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# A New Year at Cote Blanche

... By... Frank H. Sweet.

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VERY one who is familiar with ence by spinning and weaving cottonthe customs of the creoles and that New Year's is the most eagerly anticipated and the most important of their festivals. A religious significance is attached

also to the New Year's anniversary. marriage. They believe that from day dawn to over each household, striving to destroy batred, malice and all uncharitableness in the heart and to substitute love and forgiveness. If his promptings are obeyed, enemies forgiven and the hand opened wide in charity, that man's sins are wiped off the record, and he starts on a new year with clean conscience.

the preparations of the "habitans" be- its to and from old friends, but from gin. The house undergoes a thorough scrubbing and cleaning from garret to basement and is whitewashed inside and out. I have an idea the Acadian housekeeper fancies that "l'ange de paix" is going to make a close scrutiny into all her dust corners and hidden receptacles and would be disgusted with a rusty pot or dirty pan.

The hunters go out on a grand "bat-

tain to be made up and worn then. were unheard. To look at them you disturb him. would not be likely to perceive a connection between the largest and most comfortable farmhouse in Cote Blanche, the property of rich old Jacques Lefebvre, and the miserable and daubed cabin which stood at the edge of Laverne woods-a cabin with dirt floor and unglazed windows, a home of poverty and fliness, where the father and breadwinner, a helpless in-

valld, watched his pale wife and three

children with despairing eyes.

ade and raising poultry for the New Acadians of Louisiana knows Orleans market, but this had been a bad year. She had been too sick to work much, and the poultry had the cholera among them. She had not seen her father or mother since her

She knew her mother too well not to dark an angel, "l'ange de paix," broods understand that it was the imperious will of the old man which kept her away. He had never mentioned his daughter's name since the night she left his roof, and woe be to the one who inadvertently did so. The only sign he gave of his remem-

brance of her was to keep the anniversary of her flight as a solemn fast. There were no fine dinners at the Le-For a week before New Year's day febvre farm New Year's day, no vismorning till night the old man sat moodily within, his only companion the faithful wife. The two sons, Henri and Claude,

took themselves off to pleasanter interiors, and decidedly "l'ange de paix" must have had a weary time wrestling with the evil spirit of that household. "What a New Year's eve!" sighed poor Laure as she sat by the fire with tue" to provide game. If a new dress her youngest child in her arms. She is possible during the year, it is cer- | had put the other two early to bed, for her husband had fallen asleep at But in two houses in Cote Blanche last after a day of pain, and she was these cheerful notes of preparation afraid the noise of the children would

As she gazed in the fire you saw that, though only twenty-two years old, Laure looked thirty, so deep were the lines that care and grief had traced on her pale, thin face. She heard a slight noise at the door and turned to see a figure muffled in cloak and shawls entering it. She thought it was one of her neighbors and raised her hand warningly.

"Hush!" she whispered. "He has just fallen asleep. Ah!" as the wrappings



"'L'ANGE DE PAIX' HAS CONQUERED !"

New Year's eve, and there seemed no means short of begging it.

Bix years before that Harry Wood, a handsome young fellow and a skilled mechanic, had come to Cote Blanche. He easily found work on the large plantations in the neighborhood and seemed to have a career of prosperity before him when he formed an attachment for pretty Laure Lefebvre, the only daughter of the old farmer. But when he asked the father's consent a terrific storm was raised in that

"Aha!" cried the old man furiously You t'ink I give my Laure to youyou, a stranger, a 'vaurien American,' no farm, no cattle, no money, no not in'? You want to mak' a Protestant of her, hein? You want her 'dot,' her land, her cattle, and, you get dem, den you run avay and leave her. Maybe you got two wifes where you come from. Non, monsieur; you touch not me money of ole Jacques Lefebvre. Laure shall spik to you no more."

But Laure, being a willful, spoiled young damsel, did see him and speak o him again and refused positively to

Had her father been kind in his refusal it is probable the child, for she was only sixteen, would have been But he was harsh and abusive and from having been foolishly indulgent became so stern that her me was not a pleasant one. The oor mother, weary of standing been the two, one day after an out-

worse. I think he is going crazy, and I have sinned against him. But desert you must either give up Harry or my husband—mamma, he cannot mean that?"

Taking that for a word of consent.

"Yes; he means it, my poor child!

