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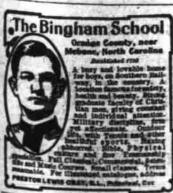
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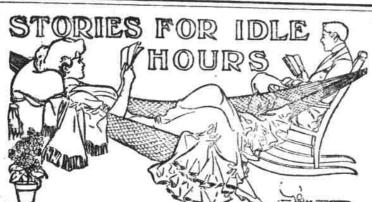
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By T. W. WYNDHAM

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HEN we returned from our sum-France, we secured the acquaintance. ed English people. It made them "sit ship-I might say the friendship-of up," as Jim said. It was a pity the the count. This fact acted like a match count was so poor-papa always had applied to the touchwood of local es- to pay for him-but he used to apoleteem. But I must explain.

us, we broach the subject of "going away" to papa. He always makes the same scene and says the same thingsnamely, business has been so bad and gift is poor, but it is rich with thoughts he's not going away; we've got a garden and might almost imagine ourselves in the country; what's good enough for him is good enough for us. Then, having let off steam, as my brother Jim calls it, while we sit around patiently, he quiets down, and | we make plans as to where we shall

It was arranged on this occasion that we should forsake Lakewood and the Adirondacks and our other favorite haunts and go to Boulogne, in France The fact was that Mr. Kay had met

papa in the city and had bragged so much about "taking his family to Europe" that papa had on the spur of the moment declared that he had the same plan in view. The Kays live opposite us and consider themselves



"Metar, the glit is poor!"

"some one," though why I am sure l don't know unless it's because Mrs Kay's brother is on the city council. Papa was quite officiand about the

"It will rub up the girls' French and give us all r. thorough change of scene, Maria," he said to mamma. "I quite long to 'parley-voo' again and to taste some of those de-licious little French dishes. Ah! I tell you, traveling enlarges the mind." And he went off to smoke in

good humor. We were recommended to a boarding

house by the Kays. They assured us "only the best people will be found there. We've often stayed there ourselves."

We engaged rooms and after a horrible crossing arrived at our destination. The "pensi u" was rather dingy and unprepossessing, and the "best people" were certainly very dull. They were mostly English, and they steadily avoided one another. If it had not been for a bright little Frenchwoman and her husband it would have been deadly, but we went about with them for the first few days, and then-the

count came. The whole place was in a flutter of excitement, and we were simply long ing for the evening meal, when, as our portly landlady assured us, with her gilt earrings twinkling from emotion. "M. le Comte de Marabout will give us the honor of his distinguished company. He is not proud, M. le Comte! Mon Dieu, no! But an aristocrat—jusqu au bout des ongles! No nouveaux richer for Antoinette Bannard! Bah! They should not show their noses inside her pension! Mais vous verres, mam'selle. yous verrex-you shall acquaint your self with elite of France. Attendons

jusqu'a ce soir." And she bustled away in the volumi nous bombazine which she had donned in honor of her illustrious guest. was surprised to find a count made so much of in a republican country, but wanted new blouses for the autumn, then, as pcpa says, "traveling does and we thought we might as well have

We smartened ourselves up a good mamma answered a dressmaker's addeal for the evening. My sister Laura, vertisement in the Heraid, and we who is very romantic-I think it must were so charmed with her when she come from reading the Woman's Home called that we engaged her on the spot. Gasette, for it doesn't run in the fam She was quite unlike the usual dressfly-made up all kinds of castles in the maker who goes out by the day. Miss air while we were dressing. These so Croft looked quite a lady. She was distracted me that I heated the curling tall and pale, and she must have been from too hot and burned off my frings very beautiful once. What struck us I was very vered, for I knew that the particularly, however, was her sad and count would never look at such a "guy," spiritless air. Laura was much interas Jim called me, when he met us ested in her and, of course, invented

