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Practices in the courts of Alanance and Guilford counties.

Haw River Land.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1909,

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1969, the following tracts or parcels of land, all in Haw River township, Atamasce county, North Carolina, on the East side of Haw liver, to-wil:

1. A tract adjoining the lands of J. H. Braham, John A. Trilinger, Trottinwood MTg.

2. A fract adjoining the lands of J. H. Braham, John A. Trilinger, Trottinwood MTg.

2. A fract idea of the land of the tract upon which are the home dwelling house and out-buildings of the late Wm. T. Trolinger,

2. A fract immediately upon Haw river adjoining the lands of W. H. Trolinger, Pleas lixon, Jim May, John Haker and others containing; is screa, more or less.

3. A tract adjoining trollinwood MTg.

2. A tract adjoining trollinwood MTg.

3. John Baker, Calvin Tarpley, cold, and John A Trollinger, containing i acres, more or less.

All of these tracts of land.

John A. Trollinger, containing a neres, more or less.

All of these tracts of land were owned by by Wm. T. Trollinger at the time of his death, and are near together but do not join.

Terms of Sale: One-third of the price of each tract in money down; the other two-thirds 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.

Cough Caution

Bree, positively never poisoe your lungs. If you cough went from a simple cold celly—you should sively beal, soothe, and case the irritated brow shall table. Don't billedly suppress it with supplying poison. It's strange how come thing samply poison. It's strange how come the samplying poison. It's strange how come the samplying poison. It's strange how come the sample of the s

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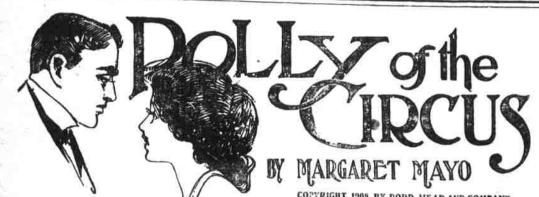
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ARE YOU ONE

MAGAZINE

mach of every one an opportunity to mathe FAR WEST. Write for Sample Copy. 1 11 11 11 11 11

16 Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. esught the puzzled look in the doctor's eyes as his deft hand pressed the crucity wounded head.



"You just bet I am," Polly answered, with an independent toss of her head. "This is the night we're goin' 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 bin ridin' 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 ring in her voice. The music was swelling

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



Most everybody has got some kind of o byg," Jim assented.

with a crack of her whip she was way on Bingo's back. "It's the spirit of the dead one that's got into her." Jim mumbled as he turned away, still seeing the flash in the departing girl's eyes.

the audience "sit up" when they swept into the ring. She light and toyous in all her poses. She seemed scarcely to touch the back of the white horse as they dashed round the ring in the glare of the tent lights. The other performers went through their work mechanically while Polly

As for Polly, her work had nevet lost its first interest. Jim may have been right when he said that the spirit

of the dead mother had got into her, but it must have been an unsatisfied spirit, unable to fulfill its ambition in the body that once held it, for it sometimes played strange pranks with Polly. Wonight her eyes shone and her lips were parted in anticipation as she leaped lightly over the many colored streamers of the wheel of silken ribbons held by Barker in the center of the ring and by Toby and the tumblers on the edge of the bank. With each change of her act the au-

dience cheered and frantically applauded. The band played faster; Bingo's pace increased; the end of her turn was coming. The tumblers arranged themselves around the ring with paper hoops. Bingo was fairly racing. She went through the first hoop with a crash of tearing paper.

"Heigh, Bingo!" she shouted as she bent her knees to make ready for the final leap. Bingo's neck was stretched. He had

never gone so fast before. Barker looked uneasy. Toby forgot to go on with his accustomed tricks. Jim watched anxiously from the entrance. The paper of one hoop was still left unbroken. The attendant turned his eyes to glance at the oncoming girl. The hoop shifted slightly in his clumsy hand as Polly leaped straight up from Bingo's back, trusting to her first calculation. Her forehead struck the edge of the hoop. She clutched wildly at the air. Bingo galloped on, and she fell to the ground, striking her bend against the ironbound stake at

the edge of the ring.

Everything stopped. There was a gasp of borror. The musiciaus dropped their instruments. Biago halted and looked back uneasily. She lay unconscious and seemingly lifeless.

This was not the first time today that Mandy had found herself talking.

A great ery went up in the tent. stricken men, women and children began to clamber down from their seats, while others nearest the ground attempted to jump into the ring. Barker, still grasping his long whip, rushed to the girl's side and shouted

wildly to Toby: "Say something, you. Get 'em back!" Old Toby turned his white face to the crowd. His features worked convulsively, but he could not speak. His grief was so grotesque that the few who saw him laughed hysterically. He las had answered, with a laugh, but

could not even go to Polly. His feet seemed pinned to the earth.

Jim reshed into the tent at the first cry of the audience. He lifted the limp form tenderly and, kneeling in the ring, held her bruised head in his

"Can't you get a doctor?" he shouted

desperately to Barker.
"Here's the doctor?" some one called, and a stranger came toward them. He bent over the seemingly lifeless form, his fingers on the tiny wrist, his ear to the heart.

tions, she gazed at Julia now. The "Well, sir?" Jim faltered, for he had shining eyes of the descon's daughter the "boochee coochee."

"I can't fell fust yet," said the doc- | just seen a "wonde'ful striped anator. "She must be taken away." "Where can we take her?" asked right out of the tent" and how he had promising." Jim, a look of terror in his great, troubled eyes.

"The parsonage is the pearest 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 light."

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 charlot race.

son Willie by the hand.

"It's scandalous!" Miss Perkins snap-

action against the things that her soul

"Well, I'm sure I've done all that I

could," piped the widow, with a meek,

martyred air. She was always mar-

tyred. She considered it an appropri-

ate attitude for a widow. "He can't

"Mercy me!" interrupted the spinster.

"If there isn't Julia Strong a-leaning

right out of that window a-looking at

the circus, and her pa a deacon of the

church, and this the house of the pas-

tor! It's shocking! I must go to her."

as he tugged at his mother's skirts.

"Ma, let me see, too," begged Willie

Mrs. Willoughby hesitated. Miss

Perkins was certainly taking a long

while for her argument with Julia.

the window was positively alarming.

"Dear me!" she said. "I wonder if

there can be a fire." And with this

pretext for investigation she, too,

joined the little group at the window.

A few moments later, when Douglas

entered for a fresh supply of paper,

the backs of the company were to

ward him. He crossed to the study

table without disturbing his visitors

and smiled to himself at the eager

way in which they were hanging out

Douglas was a sturdy young man of

of the window.

BINGO GALLOPED ON, AND SHE FELL TO THE GROUND.

faced Julia. "I was sunh most gone | side with the deacons, for it hurt their

dat time." Then followed another out-

But the deacon's daughter did not

burst against the delinquent Hasty.

that Mandy had found herself talking

stream of callers at the parsonage

since 11 that morning, but she had

long ago confided to the paster that

floors," she said, "an' a-askin' why

you don't stop de circus from a show-

in' nex' to de church an' den a-cranin

dar necks out de winder till I can't

"That's only human nature," Doug

Mandy had declared that she knew an-

other name for it and had mumbled

something about "hypocritters" as she

seized her broom and began to sweep

ininginary tracks from in front of the

Many times she had made up her

mind to les the next caller know just

"Dey comes in here a-trackin' up my

she suspected their reasons.

get no housework done,"

to space.

There had been a steady

vanity that the pastor found so many

other interests when he might have

been sitting in dark, stuffy rooms dis-

cussing theology with them, but Doug-

las had been either unconscious of or

indifferent to their resentment and

had gone on his way with a cheery not

and an unconquerable conviction of right that had only left them flounder-

ing. 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 exciamations from the women, who,

chattering, rushed quickly toward him.

boy, Willie?" simpered the widow.

"He dragged me quite to the window."

offering a chair to each of the women.

"Our choir practice had to be entire-

ly discontinued," declared Miss Per-

near the table.
"I am sure I have as true an ear as

Douglas glanced amusedly first at

"What do you think of my naughty

blame me if the choir is out of key to

cus band.

abominated.

morrow."

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 charlots 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.

HE 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 "worse half," Hasty, who had been lured from duty early in the day. She had once dubbed him Hasty in a spirit of deri- The glow from the red powder outside sion, 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 shrilly 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 OLLY and Bingo always made pitching headforemost into the lot by gone. She was barely saved from the timely arrival of Deacon Strong's daughter, who managed with difficulty was so young, so gayly clad, so to connect the excited woman's feet with the floor.

"Fob de Lor' sake!" Mandy gasped sports robbed him of a certain dignity as she stood panting for breath and in their eyes. Some of the women of blinking at the pretty, young, apple the congregation had been inclined to

is soul, not skill, that our congregation needs in its music. As for that music out there, it is not without its compen-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," snapped Miss Perkins. It was adding insult to injury for him to try to coasole her.

"Of course they would, and so would ome 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 mule" with a "pow'ful long neck walk | the tents, but the parade looked very "come apart afore her very eyes" and "The paradel" the two women ech-

two men had slipped "right out of his insides." Mandy was so carried away | parade?" "Yes, indeed," said Donglas enthusiby her own eloquence and so busy showing Julia the sights beyond the astically. "But it didn't compare with the one I saw at the age of eight." window that she did not hear Miss He turned his head to one side and Perkins, the thin lipped spinster, who entered, followed by the Widow Willooked into space with a reminiscent

loughby, dragging her seven-year-old smile. The widow's red haired boy crept close to him. "The Shetland ponles seemed as The women were protesting because their choir practice of "What Shall the small as mice," he continued dreamily, Harvest Be?" had been interrupted by "the elephants huge as mountains, the great calliope wafted my soul to the the unrequested accompaniment of the very skies, and I followed that parade "hoochee coochee" from the nearby cirright into the circus lot."

"Did you seed inside de tent?" Wil-He asked eagerly. "I didn't have enough money fo

"Scandalous! And somebody ought to stop it." She glanced about that," Douglas answered frankly. He with an unmistakable air of grievance turned to the small boy and pinched at the closed doors, feeling that the pastor was undoubtedly behind one of his ear. There was sad disappointthem when he ought to be out taking



spangled burden of humanity. ment in the youngster's face, but he brightened again when the parson con fessed that he "peeped." "A parson peeping!" cried the thin

tipped Miss Perkins. "I was not a parson then," corrected Douglas good naturedly. "You were going to be," persisted

eight and twenty, frank and boyish in | the spinster. "I had to be a boy first in spite o manner, confident and light hearted in spirit. He had seemed too young to that fact." The sudden appearance of Hasty the deacons when he was appointed to proved a diversion. He was looking their church, and his keen enjoyment

of outdoor games and other healthful very sheepish. "Hynr he is, Mars John; look at him!" said Mandy. "Hasty, where have you been all

day?" demanded Douglas severely. Hasty fumbled with his hat and sparred for time. "Did yo' say whar's I been, sah?"

"Dat's what he done ast yo'," Mandy prompted threateningly.
"I bin 'ceived, Mars John," declared Hasty solemnly. Mandy snorted incredulously. Douglas waited.

"A gemmen in de circus done tole me di mawnin' dat ef I carry water fo' de el'phants he'll let me in de circus fo' nuffin', an' I make a 'greement wid him. Mars John, did yo' ebber seed an el'phant drink?" he asked. rolling his eyes. John shook his head. "Well, sah, he jes' put dat trunk a his'n into de pail jes' once an'-swish-

water gone." Douglas laughed, and Mandy mut-

tered suilenly.
"Well, sah," continued Hasty, "I tote water fo' dem el'phants all day long, an' when I cum roun' to see de circus de gemmen won't let me in. An' when I try to crawl under de tent dey pulls me out by de laigs an' beats me." He looked from one to the other, expecting sympathy.

"Sarves you right," was Mandy's unfeeling reply. "If yo's 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

"What hurt yo'?" "Tiger."

"A tiger?" exciaimed the women in

"Done chawed it mos' off," he de clared solemnly. "Deacon Elverson, be seed it, an' he says I's burt bad." "Deacon Elverson!" cried the spin "Was Deacon Elverson at the

eircus?" "He was in de lot, a-tryin' to look in, same as me," Hasty answered in-"You'd 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 dis graced Hasty, advising him, with fine scorn, "to get de tiger to chaw off his

laigs, so's he wouldn't have to walk 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 backstiding.

the five foot six widow and then at but before she could find words to arthe helpless red haired urchin by her gue the point the timid little deacon side, but he made no comment beyond appeared in the doorway, utterly unconscious of the hostile reception that Hasty had prepared for him. He glanced nervously from one set face to the other, then coughed behind his kins sourly as she accepted the prof-fered chair, adjusted her skirts for a hat.

stay and glanced defiantly at the par "We're all very much interested in son, who had dutifully seated himself the circus," said Douglas. "Can't you tell us about it?"

what she thought of "hypocritters.
But her determination was usually weakened by her still greater desire to excite increased wonder in the faces of her visitors.

Divided between these two incilnabilities are companiment like that." She like the survey of the pand to the direction of the product of the strayed at Julia now. The window. The hand was again playing to hed."

Tell us about it? "I just went into the lot to look for my son," stammered the descen. "I feared Peter had strayed."

"Why, deacon?" said Mrs. Willoughby. "I just stopped by your house and naw Mrs. Elverson putting Peter to hed." window. The band was again playing to bed."

The deacon was saved from further shining eyes of the descon's daughter the "boochee coochee."

The descon was saved from further conquered, and she haunched forth into "Never mind about the choir practice," said Douglas, with a smile. "It from Julia, who had stayed at the

window. "Oh, look; something has hope?" happened!" she cried. "There's a "Yes, rather bad," said the doctor, 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 hoss!" she cried. "Dr.

Hartley say can dey bring her in heah?

"Of course," said Douglas, hurrying

There were horrified exclamations from the women, who were aghast at the idea of a circus rider in the parsonage. In their helpless indignation they turned upon the little deacon, feeling intuitively that he was enjoying oed in one breath. "Did you see the 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, spaugled 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, veiling it from the unfriendly giances of the women. Douglas passed out of sight up the stairway without looking 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.

"Go way f'um here!" cried Mandy as her eyes unconsciously sought the stairs.

Jim 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 ulster 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 door

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

"Excuse me," he said. "I just brought some of her little things. She'd better put 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 the red painted lips began to quiver. "It ain't-it ain't that, is it?" he faitered, unable to utter the word that

filled him 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-



The painted clown shoul alone. stairs," she answered tartly and flounced out of the house, calling to Julia and the others to follow her and declaring that she would soon let folks "circus ridin' girl" into the parsonage. The painted clown stood alone, looking from one wall to the other, then crossed the room and placed the alligator satchel and the little coat and hat on the study table. He was careful not to wrinkle the coat, for this was Polly's birthday gift. Jim and be had planned to have sandwiches and soda pop on the top of the big wagon when they offered their treasures to night. But now the wagons would soon be leaving, and where was Pol-

"Well, if dar ain't anudder one!" she small water pitcher and searching for a bottle of brandy which had been placed in the medicine chest for emer-

ly? He turned to ask this question as

Mandy came down the stairs.

"You can take these upstairs," be told her when he had filled the pitcher with water and found the liquor. Man-dy looked threateningly at Toby, then reluctantly went on her way. Dongias turned to the old man pleas

His was the first greeting that had received, and he at last "The doctor hasn't told us yet," said

Douglas kindly. "I'm her Uncle Toby-not her real mcie," the old man explained, "but that's what she calls me. I couldn't come out right away because I'm on of Internal Revenue, still is in a in the concert. Could I see her now,

adding quickly as he saw the suffering in Toby's face, "but don't be alarmed. She's going to get well."

"How long will it be before we can "How long will it be before we can have her back-before she can ride again?" asked Jim gruffly as he stood apart, twisting his brown, worn hat

in his hands.

"Probably several months," said the doctor. "No bones are broken, but the ligaments of one aukle are torn, and she received a bad blow on the head.

"What are we goin' to do, Jim?" asked Toby helplessly.
"You needn't worry. We'll take

good care of her here," said Douglas, seeing desperation written on their faces. "Here?" They looked at him in-

redulously. And this was a parson!

"Where are her parents?" the doctor asked, looking at Jim and Toby. an' me." replied Jim. "We've took care of her ever since she was a

baby." "Oh, I see!" said the doctor, "Well, one of you'd better stay here until she

can be moved." "That's the trouble. We can't," said An honest medicine Toby, hanging his head. "You see, sir, circus folks is like soldiers. No matter what happens, the show has to go on an' we got to be in our places."

"Well, well, she'll be safe enough here," said the doctor. "It is a fortunate thing that Mr. Douglas can manage this. Our town hospital burned down a few months ago, and we've been rather puzzled as to what to do with such cases." He took his leave. with a cheery "Good night" and a promise to look in upon the little patient later. Jim shuffled awkwardly toward the pastor.

"It's mighty good of you to do this," he mumbled. "but she nin't goin' to be no charity patient. Me an' Toby is

goin' to look after her keep." "Her wants will be very few," Doughas answered kindly. trouble much about that." "I mean it." sold Jim savagely. He

met Douglas' glance of surprise with a determined look, for he feared that his chance of being useful to Polly might be slipping out of his life. "You mustn't mind Jim," the clown pleaded at the pastor's elbow. "You see, pain gets some folks different

from others, an' it always kinder makes him savage." "Oh, that's all right," Douglas answered quickly. His own life had been so lonely that he could understand the selfish yearning in the big man's heart. "You must do what you think best about these things. Mandy

and I will look after the rest." Jim hung his head, feeling somehow sudden fear clutched at his heart, the that the pastor had seen straight into muscles of his face worked pitifully, his heart and discovered his petty weakness. He was about to turn toward the door when it was thrown ARE YOU

open by Barker. "Where is she?" shouted the manager, looking from one to the other. "She can't come," said Jim in a low, stendy voice for he knew the storm of opposition with which Barker would

meet the announcement. "Can't come?" shricked Barker. course she'll come. I can't get along without her. She's got to come." He coked at Jim, who remained silent and firm. "Why ain't she comin'?" he asked, feeling himself already defeat-

"She's burt bad," was Jim's Inconic "The devil she is!" said Barker,

looking at Douglas for confirmation. "Is that right?" "She won't be able to travel for some

time," said Douglas. "Mr. Barker is our manager," Toby explained as he edged his way to the pastor's side. "Some time!" Barker looked at

Douglas as though he were to blame for their misfortune. "Well, you just bet she will," he declared menacingly. "See here, Barker, don't you talk to him like that," said Jim, facing the manager. "He's darned square, even if he is a parson." Barker turned way. He was not a bad hearted man, but be was irritated and upset at los ing the star feature of his bill. "Ain't this my dedgasted luck?" be muttered to himself as his eye again traveled to the boss canvasman. "You get out of here, Jim," he shouted, "an'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

go on Pall or no Poliff

Origin of Language. Language is the vehicle of thought and is not necessarily vocal. It is safe to say that the sign or gesture language preceded the oral or real lanknow how the parson had brought a guage and that it was a long time be fore the latter form of communicating ideas became anything like universal There are still tribes that have only the gesture language, supplemented b the merest jargon of words. Beyond a doubt the race began its career dumb just as the babe does, and acquired its vocabulary very slowly and painfully. -New York American.

The old fashioned way of dosing weak stomach, or stimulating the Heart or Kidneys is all wrong. Dr. Shoop first pointed out this error. This is why his prescription-Dr. Shoop'r Retsorative-"Never mind, Mandy," said Douglas, is directed entirely to the cause of who was just behind her, carrying a these ailments the weak inside or controlling nerves. It isn't so difficult, says Dr Shoop, strengthen a weak Stomach, Heart or Kidneys, if one goes at it correctly. Each inside organ has its controlling or inside nerve. When these nerves fail then those organs must surely falter. These vital truths are leading druggists everywhere to dispense and recfound voice to ask whether Polly was ommend Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Test it a few days, and see! Improvement will promptly follow. Sold by Graham Drug Co.

John G. Capers, Commissioner very serious condition as a result "Here's the doctor," said Douglas as of a recent mastoid operation in Hartley same down the stairs, follow-ed by Jim "Well, doctor, not bad, 1 Washington, D. C.

This time of the year are signals of warning, Take Tarakacum Compound now. It may ave you a spell of fe-"She ain't got no parents 'cept Toby ver. It will regulate your bowels, set your liver right, and cure your indigestion.

A good Tonic.

araxacum MEBANE. N. C.

Trustee's Sale! Real Estate.

Under and by virtue of a deed of trust executed to me by Mack C. Williamson, bearing date of August 2, 1907, and duly registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Alamance county, in Book No. 39 of mortgages, on pages 91 to 94, and because of default made in the payment of the debt there y secured, demand having been made for said payment, at the request of the holder of said bond secured by said deed of trust, I will sell for cash, at public outery, to the best bidder, at the court house door in Graham, North Carolina, on

Saturday, May 15, 1909,

Saturday, May 15, 1707,
at twelve o'clock, noon, the following lot of land, lying and being in Melville township, Alamance county, in said State, and bounded as follows: Adjoining the lands of Byrd Williamson, Win. Henson and others, and bounded on the North by Mack C. Williamson, on the West ly Byrd Williamson, on the south by .o. Lea, and said to contain one acre, more or less, it being a lot conveyed to said Mack C. Williamson by R. T. Kernodie, Sheriff.
This the 13th day of April, 1808.

W. W. MASON. Trustee,
J. S. COOK, Atty.

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