Laure left her father's house on New Year's eve and became Harry Wood's pretty and bright, you are an old wom-

full of comfort, besides a snug little sum laid up, the nucleus of the fortune sparkling and a bright and a bright and

He knew that bread was lacking that | of the visitor fell off and she saw her mother. "Mamma, mamma!" And in a moment she was in her mother's arms, weeping, sobbing and holding

her in a convulsive embrace. "Ah, my own mamma, is it really she sobbed, holding her off at you?" arms' length with such a pitiful smile on her wan face that the mother wept to see it.

"Yes, cherie; I could stand it no longer. He may curse me if he will, but I cannot help it. To sit there all New Year's day with closed doors and a face as if you were in your grayeah, it made me mad! I felt as if you were really dead, and I had to come

and see if you were living." "Mamma, my own dear mamma!" was all the daughter could say in the fullness of her content, kissing the

face and hands of the mother. "Yes; I slipped away and made black George bring me in his buggy. But I tan stay only a minute. I heard be was ill," with a giance toward the sleeping man, "and there's some wine and other things out there in the buggy for you. But, stay! I have come to mething else. Yesterday for the first time in all these years he mentioned your name. He said: 'If Laure will leave that vaurien of a busband who can no longer work for her, I will

take her back, she and her children, though they are his. Let him go to a hospital and stay there till be dien."

"Leave my husband!" Laure said,
with an incredulous look. "Oh, no! He cannot think I could do that! I will kneel at his feet and zsk his pardon. "Laure, he is getting worse and Now that I am a mother I know how

an, and you are weak and sick, and For the first four years all went well you will both die. Come back to us, my daughter! Ch, I am so wretched without you?

sum laid up, the nucleus of the fortune
be fully expected to accumulate. Then
be fully expected to accumulate. Then
be fell from a scaffold, injured his
spine and became what this New Year's
ere found him—a helpless invalid.
Their money had all been spent, and
so that the day arrived when ther had Their money had all been spent, and am necessary. I will stay with him at last the day arrived when they had to give up their comfortable home and move to a cabin at the edge of the woods.

Laure eked out a precarious subsist.

Laure eked out a precarious subsist.





is Jacques, that is Helene, and this Elsie's "Little New Year." Aimee."

"You named the two eldest after your father and me?" the grandmother said, with a stifled sob.

"Yes. Are they not handsome? And so bright! Jacques is beginning to read, and Pere Joseph teaches him when his father is too ill, and they say he is going to be a great scholar." The grandmother pressed a kiss on each round cheek and stood looking at hem, lost in thought.

"If he could only see them?" she murmured. "He loves children so much, even now!"

"I must go now, Laure," she said at last, "but I will come back again before long. I have a thought. I will talk it over with Pere Joseph tonight as I go home. Whatever he tells you to do tomorrow, you must obey him." The next morning Pere Joseph en tered the room where old Lefebyre was sitting, leading two children. No one, not even that moody man, thought of barring out the good cure who had lived from youth to old age among his people at Cote Blanche.

"Happy New Year!" he called out ami! Six years in the sulks! Too long, too long, for a man over sixty who hasn't many more New Years to be sorry or glad in. I'm afraid 'l'augde paix' is tired of standing on your threshold. Happy New Year!"

"I hear you, and nobody knows New Year better than I do. Who are these children, Pere Joseph?" "Two I picked up out of a wretched

hovel, where there was nothing to eat and brought them to see how gay and happy a rich man can be on New Year's day. You know, poor people always think where there is money there is happiness. Go to monsieur, my children, and kiss him and wish him a happy New Year."

The two pretty children did it, a little frightened at the stern old face which bent to receive their caresses, but it softened wonderfully as he lifted them to his knee and stroked their soft

"And what is your name, my pretty ittle girl?" he said. "Helene," she lisped.

"And yours?" to the boy. "Jacques Lefebyre Wood," he answered in his high, clear voice. "I am named after my grandps, and Pere Joseph said I was going to see him totay. I want to go to my grandpa," alipping to the floor. "I want to kiss him and love him and wish him a happy New Year."

