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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.

JOHN JAY BYNUM, W. F. BYNUM, JR.,

BYNUM & BYNUM,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Practice regularly in the courts of Alamance county.

Aug. 2, 1914

ROBT. G. STRUDWICK

Attorney-at-Law,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Alamance and Guilford counties.

Haw River Land.

By authority of an order of the Superior Court of Alamance County, North Carolina, will offer at public sale, at the court house door in Graham, N. C., on the 29th day of Saturday, May 22, 1909,

the following tracts or parcels of land, all in Haw River township, Alamance county, North Carolina, on the East side of Haw River, to-wit:

1. A tract adjoining the lands of J. H. Graham, John A. Trullinger, Trullinger Mfg. Co., Pleas Dixon, and others, containing 21 acres, more or less, to-wit: the tract upon which are the home dwelling house and out-buildings of the late Wm. T. Trullinger.

2. A tract immediately upon Haw River adjoining the lands of W. H. Trullinger, Pleas Dixon, Jim May, John Baker and others containing 8 acres, more or less.

3. A tract adjoining Trullinger Mfg. Co., John Baker, Lewis Barley, J. C. H. and John A. Trullinger, containing 4 acres, more or less.

All of these tracts of land were owned by Wm. T. Trullinger at the time of his death, and are now owned by his heirs and assigns.

Terms of Sale: One-third of the price of each tract to be paid in cash at the time of sale, the balance to be paid in equal installments secured by notes of the purchaser at six and twelve months, carrying interest from date. Title reserved till price is fully paid.

April 20, 1909.

R. S. PARKER,

Commissioner

PAIN

Pain in the head—sore eyes, has its origin in the circulation of blood through the vessels of the head. As soon as the blood is purified by the action of the liver, the pain disappears.

It is a common complaint, especially in women, and is caused by the impurities of the blood. It is relieved by the use of Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets.

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets

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is the Best for Children

and for the Sick

and for the Weak

and for the Old

and for the Young

and for the Infants

and for the Invalids

and for the Suffering

Polly of the Circus

BY MARGARET MAYO

Here is a circus romance redolent of the fresh sawdust of the ring, vibrant with the incessant clamor of the band, panoramic in its ever moving display of clowns, acrobats, horses and captive wild animals. You will read of Polly, the daughter of the circus, and of Bingo, on whose broad back she rode; of the "leap of death" girl; of "Maver Jim," the boss canvasman, and Toby, the clown, who loved the circus orphan and cared for her like father and mother; of Deacon Strong, who hated a circus, and of Rev. John Douglas, who grew to love a circus girl. You will read of gossip that threatened to divide a pastor and his flock, of Ruth and Naomi, of a show girl's renunciation and of Polly's first and last ride on Barbarian, the circus horse.

CHAPTER I.
THE band of the "Great American Circus" was playing noisily. The performance was in full swing. Beside a shabby trunk in the women's dressing tent sat a young, wistful faced girl, chin in hand, unheeding the chatter of the women about her or the picturesque display of the surrounding objects. Her eyes had been so long accustomed to the glitter and the circus, that she saw nothing unusual in a picture that might have held a painter spellbound. Circling the inside of the tent and forming a double line down the center were partially unpacked trunks belching forth innumerable masses of satins, laces, artificial hair, paper flowers and paste jewels. The scent of most earth mingled oddly with the perfumed odors of the garments heaped on the grass. Here and there high circles of lights threw a strong, steady glare upon the half clad figure of a robust acrobat or the thin, drooping shoulders of a less stalwart sister. Temporary ropes stretched from one pole to another were laden with bright colored stockings, gaudy, spangled gowns or dusty street clothes discarded by the performers before slipping into their circus attire. There were no nails or hooks, so hats and veils were pinned to the canvas walls. The furniture was limited to one camp chair in front of each trunk, the till of which served as a tray for the paints, powders and other essentials of makeup. A pall of water stood by the side of each chair, so that the performers



In the women's dressing tent sat a young, wistful faced girl.

