

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXXV.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1909.

NO. 17

Advice to the Aged.

Age brings infirmities, such as sluggish bowels, weak kidneys and sluggish and torpid liver.

Tutt's Pills

have a specific effect on these organs, stimulating the bowels, causing them to perform their natural functions as in youth and imparting vigor to the kidneys, bladder and liver. They are adapted to old and young.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
DONALD GULLEY
Attorney-at-Law
BURLINGTON, N. C.
SELIARS BUILDING.

DR. WILL S. LONG, JR.
DENTIST
Graham, North Carolina
OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING
JACOB A. LONG, J. ELMER 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.

W. R. BYNUM, 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.

Heart Strength

Heart strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nervousness, or Nervous Weakness, and is a condition that no one can afford to neglect. It is a condition that is almost always a result of the nervous system being overworked, and it is a condition that is almost always a result of the nervous system being overworked, and it is a condition that is almost always a result of the nervous system being overworked.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

GRAHAM DRUG CO.

FREE TRIP to the PACIFIC COAST

ARE YOU ONE of the many thousands who want to explore this Wonderful World?

FOR Indigestion AND Dyspepsia USE Kodol

When your stomach cannot properly digest food, or if it is a little indigestible, and this indigestion is readily supplied by Kodol. Kodol is a natural stomachic, and it is a natural stomachic, and it is a natural stomachic.

Graham Drug Co.
E. H. H.



Dolly of the Circus

BY MARGARET MAYO

Copyright, 1909, by Dodd, Mead and Company



"Yes, yes, and you won't blame him any more, will you?" she blurted out anxiously. "You'll let him stay, no matter what he does. If I promise to go away and never, never come back again?"

"I ain't holdin' no grudge agin him," Strong grumbled. "He talks pretty rough sometimes, but he's been a good enough minister. I ain't forgettin' that."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Strong, thank you. I'll get my things. It won't take a minute." She was running up the steps when a sudden thought stopped her. She returned quickly to Strong.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Jim sharply. "I mean that all your time's took up a-carryin' and a-fetchin' for that girl what calls you 'Maver Jim'."

"I ain't got no time to say about her?" Jim eyed him with a threatening look. "I got plenty," said Barker as he turned to snap his whip at the small boys who had stolen into the track to peek under the rear edge of the big top.

"She's sick, dat's what I says," Mandy declared excitedly, "an' somebody's got to do somethin'!"

"I've thought it over," Polly answered, meeting his eyes and trying to speak lightly. Her lips trembled. She could not bear for him to think her successful. She remembered his great

kindness, the many thoughtful acts that had made the past year so precious to her.

"You're being awfully good to me, Mr. John." She tried to choke back a sob. "I'll never forget it—never! I'll always feel the same toward you. But you mustn't ask me to stay. I want to get back to them that know me first—to my own circus folks aren't cut out for persons' homes, and I was born in the circus. I love it—I love it!"

CHAPTER XIII.
Jim was slow tonight. The big show was nearly over, yet many of the props used in the early part of the bill were still unloosed.

"I was uncertainly that gnawed at him so. Was she ill? Could she need him? Was she sorry for having left him? Would she be glad if he went for her and brought her back with him?"

"She's a trubbler wid 'em, Mandy, but she ain't no doer," Mandy said. "See here, Hasty Jones, is dat ere chick right?"

"I don't rightly know," said Hasty. "A great big man, that wore clothes like a gemmen, come out wid a whip in his hand an' says as how he's 'bliged to 'bounc' anudder gal in Miss Polly's place. An' den he says as how do older gal was jes' as good, an' den den out comes do older gal on a horse an' do tricks, an' I ain't heard no more 'bout Miss Polly."

"She's sick, dat's what I says," Mandy declared excitedly, "an' somebody's got to do somethin'!"

"I don't know how I felt until I saw Jim and heard all about my old friends—how Barker is keeping my friends for me and how they all want to see me. And I want to see them, and to hear the music and the laughter and the claps of the crowd—oh, the claps of the crowd!"

"I've thought it over," Polly answered, meeting his eyes and trying to speak lightly. Her lips trembled. She could not bear for him to think her successful. She remembered his great

CHAPTER XIII.
Jim was slow tonight. The big show was nearly over, yet many of the props used in the early part of the bill were still unloosed.

"I was uncertainly that gnawed at him so. Was she ill? Could she need him? Was she sorry for having left him? Would she be glad if he went for her and brought her back with him?"

