AN OLD ADAGE

"A light purse is a heavy curse" Sickness makes a light purse. The LIVER is the seat of nine tenths of all disease.

ter, thoroughly, quickly safely and restore the action of the LIVER to normal condition.

A Miracle at

By CLARISSA MACKIE

hoofs on the hard road, a flur-

ry of summer dust at the gate,

and Pete Loring gracefully

ale's door, scattering the chickens into

"Afternoon, Miss Susie," called Pete

Mr. Loring coughed deprecatingly.

"You ain't changed your mind, I sup-

pose?" he queried anxiously.
"No, I aint?" snapped Miss Susie so

readily that one could almost suspect

that she had been awaiting the ques-

tion. She withdrew her rosy face with

a jerk and went on: "I don't feel no

more favorable to marryin' than I did

yesterday or last Monday. This makes

Mr. Loring chuckled. "Well, I ain't

asked you today as I know on," he

drawled, turning a twinkling blue eye

An ominous silence brooded behind

the morning glories, where Miss Su-

sie's plump form rocked to and fro

"Them there kide are gettin' wilder

and raggeder every day. Old Mahona lit out last night, and we're keepin'

house alone. Only had cornmeal

mush three times so fur, an' I reckon

we'll have it fur supper." His voice

There was a contemptuous snort

from Miss Susie. "I didn't come out

to Kansas as missionary to the stray

widder men of Painted Rock. I ain't

a Mormon," she added sententiously.

"Jake Lyon was around this mornin'.

Mr. Loring frowned jenlously. "That

there Jake Lyon is a low, sneakin'

knows you wouldn't have him nohow,

"How do you know I wouldn't have

Pete fairly jumped with surprise

swaying rocker and 1 : plump ocen-

"Far be it from me to express my

had to say about Jake, I not knowln'

wanted to marry Pd have done it be-

well that we don't all do it ue is just as God fearin', bardworkin'

had directed at him.

His four children have the measles."

trailed pathetically into silence.

three times in one week!"

upon the opening in the vines.

as she knitted.

terrified retreat.

in the heat." he remarked.

Give tone to the system and solid flesh to the body. Take No Substitute.

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see the FAR WEST. Write for "I don't know what you're talkin' Sample Copy. :: ': :: :: :: at :: about, Peta Loring," she retorted. "I

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STORIES FOR IDLE joyfully, "Tank Gott!" HOURS

> Mr. Loring's manner changed to one of grave anxiety. "You heard what I

said, Miss Susie?"

Painted Rock "I heard," snapped Miss Susie. "When I change my mind I'll not send Swanson. I'll come right over myself

"I ain't lookin' for no miracles in these days," retorted Mr. Loring good naturedly. Then his voice became serious. "I hope you're keepin' watch HERE was a clatter of small on the river, Miss Suste. Last year your brother pretty near got floated off, and it wasn't anything to what it is now. It's rained for nearly a week rounded Little Nelly before Miss Suup in Harpers, and if that bridge goes -well, your house and crop 'll go too." "I'm not afraid so long as we don't get any rain here," returned Miss Su-

sie comfortebly. "Afternoon," responded Miss Susie, "You better make that lazy Swede peering through the morning glory keep an eye on the river, and if it rises any more I'll come over and help Mr. Loring mopped his face vigoryou. Well, I must be movin' along! ously. "Don't seem to be any letup Afternoon, Miss Susie."

"Afternoon," returned the lady be "I guess we'll all shrivel up if it hind the morning glories. keeps on much longer," replied Miss Susie from behind her screen.

Miss Susie strained her eyes for a backward wave of Pete Loring's band when he reached the corner of the last field, but his head was turned toward the river, whose yellow current was gradually rising to the level of the steep banks. Once or twice he glanced back at the low browed bouse lying so near the benk and felt some degree of relief in the recollection that his own comfortable dwelling was perched on a knoll above highest water mark and must necessarily be a place of refuge for his less fortunate neighbors. Six months previous Miss Susie had

come from her eastern home to live with her widowed brother, but scarcely three months had passed before he had succumbed to an attack of heart disease and thus had left Miss Susie mistress of the hundred acre farm and the well meaning but sluggish Swanson and his capable wife, Selma Comely, dark eyed Miss Susan had not lacked for advice and vigorous assistance in managing the farm, for she found kindly neighbors all about her, and Pete Loring had been her chief adviser in caring for the crops that had been planted by the energetic brother, but Pete had spoiled all things by desiring Miss Susie to change her quarters and become the mistress of the Loring home, and his quiet persistence had vexed the usually amiable little woman to the point of an-

"He might know I couldn't make up coyote!" he exclaimed bitterly. "He my mind all of a sudden after being single for forty-five years," she murmured as she watched him ride out of sight. She thought of the miles of whispering grain fields that divided her farm from Pete Loring's place, and her face grew somewhat anxious.