The old man had turned ghastly pale and trembled in every limb, but there was not the outburst of rage his wife and Pere Joseph had expected. He held the little girl on his knee,

unconsciously, perhaps, and she put up her little soft hand and stroked his face, which was working convulsively. "Don't ky!" she lisped. "Helene is

solly for oo. He looked from her pretty face to the brave, clear eyes of the little boy, which were fixed wonderingly upon him, and then his white head sank on his breast, and tears rolled down his

"'L'ange de paix' has conque reverently murmured the good old "Yes, Jacques, that is right; kiss them, for they are your own flesh and blood. Open the shutters and and thank God, you old sinner, that you have had time to repent." He narched out, his own heart full of joy, and, baring his bead, stood gazing up as if the visible presence of the angel he had invoked was before him.

"It isn't safe to ride over those fields," was the warning of a memb of a hunt to a farmer. "They below to a disagreeable sort of fellow who might make a fass about it."
"Well, sir, as him's me, be won't say nothing about it today?" was the response.—London Scraps.

When a President Resigns. The method by which a pres wa: "The only evidence of a

person refusing to accept or resigning.

EAR little Elsie, clad in white,

Slipped from her trundle bed one She was thinking: "I heard mamma Telling auntie and my papa That she was going to watch and see The New Year come, but she didn't tell

Nobody tells me things at all. S'pose it's because I'm only small!



HISTE. But I guess I know what I'm going to

UT presently, in a soft white heap, Sank Elsie down to the floor

The New Year came and the old

And not till morning flooded the skies Did Elsie open her drowsy eyes, To find, all cuddled in mamma's bed, A cunning new little golden head. Gazing in wonder first at mamma

Then at auntie, then at papa, At last, with a laugh so Joyous and \*Oh, now I know! This is little New

WAYNE & BOROUGH.

A Question of Roome There is so question of domestic an agricultural, a commercial or manufacturing people than that of good roads and how to procure them It enters, directly or indirectly, into the value of every commodity taken to market, either through the cost of transportation or its influence upon the time chosen for that purpose, and so affects the interests of the producer on the one hand and of the dealer or con on the other.

"Seasus-say, ma," stammered Bob by through the suds as his mother scrubbed and scrubbed him, "I gues you want to get rid o' me, don't you?" "Why, no, Bobby, dear," replied his mother. "What ever put such an idea as that fato your mind?"

"Oh, nothin'!" said Bobby. "Only it

seems to me you're tryin' to rub me out."—Harper's Weekly. The copers were 1,000 miles from home and their funds running low.

"Bee, dear," whispered the enthusiastic bride, "I am wiring pape an announcement of our observant and have added 'R. B. V. P." The tall bride-

groom smiled significantly. "Better make it 'R. S. C. P.' "he added gently.

"R. S. C. P.F Gracious! What does that stand for?" "Rush some cash,

please,"-Chicago News.

### The New Year In Philadelphia Wonderful Parade of By Frederick R. Toombs.

Knights of Misrule.

renowned "Shoot

ers." Existing no ON PARADE world, the Shooters are latter day prototypes of the Mummers that flour ished for scores of years in England and France. Their watchword could well be: "Death to sorrow Joy is the one fit companion of mankind."

Preaching continually the doctrines of happiness and jocularity, the Shooters open each New Year with a rous ing feast day to the memory of the shade of King Momus, the accredited inspirer of the cult, which dearly loves to have its members known as Knights of Misrule. Such a riot of color and gayety as marks the gigantic parade of the Shooters, which is the particular feature of their celebration, is certain ly not seen anywhere else in America From six to ten thousand paraders in extravagant costumes have appeared in their pageants of recent years. As many as a half million people have gathered along the line of march. The prizes offered are the most valuable ever put up for elaborateness or origi nality in costume and accouterment The city of Philadelphia always appropriates \$5,000 yearly to swell the prize fund, which is largely made up of con-

