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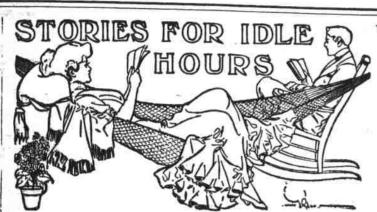
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Tobin's Palm

By O. HENRY

Copyright, 1986, by McClure, Phillips & Co. OBIN and me, the two of us, went down to Coney one day, for there was \$4 between us, and Tobin had need of distractions. For there was Katle Mahorner, his sweetheart of County Sligo, lost since she started for America three months before with \$200, her own sav-

ings, and \$100 from the sale of Tobin's inherited estate, a fine cottage and pig on the Bog Shannaugh. And since the letter that Tobin got saying that she had started to come to him not a bit of news had he heard or seen of Katie Mahorner. Tobin advertised in the papers, but nothing could be found of the colleen. So to Coney me and Tobin went

thinking that a turn at the chutes and the smell of the popcorn might raise the heart in his bosom. But Tobin was a hard headed man, and the sadness stuck in his skin. He ground his teeth at the crying balloons, he cursed the moving pictures, and, though he would drink whenever asked, he scorned Punch and Judy and was for licking the tintype men as they came. So I gets him down a sideway on a

board walk where the attractions were some less violent. At a little 6 by 8 stall Tobin halts, with a more human look in his eye. "'Tis here," says he, "I will be diverted. I'll have the palm of me hand

investigated by the wonderful palmist of the Nile and see if what is to be will be." Tobin was a believer in signs and

the unnatural in nature. He posessed illegal convictions in his mind along the subjects of black cats, lucky numbers and the weather predictions in the papers. We went into the enchanted chicken

coop, which was fixed mysterious with red cloth and pictures of hands with lines crossing 'em like a railroad center. The sign over the door says it is Mme. Zozo, the Egyptian palmist. There was a fat woman inside in a red jumper with pothooks and beasties embroidered upon it. Tobin gives her 10 cents and extends one of his hands. She lifts Tobin's hand, which is own brother to the hoof of a dray horse, and examines it to see whether 'tis a stone in the frog or a cast shoe he has

"Man," says this Mme. Zozo, "the line of your fate shows"-

"'Tis not me foot at all," says Tobin, interrupting. "Sure, 'tis no beauty, but ye hold the palm of me hand." "The line shows," says the madame, "that ye've not arrived at your time

of life without bad luck. And there's more to come. The mount of Venusor is that a stone bruise?-shows that ye've been in love. There's been trouble in your life on account of your sweetheart." "Tis Katle Mahorner she has refer-

ences with," whispers Tobin to me in a loud voice to one side. "I see," says the palmist, "a great

deal of sorrow and tribulation with one whom ye cannot forget. I see the lines of designation point to the letter K and the letter M in her name." "Whist!" says Tobin to me. "Do ye hear that?"

"Look out." goes on the palmist. for a dark man and a light woman, for they'll both bring ye trouble. Ye'll



"T'is not me foot at all."

make a voyage upon the water very soon and have a financial loss. I see one line that brings good luck. There's a man coming into your life who will fetch ye good fortune. Ye'll know him when ye see him by his crooked nose." "Is his name set down?" asks Tobin. "Twill be convenient in the way of greeting when he backs up to dump off the good luck."
"His name," says the paimist,

thoughtful looking, "is not spelled out by the lines, but they indicate 'tis a long one, and the letter 'o' should be in it. There's no more to tell. Good evening. Don't block of the door." "Tis wonderful how she knows,"

says Tobin as we walk to the pier. As we squeezed through the gates a nigger man sticks his lighted cigar gainst Tobin's ear and there is tronble. Tobin hammers his neck, and the en squeal, and by presence of women squeat, and of the mind I drag the little man out of the mind I drag the little man out of the way before the police comes. Tobin is always in an ugly mood when en-

joying himself.
On the boat going back, when the man calls "Who wants the good looking walter" Tobin tried to plead

cannot conceive that ye would hold a spelling bee upon the street corner. will ye name some reasonable excuse

