

A HAPPY HOME

Is one where health abounds. With impure blood there cannot be good health. With a disordered LIVER there cannot be good blood.

Tutt's Pills

purify the torpid LIVER and restore its natural action. A healthy LIVER means pure blood. Pure blood means health. Health means happiness. Take no Substitute. All Druggists.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW
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W. F. BRYAN, JR.,
BYNUM & BYNUM,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Practice regularly in the courts of Alamance county.
Aug. 2, 1911

ROBT C. 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, I will offer at public sale at the court house doors in Graham, in said county and State, on 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 Wood, et al., being from an old grant containing 24 acres, more or less, it being the tract upon which are the home dwelling house and out-buildings of the late W. F. Trullinger, deceased.

2. A tract immediately upon Haw River adjoining the lands of W. H. Trullinger, Flean Jim Mar, John Baker and others containing 5 acres, more or less.

3. A tract adjoining Trullinger Wood, et al., John Baker, Calvin Turpin, et al., and John A. Trullinger, containing 4 acres, more or less.

All of these tracts of land were owned by W. F. Trullinger at the time of his death, and are now together but do not form a tract in money down, the other tracts are in equal instalments secured by notes of the purchasers at six and twelve months, the interest thereon from date. This report is in full compliance with the order of the court.

W. F. PARKER,
Commissioner

Cough Caution

Never, positively never poison your lungs. If you cough, or have a sore throat, or feel any irritation in the chest, or have any difficulty in breathing, or if you are hoarse, or if you are coughing, or if you are spitting, or if you are expectorating, or if you are having any of these symptoms, you are in danger of contracting a cough, and a cough is a dangerous enemy. It is a disease that is often fatal. It is a disease that is often incurable. It is a disease that is often painful. It is a disease that is often annoying. It is a disease that is often distressing. It is a disease that is often debilitating. It is a disease that is often fatal. It is a disease that is often incurable. It is a disease that is often painful. It is a disease that is often annoying. It is a disease that is often distressing. It is a disease that is often debilitating. It is a disease that is often fatal.

Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure

GRAHAM DRUG CO.

FREE TRIP to the PACIFIC COAST

ARE YOU ONE of the many thousands who want to explore the West? Write for the FREE TRIP. Write for the FREE TRIP. Write for the FREE TRIP.

SUNSET MAGAZINE

has inaugurated a new department, where special work is put within the reach of every one an opportunity to see the FAR WEST. Write for Sample Copy.

Sunset Travel Club

16 Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Polly of the Circus

BY MARGARET MAYO

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"You just bet I am," Polly answered, with an independent toss of her head. "This is the night we're going to make them Rubes in there sit up, ain't it, Bingo?" she added, placing one arm affectionately about the neck of the big white horse that stood waiting near the entrance.

"You ain't right too reckless lately," said Jim sternly as he followed her. "I don't like it. There ain't no need of your puttin' in all them extra stunts. Your act is good enough without 'em. Nobody else ever done 'em, an' nobody 'd miss 'em if you left 'em out."

Polly turned with a triumphant grin in her voice. The music was swelling for her entrance.

"You ain't my mother, Jim; you're my grandmother," she taunted, and

"I can't feel just yet," said the doctor. "She must be taken away."

"Where can we take her?" asked Jim, a look of terror in his great, troubled eyes.

"The parsonage is the nearest house," said the doctor. "I am sure the pastor will be glad to have her there until we can find out how badly she is hurt."

In an instant Barker was back in the center of the ring. He announced that Polly's injuries were slight, called the attention of the audience to the wonderful concert to take place and bade them make ready for the thrilling chariot race.

Jim, blind with despair, lifted the light burden and staggered out of the tent, while the band played furiously and the people fell back into their seats. The Roman chariot thundered and clattered around the outside of the ring, the audience cheered the winner of the race, and for the moment Polly was forgotten.

CHAPTER IV.

THE blare of the circus band had been a sore temptation to Mandy Jones all afternoon and evening. Again and again it had dragged her from her work to the study window, from which she could see the wonders so tantalizingly near.

Mandy was housekeeper for the Rev. John Douglas, but the unwashed supper dishes did not trouble her as she watched the lumbering elephants, the restless lions, the long-necked giraffes and the striped zebras that came and went in the nearby circus lot. And yet, in spite of her own curiosity, she could not forgive her vagrant "cousin half," Hasty, who had been lured from duty early in the day. She had once dubbed him Hasty in a spirit of derision, and the name had clung to him. The sarcasm seemed doubly appropriate tonight, for he had been away since 10 that morning, and it was now past 9.

The young pastor for a time had enjoyed Mandy's tirades against her husband, but when she began calling sharply out of the window to chance acquaintances for news of him he slipped quietly into the next room to finish tomorrow's sermon. Mandy renewed her operations at the window with increased vigor when the pastor had gone. She was barely saved from pitching headforemost into the street by the timely arrival of Deacon Strog's daughter, who managed with difficulty to connect the excited woman's feet with the floor.

