ephemeral that it was not worth the gaining, and, while no doubt this is in a great measure true, there is one pitcher who has left a name that promises to roll on for many, many years,

Each year hundreds of pitchers claim attention of the world, and each year they are promptly forgotten. But Illinois produced a man who, although now years deceased has a brighte name than any of the great multitude.

In the great campaign of 1884, when the Providence club, then a member of the National league, was fighting a bitter game with Philadelphia, a catastrophe occurred that seemingly would disrupt its chances of winning the pennant. A player named Sweeney, who was pitching, was ordered to go into right field to change places with "Cyclone" Miller. At that time it was not permissible to take a pitcher out of the game. Whereupon Sweeney promptly walked out of the game, leaving the team with only eight men and with one pitcher, Charles Radbourne. Two men tried to cover the field,

with the result that Providence was completely snowed under. A meeting of the directors was held to decide whether or not the club should be dis banded. Certainly a professional team was never in a sorrier plight. Radbourne was approached and the

proposition put to him. "I can win it all right," said be quietly and in a matter of fact tone. And then followed the most remarkable battle for a pennant that the world has ever seen. Radbourne established a record that has never been equaled, one that will live when more expensive contests will have been blissfully forgotten. Of twenty-seven consecutive games Radbourne won twenty-six. In four games with Boston he had three shutouts, only one run was scored and only seventeen hits were made. This defeat was suffered at the hands of Buffalo by a score of 2 to 0, and even then only five hits were made off him, showing that the defeat was not due to poor

pitching. Needless to say, Providence

won the pennant, or, rather, Rad bourne won the pennant. But the great player had to pay the price. No arm could stand the awful strain without great agony. Morning sider all things, and if you are sure his waist. He had to brush his bair with dis left hand. But he did not give up the game. He would slip out to the park about two hours before the rest of the team put in an appearance and would begin the excruciating process of limbering up. He would pitch the ball only a few feet when he would first go out, but he would keep on trying time after time, rubbing his arm with his left band. Sometimes his face would be drawn

up into contortions, but never a word of complaint left his lips. Half an hour before the game was to begin the players would slip out to see how "Old Hoss" was getting along. They would sit silently on the bench waiting for his arm to get into condi tion. When he was able to throw from second to home base a rousing cheer would go up, for they knew that meant the winning of the game

for them. Radbourne claimed for his home Bloomington, Ill. After his great season with Providence managers all over the country were upon his beels. Fiattering offers poured in, and he was not under contract with Providence for the next season either. When the contest was over the late Ned Allen, president of the team that season, sent for Radbourne. He laid the release before him and close beside it a blank contract. Radbourne looked at them both for several minutes and then slowly took up a pen and filled the blank out for a sum only \$2,000 higher than b had been getting and tore up the release. Allen almost fell on his neck

and wept for joy. Radbourne's last year to baseball was with Cincinnati in 1891, but it was a sad year. It seems a pity that the ca reer of so great a ball player should end so sadly. That year his work showed great deterioration, for the awful strain made in 1884 was beginning to tell on his arm. At the end of the season he was too proud to go into minor league basebull and so entirely withdrew from the game. He return ed to Bloomington, where he opened a billiard hall. He had little to say and in unwinking silence would sit in a corner and watch the young men laugh as they played. He would talk about himself only when cornered, and ther but for a few short words. He had always been an ordent fisherman, bunte and sportsman, but he gave up the open life. Each year his tacituralty creased until he became almost su

After a time be gave up his billiard hall and retired into the obscurity of his home, seldom letting people see him. At last, in 1897, he fell ill and soon passed away. - Portland Ore

Preventice, the new Candy Cold

Cure Tablets, are said by druggists to have four special specific advan tages over all other remedies for a wold. First—They contain no Quinine, nothing harsh or sickening. Second—They give almost instant relief. Third—Pleasant to the taste, "ike candy. Fourth—A large box— 48 Preventics—at 25 cents, Also fine for feverish children. Sold by Gra-

For Lung Troubles

Aver's Cherry Pectoral certainly cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption. And it certainly strengthens weak throats and weak lungs. There can be no mistake about this. You know it is true. And your own doctor will say so.

The best kind of a testimonial-"Sold for over sixty, years." dade by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowett, Man yers PILLS.

Keep the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills and thus hasten recovery

This time of the year are signals of warning, Take Taraxacum Compound now. It may ave 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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MEBANE.

N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA

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wide awake as any in Kentucky or Kamchatka. Such a paper is The Progressive Farmer

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Graham, N. C.

THE GLEANER,

Weak

Are due to indigustion. Ninety-nine of a one hundred people who have heart in can remember when it was simple tool from. It is a scientific fact that all can heart diseases, not organic, are not transable to, but are the direct result of question. All food taken into the aton which fails of perfect digestion farments evells the stemach, puffing it up against beart. This interferent with the nester the heart, and in the course of time delicate but vital ergan becomes direct the heart, and in the course of time delicate but vital ergan becomes direct to the fail of the stemach of the heart is but the at I had heart to the time of the heart in the second trade of the second the second the second to the second the second trade of the second

the caly. \$1.00 files bedding 250 to dies, which eads for 80s. sparred by R. G. DeWITT A DG.