"Have ye any amendments," he asks, "to offer to that statement, or are ye one too? I thought by the looks of ye

as one horseshoe resembles another so are ye the picture of good luck as predicted by the hand of me friend. If not, then the lines of Danny's hand may have been crossed, I don't know." "There's two of ye," says the man with the nose, looking up and down for the sight of a policeman. "I've enjoyed your company immense. Good night." With that he shoves his

at the other.

guilty, feeling the desire to blow the foam off a crock of suds, but when he felt in his pocket he found himself discharged for lack of evidence. Someter get him home?" body had disturbed his change during

the commotion. So we sat, dry, upon the stools, listening to the dagoes fiddling on deck. If anything, Tobin was lower in spirits and less congenial with his misfortunes than when we On a seat against the railing was a young woman dressed suitable for red automobiles, with hair the color of an unsmoked meerschaum. In passing by Tobin kicks her foot without intentions, and, being polite to ladies when in drink, he tries to give his hat a twist while apologizing. But he knocks it off, and the wind carries it Tobin came back and sat down, and began to look out for him, for the man's adversities were becoming frequent. He was apt, when pushed so close by hard luck, to kick the best dressed man be could see and try to Presently Tobin grabs my arm and "Jawn," says he, "do ye know what we're doing? We're taking a voyage And, though ye've got the crookedes "There, now," says I; "subdue yerself. The boat 'll land in ten minutes "Look," says he, "at the light lady upon the bench. And have ye forgotto ve fair, and I'll assist him to ex ten the nigger man that burned me periment with ye until he's convinced

ear? And isn't the money I had gone I thought he was no more than summing up his catastrophes so as to get violent with good excuse, as men will do, and I tried to make him underus and takes us by an arm apiece.

"Listen," says Tobin. "Ye've no ear for the gift of prophecy or the miracles of the inspired. What did the ner upon me? I came near being palmist lady tell ye out of me band? found unworthy. Hard by," says be, Tis coming true before your eyes. "is a cafe, snug and suitable for the Look out, says she, for a dark man and a light woman; they'll bring ye trouble.' Have ye forgot the nigger discuss the unavailability of the cateman, though he got some of it back gorical." from me fist? Can ye show me : lighter woman than the blond lady

So saying, he marched me and Toon the table. He looks at me and Tobin like brothers of his, and we have the cigars.

"Ye must know," says the man of

out of his little red eyes. I asked him the interpretation of his movements. Ye never know what Tobin has in his mind until he begins to carry it out. "Ye should know," says be, "I'm working out the salvation promised by the lines in me paim. I'm looking for the crooked nose man that's to bring covered in life." the good lunk. "Tis all that will save us. Jawn, did ye ever see a straighter

nosed gang of hellions in the days of your life?" Twas the 9:30 boat, and we landed and walked uptown through Twenty second street, Tobin being without his

Tries to give his hat a twist.

started.

overboard.

says, excited:

more.'

upon the water."

take command of the boat.

-a dollar sixty-five it was?"

stand such things are trifles.

that was the cause of me hat falling

in the water? And where's the dollar

sixty-five I had in me vest when we

The way Tobin put it it did seem to

though it looked to me that these acci-

dents could happen to any one at Co-

Tobin got up and walked around or

left the shooting gallery?"

On a street corner, standing under a gaslight and looking over the elevated road at the moon, was a man. A long man he was, dressed decent, with a rigar between his teeth, and I saw that

his nose made two twists from bridge to end, like the wriggle of a smake, Tobic saw it at the same time, and I heard him breathe hard like a horse when you take the saddle off. He went straight up to the man, and I

went with him. "Good night to ye," Tobin says to the man. The man takes out his eigar and passes the compliments sociable. "Would ye hand us your name," asks Tobin, "and let us look at the size of H? It may be our duty to become acquainted with ye."

"My name," says the man, polits, "is Friedenhausman—Maximus G. Fried-

"Tis the right length," says Tobin. "Do you spell it with an 'o' anywhere down the stretch of it?" "I do not," says the man.