going down to dinner. And Laura up our little sitting room at the end of the hall to her when she came to The count almost came up to our exectations. It's true he was rather short and inclined to emboupoint (that's a delightful word for "fat," which we learned from our trip to help Miss Croft with the work, but ibroad), but he had beautiful dark I did not find her very companionable. which we learned from our trip abroad), but he had beauted numbers and a very lovely waxed numbers and a little pointed beard and tache and a little pointed beard and white hands, with two diamond rings white hands, with two diamond rings on them. He sat opposite to us, and Miss Croft told her history, which to our delight papa began a conversa- greatly rejoiced my sister's remantic to our designs page and the sauce. soul. I confess it interested me not a (He had looked at Laura pretty often little when Laura told it to me. It during "soup.") Before dinner was seemed that Miss Croft was married, over we were all on very friendly but she had resumed her maiden

terms, and he spoke English very well, so we hadn't to trouble about French. I must add that, though papa had been so anxious to "parley-voo" again while we were still at Pawtucket, yet he never let us hear any of it. He always sent us on in front

when he had to speak to a native. Boulogne was quite a different place to us from the day the count came. mer holiday last year we felt He was our constant companion, and that we had spent it to great advantage. Besides the enjoyment we had derived from a trip to "count" especially loud when we passgize in such a charming way and bring Every year about the end of July, us bunches of flowers (the flowers arwhen Pawtucket begins to pall upon ranged in rows, with a glorified dish paper round them) and say: "I wish I could lay the treasure of the east at your feet, mademolselles. Helps the of esteem and regard!" with more in the same strain, which Laura thought perfectly lovely. It was rather too poetical for me. The count told us that the reason be was so poor was that his estates were confiscated owing to the part his ancestors had played in some revolution or war, but he had a lawsuit on to recover them. He showed us photos of them, and they certainly looked beautiful.

I never saw papa so generous before We were always driving or going for excursions. However, I heard him say to mamma after a certain very heavy lunch bill, "After all, one doesn't meet count every day."

I had noticed his attentions to Laura, and I knew which way the wind blew. But papa grew more and more enthuslastic as our friendship ripened. He used to dilate on the count's charming manners when we were

"That's the advantage of associating with the aristocracy," he would say. "I'm a plain man myself, but I respect | blood. Nobllity of birth produces no bility of character and manners." Which sounded beautiful and made Mamma also took a violent fancy to

him. He spoke so feelingly, she said, of his mother, who was dead, and of marriage and a man's duty to woman And Laura blushed still more. We were very sorry when our stay

at Boulogne came to an end, for we feared our friendship with the count might end too. But he said he was coming over to "the States" on business (he looked at Laura as he said and he honed that he would be permitted to visit one of America's merchant princes in his home. You should have seen papa's face when he heard himself described as a merchant prince! Of wurse we said we should be delighted to see him, and we parted with many expressions of mutual regret. I don't know what he said to Laura as we walked to the station the morning we left, but I do know that he held her hand much longer than was necessary, although I pre tended to 'ook the other way. was very silent and pensive on the home journey, and papa and mamma exchanged knowing nods. I knew mamma was picturing to herself the sensation it would cause in the neighborhood if her daughter were to become a lady of title. I also felt i would be distinctly pleasant to spea ... in an offhand way of "my sister the Countess de Marabout." I wasn't the least bit jealous of her triumph, be cause I really prefer Americans to foreigners, counts though they may There's a young man in the Pawtucket National bank-well, but that has nothing to do with the count. The return journey did not seem as

"flat" as usual since we had the count's visit to look for ward to. Mamma contrived to let the Kays and old Miss Briggs know about it and the new was all over Paw tucket in a few hours. Iknow that the Kays were green with envy. The girls who had always been very stiff

and condescending to us, took to dropping in oc some pretext or other in the afternoon. We were quite nice to them, but we had our little

turn at patronising. Well, it happened that Laura and I them by the time the count came. So a romantic story about her. We gave work, for, although the count apparently regarded papa as a "merchant prince," I shouldn't call our house palatial. Laura and I took it in turns

name, as her marriage had been such an unhappy one and she wished her husband to lose all trace of her. Her parents had kept a hotel, and once when she come home for the holidays from boarding school a gentleman guest much above her in social position had paid her great attention and had eventually proposed to her.

