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great number of bundles carried by the messenger boys. In the four cities above mentioned these amount to nearly a half million in number. The jovial old saint could scarcely get along without their help.

In addition, it is necessary for Santa Claus to enlist the services of an army of extra store clerks, delivery wagons. Agood Tonic.

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Mrs. S. Joyce, Claremont, N. H., writes: "About a year ago I bought two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy. It cured me of a severe case of kidney trouble of several years standing. It certainly is a grand, good medicine, and I heartile. and I heartily recommend it."

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By JAMES A. EDGERTON. [Copyright, 1909, by American Press Asso-ciation.]

HE usual conception of Santa Claus is that of a rather innocent, unsophisticated, though benevolent old gentleman who visits all the houses in Christendom the night of Dec. 24 and leaves presents for all good children and even renembers some who are not so good. But this idea fails to do the busy old saint full justice. As a matter of fact, he has to be quite up to date to attend his numerous customers. He is so much a man of affairs that it is necessary for him to adopt modern meth-Nowadays it is essential for every large business to be carried out through an army of assistants and deputies, and who, pray, has a larger business than Santa Claus? When he first started in the Christmas line it might have been possible for him to make a personal visit to all the homes where his gifts were expected, but now all that is changed. So he drafts



the postman, the delivery man and a whole lot of other folks into his serv-

For example, he appoints as deputies at least half a million extra expressmen in the United States alone. Ordinarily the express companies have about that number of employees, but during the two weeks before Christmas, when Santa calls on them to carry so many of his packages, they have to double their forces. To gain an idea of the immensity of the burdens the old gentleman imposes on them a few figures are necessary. The Christmas packages delivered by the express companies in the city of New York lone amount to over two millions, in Chicago and Philadelphia about a mil-Hon and a half each, in Boston over a million and in other cities a proportionate number. When it is reflected package for every man, woman and child and that there are something over eighty millions of men, women and children in Uncle Sam's domain the stupendous proportions of this Christmas business can be realized. On account of the expense of sending nackages by express it is estimated that few if any of these Christmas bundles are worth less than \$2, while me of them are valued at hundreds of dollars. It is thus seen that the Christmas business handled by the express companies alone represents a value of hundreds of millions.

This coes not take into account the great number of bundles carried by

and teamsters. It can readily be seen that for a couple of weeks he is about the biggest business man on earth. If his army were one of war rather than

Peace he could conquer the world.

Then he musters in a large array of Salvation Army and Volunteer lads



and lasses to gather and cook Christmas dinners for the poor and to help flute his presents in the tenemen. icts. He never forgets the needy. But among his great array of deputies let us not forget the postman. Who has not seen the faithful servant under his great loads on tmas morning? The busin two weeks before Christmas is just double what it is at ordinary All this is because of Sant Claus, so the extra clerks and postmer

needed must be credited up to him. The Mole. The most courageous of all living things is, by common consent of nat-uralists, the mole. Seemingly without any sense of fear whatever, the mole will fight anything that crosses its path. It never raises the white fing. Neither giving nor asking quar-Mothers Have you tried Holter's Rocky Mountain Tea? It's if it kills it or is itself killed. The a great blessing to the little ones, and it thinks nothing of eatmole's appetite is in keeping with its courage, and it thinks nothing of eating its own weight. In appetite the spider is a close second to the mole, but when it comes to fighting the mole carries the paim.

Servants of Sang "Peace on Earth Good Will Coward Men"



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A Christmas ₩ Goose

By CHARLES BARON. [Copyright, 1909, by American Press Asso-ciation.]

THRISTMAS is just as much Christmas at the Boon island lighthouse as it is anywhere else in the world. And why not?

To be sure, the nearest land is ten miles away, and when the winter storms come the waves dash quite over the two acres of rocks out of which the sturdy lighthouse rises. There are no blazing rows of streets lined with toyshops there, no gathering of families

no Christmas

down with pres-

ents, nothing to

be seen from the

the changing wa-

ter and unchang-

ing rocks-water

on three sides

and on the fourth

with the world

hiding behind it



"I DES I'S NOT DOT

Christmas then Why, Baby Deb alone is firmness and digmaterial enough of which to make a Christmas, and a very rollicking, jolly sort of Christmas, too, but when to her you add Tom and Sue and Ann and Ike and Sam-well, the grim old lighthouse fairly overflows with Christmas every 25th of December.