"Can ye spell it with an "O" quires Tobin, turning anxious.
"If your conscience," says the man with the nose, "is indisposed toward foreign idioms ye might, to please yourself, smuggle the letter into the penul

"'Tis well," says Tobin. "Te're in se of Jawn Malone and Dan-"Tis highly appreciated," says the man, with a bow. "And now, since I man stops at one of them and looks

for being at large?"

"By the two signs," answers Tobin, trying to explain, "which ye display according to the reading of the Egyptian palmist from the sole of me hand ye've been nominated to offset with good luck the lines of trouble leading to the nigger man and the blond lady with her feet crossed in the boat, besides the financial loss of a dollar sixtyfive, all so far fulfilled according to

The man stopped smoking and look-

ye might have him in charge." "None," says I to him, "except that

cigar in his mouth and moves across the street, stepping fast. But Tobin sticks close to one side of him and me

'What!" says he, stopping on the opposite sidewalk and pushing back his hat. "Do ye follow me? I tell ye," he says very loud, "I'm proud to have met ye, but it is my desire to be rid of ye. I am off to me home."

"Do," says Tobin, leaning against his sleeve. "Do be off to your home. And I will sit at the door of it till ye come out in the morning, for the dependence is upon ye to obviate the curse of the nigger man and the blond lady and the financial loss of the one-sixty-

"'Tis a strange hallucination," says the man, turning to me as a more reasonable lunatic. "Hadn't ye bet-

"Listen, man," says I to him. "Daniel Tobin is as sensible as he ever was. Maybe be is a bit deranged on account of having drink enough to disturb but not enough to settle his wits, but he is no more than following out the legitimate path of his superstitions and predicaments, which I will explain to you." With that I relates the facts about the paimist lady and how the finger of suspicion points to him as an instrument of good fortune. "Now, understand," I concludes, "my position. I am the friend of me friend Tobin, according to me interpretations. "Tis easy to be a friend to the prosperous, for it pays. 'Tis not hard to be a friend to the poor, for ye get puffed up by gratitude and have your picture printed standing in front of a tenement with a scuttle of coal and an orphan in each hand. But it strains the art of friendship to be a true friend to a born fool. And that's what I'm doing," says I, "for, in my opinion, there's no fortune to be read from the palm of me hand that wasn't printed there with the handle of a pick. nose in New York city, I misdoubt that all the fortune tellers doing business could milk good luck from ye. But the lines of Danny's hand pointed

After that the man turns, sudden, to laughing. He leans against a corner and laughs considerable. Then he claps me and Tobin on the backs of

"'Tis my mistake," says he. could I be expecting anything so fine and wonderful to be turning the corentertainment of idiosyncrasies. Let us go there and have drink while we

bin to the back room of a saloon and ordered the drinks and laid the money

corroborate the art of prediction. destiny, "that me walk in life is one that is called literary. I wander abroad be night secking idiosyncrasies in the ney without the implication of paimmasses and truth in the heavens above. When ye came upon me I was in contemplation of the elevated road in condeck, looking close at the passengers function with the chief luminary of night. The rapid transit is poetry and art, the moon but a tedious, dry body moving by rote. But these are private opinions, for in the business of literature the conditions are reversed. Tis me hope to be writing a book to explain the strange things I have die

"Ye will put me in a book," says Tobin, disgusted. "Will ye put me in a

"I will not," says the man, "for the covers will not hold ye-not yet. The best I can do is to enjoy ye meself, for the time is not rice for destroying the limitations of print. Ye would look fantastic in type. All alone by me self must I drink this cup of joy. But I thank ye, boys. I am trulg grate-

"The talk of ye," says Tobin, blowing through his mustache and pound-ing the table with his fiet, "is an eyesore to me patience. There was good luck premised out of the crook of your nose, but ye bear fruit like the bang of a drum. Ye resemble, with your noise of books, the wind blowing through a crack. Sure, now, I would be thinking the paim of me hand lied but for the coming true of the nigger man and the blond lady and"—

"Whist!" says the long man. "Would ye be led astray by physiognomy? Me nose will do what it can within bounds. Let us have these giasses filled again, for 'its good to keep kilosyncrasies well moistened, they being subject to de-terioration in a dry moral atmos-