Her parents were ambitious and were most desirous of the match, while she herself was much attracted by him, though the difference in rank troubled her. He overcame all her misgivings, however, by protests the undying affection like his rendered difference in birth an empty phrase. So she consented, and her parents gave her a handsome dowry, for her husband was poor in worldly goods. He gave out, however, that "love in a cottage" was his ideal. She had a rude awakening. Her husband ran through all her money in a year, then ill treated her and finally deserted her when she refused to ask her parents for more. Just as she had reached this point of the story I broke in upon it. I had been watering the plants in the drawing room when, to my surprise and alarm, I saw the count walking up the path which lends to our front door. You could have knocked me down with a feather, as the saying goes. I flew down the passage to Laura, for I knew she would wish to change her frocs. At first she looked a little cross at the interruption, but when I whispered who was there she colored up with pleasure and managed to rush upstairs before the front door was

We felt so vexed that we had been taken by surprise in that way, but we had not expected to see him so soon. He must have followed us on the next boat. The best ten service wasn't out. the flowers in the drawing room were faded, and we hadn't our new blouses after all. Still, things always do happen "contrariwise," and it didn't really matter, for the count was just as charming and amiable.

He professed himself charmed with our house, and his compliments were just as flowery. While we were at tea young Peters, a great admirer of Laura's, came in, and the count looked quite jenious when he called Laura by her name. I must say that Peters didn't seem quite at his ease in the

B

presence of a nobleman and appeared rather suspicious of our familiarity with him. The climax of our triumph, however, was when Ethel Kay came in. When we introduced her to the count she seemed undecided whether she should make a courtesy, and she was quite subdued and meek during the whole of her visit.

When the count "Laura is engaged to the count." she could hardly answer. It was delightful to be able to show her bow

coolly and unconcernedly we treated aristocracy. For the next few days we saw as much of the count as we did in Boulogne, and the Kays fairly writhed when they saw how attentive he was to Laura. Mrs. Kay swept our dining room all day long with her opera glasses and sent the two girls in at all hours of the day with trivial messages, but it was of no avail. On the day after his arrival the count, who was boarding near us, sent s note round to papa, and in the evening he came and was shut up with papa for a long while in his study. Then Laura was summoned, and mainma and I were on tenterhooks till papa burst into the room, very red in he face and excited, and exclaimed: "Laura is engaged to the count"

We quite expected it, and still w were very excited. A titled son and brother in law was beyond our wildest dreams!

Papa said the count had spoken so beautifully when he asked for Laura's hand. He had compared woman to the tender fern, which man, the strong forest tree, must shelter and protect from the storms of the world. He would be able, he said, to surround her with luxuries fit for a princess when the lawsuit should be decided in his favor. Meanwhile they would live the happiest of lives on the princely allowance which his "liberal and dear fu-

ture papa" had decided to confer upon them, from which I gather that papa had, as Jim terms it, "coughed up" to a considerable amount. Still, no one could blame him for sacrificing something to such an alliance. After all -though I wouldn't own it to the Kays-papa used to serve in the store. Well, the news didn't take long to travel round Pawtucket, and the next day the papers were alled with it, and a whole host of congratulatory visitors poured in. We were the sensation of Pawtucket, and it was an hour of unalloyed triumph. Mamma sat in state in her best satin dress, and the count handed round ten and de-lighted every one by his affability Many people who had patronised us before and had only honored us by a call once a year looked in to see "the lion" and were most gushing. Such is

the way of the world. When every one except the Kay girls had gone and we were feeling quite tired out some one proposed a stroli in the garden. The suggestion was eagerly welcomed aWe had to pass the our little sitting room, where Miss Croft was fixing an evening frock of Laura's, for the count was going with us to a dance the next even

