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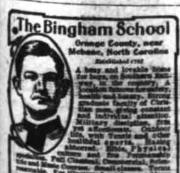
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GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1909.



of Eden

By ABBRE F. RANSOM

ser, hard at work, when fields and the fragrence of the maise. "Edith Holden," she cried, "shut ev-

and come with me! I've found the garden of Eden!"
"What's the price?" was the response without even a pause in the jingle of

ery story you have inside that desk

the keys. "Stop that noise and listen!" came the command, "Do you know that I was delegated to hunt up our summer boarding place?"

"Sure-not to exceed seven per," said

"Well, I've got it at four, and it's going to be paradise." "Paradise at \$4 a week!" she sniffed.

Come; wake up. We can't live here for that. And you mean to tell me you've found summer board in the country at that figure?"
"I mean just that. When I went

away yesterday I took steam to Cedarville, and from there I went on and on and on until I thought the end of the continent was reached. There I discovered the biggest house, stone, with a wide hall running through the center and great rooms on either side like those one reads about and never There was an old lady-she must have been one of the original pilgrim mothers-and I engaged board with her for a whole month. We are to care for our rooms and help her wash dishes. And there's a blackberry field which will remind you of the old school vacation days. We want to buy sunbonnets, and-oh, Edith, it'll be just like being at home again!"

"We'll start tomorrow," was Edith's decision. "Just wait until I get this story off to Mr. McPherson. He'll read it while we're gone, and when we get back there'll be a pretty little letter telling why he's returned it. Oh, his letters are models of literary re-

ARE YOU ONE "I don't see why your stories always fail with him" said the other. "Never. I'll keep sending till he does -that is, if I don't collapse from lack of postage before that happy day arrives. By the way, Bert, how many in the family up in paradise?"

"Just the pilgrim mother, the pilgrim father and a yellow cat. monarchs of all we survey."

"At \$4 per," sighed Edith. "I wonder what's the trouble with the place." The next night they are supper in the garden of Eden. Edith hadn't sniffed since her arrival. She was simply wondering why the whole world had not discovered the place The and asking herself the reason. pligrim mother was to all appearances the original model for the cardinal virtues, and the father deserved to rank by her side. So three days passed. The trouble for which Edith was searching did not materialise. Files were missing, and mosquito were not in evidence. The two girls reveled in delight. They ate like hunt-

ers, slept like the dead and lived every hour of the twen ty four. The fourth day at dinner the father spoke: "Mother," be said, "the hired

man will be here tonight. Thee must have bis room ready." "It is the 4th of the mouth,' she answered. "He always ar

tred man tolll re tonight." rives on the evening of the 4th, and his room will be ready.

The girls listened. Who was the hired man who always arrived on the evening of the 4th? How long did he stay and when did he go that his room must be prepared? But the pilgrim mother answered the unspoken ques-

"Father always has a man to help him during harvest," she said. "One man has done the work many years now. He comes on the evening of the 4th and stays a month during black-

berry time." Even in that was no secret-nothing apon which one could build a story, and Edith, her brain always ready for story material, had as yet struck nothing in the quiet Quaker family which wored of romance or mystery. The next morning bright and early

she started out alone for the blackberry pasture. The sun was bot, the air humid, and in her fittempt to corbine berry picking and comfort sho r ibled a gypsy fortune teller, so Be said. Bert didn't look much bette and even the cows in the pasture

fused companionship to young ladles in attire like theirs. But when Bert arrived in the berry field she was sathless, and that condition was not the result of the air's humidity. "Edith Holden," she cried almost as

oon as she caught sight of that person, "who do you think is here?" "The hired man was to be," was the calm reply. "I didn't see him at break-"At breakfast, no; but I met him in

just now, and who do you shink he fe?" "The Prince of Tumfoodle, from your Tom Jones or Johnny Brown?" "You'll say Johnny Brown," Bert retorted. "It's nobody on earth but Mr.

resting place upon the grass. Edith Holden was beside it. "Mr. McPherson!" the gasped. "Bert Solberg, are you crazy? Has this air

The pall of berries found sudden

got on your nerves?" "You'd think so if he met you as he did me just now," Bert responded. "I was coming down the lane singing that ridiculous darky song you taught



me, yelling it out like a cowboy on a spree, and right beyond where the brook crosses the oat field who should jump over the fence but that man. Look at me, size me up-scratches, ragged dress and all. He was dressed in a suit of blue overalls and a straw hat big enough for a hen to hatch ducks in, but he pulled it off as though it were a slik opera tile. Then he talked about the weather and the crops until you'd think he owned the farm and was depending on the corn to pay the taxes."