The state of the s

tributions from merchants, clubs, in

taking part in the pageant. Prizes are

offered for the best dressed paraders,

the most elaborate, the most humor-

ous, the most unique, etc., and it is pos-

sible for an individual to capture

prizes enough offered for the same

specialty to amount to \$3,000. How is

that for a prize for a masquerade ball

Shooter parades have grown until

they now average from five to six

miles in length, requiring from five to

six hours to pass a given point. Some

of the costumes are so extravagantly

made that it is no uncommon sight

for one of the many personages, rep-

resenting kings, to have a gown with

a train a city block long and a block

wide, reaching from curb to curb. One

contestant in last year's featival had

a gown of such dimensions, and it required forty page boys to carry the train clear of the street. Even with

all that belp the "king" was wearled

he fainted, remaining unconscious for

an hour. Twenty men were employed

in completing that gown, which cost \$3,000, and the wearer won over \$2,000

Rivalry is extremely keen among

Philadelphians and scuthern New Jer-serites, numbers of whom take part

in the creating of costumes. The story

is related of a German butcher in the

"neck" section of the Quaker City

who mortgaged his home and store for

\$10,000 in order to outdo all other com-

petitors. He won over \$2,000 in prizes

'I have suffered a good deal with

the burden to such an extent that

(outdoors) costume?

erested individuals and organizations

A KING AND HIS TRAIN, "IRISH INDIANS" AND A GIGANTIC

SURVIVOR OF THE MAINE.

close together.

with Greek wine.

something into it.

such things would not be counte

nounced. The original Philadelphians

who took part in the Shooters' propa-

ganda were German residents of the

'neck" section of the city, where the

Schuylkiil and Delaware rivers come

Lamb For the Greeks.

The unique Greek dish on New Year's

eve is the roast lamb, set up in Greek

style, of which each son of Hellas must

partake. The roasting of the lamb is

attended with a great deal of pomp.

until it is duly roasted. Then it is

sliced and apportioned among the va-rious persons present at the feast, and

the roast is eaten along with the other

Good and Bad Luck.

It was supposed to bring bad luck to a house to take anything out of it

on New Year's day before you brought

Take out, then take in, Bad luck will begin; Take in, then take out,

The New Year's gift, no doubt, orig-

inated with the Romans, for with

them giving and taking was carried to

such an extravagant degree during all

the 365 days of the year that Empere

of presents except on New Year's day.

Preventics, the new Candy Cold

Claudius prohibited the "deman

strictly Greek dishes and washed down

Copyright, 1903, by Amertean Press Association. really ought and received some valuable advertising,

not to spend New | Predominating features of the pag-Year's day in cant are humorous costuming, antics Philadelphia if and floats representing with carefully you have made enacted characters various public hapresolutions that penings of interest or importance. The you want very "irlsh Indians" are a popular bevy of much to live up contestants annually. These characto, for very like ters have been given faces made from you will not coconnut shells, but the libel on the be able to resist Celtic race has never yet caused trouthe fascinations ble Citizens of "Topsy Turvy Land," participating who appear to walk on their bands, in the annual cel bave proved immense laugh provokchration of the ers, as also have eighteen foot giants (on stilts), "typhoid fever germs" in human form from the Schuylkill river, where else in the according to signs; the order of "White Caps," the "Home Breakers' association," the "Wyoming Hayseeds," the "Bolled Owls," the "Red Onlons," poltticians on floats and shown to be walking railroad ties since passes were abolished; the "Woggle Bugs," resem bling a cross between a boll weevil

and a grinning grampus, etc. When exposures were made of graft in a branch of Pennsylvania state polities the procession of that year had a float on which had been built a cemetery in miniature, and over it was a huge sign bearing this legend: "Hail, Hall, the Gang's All Here."

For almost a hundred years the celebration has been developing until today it even outclasses the original phantasmagorias of England in the eleventh century and of Normandy and France at a later date. William the Conqueror held the first pageant of this nature after the battle of Hastings, and it became a regular feature of British Christmases in the ages of chivalry. Venturesome knights would break each other's skulls in the festivals of those days, but as Philadelphia is the City of Brotherly Love

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## araxacum MEBANE. N. C.

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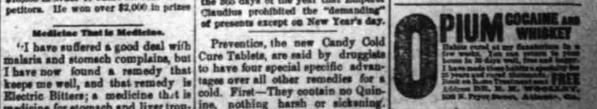
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# on a pole, and this is held over a fire until it is duly roasted. Then it is Indigestion Our Guarantee Coupon

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Digests What You Ea And Makes the Stemach St



medicine for stomsch and liver trou-bles, and for run down conditions," says W. C. Kiestler, of Halliday, Ark. Electric Bitters purify and spied to the teste, like candy. Fourth—A large box sarrich the blood, tone up the nerves, 48 Preventics—at 25 cents. Also fine and impart vigor and energy to the for feverish children. Sold by Gra