As we came in Miss Croft rose in a deprecating way. The count and Laura had fallen behind the rest of ns, but I heard him saying in his soft foreign accents as they entered the m, "I am much enchanted, my dear-

est Laura, to make the acquaintance of your boudeir-of anything that be-I was stooping to unbolt the door which led to the garden when a sudden sharp cry from Miss Croft made

me look round. The count started and looked



"Pterre!"

for the first time. He grew pale; his jaw fell. We stood breathless, but the count seemed turned to stone Laura was the first to speak. Her

hand rested in the count's. "What is the matter, Miss Croft?" she said. "Do you know my flance?" Miss Croft tottered. "God forgive him!" she gasped.

is my husband!" I don't know what happened then A confused cry broke from every one, for the count had fled like a flash of lightning, gained the hall door and hatless and coatless, rushed out of the house. His guilt was evident-he had condemned himself. With the utmost difficulty we restrained papa from fol-

what he might have done in his rage. But how describe the scene? Poor Laura fainted, and the two Kay girls who had stood open mouthed and bewildered, stole quietly away. I cannot write. The incident is too recent, the wound too fresh. But if this serve as a warning to others it will not have been written in vain. I need only add that young Peters looks very happy, and papa has become vio-

lowing him. There is no knowing

lently socialistic. Oh, but that was a grand day for the Kays in Pawtucket!

What a College Girl Can Do.
The college girl who lives in a small town has perhaps the greatest power for influence. Her education and experience raise her to a position which commands the respect of those others who have not had her advantages, and this position she should use, not as an excuse for ecotism or self sufficiency, but as a means of accomplishing reforms in the life of the community. Starting a vilinge improvement society is an excellent way of interesting people in their surroundings and opens to many an entirely new world-a world which teaches that the useful is not necessarily the ugly and that environment is the inspiration of action. Beautifying the village or town is bound to bring the citizens together in a new and more intimate associaaddressed a re- tion and does much to abolish those mark to her she dens of vice which distigure not only the aspect but the moral life of town.

Of course this is but one phase of civic improvement; there are many others. In the factory town especially there is a wide scope for the college bred woman's activity. There is no reason why the factory town should be unsightly or why the employees of the factory should live in ugly, insanitary dwellings; no reason why the women of the town should not be roused to interest in their surroundings and, above all, to self respect. The woman of education owes it to

her less fortunate sister to encourage that feeling of self respect which lies dormant in the breasts of so many factory women. Give them the vision of comething broader and bigher than is comprehended in their own horizon and they will try to conform their ..............................

Eat Little Meat In Summer.

The amount of food devoured IS IMMENSELY BEYOND any needs or demands of the physical system. The heat of the body must always be sustained at nearly 100 degrees. In summer we have only to combat a few degrees of lower temperature, but in winter by food and clothing we must raise the body beat from zero outside of us to 100 degrees above zero inside of

'It plainly will not do to eat in summer as we do in winter, as much or of the same kind of food, if we consider heat alone.

But in summer we live, as a rule, more active lives and pass off superfluous heat with great ease and rapidity, while the face of the body is cooled by perspiration.

It is probable that most people digest and assimilate and dispose of waste 80 MUCH BET-TER IN THE WARM SEASON that they eat more than in winter and ought to do so. The kind of foods used should, however, be very unlike. It is almost impossible in summer to eat too much of ripe fruits, while of meats very few should cat large amounts in warm weather.

ummer as much as in winter. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Learning the Motions.

You were late." The Homer twins, aged about four, got their morning bath, and then were dressed in clean white suits and told to get out and play. At the end of an hour or so their nother went to look for them. She

found them in the back garden. It had rained the night before, and a certain favorite hollow under an elm tree was one soft mess of ankle deep mud. In this mud, on their stomachs, lay the twins kicking out their legs and brandishing their arms with vigor.

"What on earth are you doing?" the mother cried. "We are learnin' to swim, moth-

er" the twine answered.