"Well, you know him," was the mournful response. "He's seen you when you've looked like a civilized human being, while I- You know, I've never met him, and I've been sending him stories that he's never bought and"- She broke down suddenly "Bert Solberg, what will I do? I don't feel as though I could ever face him."

"You can wear a mask," was the friendly advice, "or you can dye your face with some of these poke berries and pass yourself off as one of a new race. Or, say, what's the matter with posing as Miss Merryweather or Mrs. Peggotty? He never saw you and won't know you from the mother of Cain and Abel."

"As though the pilgrims didn't know who I was." Edith's total disregard of tense was proof of her feeling in the matter "Besides, it's mean of you to laugh at me. There's just one thing I can do, and that's to go home, and

I'm going this very minute." She picked her sunbonnet from the grass with a jerk and flung it on her head; then another jerk broke off the

"I don't care," springing to her fee and starting off. "You may pick berries all day if you want to, but I'm going before there's a ghost of a chance of meeting that man."

"I saw him making for the cornfield," and Bert trudged dutifully after "I really wish you wouldn't go

home, Edith. Can't we fix it some other way?" Edith shook ber bead. The act of shaking brought her eyes in line with brisk pace along the path.

a figure in blue overalls walking at a stopped short and laughed. It was ber way of getting out of trouble. "Too hot for berry picking?" the wearer of the overalls.

"We're just going over to the other pasture," fibbed Bert. "The berries are bigger there." Then she introduc

"Work won't begin until tomorrow, said McPherson "If you will permit I'll go with you. I am out on the

same mission "Do you think we will carry her enough for supper?" questioned Bert audaciously. "We've promised our landlady some for ples, and I have afways prerumed that men ate mor: than were found in their pails later

He gave a ringing laugh. "If you will follow my lend I'll show you berries bigger, better, riper than any you've seen this year. I haven't roamed this farm for years without finding out where the best ones hide." "No, I shall not go home," Edith declared that evening. "Til show him before my month is up that I'm good for something, even if I can't write Besides, other editors buy stories. them if he won't I'd like to know

how he discovered this place. thought it almost belorged to us." "Ask him," returned Bert. "For my part, I'm giad he's here, even if he did catch me in my beggar robes. But picking-why, he worked like a steam thrasher. He filled a ten quart pail

thile I was picking four quarts." "I've a mind to ask the pilgrim fr ther to let me ride the hayrake, Edith remarked viciously. "I used to when I was a girl, and I intend to estch that bay colt and ride him toporrow without a saddle. I don't be

"Do, and he'll surely think you capable of running a cattle ranch in Arizons, even if be doesn't accept your

"He might suggest it in the next re usal he sends me," was the somewhat bitter response, while a figure sitting by the window in the adjoining room and every word and went on with excitement, and man perso plain, everyday the third reading of a typewritten failure in connection with rour man

manuscript which would have been very familiar to Edith could she have seen it at that moment.

Day followed day in quick success sion until only one week of vacation remained. The colt had been ridden many times. Many were the gallops which the two girls had taken about the country. The harvest must have cared for itself, for Mr. McPherson found many an hour in which to act as escort. But one day the girls went for the last time to the berry field. Their palls were soon filled, and they started up the long lane leading from the pasture to the barn. Halfway home, where the little brook crossed it, a veritable demon of mischief must have entered the brain of Bert.

"Let's bide our berries under that oak," she said, "and then trace this stream through the woods. Who knows what beautiful spots it visits or what we may find!"

"I'm agreed," Edith responded. "We haven't half investigated our garden

Straight through the center of the oatfield ran the little brook, bordered on either side by elm and maple trees. Then it entered the woods, and the banks became higher, in some places rocky and precipitous, in others so low and pebbly it reminded one of an ocean beach. Suddenly they caught sight of some flowers part way up the bank, where another stream, seemingly fed by a spring further on, joined forces with the one they were follow-

"I'm going to climb that bank and get those flowers," said Edith. "They are the most brilliant I ever saw." "Plenty of mud there," cautioned

"Who cares for mud?" was the scornful retort. "Mud, with such shoes as we're wearing! You go on, and I'll climb up and join you beyond the

"All right," Bert returned carelessly and sauntered on. Several minutes went by. She had gone around the bend, out of sight. What was Edith doing? Surely it was time for her to appear. Flower picking does not take all day. Then she heard a call, sharp and quick, full of distress. It was Edith's voice. What was the trouble? She hurried back along the bank of the brook, but before she had taken half a dozen steps the voice rang out

again, sharper than ever: "Bert! Oh, Bert! Hurry up!" Then she saw her, halfway up the bank, clinging with all her might to a birch sapling whose roots

> hold in the moist "Edith," she cried, "what is the matter?" "Go back! came the answer "Go back quiel and climb the

found slender

bank above me This is quick sand, and I'm sinking." Bert lost no

where Edith was sinking steadily Clinging to a birch deeper and deeper. Then she lay flat upon the earth and extended her

hand downward. "How car I get at you?" she asked at last, when her utmost effort refused to reach her.