"Foh do Lor!" Mandy gasped as she stood panting for breath and blinking at the pretty, young, apple

side with the deacons, for it hurt their vanity that the pastor found so many other interests when he might have been sitting in dark, stuffy rooms discussing theology with them, but Douglas had been either unconscious or indifferent to their resentment and had gone on his way with a cheery nod and an unconquerable conviction of right that had only left them frowning.

He intended to quit the room now unnoticed, but was unfortunate enough to upset a chair as he turned from the table. This brought a chorus of exclamations from the women, who, chattering, rushed quickly toward him.

"What do you think of my naughty boy, Willie?" stammered the widow.

Douglas glanced amusedly first at the five feet six widow and then at the helpless, red-haired urchin by her side, but he made no comment beyond offering a chair to each of the women.

"Our choir practice had to be entirely discontinued," declared Miss Perkins solemnly as she accepted the proffered chair, adjusted her skirts for a stay and glanced defiantly at the parson, who had dutifully seated himself near the table.

"I am sure I have as true an ear as anybody," whispered the widow, with an injured air. "But I defy any one to lead 'What Shall the Harvest Be?' to an accompaniment like that." She jerked her hand in the direction of the window. The band was again playing the "hochee coochee."

"Never mind about the choir practice," said Douglas, with a smile. "It

isn't, not skill, that our congregation needs in its music. As for that music out there, it is not without its compensations. Why, the small boys would rather hear that band than the finest church organ in the world."

"And the small boys would rather see the circus than to hear you preach, most likely," snipped Miss Perkins. It was adding insult to injury for him to try to console her.

"Of course they would, and so would some of the grownups if they'd only tell the truth about it," said Douglas, laughing.

"What?" exclaimed Miss Perkins.

"Why not?" asked Douglas. "I am sure I don't know what they do inside the tent, but the parade looked very promising."

"The parade?" the two women echoed in one breath. "Did you see the parade?"

"Yes, indeed," said Douglas enthusiastically. "But it didn't compare with the one I saw at the age of eight."

He turned his head to one side and looked into space with a reminiscent smile. The widow's red-haired boy crept close to him.

"The Sheldons ponies seemed as small as mice," he continued dreamily, "the elephants wuffed as mountains, the great calipso wuffed my soul to the very skies, and I followed that parade right into the circus lot."

"Did you see inside de tent?" Willie asked eagerly.

"I didn't have enough money for that," Douglas answered frankly. He turned to the small boy and pinched his ear. There was sad disappointment

in the young pastor's arms was a white, spangled burden of humanity.

"Excuse me," he said. "I just brought some of her little things. She'd better put 'em on her coat when she goes out. It's gettin' kinder chilly."

He looked again into the blank faces. Still no one spoke. He stepped forward, trembling with anxiety. A sudden fear clutched at his heart, the muscles of his face worked pitifully, the red painted lips began to quiver.

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He looked from one to the other, expecting sympathy.

"Saves you right," was Mandy's unfeeling reply. "If yo' so anxious to be a-totin' water, jes' yo' come along outside and tote some fo' Mandy."

"I can't do no mo' carryin', Mandy," protested Hasty. "I's hurted in mah arm."

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"Deacon Elverson?" cried the splinter. "Was Deacon Elverson at the circus?"

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"Yo' better take Hasty into the kitchen," said Douglas to Mandy, with a dry smile. "He's talking too much for a wounded man."

Mandy disappeared with the disgraced Hasty, advising him, with fine scorn, to get to his chaw off his legs, so's he wouldn't have to walk no mo'.

The women gazed at each other with lips closed tightly. Elverson's behavior was beyond their power of expression. Miss Perkins turned to the pastor as though he were somehow to blame for the deacon's backsliding, but before she could find words to argue the point the timid little deacon appeared in the doorway, utterly unconscious of the hostile reception that awaited him.

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He followed the direction of her glance and cleared the steps, at a bound. Mandy pursued him, muttering angrily. Deacon Elverson, too, was about to follow when a grim reminder from Miss Perkins brought him around, and he made for the door instead. He started back on opening it, for standing on the threshold was a clown in his grotesque makeup. His white clothes were partially concealed by a large traveling ulcer held together by one button. In one hand he carried a small leather satchel. In the other a girl's sailor hat. A little tan coat was thrown across his arm. The giggles of the boy hiding behind his mother's skirt were the only greetings received by the trembling old man in the doorway.

He glanced uncertainly from one unfriendly face to the other, waiting for a word of invitation to enter, but none came.