He could dimly see the cutline of the In the porthern counties rain had pant, but he felt all the influence of fullen abundantly, but in Painted Rock the baleful glance he knew Miss Susle the crops were slowly crisping in the merciless heat, and now this swelling tributary of the Missouri, fed by the opinion again, ma'am," returned Pete copious rains at its source, threatened humbly. "I hope you'll excuse what I complete annihilation of the harvest.

With a little sigh and a sense of mult Miss Susie responded to Belma's call to dinner. As she are of the toothsome viands and tasted the deicious berry pie she thought of the hungry little Loringe dining on mush and milk. They were lovable chil-dren, helpful, obedient little things, and it was too bad that they were motherless; there was only the busy, kindly father and the drinking, ignorant old Indian woman, Mahona, to care for them.

"Take one of these pies and a pail ful of the dinner over to Mr. Loring's, Swanson," she said, going around t the kitchen door after dinner, and i was with some relief that she watched the slouching figure of the Swede riding down the road, a large basket swinging from one hand.

It was long after midnight when Miss Susie awoke to the drip of rain on the roof and the soft rush of wa ter outside her window. There was a sickening motion to her bed, and the was conscious that the furniture in the room was creaking and stirring

She called Swanson desparately. There was no response, but she thought she beard a faint cry from outside. It came from above. "The roof!" she said dasedly.

is up there! Why, the house is aftent?"
The floor sinnted perilously as she simpled to the edge of the bed and tried to stand upon her feet. Somebow she managed to strike a match and light a candle by her side. The

room was in the utmost disorder. The lighter furniture had gravitated to the outer wall and the heavy pieces rocked to and fre dizzily with every motion of the rocking house. Ornaments and bits of china strewed the floor, and her clothes were huddled among them. Miss Susie," returned Pets ing the warmest wraps she could find.
She half walked, but alld to the window and held her candle to the pane. It was dense blackness catalds; but

open and that her farm hand and his wife had doubtless sought refinge there.

As her lead appeared above the opening and she emerged into the inky darkness the roice of the Swede came

"Why didn't you call me?" she asked

crossly, balancing her plump form precariously on the edge of the opening and placing her feet on the top rung of the ladder below. She could make out the dim outline of the figure of the



Rocked to and fro doughty Swanson hugging the chimneys, while bulky Selma was safely wedged in an angle of the roof.

Swanson took refuge in stience. And thus the three clung desperately to their several places of retreat, bending heads before the beating rain, while the little bouse lurched along in the embrace of the strong current. After awhile it stopped raining, and the black desolution of the night was refleved by the pale, intermittent rays of a watery moon. The gray, scudding clouds grew lighter as daylight stole over the dripping world. The three people on the roof looked curiously about them as objects came into prominence with the coming light. The house had been lifted from its frail foundation and swung out from the shore and was drifting slowly downstream. The water had now crept into the upper rooms, and the eaves of the roof dipped in and out of the wirling current.

Strange craft sailed by them. Fragments of houses, with bits of furniture pathetically arranged in homely comfort, floated slowly by; then the body of a borse or a cow half submerged in the flood. A cock crowing lustily swept matestically along his half drowned hens clinging about him on the top of Then came a floating timber with

man hanging desperately to one end. He clutched at the eaves as the cur-

rent whirled him along, grasped them feebly and then, strengthencheered by the shouts from the on the wet incline with dimculty.



Drifting slowly down side her.
"Why, Mr. Rockwell, this ain't never our she exclaimed. "Your wife and your house and"-

"Safe, thank God!" he panted. "I was called out to assist the sufferers at Hogan's farm, just above your at Hogan's farm, just above your place, and the house went all to pieces without any warning, and I am afraid some of those poor fullows have lost their lives." The young minister bowed his head and sighed as he thought of the fervent prayers of his little flock for deliverance from the

Miss Susie shivered, cold and mises-able, on the peak of her roof. The world looked very dreary this gray morning. Her home was swept away,

a sharp bend in the shore and, carried swiftly forward by the rushing river, stuck for a moment in the soft mud of the bank. A group of men ran forward and thrust hooks into the window openings. A great hawser had been thrown around a large butternut tree on the knoll, and to either end there was a hook. The house strained away from the bank, but the etrained away from the bank, but the

etrained away from the bank, but the rope was strong, and, presently Pete Loring's voice called cheefity:
"Air you all right, hiss busse?"
"Yes, I be?" she called back meekly.
Five minutes later they were all walking up the muddy hill to the Loring has a strong of them. ing house, where Pete assured them there was plenty of hot coffee. "Old Mahona, she's come back," he said, with a significant look at Miss Susia, who clung dejectedly to his strong

"I recken that there is the preacher from Painted Rock," he ventured pres ently, with a backward movement

"You know it is," said hiss Su with a faint return of spirit in manner. There changed your

Miss Susie Joyfully. They clung to ber hands and twined themselves about her neck. She looked over their beads and encountered the wistful gaze of the father, and her eyes filled with happy tears.