"She's a trubbler wid 'em, Mandy, but she ain't no doer," Mandy said. "See here, Hasty Jones, is dat ere chick right?"

"I don't rightly know," said Hasty. "A great big man, that wore clothes like a gemmen, come out wid a whip in his hand an' says as how he's 'bliged to 'bounc' anudder gal in Miss Polly's place. An' den he says as how do older gal was jes' as good, an' den den out comes do older gal on a horse an' do tricks, an' I ain't heard no more 'bout Miss Polly."

"She's sick, dat's what I says," Mandy declared excitedly, "an' somebody's got to do somethin'!"

"I don't know how I felt until I saw Jim and heard all about my old friends—how Barker is keeping my friends for me and how they all want to see me. And I want to see them, and to hear the music and the laughter and the claps of the crowd—oh, the claps of the crowd!"

"I've thought it over," Polly answered, meeting his eyes and trying to speak lightly. Her lips trembled. She could not bear for him to think her successful. She remembered his great

"I've thought it over," Polly answered, meeting his eyes and trying to speak lightly. Her lips trembled. She could not bear for him to think her successful. She remembered his great

"I've thought it over," Polly answered, meeting his eyes and trying to speak lightly. Her lips trembled. She could not bear for him to think her successful. She remembered his great

Why Tailors Sit Crosslegged.
A tailor making a dress coat sat crosslegged on a table, like a Turk. "Why do tailors always work in that uncomfortable position?" asked a visitor.

"Women's tailors don't. Only men's do," was the reply. "And for men's tailors it is the most comfortable and the most convenient position possible. You see, the sewing on men's clothes is very fine. The work must be held up close to the eyes. Well, in this position I lean the work on my elevated knees, and thus it is nearer my eyes, while at the same time my back remains straight. Analyzed, the position is a fine one. It keeps the back straight and the chest out, the knees make a table close up to the face, and eye strain is avoided."

"Tailors for women sit on chairs. For one thing, the sewing on women's clothes is less fine than on men's. For another, the woman's tailor has to get up every few minutes to go to the manikin, and all that rising, if he sat crosslegged on the floor, would tire him too much in the day's run."—New York Press.

No Suffering Too Great.
Not long since a young woman suffering with an incurable disease applied for admission to a hospital in a southern city.

"I know I must die," she said simply to the attendant physician, "but do something to keep me alive for a little while for my babies' sake. In a few years they will not need me so much."

With mother love shining in her eyes, she allowed herself to be strapped upon the operating table and there willingly underwent the torture of the knife that gave her a few months to devote to her precious babies.—Delmarator.

Marlborough House.
Marlborough House is one of the numerous buildings of Sir Christopher Wren. It was built at a cost of \$44,000, the whole of which was defrayed by the duke. Here the great duchess lived till her death in 1744, waging an incessant warfare upon the society of her time. Here, too, she received a deputation of the lord mayor and sheriffs of London with still in bed, an incident which was satirized by Gay: "Acquainted with the world and quite well bred, Drum receives her visitors in bed."

Force of Habit.
In reward of faithful political service an ambitious saloon keeper was appointed police magistrate.

"What's the charge agin this man?" he inquired when the first case was called. "Drunk, yer honor," said the policeman.



When in Greensboro Come to see us.

Remember Headaches

This time of the year are signals 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.

Taraxacum Co. MEBANE, N. C.

ARE YOU UP TO DATE ?
If you are not the News AM OBSERVER is. Subscribe for it at once and it will keep you abreast of the times.

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 per year, 50c for 6 mos.
NEWS & OBSERVER PUBLISHING CO., RALPHIGH, N. C.

The North Carolinian and The ALAMANCE GLEANER will be sent for one year for Two Dollars, Cash in advance. Apply at THE GLEANER office, Graham, N. C.

North Carolina's Foremost Newspaper.
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.
Subscribe For The Gleaner Only \$1.00 per year.
I believe in laughter, in love, in faith, in all distant hopes that lure us on.—Groses.
After the Encores.
The light red photograph sang long and low, at an east side cafe. When it finished the people clapped. It was filled with an encore, and the people clapped again.
"What makes you look at it so hard?" asked the woman's companion, for her eyes were fixed on the photograph.
"I am just waiting," she said, "to see it get up and bow."—New York Press.
Advertise in THE GLEANER.
PILES get immediate relief from Dr. Shoop's Right Ointment.