If it is a lonely old one eyed lighthouse, has it not a chimney? And do not children there have stockingsgood, long stockings? Indeed, they have. And does not Christmas eve see them all temptingly hung, so invitingly limp and empty, under the mantelshelf? And does not Christmas morning-very early, mind you-see six graduated, white robed gbosts performing mysterious ceremonies around

six buiging stockings? Ab, then, if you suppose that that cunning old gentleman Santa Claus does not know how to find a chimney, even when the cold waves are pelting it with frozen spray drops ten miles

from land, you little know what a remarkable gift be has that way. And the Christmas dinners they have there-the goose, the brown, crisp, juicy, melting roast goose! would that dinner be without that

goose? What, indeed! But once-they turn pale at that lighthouse now when they think of itthey came very near having no goose for dinner on Christmas day!

It came about in this way. Papa-ah, if you could only bear Baby Deb tell about it, it would be worth the journey, but you cannot, of course, so never mind-Papa Stoughton, the lighthouse keeper, you know, had lost all his money in a savings bank that had failed early in that December.

A goose is really not a very expensive fowl, but if one has not the money of course one cannot buy even a cheap thing. Papa Stoughton could afford a goose. He said so-said so before all the family.

Ike says that the silence that fell upon that family then was painful to hear. They looked at one another with eyes so wide that it's a mercy they could ever shut them again.

"No goose," at last cried Tom, who was the oldest. "No goose!" cried the others in chorus, all except Baby Deb, who was busy at the time gently admonishing Sculpin, her most troublesome child, being so dirty. Baby Deb said "No doose!" after all the others were

That made them all laugh. No do they thought that after all, so long as Baby Deb was there it would be Christmas anyhow, goose or no goose. So they were happy for a moment natif the thought came that roast goose was on Christmas even with Baby good on Christmas even with bass Deb. and then they looked dismayed

However, when Page Stoughton ex plained how it was they saw it as sinly as he did, and so they made ore complaint. Only Tom a-thinking, and when the others me w what he was doing they did the same, the difference being that Tom was trying to think what he could do to get the goose anyhow and they were trying to think what he was thinking about so that they could think the same—all except Baby Deb, of course, who, being only four years old, gave herself very little concern about the thoughts of others. Her own thoughts took all her time.



[Copyright, 1902, by J. Wells Champney. From a Copley print, copyright, 1902, by Curtis & Cameron, Boston.]

breath and mysteriously vanished into another room after beckening his wonder if five noses were fifty times brothers and sisters to follow him, which they did almost before they had fairly said "Ah!" Baby Deb was

there, too, somewhat awestruck at the mystery about her, but ready to lend the help of her wis-"We must have a goose," said Tom. "Oh!" gasped his audience, moved by mingled

There are six children there, though, and a mother and fa- amazement and ther, and if they admiration. cannot make a Tom looked at, them with great

"Ever since I "OH, PLEASE, DOOD Was born." he LORD, SEND US A "we Doose!" have had a roast goose for Christ

Ever since be was born! It might have been a hundred years before, from Tom's tone and manner, and the udience was tremendously impressed. "And." continued the orator, "we must have one now. We will have one

They almost stopped breathing. "I have a plan." They shuddered and drew pearer. "We all must com-

"Oh!" in chorus. "Do you want goose, Sue?" "Yes, indeed!" "You, Sam?" "Yes."

"Ike?" "Do 17 Well!"

"Ann?" "Yes, sir!"

"Me, too," said Baby Deb, with great earnestness, for it was clear to her that it was a question of eating. and she did not wish to be left out. "Of course you. too, you deary dumpling," said Tom. "Now, then," be continued when order was restored, what shall we contribute? I'll give my new sailboat. That ought to bring

His new sailboat! Why, he had only just made it and had not even tried it yet. Oh, evidently this was a time of sacrifice! Who could hesitate now? "I'll give my shells," said Sue bero ically.

"My sea mosses," sighed Ann. You may take my shark's teeth

"And my whale's tooth," said Sam. The sacrifice was general. The light souse would yield up its treasures. "All right," said Tom.

tell father." And father was told, and for some reason be pretended to look out of the window very suddenly, but he did not. He wiped his eyes, and Mamma Stoughton wiped her spectacies and winked very hard and said: "Bless their bearts!"