"I guess we better call it a miracle,

Early Time Systems. The gnomon, the predecessor of the

sundial, was probably one of the carliest devices for the reckoning of time and it may reasonably be concluded that the Egyptian pyramids, with their great altitude, formed part of a design for timekeeping by the shadow thrown on the desert sands. The obelisk, too in all probability served the purpose for as a matter of history an obelish at Reme was actually used for a sundial in the time of Emperor Augustus If we could step on board of a Malay prac we should see floating in a bucket of water a cocoanut shell having a small hole in the bottom through which the water by slow degrees finds its way into the interior. The hole in the shell is so proportioned that the shell will sink in an hour, when the man or watch cells the time and sets it affont The Chinese have a water clock in use at the present time, which invention they ascribe to Hwangti, who according to their chronology, more than twenty-five centuries be fore Christ.

The time system of early Rome was of the rudest character. The day and night each were divided into fou. watches, the periods of which were roughly determined by observations of the course of the sun and stars.

Chew Liquid Food Too.

The increased amount of liquids consumed during the summer months renders the following advice of Horace Fletcher of additional importance at this time of the year. The famous expert on foods claims that LIQUIDS SHOULD BE "CHEWED" -that is, insalivated-as well as solids. He says:

"Adult man was not originally intended to take his nourishment in a liquid form; consequently all liquids having taste, such as soup, milk, tea, coffee, cocoa and the various forms of alcohol, must be treated as sapid solids and insalivated by holding them in the mouth, moving the tongue gently, with straight up and down masticatory movements, until their taste be removed.

"Water, not having taste, needs no insalivation and is readily accepted by the fauces."

\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$ Footwear In Summer.

Summer shoes and stockings should be of the lightest weight. Brown shoes are always cooler than black, being more porous, and white canvas shoes are de-BLACK STOCKINGS SHOULD BE TABOOED IN HOT WEATHER. The dye is bad for the feet, sometimes really injurious. White stockings, of course, are the best of all, but tan or gray may be worn to great advantage.

Chain the Baby Up. Put the baby on a dog leash! That's the latest freak of society; but, unlike many society frenks, this has the sanction of medical men, who claim that it is a lot better to have a child on a leash than to yank it along the street, dragging its arms out of their sock ets. Already a few women have been seen in the gardens with their children in leash, and from the appearance of mothers and children it seems as though all are pleased. The child has a little more freedom than it would have if it were being held by the hand, and the women-well, they have more freedom too. The baby leash is made exactly like a dog leash, and it is bought at any of the harness stores The more elaborate leashes have a reg ular little harness, but the simples ones consist of the ordinary strap pass ed once around the middle of the child's body, fastened with a buckle and with a long enough end to give baby a yard of freedom. In the neighborhood of the parks the baby least has already become very popular, for it gives the nursemaids a chance to look after their small charges by hand, so to speak, while turning their minds to the gossip of the nursemaid world .-

A Monument to a Somb Thrower. Italians love statues and occasionally erect them to some singular persons The little town of Meldola, near Ravenns, Italy, has just been the scene of an imposing ceremony. In the presence of the town grandees the people have unveiled a monument to Fit Orsini, who made the historic attempt on the life of Napoleon III. on March 24, 1858, in Paris, when the casualties numbered 130. The statue represents Orsini on the way to his execution. Meldola is the birthplace of Orsini.

Congressman John T. Lenahan of the Luzerpe bar was once engaged in a bribery case and was questioning a ent witness. "Have you your self-ever refused a bribe?" he asked.
"No, but"— "That's all!" thundered
John. Later on Mr. Lenahan was asked why he dismissed the witness so seen. "Because," he replied, "I so soon. "Because," he replied, "I knew by the but that he was going to tell me no one bad ever attempted to bethe him."-Philadelphia Record.

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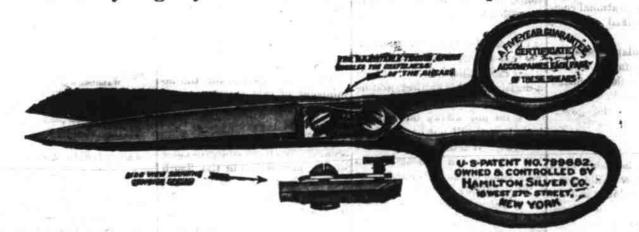
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