So the man of literature makes go

to my notion, for he pays cheerful for

everything, the capital of me and Tobin being exhausted by prediction. But Tobin is sore and drinks quiet, with the red showing in his eye. By and by we moved out, for 'twas 11 o'clock, and stands a bit upon the sidewalk. And then the man says he must be going home and invites me and Tobin to walk that way. We arrives on a side street two blocks away where there is a stretch of brick bouses with high stoops and iron fences. The



up at the top windows, which he finds

dark.
"'Tis me humble dwelling," says he, "and I begin to perceive by the signs that me wife has retired to slumber Therefore I will venture a bit in the way of hospitality. 'Tis me wish that ye enter the basement room, where we dine, and partake of a reasonable refreshment. There will be some fine cold fowl and cheese and a bottle or two of ale. Ye will be welcome to enter and eat, for I am indebted to ye for diver-

The appetite and conscience of me and Tobin was congenial to the proposition, though 'twas sticking hard in Danny's



"Good luck promised."

superstitions to think that a few drinks and a cold lunch should repreent the good fortune promised by the into her hand. She looked down. It palm of his hand.

"Step down the steps," says the man with the crooked nose, "and I will enter by the door above and let ye in. I will ask the new girl we have in the kitchen," says he, "to make ye a pot of coffee to drink before ye go. "Tis fine coffee Katie Mahorner makes for a green girl just landed three months. Step in," says the man, "and I'll sendher down to ye."

The Pink of Propriety. When the stringed band, hidden be-

hind the rose and carnation screen in Mrs. Poole's dining room, began to play an air from one of Meyerbeer's operas, the daughter of the house turned hopefully to the young and apparently dumb stranger who had been told off to take her in. Here was a promising opening for

conversation. "Do you like Meyerbeer?" she asked "I never drank a glass of one of those lagers in my life," the young man replied coldly.

His Party. A matron of the most determined character was encountered by a young woman reporter on a country paper, who was se't out to interview leading citizens as to their politics. "May I see Mr. - 7" she asked of a stern looking woman who opened the door at one house. "No, you can't!" answered the woman decisively. "But I want to know what party he belongs pleaded the girl. The woman drew up her tall figure. "Well, take s good look at me," she said. "I'm the party he belongs to?"-Argonaut.

The Sultan's Smoke.

During the last few days the sultan of Turkey was shut up in the Yildiz klosk he is said to have smoked over thirty cigarettes every hour to "cool his nerves." For years Abdul Hamid has smoked dosens of strong cigarettes every day, and it can be said without fear of contradiction that he has been the most ardent devotee of the fragrant weed that was ever seated upon

Boy-Don't sit there, sir. That sent's broke. Testy Old Gentleman-Humph! In my young days boys had a sense of humor.—Punch.

"My family has gone away for i month, old man, and"-"Can't come, old fellow. I have sworn off playing poker." The man who is always making good

esolutione is at least better than the men who is always doing mean things. tchison Globe.
"Why do people who keep house always talk about their domestic belp?" "Because they are afraid to dismiss

You get a ticket to see Gibraltar-a ticket to a town. After dark you can not get in from any point on any plea. It is anything but wide open. "I thought you and Mrs. Brown were

the subject."-Chicago News.

str; I've never had the chance.

"We were until we rented a sur cottage together."-Detroit Free Press. "Doctor, have you ever done this operation before T The Surgeon (enthusiastically)-No.

Looking After Business. "I like this flat very well," she said. "I will be very glad to rent it to you," replied the landlord.

"But we have two children." "They need not interfere with you and your husband having the flat. I have a house two blocks down the street which you can rent for the children and the nurse!"-Yonkers States-

Armour's Generosity. The employees of the late P. D. Armour always referred to him as "the old man." This was not so much the result of a habit among workmen of calling their employer "the old man" as an eccentricity of the "old man" himself. When he wanted to give aid anonymous'v he said, "That's from the old man." Many gifts went out of his pocket under the signature of "The Old Man."