For, you see, these parents were very simple bearted folk, and it seem-ed to them very affecting that the children should make such sacrifices to procure the goose for Christman.

"And what does Baby Deb contrib-ute?" asked Papa Stoughton by way

Deb's reply when the matter was ex-plained to her, "'cept 'oo tate Stulpin." Oh, what a laugh there was then for if ever there was a maimed and demoralised doll it was Stuipin. But Baby Deb was hugged and kissed as if she had contributed a lump of gold instead of a little bundle of rags.

Pape Stoughton and Tom were to go out to the mainland the first clear day to buy the goose; but, alsa, a storm came on, and they were forced to wall for it to go down. It did not go down. could have lived at all in such wee

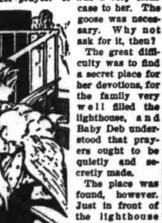
Well, if you think they were not sur-

wonder if five noses were fifty times a day flattened despairingly against the lighthouse windows. Yes; six noses, for even Baby Deb was finally affected, and, though she did not know the least thing about the weather, she, too, would press her little nose against the glass in a most alarming way, as if she thought that pressure was the only effective thing.

It took some time for Baby Deb to realize the importance of having a roose for Christmas, but when she had grasped the idea she became an enthusiast on the subject. She explained the matter to her dolls and was particularly explicit with Stulpin, with whom, indeed, she held very elaborate and almost painful conversations.

One thing became very certain. There was very little prospect of clean weather within a week, and it lacked only three days of Christmas. The loomily gave up hope, but not so did Baby Deb. The truth was she had a plan, and you know when one

Mamma Stoughton had only recently een having a series of talks with Baby Deb on the important question of prayer, and it had occurred to Baby Deb that the goose was a good sub ject for prayer. It was a very clear case to her. The



the family very Baby Deb understood that prayers ought to be cretly made. The place was found, however. Just in front of the lighthouse was a broad

STEP BY STEP, PAT- generally washed TER, PATTER. by the waves, but at low tide, even in this bad weather, out of water. The other children had been forbidden to go there because it was dangerous, but no one had thought of cautioning Baby Deb. So there she went and in her imperfect way begged

hard for the goose. Christmas eve came, and still ther was no goose. Baby Deb was puzzied; the others were gloomy. Still Baby Deb would not give up. It would be low tide about 7 o'clock. She knew that, for she had asked. She would make her last trial. She had hopyet, but as the others knew nothing of her plans they had absolutely no To them it was certain that

could be no Christmas goose at

hope. To them it we there could be no Chri their house that year. Seven o'clock came, and Baby Deb erept softly from the room and down-stairs. She opened the great door just a little bit and slipped out into the darkness—really did slip, for it was very key on the rocks, and she sat fown very hard. However, she was very chubby and did not mind it. She crawled cautiously around to the big cheeks and pelting her with the froses drops of spray. She knelt down.
"Oh, please, dood Lord, send us a
doose! We wants a doose awful.

Won't you, please, dood Lord?" Thud fell something right alongsid

etting her hand out. "Why, it's a light, as her hand came in contact with a soft, warm, feathery body. She forgot to give a "thank you" for the goose, but she was thankful, though not so very much surprised. She really

and expected it. It was a beavy load for Baby Deb. but she was excited and did not no-tice it. She made her way into the lighthouse, and, step by step, patter, patter, she went upstairs and burst, all athless, into the sitting room, crying exultantly "It's tumn med?" as the great goose fell from her



prised you know very little about the Stoughton folks. What they said nobody knows. They all talked at once, but by and by Papa Stoughton had a chance to be heard.

"Where did you get it, Baby Deb?" he asked. "Why, I p'ayed Dod for it," answer ed Deb in the most matter of fact way



convincingly. "Dod-se dood Lord. I p'ayed to him. He sended it to me dess

More questions and more of Baby Deb's explanations revealed the whole story. Funny folks, those Stoughtons, but they spent the "DOD'S DOOSE IS next ten minutes

eyes and hugging and kissing and making up new pet names for Baby Deb.

Papa Stoughton did say to Mamma Stoughton that night as they were go ing to bed:
"A wild goose. It was blinded by the bright light and broke its neck by

flying against the glass. And, after all, who shall say the good Lord did not send it?" At all events, not a word of explanation was said to Baby Deb, and no one contradicted her when she said at dinner pext day

"Dod's doose is dood."