# OF THE STORM, minute." But she stood very still in the middle of the room. "No," she said.

There Came a Change In Her Views on the Question of Love.

By PHILIP KEAN.

[Copyright, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.]

The manager of the Bear Lake stock farm watched the storm from the window of his bungalow. It was a typical western hurricane, coming after a dry spell, with pink lightning and tempestuous winds and the continuous roll of thunder.

To the unaccustomed eye it was terrifying, but Alexander gazed undisturbed. He was young and strong. But something very like fear gripped him now as he saw between the swaying trees a wraitblike figure running toward the house.

He went to the door and opened it. He dragged her over the threshold-a little, gasping, frightened girl. "I'm so afraid," was all she could

say at first.

"How does it happen that you are out?" He put her in a big chair by the side of the fireplace, "It's so late and such an awful night" She looked at him with startled ever as she tried to pin up the thick brown

locks that had fallen about her shoulwas running away," she con-

"Oh," Alexander said as he sat down opposite her. "You look a bit old for that. I was nine when I decided to take to cave dwelling and a man Friday."

A dimple showed in the corner of her "But-but I wasn't running mouth. away to live in a cave. I was running away to get married." "But," Alexander said presently.

"you-you don't look quite old enough "I am eighteen," was the explana-

tion, "and be is twenty-one," "He?" murmured Alexander. "Where Her lip quivered. "I think the storm must have kept him home. You wouldn't think a storm would matter

to a man, would you?" "Not a man who was going to marry you," Alexander found himself say-"Oh"-the warmth in his tone

brought a rosy flush to her face-"of course something may have kept him." "Where was he to meet you?" Alex-"Over there by the church. We are

stopping at one of the cottages just beyond. "And when you didn't find him there you ran to the nearest house?" "I saw your light and ran toward

"And now," he told her, "if you are rested a bir I'll take you home." "But I can't go back)" she cried. "The door locks with a spring, and I haven't a key.

"Ye gods!" Alexander's brows knit. And then, because he could think of nothing else to say, he asked, "Are you

hungry? "Starved," she said. He brought out crackers and chees and sardines and olives and marma lade and all the daintles that a bach elor manager who elects to eat at meals the coarse food that is given

his men keeps for private consump "If-if I only knew where Bobbie was," she said, "I should be almost happy." "So his name is Bobble?" Alexander

asked. She nodded. "We went to school together, and he is at college now, and be hasn't anything to marry on, and

that's why mother objected, and that's

why we ran away." "Do you love him?" Alexander naked "Of course," she said quickly, "only I'm not so sure right now. It seems as if he couldn't have let me come out in the storm alone—if he had loved me." "He couldn't." said Alexander

briefly. And then, after a moment, he said slowly, "I wonder if you know what love is really like-love for which one suffers, for which one dies, if need

She caught her breath. "No one ever said such things to me of love before," she said. "Bobble and I just thought of fun-and-of haging our own way." She was such a little innocent thing but with such purity in her eyes, such a foreshadowing in her face of the woman that she might be, that Alexander said impuisively, "Dear little girl, wait until love-real love-comes to you before you marry."

She beld out her hand to him. will," she whispered. "I will wait." And even as she promised there came a knock at the door. Alexander opened it, and Bobble

stumbled over the threshold. "Why didn't you wait?" he com plained at once. "Why didn't you wait, Mollie?" "It was such an awful storm, and

og weren't there, Bobbie." "You might have known I'd have come," he fumed. "I don't see why you came here. I looked every where for you, and then I saw this light, and I came over and looked through the win-Alexander interposed. "She could

not stay out in the night and storm.