"You can't do it," Edith answered nimost in despair. "I'm getting far ther in all the time."

Bert rose to her feet and searcher everywhere with a single sweep of the Not a thing was in eight which could be of mervice

"You've just got to hold on until get belp," she declared, starting off at express train speed. "I'll be back in ess than no time."

It did not take long to reach that oatfield, where she knew the men were at work hauling the sheaves bome to the barn. Neither did it require much time for Mr. McPherson to understand the situation. Soon the horses were unhitched from the wagon and driven at a gallop through the fields to where that treach, your bog was getting in its sight Edith felt that her arms must loose their hold. More than that, she could feel those roots slipping away more and more from their grip upon that sandy soil. Just before they reached her, tired out with the long waiting, she gave a strong pull upon them in one last endeavor to release herself, and then her little support was gone, for the sapling was in her hands and the pebbles were rattling down into the brook. She could feel berself sinking swiftly now, and it was a pale, lespairing face which McPherson saw is he peered down over the bank. Throwing one end of the reins to her and telling her to fasten it se-

curely around her waist, he made the other fast to the harness. With one strong, steady pull the horses moved away at his command, and soon she was lying white and utterly exhausted upon the grass.

"It was all our fault," he said later, "We should have cautioned you against the place, but we had no idea you would get so far into the woods. "It's all in a lifetime," she replied. I can use it some day, and perhaps you will have the pleasure of return-

ing a story in which you will recogize yourself as the hero." "The pleasure," he echoed. "Wait moment, please." They were seated on the wide veranda. Leaving her he went into his own room, and whe be returned he held in his hand a little slip of paper. "I wrote that to

said simply She took it from him, read the few words penned there and looked into his face with glowing eyes. "Is it true?" she asked softly

you the night after my arrival," he

"Every word," he answered. "I have sturned all the others because I saw in them the germs of greatness if you only persevered, and I knew that with you rejection would be the stepping tone to something better, and it came in that last story. It was alive; it was you; your living, breathing self shone through every line."

Tears of gladness were in her eyes "It was not that you did not accept "I could sell them elsewhere, but I hated the thought of



azine. Then the notes you sent me were so kind, so thoughtful. They were an insidration, and yet every one When I read anything which you have written I am lifted up, I breathe a higher air for hours after ward, and the thought that I could not write in a way of which you would approve stung me. I determined to work and write until you must accept, and now it has come."

He had been standing before he Now he dropped into the chair by her side, and his voice was so low even the listening wind could not catch its cadences.

"That is precisely what I knew you would do." he responded. "But there is one thing which should go with that story you ald not offer with it and it is something I crave more than all else on earth. Dear, it is yourself May I claim you too? I want the soul which gave that story life to mingle with and be one with mine forever and over."

For a moment she did not answer Then she laid her hand within his and whispered: "Stories should always have a happy ending, else, you know, they won't

The Typewriter Girl.
The beautiful typewriter girl puffed out her golden pompadour nervously. "My speed 'll increase, Mr. Meerexcuse me, Mr. Wellington-my speed

'll increase 30 or 40 per cent every Broker Wellington frowned. The girl had taken his dictation slowly. And in a stern, skeptical voice be said.

"It's your new vecabulary that puts me out," she explained. "I had Mr Meer's vocabulary very pat—'us per,' 'contents noted,' 'the same'—be only

like a sunbeam.

"But you, sir, have a real literary style. 'Beg to submit,' 'our best at tention,' 'slump,' 'bullish,' 'hypothe cate'-they're all new words to me and, of course, I can't rattle them off very fast at first. But just you walt say, till day after tomorrow. Ther

"All business men have different vo cabularies that their stenographers must get accustomed to, eh?" said the

"Yes, sir. Some large, some email." Again her smile flattered him. "Your is larger than most; I should say is was thirty or forty words larger. Real literary, I call it.

Hoskins, if there's er-am supplies you need all you've got to do is ask," said the literary broker fatu-

THE LATEST IN SUMMER DON'TS

Most people have a collection of hot weather don'ts. Here is Don't work too hard Don't think too hard.