Charles Dickens on Christmas. "It is a wonderful thing," wrote Charles Dickens, "the period of Christmas! I wonder how many hundreds of thousands of parents have discovered at Christmas time, under the magic of the season-through some littie, little thing done by son or daughter-that those they thought estranged from them, by those things which come between, still loved them with a memory more tender than they had

"I wonder how many sons and daughters, under the magic influence of Christmas, have had their bearts softened so as to be moved by some little manifestation of love by father or mother, which they would have thought little of, perhaps despised, at any other season."

So He Had Heard. During a history recitation in a Washington public school teacher put the question:

"When was Rome built?" The first to answer was a youngster near the front, and his response was, "At night."

"At night!" repeated the astonished instructor. "How in the world did you get such an idea as

"Why, I've often heard my dad say that Rome wasn't built in day," said the boy. - Harper's Weekly.

Unusual, but Right. "Curtis," said the teacher, "supose I had two squash pies and cut ne into six pieces and the other into twelve pieces. Which pie would you rather have a piece of?"
"The one divided into twelve pieces," answered Curtis. "I don't like squash pie."-Chicago News.

Imagine burling a bent stick away from you with all your strength and having it return to the very spot where you are standing. That is what a skilled boomerang thrower can do. More than this, he may throw the stick so that it will actually fail far behind him although buried directly in front. The skill of the little brown much, is not exaggerated in the least, for the boomerang wielded by an ex-pert is a thing of magic. It will soar through the air like a bird-now high up, now just skimming the surface of the ground, turning in circles, finally failing just where it has been aimed to

Dogs of War. The "dogs of war" have been mo of years. They were used in Egypt 400 B. C. The Romans, the Teutons and other fighting nations of antiquity and defense purposes. In the middle ages they are said to have even worn armor. The Spanish discoverers used



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CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE ARMY.

HRISTMAS in the various forts garrisoned by United States troops never passes without a cut and dried celebration. Preparation for the event is made long in advance. Every soldier knows that portion for that day. The Christmas dinner, with savory extras in the way of food, is not the only special provision for the soldier's celebration. There is a relaxation of the rigor of military discipline, which to many enlisted men s even more welcome than the turkey and cranberries. On Christmas day the

man in the barracks may do pretty much as he pleases. But "pigs is pigs," and soldiering is soldiering, so it follows that a few of the men are shut out of the general hilarity of the boliday because they must perform a soldier's duty as on other days. The guard mount is for other days. The guard mount is for Christmas as well as for all other days. IH ARNESS and military regulations cannot forego this requirement, no matter how mu the victims may growl under their blouses. Even the extra dinner in the barracks, while it is a rare treat to most of the men, makes work for some

of them which is regarded in the army

as about the most calamitous detail in

the business. Guard duty and kitchen work things studiously to be avoided by the enlisted men. It is not pleasant for a soldier to be kept on guard, walking a beat or pacing up and down in front of headquarters when the rest of the fellows are inside the barracks singing songs, telling stories, eating turkey or out on the parade ground playing baseball or doing skylarking stunts. Accordingly the experienced soldier makes it a point to escape Christmas guard duty if possible. There are several ways of doing this. The first sergeant of the company sometim is hinted, belps the veterans out by a passive co-operation, which throws the burden of the day upon young recruits who are passing their first Christmas in the service. He permits the old timers to swap dates for guard duty with the recruits so that the latter

will find themselves detailed. Santa Claus also comes to the sol dier. This is true literally and figuratively. He comes through the mails or the express companies in the shape of boxes or packages from the home folks. On his \$13 a month the soldier does not have much of a surplus to spend in buying presents to send home, but this fact does not militate. against his receiving mementos from the old bearthstone. It is always an event in camp or barracks when some man receives a befty package "jes" 'fore Christmas." As a rule, the con tents are shared with the soldier's eronies if they happen to be of the edible variety and any of the eronics all to receive similar remem

\$100-Dr. E. Detchnn's Ant'l Diuretic may be worth to you more than \$100 if you have a child who soils bedding from incontience of water during sleep. Cure old and young alike, It arrests the trouble at once. \$1. Sold by Graham Drug Co.

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ge de FAR WEST. Was

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the Reidsville Review, a fine ster killed itself in a very p Springs, near Wilkesboro, and the stable putting harness on the plans for the building have been animal when it jumped out of the received.