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He followed the direction of her glance and cleared the steps, at a bound. Mandy pursued him, muttering angrily. Deacon Elverson, too, was about to follow when a grim reminder from Miss Perkins brought him around, and he made for the door instead. He started back on opening it, for standing on the threshold was a clown in his grotesque makeup. His white clothes were partially concealed by a large traveling ulcer held together by one button. In one hand he carried a small leather satchel. In the other a girl's sailor hat. A little tan coat was thrown across his arm. The giggles of the boy hiding behind his mother's skirt were the only greetings received by the trembling old man in the doorway.

He glanced uncertainly from one unfriendly face to the other, waiting for a word of invitation to enter, but none came.

"Excuse me," he said. "I just brought some of her little things. She'd better put 'em on her coat when she goes out. It's gettin' kinder chilly."

He looked again into the blank faces. Still no one spoke. He stepped forward, trembling with anxiety. A sudden fear clutched at his heart, the muscles of his face worked pitifully, the red painted lips began to quiver.

"It ain't—it ain't that, is it? He faltered, unable to utter the word that filled his mind with horror.

Even Miss Perkins was momentarily touched by the anguish in the old man's voice. "I guess you will find the person you are looking for up

stairs," he said. "That's what he done at yo'," Mandy prompted the tremblingly.

"I'm 'terred, Mars John," declared Hasty solemnly. Mandy snorted incredulously. Douglas waited.

"A gemmen in de circus done tote me de mawnta' dat I carry water fo' de elephants' hat let me in de circus to' nuffin, an' I make a 'greement wid him. Mars John, did yo' ebber seed an elephant drink?" he asked, rolling his eyes. John shook his head.

"Well, sah, he jes' put dat trunk a his'n into de pall jes' once an'—swish—water gone."

Douglas laughed, and Mandy muttered sullenly.

"Well, sah," continued Hasty, "I tote water fo' dem elephants all day long, an' when I cum round to see de circus do gemmen won't let me in. An' when I try to crawl under de tent dey pull me out by de legs an' beats me."

He looked from one to the other, expecting sympathy.

"Saves you right," was Mandy's unfeeling reply. "If yo' so anxious to be a-totin' water, jes' yo' come along outside and tote some fo' Mandy."

"I can't do no mo' carryin', Mandy," protested Hasty. "I's hurted in mah arm."

"What hurt yo'?"

"Tiger."

"A tiger?" exclaimed the women in unison.

"Done chawed it mos' off," he declared solemnly. "Deacon Elverson, he seed it, an' he says I's hurt bad."

"Deacon Elverson?" cried the splinter. "Was Deacon Elverson at the circus?"

"He was in de lot, a-tryin' to look in, same as me," Hasty answered innocently.

"Yo' better take Hasty into the kitchen," said Douglas to Mandy, with a dry smile. "He's talking too much for a wounded man."

Mandy disappeared with the disgraced Hasty, advising him, with fine scorn, to get to his chaw off his legs, so's he wouldn't have to walk no mo'.

The women gazed at each other with lips closed tightly. Elverson's behavior was beyond their power of expression. Miss Perkins turned to the pastor as though he were somehow to blame for the deacon's backsliding, but before she could find words to argue the point the timid little deacon appeared in the doorway, utterly unconscious of the hostile reception that awaited him.

Hasty had prepared for him. He glanced nervously from one set face to the other, then coughed behind his hat.

"We're all very much interested in the circus," said Douglas. "Can't you tell us about it?"

"I just went into the lot to look for my son," stammered the deacon. "I feared Peter had strayed."

"Why, deacon?" said Mrs. Witherby. "I just stopped by your house and saw Mrs. Elverson putting Peter to bed."

The deacon was saved from further embarrassment by an exclamation from Julia, who had stayed at the

window. "Oh, look; something has happened!" she cried. "There's a crowd. They are coming this way."

Douglas crossed quickly to Julia's side and saw an excited mob collecting before the entrance to the main tent. He had time to discover no more before Mandy burst in at the door, panting with excitement and rolling her large, white-rimmed eyeballs.

"Mars John, a little circus girl done fall off her horse!" she cried. "Dr. Elverson may can day bring her in healthy?"

"Of course," said Douglas, hurrying outside.

There were horrified exclamations from the women, who were agitated at the idea of a circus rider in the parsonage. In their helpless indignation they turned upon the little deacon, feeling indignantly that he was enjoying the drama. Elverson was retreating toward the door when he was suddenly thrust aside by Douglas.

In the young pastor's arms was a white, spangled burden of humanity, her slender arm hung lifeless over his shoulder. The silk stocking was torn from one bruised ankle; her hair fell across her face, telling it from the unfriendly glances of the women. Douglas passed out of sight up the stairway, following the doctor to the right or left, followed by the doctor.

Mandy reached the front door in time to push back a crowd of intruders. She had barely closed the door when it was thrust open by Jim.

"Where is she?" he demanded.

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