Don't fall to play. Don't, if you are a man, wear Don't, if you are a woman, fail to remember that nature did not mean you to be a harnes

mension save length, but instead a being whose whole body, in summer especially, should be allowed to breathe DON'T WORRY. Don't hurry.

Dou't wear black. Don't lose your temper.

Don't forget to bathe often.

Don't scold the children. But do drink water early, of

Don't feed a baby every time it cries. The chances are it needs water more than food. Don't wait until your own throat is parched and then gulp down drafts of ice water. Every time you have nothing else to do swellow a little more cool, pure water. ************

The Suspicions of Charles Res Wealthy men are often abnormally author, Charles Rende, was one of this kind. He always imagined he was being robbed and set traps to catch the thieves. When he became lessee of a certain theater he suspected that his ticket office cheated him by letting in the public for anything they could get and keeping the money. So Beade turned up the collar of his overcost. pulled his hat down over his eyes and uffed up to the box office as the pe pie were going in. He aboved a balf-crewn in the bex office keeper's hand and whispered: "It's all right—that's for you-I don't want a ticket. Just pass me though." The clerk ran out, seized Reade by his cont collar and was passing him roughly into the street when he recognised his "chief."

WAYS OF THE LION.

Its Capacity For Making Itself In-

"In the wild state one seldom sees a lion either in repose or majestically alert," wees a correspondent of the London Times. "A glimpse the hunter may get of him, standing magnificently rigid when suddenly disturbed in early morning at his kill of overnight, and more seldom it has been given to a man to watch one, himself unobserved, gazing from an eminence at the grazing herd. But the lion is a nocturnal animal, possessing an extraordinary capacity for making itself invisible in dim light. Many a sportsman has testified to the experience of being unable to see a lion on a night not altogether dark, though it was so close that its breathing was plainly audible, and many a native of Africa has fallen victim to the sudden onslaught of what, as he passed it a few feet away, he took to be only a small bush or the blot upon the darkness made by a tussock of grass.

"The literature of big game shooting contains perhaps no incident more bloodcurdling than the who, when with his gun bearer he was stalking a hippopotamus at night found that a lion was in turn stalking them. By chance the gun them had a queer way of being altheir rear. In spite of the moonlight they could not be certain that test it, they turned upon their tracks, immediately the shadowy thing swept, dim and noiseless, in a wide semicircle, so as to plant itself again behind them. So, one going backward with his face always to the lion, the hunted hunters made their way back to camp, hippopotamuses having ceased to interest them."

As to the moral character of the beast, the same writer continues: "It has been said of the lion that he attacks only those who withstood him, scorning to strike one who fled or sued for clemency, wherein in real life if you run from a lion he will chase you; moreover, that full grown men only were his enemies, that he would not harm babies. But in the lion house one may see any day the eyes which look so indifferently on the men and women who come and go before the cages light up with sudden savagery as some small child toddles alone across the floor. The lion has learned that men and women are not fer him, but this smaller used about 300 words."

Her flattering smile warmed the man like a sunlear smile warmed the man like a

> Mr. Jones was an excellent man prosperous in his business and nodest in his ways, but not distinguished for anything in particular. His wife, however, Mrs. Smith Jones, was a woman of rare accomplishments. She was an artist of more than ordinary ability, a brilliant pianist, and possessed a roice of remarkable sweetness and

power. At a large party one evening at which she and her husband were present her singing captivated a stranger who was one of the guests. and he asked to be introduced to her. His request was granted. After few minutes' conversation the hostess came and took him away. "You mustn't monopolize her.

you to meet Mr. Jones." "Who is Mr. Jones?" "He is her husband." "What is he noted for?"

"Noted for?" echoed the hostes "Why, for-for his wifet"-Youth's Companion.

ng teller. Yes, madam. You must indorse "Why, my husband sent it to me

know and your husband will know we paid it to you." She went to the desk against the wall and in a few moments presented the check triumphantly, hav

Russia's Salt Lakes. The Baskunchak lake, located

measuring forty square miles.

Consular Reports.

quantity of water.

KING EDWARD'S visible in Dim Light.

experience of Dr. Aurel Schulz, bearer noticed that a bush behind ways about the same distance in it really was a lion, but when, to

Reflected Glory.

Mr. Simmone," she said. "I want

She Indorsed It. "I want to get this check cashed," said the fair young matron, appearing at the window of the pay-

50c. Guaranteed by Graham Drug it, though," explained the teller. He is away on business," she said. "Yes, madam. Just indorse it sign it on the back so we will

ing written on its back Your loving wife, Edith."-Chicago Post.

within the province of Astrakhan, Russia, in favorable seasons gives enormous quantities of salt, sometimes nearly 400,000 tons. The bottom of this lake consists of thick layers of salt, and the visible supply has been computed at nearly 100,000,000 tons. Another lake, the Elton, though situated less favorably, contains a larger reserve of solid salt all along its bottom

Cleaning a Summer "Lid."

To clean an ordinary flat straw hat CUT A LEMON IN HALVES, protect the band with a thick width of cloth and rub the hat with the lemon. When the said has loosened the dirt, RINSE THE HAT with a meager

SUMMER DIET.

Horace Fletcher, the food scientist and dietary reform-er, brings from Europe the news that King Edward of England has adopted his ideas on eating as a means of combating the summer heat.

"It is wonderful," he said,
"the change which has occurred in Europe, and especially in England, in the past six or seven years regarding summer diet.

"I found that everybody is dieting today. King Edward is the strictest of them all.

"His majesty today eats only the simplest of food and just enough of that for health. He abstains largely from fatty meats and starchy foods and holds to a diet chiefly of vegetable foods, which do not heat the blood."

When asked what his meals cost in summer Mr. Fletcher consulted his expense book and stated that HIS FOOD FOR THE PAST FIVE DAYS HAD COST HIM \$3.08. It consisted of twentysix quarts of milk, \$2.08, and twenty boxes of crackers, \$1. This expenditure, he stated, provides food for two grown-persons and two meals for five hungry children. King Edward sometimes follows this diet, he says. According to Fletcher, THE IDEAL FOOD FOR THE HOT WEATHER IS MILK AND CRACKERS, and he declared further that a healthy laboring man could supply himself with plenty of good, nourishing food for 11 cents a day.

Twas a Giorious Victory.

There's rejoicing in Fedora Tenu. A man's life has been saved, and now Dr. King's New Discovery is the talk of the town for curing C. V. Pepper of deadly lung hemorrhages. "I could not work nor get about," he writes, and the doctors did me no good, but, after using Dr. King's New Discovery three weeks I feel like s man, and can do good work again." For weak, sore or diseased lungs, Coughs and Colds, Hemorrhages, Hay Fever, La-Grippe, Asthma or any Bronchial affection it stands unrivaled. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle creature-nice antelope size, soft free. Guaranteed by Graham

> cheeks, and we cried together. flower I had. I kissed her on both made her happy. I gave her every bad I sads our fles or guttinw no beams ega bus telry to seath mow, poorly clad in black and with stood, white haired, in the driving is the most beautiful thing in the world will you give me a rose to the world will you give me a rose to mon for you to come out. Your voice ital beart. I have been waiting in the uned and meld bod them your beau she says, "my arms were full of roses. A white baired women stepped forod when she was singing at Phila-leiphia. "When I left the academy," russo reeras and at suebtest oftediso Mine, Melba once enid that the most

Washington's Plague Spots lie in the low, marshy bottoms of the Potomac, the breeding ground of malaria germs. These germ cause chills, fever and ague, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude weakness and general debility and bring suffering or death to thousands yearly. But Electric Bitters never fail to destroy them and cure malaria troubles." They are the best all-jound tonic and cure for .malarial, I ever used, writes R. M. James, of Louellen S. C. They cure Stomach Liver. Kidney and Blood Troubles and will prevent Typhoid. Try them,

A Summer Danger Signal.

In summer time the moment you cease to perspire and have a tight feeling about the neck and head LOOSEN ALL YOUR CLOTHING; then take a sponge bath and a drink of cool, not cold, water. If the feeling grows send for the doctor.

Borax makes an excellent powder to use in the bath. A little alcohol in the ing water makes the bath

twice as refreshing.

Remember that the more

baths the greater comfort.

Cured Hay Fever and Summer Cold. A. S. Nusbaum, Batesville, Indiana, writes: "Last year I suffered three months with a summe cold so distressing that it inter fered with my business. I had many of the symptoms of hay fever, and a doctor's prescription did not reach my case, and I took several medicines which seemed only to aggravate it. Fortunately I insisted upon having Foley's Honey and Tar. It quickly cured ly I insisted upon having Foley's Honey and Tar. It quickly cured me. My wife has since used it." Industrial Chemistry. Wh Foleys Honey and Tar with the not fit yourself for life b same success." For chronic taking one of these course coughs and lung trouble it has no Address. D. H. HILL, Po

Electric

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This time of the year are signals of warning. Take Taraxacum Compound now. It may ave you a spell of fever. It will regulate your bowels, set your liver right, and cure your indigestion.
A good Tonic.
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