The boy turned on him. if I was?" he demanded. "Is it any of your business?" "Yes"-the older man's tone quiet-"it is always a man's bo to see that a young and helpless girl is

"Bet I"-"I think you should take her hos at once," Alexander advised, "and wait until you and she are old enough to know your own minds." "Ob, don't preach," the boy fit

Rut Alexander's eyes were on the girl. "When a woman loves a man it sught to give her all our chivalry, that until rom are older, Bobble, at

## "Oh, come on, Mollie," the boy interrupted rudely. "I've got the horses outside, and we can get away in a

"Why not?" "Because I know now that I-I don't

love you as I ought to marry you, Bobble." she faltered. "I-I want to go "Well, you can't go home," Bobbie

told her-"not now. You haven't a key." "She shall go bome," Alexander said suddenly, "if she wishes."

They faced each other, the boy and

the man, and then before the stern glance of the other Bobbie dropped his "Oh, well, bow will you manage it?"

he said. "I shall got her mother to the telephone," Alexander said, "and she can open the door for us." The boy turned to the door. "Til

The boy tigned to the use.

leave you to arrange it," he said to
Alexander. Town't seem to be in
this." And he was gone.

"I'm afraid his feelings are hurt,"
Alexander said, "but it was best,
smen't it?"

He took Mollie's hand and stood looking down at her, and presently she "Yes, it was best. And nov

will you call up mother, please?" When he had given the message-ove the wire he took Mollie home. On the way they said little, but just before they reached her porch she whispered: "I-I want to thank yousfor what you said to me about-love. I shall think of it differently-now. I shall never marry Bobble." "Perhaps Bobble will be different,"

Alexander said. "No; I couldn't marry him-now." She held out her hand. "Will you come and see us some time? Mother will want to thank you."

"Will I come?" Great joy ran through his veins. "Will I come?" Then he bent down over her. "Are you sure there isn't any chance for Bobble?" "Yes," very low. "Then I'll come," he said, and he knew in his heart that some day be

things of love and life and of happi-The Romance of Quinine.

How many of those who fully realize
the value of quinine are familiar with

ble had not known how to teach-

the pretty story connected with the drug? In the year 1638 Donna Ana, the beautiful wife of Don Luis Geronimo Fernandes de Cabrera Bobadilla y Mendoza, fourth count of Chinchon and governor of the Spanish province of Peru, lay sick and, it was feared dying of an intermittent fever in her palace at Lima. Her physician, Juan de Vega, was at his wits' end. Her husband was in despair, when the corregidor of Loza, a neighboring state sent to the former a small packet of powdered quinquina bark, which he knew the Indians prized highly as a

febrifuge. The powder was administered to the the fever left her, and a complete cure

was effected Two years later, in 1640, the much named Count of Chinchona and his wife returned to Spain, and as the Countess Ana brought with her a quantity of the bealing bark the dis inction is claimed for her of being the first person to introduce it into Europe Her physician, we are told, made arge fortune by selling it in Seville at 100 reals the pound. It was this famous cure of the Countees Chinthona that induced the great Swedish botanist Linnaeus long afterward to rename the whole genus of quinine yielding tree "cinchons" in her bonor,

Had One After All. Jimmy had always ismented the fact that he had no grandmother. He was quite satisfied with the quality of his parents, and he was not especially anxious, or the whole, to bar more people about the bouse than al-ready lived there, but somehow or other it irked him very much to think that that other boys had somethin he had not. There were Billie Robin son and Sidney Grant, both chums of his-they both had grandmothers, and

it didn't seem exactly fair that he was deprived of one. One day, however, he had a happy thought. "Ma." he said, "what does the

grand mean, anyhow?" "Why, lofty, beautiful, noble, sub lime," replied his mother. A broad smile wreathed the boy's face as he jumped up and down on the floor in an ecstasy of giee.
"Hurrah!" he cried. "I have got one

after all." "One what, dear?" asked his mother "A grandmother," he replied.

Where is she, dear?" his mother nguired. "Why, you're it, mother," said the "You're my mother, and you're lofty, beautiful, noble and sublime

especially the beautiful!" Whatever the quality of the lad's logic, his course of reasoning made one "grandmother" very happy--Lip-

Testifies After Four Years.

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