A young girl went to the business office of the great packing concern one day to report the illness of a friend who worked as a stenographer in the office. Mr. Armour happened to stand One Price Clothier, near and overheard the giri's request for an advance in her friend's salary with which to pay the doctor's bill. Thrusting his thumb into his vest pocket-that pocket which seemed a nint of greenbacks-be handed the girl a roll of bills

"Take that to your friend," he said, then adding to relieve the girl's astonishment, "Tell ber the old man sent

Before the girl could thank him he was gone, but just as she left the building be again appeared and, finding her gone, hurried hatless into the

"Here, here! I forgot something, he called. The girl turned back, and without a word Mr. Armour pressed something

was a twency dollar bill. Mr. Armour had decided that his gift was not sufficient and hastened to increase it.

Mexican Punerals.

The Mexicans have a queer way of burying the dead. The corpse is tightly wrapped in century plant matting and placed in a coffin hired for about a shilling. One or two natives, as the case may be, place the coffin on their heads and go at a trot to the grave, where the body is interred, and the coffin is then returned.

Living In Tembe. Thousands of Egyptians live in old

tombs, eating, sleeping, wooting, loving laughing, dancing, singing, doing all their deeds of daily life and household work among the mummles and sarcophagi. Man's Byproducts.

There is enough hydrogen gas in a man, says the Medical Index Lancet, to carry him up to the clouds. He contains enough fat to make seventy-five candles and a large cake of soap and enough phosphorus to make 8,064 boxes of matches. His remaining constituents will yield, if utilized, six cruets of salt, a bowl of sugar and ARE YOU en gallons of water.

Striking a Match. "It's a woman," said Lecoq, the de-tective, heatedly. "We're on the trail." "It looks line a man to me," the re-

porter murmured. "But didn't you notice how she struck that match," said Lecoq. "She struck it away from her-a sure sign of her sex. Men always strike matches toward them."

After the arrest of the suspect-a woman, sure enough-Lecoq amplified his match statement. "It is tobacco that causes this difference between the sexes in match striking," he said. "All of us unconsciously strike matches to ward what we are going to light. Woman always is going to light a lamp or a fire-that is, farther off than the match-so she strikes her match going to light a pipe or cigarette—that per year, 50c for 6 mos. is, nearer-so he strikes his match toward him."

Use For an Opera Glass. An opera glass is of great use in visiting art galleries as well as in studying birds, says an experienced globe trotter. With an opera glass one can sit at case and enjoy the pictures without perpetually going up to read numbers, titles and artists' names. In cathedrals, too, the lofty carvings can be brought down to earth in this

The First Father-My son takes the highest bonors in English and mathe matics in his class The Second Father-My son will captain the football team next fall.

The First Father (bitterly)-So fathers do seem to have all the luck.-Cleveland Plain Dealer. A Chinaman has never been known to suffer from color blindness. The ChiDo You Want to be Well Dressed?



If you do, now is the time to buy your clothes. I am recieving New Fall Clothing every day, and if you come first you will get the choice of new and up-to-date goods. If I can't suit you in stock I have a large line of samples and will take your order and measure, and in a few days give you a suit specially made for you. : : : :

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By virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Alamance county, made at the September term of said court, 1929, the undersigned as commissioners of said court, will sell to the highest bidder, for cash at the court house door in Graham,, on

October 30, 1909,

October 30, 1909,
the tract of land known as the John Rousy tract, and situate in Albright Township, in Admance county, N. C., adjoining the lands of G. F. Thompson, the late Capt. D. B. Thompson, Isaac Crabtree and others.
This tract contains about eighty-five acres and is situated within one hundred yards of the new Macadam Highway now being built leading toward Saxapahaw, N. C., and is about aix miles south of Graham. The macadam road will extend all the way from Graham to and beyond it. It is just about one hundred yards west of the macadam highway, It has upon it a dwelling-log house—which needs repair. A good spring near the bouse and a nice branch of water runs through the lands, It has upon it a large quantity of wood, both oak and pine, It is fine land for all kinds of crops grown in this county, and it is comparatively level—rolling enough to drain well and not enough to wash. The tract originally contained something over eighty-five acres, but three acres was sold off from the western side of the place and these three acres are not included in this male. The title is begond question good. No ten percent bids will be allowed on this sale, and the successful bidder will get the tract upon complying with his bid.

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