Clown Toby and the big "boss canvasman" Jim had always taken turns amusing and minding little Polly while her mother rode in the ring. So Toby now carried the babe to another side of the lot, and Jim bore the lifeless body of the mother to the distant ticket wagon, now closed for the night, and laid it upon the seller's cot. "It's all like this in the end," he murmured as he drew a piece of canvas over the white face and turned away to give orders to the men who were beginning to load the "props" used earlier in the performance. When the show moved on that night it was Jim's strong arms that lifted the mite of a Polly close to his stalwart heart and climbed with her to the high seat on the head wagon. Uncle Toby was intrusted with the brown satchel in which the mother had always carried Polly's scanty wardrobe. It seemed to those two men that the eyes of the woman were fixed steadily upon them. Barker, the manager, a large, noisy, good natured fellow, at first mumbled something about the kid being "excess baggage," but his objections were only half heeded, for like the others, he was already under the hypnotic spell of the baby's round, confiding eyes, and he eventually contented himself with an occasional reprimand to Toby, who was now sometimes late on his cues. Polly wondered at these times why the old man's stories were so sadly cut short just as she was so deeply cut short by the soft grass at his feet. The boys who used to look sharp because of their boss at loading time now learned that they might loiter so long at "Maver Jim" was "hikin' it round for the kid." It was Polly who had dubbed big Jim "Maver," and the sobriquet had stuck to him in spite of his six feet two and shoulders that an athlete might have envied. Little by little Toby grew more stooped, and small lines of anxiety crept into the brownish circles beneath Jim's eyes, the lips that had once shut so firmly because tender and tremulous, but now the men would willingly have gone back to the old enigma. It was a red letter day in the circus when Polly first managed to climb up on the pole of an unhitched wagon and from there to the back of a friendly Shetland pony. Jim and Toby had been "neglectin' her education," they declared, and from that time on the blood of Polly's ancestors was given full encouragement. Barker was quick to grasp the advantage of adding the kid to the daily parade. She made her first appearance in the streets upon something very like a Newfoundland dog, guarded from the rear by Jim and from the front by a white faced clown who was thought to be all the funnier because he twisted his neck to Polly's first appearance in the big top had been a short while to Jim and Toby. They were proud to see her circling the ring in bright colors and to hear the cheers of the people, but a sense of loss was upon them.

"I always said she'd do it!" cried Barker, who now stood upon himself the credit of Polly's triumph. And what a triumph it was! Polly danced as serenely on Bingo's back as she might have done on the concert boards. She swayed gracefully with the music. Her tiny sandals twinkled as she stood first upon one foot and then upon the other. Uncle Toby forgot to use many of his tricks that night, and Jim left the loading of the wagons to take care of itself while he hovered near the entrance, anxious and breathless. The performers crowded around the girl with outstretched hands and congratulations as she came out of the ring to cheers and applause. But "Big Jim" stood apart. He was thinking of the buttons that his clumsy fingers used to force into the stiff, starch holes too small for them and of the pigtails so stubborn at the ends, and Toby was remembering the little shoes that had once needed to be laced in the cold, dark mornings and the strings that were always snapping. Something had gone. They were not philosophers to reason, like Emerson, that for everything we lose we gain something. They were simple souls, these two; they could only feel.

CHAPTER II.
WHILE Polly sat in the dressing tent listening indifferently to the chatter about the "leap of death" girl Jim waited in the lot outside, opening and shutting a small leather bag which he had bought for her that day. He was as blind to the picturesque outdoor life as she to her indoor surroundings, for he, too, had been with the circus since his earliest recollection. The grass inclosures, where he waited was shut in by a circle of tents and wagons. The great red property vans were waiting to be loaded with the costumes and tackle which were constantly being brought from the big top, where the evening performance was now going on. The gay striped curtains at the rear of the tent were looped back to give air to the panting musicians, who sat just inside. Through the opening a glimpse of the audience might be had, their tier, fanning and shifting uneasily. Near the main tent stood the long, low dressing top, with the women performers stowed away in one end, the ring horses in the other and the men performers in the other end. A temporary curtain was hung between the main and the dressing tent to shut out the curious mob that tried to peep in at the back lot for a glimpse of things not to be seen in the ring. Colored streamers fastened to the roofs of the tents waved and floated in the night air and beckoned to the townspeople on the other side to make haste to get their places, forget their cares and be children again. Over the tops of the tents the lurid light of the distant red fire shot into the sky, accompanied by the cries of



POLLY DANCED SERENELY ON BINGO'S BACK.

the peasant "butchers," the popcorn boys, the lemonade vendors and the exhortations of the sidewalk speller, whose flying banners bore the painted reproductions of his freaks. Here and there stood unheeded chariots, half filled trunks, tramped tackle, paper hoops, stink pullers or other properties necessary to the show. Trenches flanked at the tent entrances, while oil lamps and lanterns gave light for the loading of the wagons. There was a constant stream of life shooting in and out from the dressing tent to the big top as gayly decked men, women and animals came or went. Drowsy dogs were stretched under

Great Osterling Shows

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Graham for one week and will donate a share of their receipts to the Graham Fire Department.

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This time of the year are signs 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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MEBANE, N. C.

Trustee's Sale!
Real Estate.

Under and by virtue of a deed of trust executed to me by Mark G. Williamson, Trustee of the date of August 1, 1907, and duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in Alamance county, in Book No. 10, on page 10, and because of the failure to make the payment of the said debt by the said Mark G. Williamson, as provided in said deed of trust, I am compelled to sell the same, to-wit: the premises described in said deed of trust, at public sale, at the court house door in Graham, North Carolina, on Saturday, May 15, 1909, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Gov. Kitchin Wednesday granted pardons to seven convicts and refused two.

PILES get immediate relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment.