"First bell?" the girl repeated as her

eyes traveled quickly about the strange

walls and the unfamiliar fittings of the

suddenly.

laughed reassuringly.

rest of the push!"

hours ago."

here?"

yo'se'f.'

awhile.

tor.

covers.

dently amused.

room. "This sin't the show!" she cried

"Lor' bless you, no! Dis ain't no show!" Mandy answered, and she

"Then where am I?" Polly asked,

half breathless with bewilderment.

"Nebber you mind 'bout dat,"

"But I do mind," protested Polly, trying to raise herself to a sitting po-

"De wat?" asked Mandy in surprise.

"The bunch-Jim and Toby an' the

"Lor' bless you," Mandy exclaimed,

"dey's done gone 'long wid de circus

"Gone! Show gone!" Polly cried in

amazement. "Then what am I doin'

"Hol' on dar, honey! Hol' on!"

around her. "I get to get out of here."

"Youse got plenty o' time for dat."

Mandy answered. "Jes' yo' walt

is it? Let me alone! Let me go!" she

The door opened softly, and the

young paster stood looking down at

the picture of the frail, white faced

"Here, here! What's all this about?"

be asked in a firm tone, though evi-

"Who are you?" returned the girl as

against the pillows and drew the cov-

ers close under her chin, looking at

"She done been cuttin' up somefin

awful!" Mandy explained as she tried

to regain enough breath for a new en

"Cutting up? You surprise me, Miss

Polly " he said with mock seriousness

little rebel asked, her eyes gleaming

large and desperate above the friendly

said as he crossed to the bed.

you needn't butt in."

ing of Polly's character.

won't be quiet, not for n

"If you will be very good and keep

"I am afraid I can't help you to go

"What are you tryin' to do to me,

anyhow?" she asked as she shot a

glance of suspicion from the pastor to

"Don't you be scared, honey," Man-

dy reassured her. "Youse jes' as safe

"Safer, we hope," Douglas added,

"Are you two bug?" Polly ques-

tioned as she turned her head from

with a new idea. "Well, you can't

She made a desperate effort to put

away all right, an' I will too."

a cry of pain.

Mandy. "What am I up against?"

here as you done been in de circus."

him oddly over their top.

child and her black, determined cap

cried, struggling desperately.

Mandy's unsatisfactory reply.

sition. "Where's the bunch?"

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

and solid muscle. Elegantly sugar Take No Substitute.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DONALD GULLEY Attorney-at-Law BURLINGTON, N. C.

SELLARS BUILDING.

DR. WILL S. LONG, JR. . . . DENTIST . . .

Graham. - - - North Carolina OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING

J. ELMER LONG. JACOB A. LONG. LONG & LONG. Attorneys and Counselors at Law

GRAHAM. N. 3. J. S. COOK

Attorney-at-Law, GRAHAM, - - - N. C. Office Patterson Bullding

C. A. HALL

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, GRAHAM, N. C.

Office in the Bank of Alamance Bulding. up stairs.

IOHN JEAY DONUM. W. P. BYRUM, JR. BYNUM & BYNUM, Attorneys and Counselors at Law

G . BENSBORO, N U. Practice regularly in the courts of Alamance county. Aug. 2, 94 19

ROB'T C. STRUDWICK Attorney-at-Law,

GREENSBORO N. U. 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 door in Graham, in said county and state, on SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1909, the following tracts or parcels of land, all in Haw Hiver township, Alamanos county, North Carolina, on the East side of Haw

North Carolina, on the East side of Haw fiver, to-wit:

1. A tract adjoining the lands of J. H. Gabam, John A. Trilinger, Trolinwood M'fg Co., Pleas, Dixon, and others, containing 24 acres, more or less, it being the tract upon which are the home dwelling house and outbuildings of the lase Wm. T. Trolinger.

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

3. A tract adjoining Trolinwood M'fg Co., John Baker, Calvin Tarpley, cold, and John A. Trolinger, containing 4 acres, more or less.

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

All of these tracts of land wore owned by by Wm. T. Troilinger at the tiles 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, 1899.

E. S. PARKER.

E. S. PARKER,

Dr. Shoop's Restorative known much about circus 10185.
"I guess I'd better be goin'," Toby faltered as his eyes roved hungrily to-GRAHAM DRUG CO.

FREE TRIP to the PACIFIC COAST



MAGAZINE

to the FAR WEST. Write for Sample Copy. :: 1 11 11 11 11

Sunset Travel Club





He turned with his hand on the ward him, but instead it fell upon a doorknob and jerked out a grudging thanks to the pastor. "It's all fired good of you to take her in," he said, but it's tough to lose her. Good night!" He banged the door and clattered down the steps. Jim waited. He was trying to find words in which to tell his gratitude.

None came, and he turned to go, with a short "Goodby." face jes' like a little flower." "Good night, Jim," said the pastor. He crossed the room and took the big fellow's hand.

"Much obliged," Jim answered gruffly. It was his only polite phrase, and he had taught Polly to say it. Douglas waited until Jim had passed down the steps, then turned to Toby, who still lingered near the table. "You'll tell her how it was me an'

Jim had to leave her without sayin' goodby; won't you, sir?" Toby pleaded. "Yes, Indeed," Douglas promised. "I'll jes' put this little bit of money

into her satchel." He picked up the little brown bag that was to have been Polly's birthday gift. "Me an' Jim will be sendin' her more soon." "You're going to miss her, I'm afraid." Douglas said, feeling an irresistible desire to gain the old man's

"Lord bless you, yes, sir!" Toby answered, turning upon him eagerly. 'Me an' Jim has been father an' moth



"No matter what happens, the show has to go on."

er an' jes' about everything to that little one. She wasn't much bigger'n a handful of peanuts when we begun -worryin' about her."

"Well, Mandy will do the worrying now." Douglas laughed. "She's been dying for a chance to mother somebody all along. Why, she even tried "I noticed as how some of those

church people seemed to look kinder queer at me," said Toby, "an' I been -wonderin' if mebbe they might feel he same about her."

"Oh, they're all right!" Douglas assured him. "They'll be her friends in no time." "She's fit for 'em, sir," Toby plend-

ed. "She's good, clean into the middle of her heart."

"I'm sure of it," Douglas answered. "I've heard how some church folks feels towards us circus people, sir, an' I jes' wanted you to know that there ain't finer families or better mothers or fathers or grandfathers or randmothers anywhere that is. Why, that girl's mother

horses afore her, an' her r that, an' her grandmother... ather afore that, an' there ain't nobody what's cared more for their good name an' their children's good name an her people has. You see, sir, circus folks is all like that. They's jes' like one big family. They tends to their business an' takes good care of theirselves. They has to or they couldn't do their work. It's 'cause I'm leavin' her with you that I'm sayin' all this," the old man apologized.

"I'm glad you told me, Toby," Douglas answered kindly. "I've pever known much about circus folks."

ward the stairway. "I'll send you our route, an' mebbe you'll be lettin' us know how she is." "Indeed, I will," Douglas assured

"You might tell her we'll write ever

day or so," be added. "I'll tell her," Douglas promised ear-

"Good night?" The old man healtated, unwilling to go, but unable to find further pretext for staying.

"Good night, Toby." Douglas extended his hand toward the bent figure that was about to shuffle past him. The withered hand of the white faced clown rested in the strong grasp of the paster, and his pale little eyes sought the face of the stalwart man before im. A numb desolation was growing in his heart. The object for which he had gone on day by day was being left behind, and he must stumble forth

into the night alone. "It's hard to leave her," he mum bled, "but the show has got to go on."

The door shut out the bent, old figure. Douglas stood for some time where Toby had left him, still thinking of his prophetic words. His reverle was broken by the sounds of the departing wagons, the low muttered curses of the drivers, the shrieking and roaring of the animals, as the cir-"The show has got to go on," he re-peated as he crossed to his study table and seated himself for work in the dim light of the old fashioned lamp.

small sailor hat. He twisted the hat absently in his fingers, not yet realizing the new order of things that was coming into his life. Mandy tiptoed softly down the stairs. She placed one pudgy forefinger on her lips and rolled her large eyes skyward. "Dat sure am an angel chile straight from hebben," she whispered. "She done got a

"Straight from heaven," Douglas repeated as she crossed softly to the table and picked up the satchel and coat. "You can leave the lamp, Mandy. I must finish tomorrow's sermon."

She turned at the threshold and shook her head rather sadly as she saw the imprint of the day's cares on the young pastor's face. "Yo' mus' be pow'ful tired," she

"No, no; not at all. Good night, Mandy."

She closed the door behind her, and Douglas was alone. He gazed absently at the pages of his unfilshed sermon as he tapped his idle pen on the desk. "The show has got to go on," he repeated, and far up the hillside with the slow moving wagons Jim and Toby looked with unseeing eyes into the dim, starlit distance and echoed the thought, "The show has got to go

CHAPTER V.

HE church bells were ringing their first warning for the morning service when Mandy peeped into the spare bedroom for the second time and glanced cautiously at the wisp of hair that bespoke a feminine head somewhere between the covers and the little white pillow on the four poster bed. There was no sound from the sleeper, so Mandy ventured across the room on tiptoe and raised the shades. The drooping boughs of autumn foliage lay shimmering against the window panes, and through them might be seen the grav outline of the church. Mandy glanced again toward the bed to make sure that the burst of sunlight had not wakened the invalid, then crossed to a small, rickety chair laden with the discarded finery of the little circus

"Lawdy sakes!" she cried, holding up a spangled dress admiringly, "Ain't dat beautiful!" She drew near the mirror, attempting to see the reflection of the tinsel and chiffon against her very ample background of gingham and avoirdupols. "You'd sure be a swell nigger wid dat on, honey!" dem deacons holler if dey done see

dat?" The picture of the deacons' astonishment at such a spectacle so grew upon Mandy that she was obliged to tasks before him other than the shapcover her generous mouth to shut in her convulsive laughter lest it awaken the little girl in the bed. She crossed to the old fashioned bureau which for many months had stood unused against the wall. The drawer creaked as she opened it to lay away the gay, spangled gown.

"It'll be a mighty long time afore she puts on dem t'ings ng'in," she said, with a doubtful shake of her large,

round head. Then she went back to the chair and picked up Polly's sandals and exam- one side to the other and studied them ined the beadwork with a great deal of interest "Lawdy, lawdy!" she cried as she compared the size of the sandals to that of her own rough, worn shoes. She was again upon the point of exploding with laughter as the more emphatic clangs to its warning.

He turned, with a start, motioning a in warning out of the window for The bell to be silent, but the little sleeper was already stirring uneasily on her pillow. One soft arm was thrown languidly over her head. The large blue eyes opened and closed



"You'd sure be a seell nigger honey!" she chuckled.

dreamily as she murmured the words of the clown song that Jim and Toby and taught her years ago:

"Ting ling.
That's what the bells sing"-Mandy reached the side of the bed as the girl's eyes opened a second time and met here with a blank stare of astonishment. A tiny frown came into the small white forehead. "What's the matter?" she asked faintly, trying to find something fa-

are better." ets!"

had heretofore gained in her respect. "Ray, have you seen that show?" She waited for his answer with pity and

"You see, Miss Polly, you have had a very bad fall, and you can't get away just yet nor see your friends until you "It's only a scratch," Polly whim the whole thing in that push," she said, pered. "I can do my work; I got ta." with an air of self complacency, "an' One more feeble effort and she succumbed, with a faint "jiminy crick be on the bum for fair."

"I beg your pardon," was all Doug-"Uncle Toby told me that you were las could say, confused by the sudden and seated himself for work in the "Hush, child, bush," Mandy whish a very good little girl," Douglas said "Tou're kiddin' me," she said, turn the put out one hand to draw the sheets of his interrupted sermen to Dat's only de furs' bell a ringin."

Lice Long tool me that you were a could my, confused by the sudder wolks, as he drew up a chair and sat down by the expressing her head to one side, as was been sheets of his interrupted sermen to

master of the situation. "Do you think must 'a' seen me ride?" he would like you to behave like this?" "No, Miss Polly, I have never seen "I sure am on the blink," she sighed a circus," Douglas told her, half regret-

as she settled back wearlly upon the fully, a sense of his deep privation "You'll be all right soon," Douglas answered cheerily. "Mandy and I will help the time to go."

without hearing him. "It was the last few short stemmed posles in a variehoop. Jim seemed to have a hunch I guted bouquet. was goin' to be in for trouble when I from the start. I got myself together ing at him as though he were a curito make the last jump, an'-I can't remember no more." Her head drooped, and her eyes closed.

"I wouldn't try just now if I were you." Douglas answered tenderly. "It's my wheel, ain't it?" Polly ques-

tioned after a pause.
"Yosh what, chile?" Mandy exclaimed as she turned from the table, where she had been rolling up the unused bandages left from the doctor's call the night before.

"I say it's my creeper, my paddie," Polly explained, trying to locate a few of her many pains. "Gee, but that hurts!" She tried to bend her ankle. "Is it punctured?" "Only sprained," Douglas answered,

st lying to control his amusement a the expression on Mandy's puzzled face. "Better not talk any more about "Ain't anything the matter with my

tongue, is there?" she asked, turning her head to one side and studying him quizzically. "I don't think there is." he replied

Mandy cautioned. "Don't you 'cite good naturedly. "How did I come to fall in here any-"Let me alone!" Polly put aside the how?" she asked as she studied the arm that was to ing to place a shawl walls of the unfamiliar room. "We brought you here."

"It's a swell place," she grudgingly. "We are comfortable," he admitted

"I can't wait, an' I won't!" Polly as a telltale smile again hovered about shricked, almost beside herself with his lips. He was thinking of the anxlety. "I got to get to the next changes that he must presently make burg-Wakefield, ain't it? What time in Miss Polly's vocabulary. "Is this the big top?" she asked.

"The—what?" he stammered.
"The main tent," she explained. "Well, no; not exactly. It's going to be your room now, Miss Polly." "My room! Gee! Think of that! she gasped as the possibility of her

actually having a room all of her own took hold of her mind. "Much obliged," she said, with a nod, feeling that something was expected of her she shoved herself quickly back She knew no other phrase of gratitude than the one "Muvver Jim" and Toby had taught her to say to the manager when she received from him the first stick of red and white striped candy. "You're very welcome," Douglas anwered, with a ring of genuine feeling n his voice.

"Awful quiet, ain't it?" she ventured after a pause. "Guess that's what woke me up."

"How do you know I'm Polly?" the Douglas laughed good naturedly at the thought of quiet as a disturber and added that he feared it might at first be rather dull for her, but that very quiet, I will try to tell you," he Jim and Toby would send her news of the circus and that she could write to Polly objected, with a bold disregard

"I'll have to be a heap better 'an she chuckled to herself. "Wouldn't of double negatives. "I got to get a I ever was fore I can write much." move. If you ain't goin' to help me Polly drawled, with a whimsical littie smile. "I will write for you," the pastor just yet," Douglas replied. He was be- volunteered, understanding her plight.

"You will?" For the first time he saw a show of real pleasure in her "Every day." Douglas promised sol-

emnly.

"An' you will show me how?" "Indeed, I will." "How long am I in for?" she asked.

"The doctor can tell better about that when he comes. "The doctor! So-it's as bad as that,

"Oh that need not frighten you Douglas answered consolingly. bridled "I ain't frightened," she get none the best of me. I can get quickly; "I ain't never scared of nothin'. It's only 'cause they need me in the show that I'm a-kickin'.' one foot to the floor, but fell back with "Oh, they will get along all right,"

he said reassuringly.



"SHE DONE BEEN CUTTIN' UP SOMEPIN AWPUL!"

ting the pillow under the poot cramped neck and smoothing the tan gled hair from Polly's forebead. "You done hurt yo'sef for such dis time."

The nester handy murmured, put the along: Polly sashed with sudden resentment, "Get along without my act." It was apparent from her look of astonishment that Douglas had completely lost whatever ground, he "Dar, dar," Mandy murmured, put The pastor had taken a step toward the bed. His look of amusem changed to one of pity.

> "Well, I should say you ain't or you wouldn't make no crack like that. I'm

"What!" cried Polly incredulously. "Lordy, no, chile. He ain't nebber

stealing prop him seed none ob dem t'ings," Mandy in-"I recollect now," Polly faltered terrupted as she tried to arrange a

"Well, what do you think of that!" went into the ring. Bingo must 'a' felt Polly gasped. "You're the first Rube I it too. He kept a-pullin' and a-jerkin' ever saw that hadn't." She was lookosity.

> head with a sad little smile and good knock off work." naturedly agreed that he had some times feared as much. "That's what we always calls a guy

like you," she explained ingenuously and added hopefully: "Well, you must 'a' seen our parade. All the pikers see that. It don't cost nothin'.' "I'm afraid I must also plead guilty

to the charge of being a piker," Douglas admitted, half sheepishly, "for I did see the parade." "Well, I was the one on the white horse right behind the lion cage," she

began excitedly. "You remember?"
"It's a little confused in my mind" he caught her look of amazement-"just at present," he stammered, feeling her wrath again about to descend upor "Well, I'm the twenty-four sheet

stand," she explained. "Sheet!" Mandy shricked from her corner. "Yes, the billboards, the pictures,

Polly said, growing impatient at their persistent stupidity. "She sunh am a funny talkin' thing!"

mumbled Mandy to herself as she clip ped the withered leaves from a plant near the window. "You are dead sure they know I ain't comin' on?" Polly asked, with a linger

ing suspicion in her voice. "Dead sure." And Douglas smiled to himself as he lapsed into her vernacu-

There was a moment's pause. Polly realized for the first time that she must actually readjust herself to a new or der of things. Her eyes again roved about the room. It was a cheerful place in which to be imprisoned. Even Polly could not deny that. The broad window at the back, with its white and pink chintz curtains on the inside and its frame of lyy on the outside, spoke of singing birds and sunshine all day long. Everything from the white cell ing to the sweet smelling matting that covered the floor was spotlessly clean. The cane bottomed rocker near the curved window sent with its pretty pillows told of days when a convale cent might look in comfort at the garden beneath. The counterpane, with its old fashioned rose pattern; the little white tidies on the back of each chair and Mandy crooning beside the window all helped to make a homelike pic-

She wondered what Jim and Toby would say if they could see her now, sitting like a queen in the midst of her soft coverlets, with no need to mise even a finger to wait upon herself.

"Ain't it the limit?" she sighed, and with that Jim and Toby seemed to drift farther away. She began to see their life apart from hers. She could picture Jim with his head in his hands. She could hear his sharp orders to the men. He was always short with the others when anything

went wrong with her.
"I'll bet 'Muvver Jim's' in the amused at the pastor's discomfort. dumps," she murmured as a cloud stole across the flowerlike face; then the tired muscles relaxed, and she

ceased to rebel. "Muyver Jim?" Douglas repeated feeling that be must recall her to a knowledge of his presence.

"That's what I call him," Polly explained, "but the fellows call him 'Big Jim.' You might not think Jim could be a good mother just to look at him,



none ob dem l'ings."

but he is, only sometimes you can't tell him things you could a real mother," she added, half sadly. "And your real mother went away when you were very young?" "No, she didn't go away."

"No?" There was a puraled note in the pastor's voice. "She went out," Polly corrected. "Out!" he echoed blankly.
"Yes; finished—lights out."

"Ob, an accident." Douglas under "I don't like to talk about it." Polly

no more ginger an a kitten. If you provement will promptly follow, can best that? She gazed at him Sold by Graham Drug Co. with her it, a pressed tightly together. ethiently expecting some startling ex-

"And your fether?" Douglas asked PILES fet Innellate

sion on her face that at last he was wont when assailed by suspicion. "You which the child before him was too lesolate even to understand.

"Oh, dad's finish was all right. He got his'n in a lions' cage where he worked. There was nothin' slow about his end." She looked up for his approval.

"For de Lord's sake!" Mandy groaned as the wonder of the child's conversation grew upon her. "An' now I'm down an' out," Polly concluded, with a sigh.

"But this is nothing serious," said the pastor, trying to cheer her. "It's serious enough with a whole show a-dependin' on you. Maybe you

don't know how it feels to have to "Oh, yes, I do," Douglas answered quickly. "I was ill a while ago myself. had to be in bed day after day, thinking of dozens of things that I ought to

be doing." "Was you ever floored?" Polly asked with a touch of unbelief as she studied the fine, healthy physique at the side of her bed.

" 'Deed, he was, chile," Mandy cried, a-keepin' him in bed. He act jes' like you did."

"Did he?" Polly was delighted to find that the pastor had "nothin" on her." as she would have put it. "You ought to have heard him,"

continued Mandy, made eloquent by Polly's show of interest. "'What will dose poor folks do? he kept a-sayin'. 'Jes' yo' lay where yo' ts,' I tole him. Dem poor folks will be better off dan dey would be a-comin' to youh funeral."

"Poor folks?" Polly questioned. "Do you give money to folks? We are always itchin' to get it away from 'em." Before Douglas could think of words with which to defend his disapproved methods Mandy had continued eager "An' den on Sunday, when he can't

further. A sharp exclamation brought both Mandy and Douglas to attention. "Preach!" Polly almost shouted. She sooked at him with genuine alarm this "That will do, Mandy," Douglas com

go to church an' preach"- She got no

manded, feeling an unwelcome drama gathering about his bend. "Great Baruum and Calley!" Polly exclaimed, looking at him as though he were the very last thing in the

world she had ever expected to see "Are you a sky pilot?" "That's what he am, chile." Mandy slipped the words in slyly, for she knew that they were against the pas tor's wishes, but she was unable to restrain her mischlevous impulse to sow the seeds of curiosity that would soon bear fruit in the inquisitive mind of

the little ir-nlid. "Will you get on to me a-landin' into a mixup like this?" She continued to study the uncomfortable man at her side. "I never thought I'd be a-talkin to one of you guys. What's your

"Douglas." He spoke shortly. "Ain't you got no handle to it?" "If you mean my Christian name, it'

"Well, that sounds like a sky pilo all right. But you don't look like I s'posed they did." "Why not?"

"I always s'posed sky pilots was old an' grouchy-like. You're a'most as good lookin' as our strong man." "I done tole him he was too good lookin' to be an unmarried parson," Mandy chuckled, more and more

[TO BE CONTINUED.1

He Came Back Hard. "That boy." said the Billville farmr, "beats my time! Jest now when I quoted Seripter to him be come back at me bard?

"You don't say!" "Shore: I told him to git a boe an' foller the furrow. Thar's gold in the land.' I said An' what do you reckon be made answer?" "You tell it."

"'Father.' he says, 'I don't keer fer the gold o' this here world. I've laid up treasure in heaven! "-Atlanta Con-

Fair Warning. Year after year an old farmer bad distened in grim silence to the trains thundering by bis land. Finally one day, his patience at an end, he drop ped his plow and shook his fist at the

passing express. "Ye can puff an' blow all ye like, gol durn ye." he cried, "but I'm goin' to ride ye Saturday!"-Everybody's.

The Zones. Teacher- How many sones are there? Small Boy-Six. Teacher-No; there are but five However, you may name stx if you can. Small Boy-Torrid north temperate, south temperate, north frigid, south frigid and ozone. Chicago News.

His Genius. "Why do people think he's a gentus? Nobody can understand what he's talk ing about." "No, but he can make people believe

that he does."-Exchange.

The old fashioned way of dosing a 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 Retsorativeis directed entirely to the cause of these ailments the weak inside or controlling nerves. It isn't so difficult, says Dr Shoop,

raised berself on her elbow and strengthen a weak Stomach, Heart looked at him solemnly, as though or Kidneys, if one goes at it corabout to impart a bit of forbidden famrectly. Each inside organ has its strengthen a weak Stomach, Heart ily history. It was this look in the controlling or inside nerve. When declare that the kid knew everything declare that the kid knew everything druggister why, mother d'a' been ashamed if vital truths are leading druggister with the heat rider of her time-ommend Dr. Shoop's Restorative, ommend Dr. Shoop's Restorative. round eyes that had made Jim so often these nerves fail then those oreverybody says so-but she cashed in ommend Dr. Shoop's Restorative, by fallin' off a skate what didn't have Test it a few days, and see! Im-

This time of the year are signals of warning, Take Taraxacum Compound now. It may ave you a spell of fe-ver. It will regulate your bowels, set your feeling that her opportunity had now arrived, "an' I had the wors' time your indigestion. A good Tonic.

MEBANE,

An houest medicine

N. C. Trustee's Sale!

Real Estate.

Under and by virtue of a deed of trust ex-ceuted to me by Mack C. Williamson, bear-ing dats of August 2, 1907, and duly register-ed in the office of the Register of Deeds for Alamance county, in Book No. 39 of mort-gages, on pages 91 to 94, and because of de-fault made in the payment 67 the debt there-by secured, demand having been made for said payment, at the request of the holder of mid 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 Gra-ham, North Carolina, on

Saturday, May 15, 1909,

at twelve o'clock, moon, 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, Wm. Benson and others, and bounded on the North by Mack C. Williamson, on the East by Wm. M. Benson, on the East by Wm. M. Benson, on the East by Wm. M. Benson, on the South by Geo. 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.

J. S. COOK, Atty.

J. H. COOK, Atty. ARE YOU

UP

of the times.

TO DATE If you are not the News AN" OBERVER is. Subscribe for it at once and it will keep you abreast

Full Associated Press dispatches. All the news-foreign, domestic, national, state and local all the time.

Daily News and Observer \$7 per year, 3.50 for 6 mos. Weekly North Carolinian \$1

NEWS & OBSERVER PUB. CO., RALEIGH, N. C.

per year, 50c for 6 mos.

The North Carolinian and Th. ALAMANCE GLEANER will be sent for one year for Two Dollars, Cash in sdvance. Apply at THE GLEANES

North Carolina's Foremost Rewspaper. The Charlotte Observer

Every Day in the Year.

CALDWELL & TOMPKINS, Publishers.

J. P. CALDWELL, Editor.

\$8.00 Per Year.

THE OBSERVER Receives the largest Telegraphic News Service delivered to any paper between Washington and Atlanta, and its special service is the greatest ever handled by a North Carolina paper.

THE SUNDAY OBSERVER

Consists of 16 or more pages, and is to a large extent made up of original matter. THE SEMI-WEEKLY OBSERVER.

Printed Tuesday and Friday, \$1.00 per year. The largest paper in North Carolina.

Send for sample copies. Address THE OBSERVER

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

For The Gleaner.

Subscribe

Only

\$1.00 per year.