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RALEIGH, N. C.

The North Carolinian and THE ALAMANCE GLEANER will be sent for one year for Two Dollars. Cash in advance. Apply at THE GLEANER office. Graham, N. C.

By Clifford V. Gregory

Read and there will unfold for you a romance from which you will learn how two plucky daughters of the farm yearned for a college education; how their father gave them the use of a wornout orchard to secure the money necessary; how they grappled with the apple raising problem and Snyder, the sharper, who was cornering the apple crop; how their ambition had much to do with the futures of two young men, one rich and one poor; how the

wornout orchard influenced directly or indirectly not only the lives of four young people, but college work, college sport and college morals as well, and how some of those concerned in this idyl of farm and college were at last persuaded to exchange apple blossoms for orange blossoms. CHAPTER L.

H, daddy!" Mr. Sanders looked up from the harness he was mending in preparation for spring's work to see his two daughters standing before him. "Well?" he said, with an inquiring

"We-we want to go to college,"

said Mabel. She was the older of the two, a fair haired girl of seventeen. Her sister Gladys was a year younger, short, plump little girl with unruly brown hair and an irrepressible smile. Their father let the strap he was holding fall to the floor. "What for?" he asked.

"To learn things," said Mabel. "We want to go to the agricultural college and take the domestic science course. If you'll come in the house I'll show you what the catalogue says about it." Mr. Sanders picked up his strap and went to work again. "You're mighty good girls," he said, "and I want to do all I can for you, but I don't see where the money to send you to college is coming from."

Mabel's lip quivered. "Then can'tan't we go?" she asked. Her father's eyes twinkled as he looked up. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll give you girls the old apple orchard, and you can use all the money you make from it to go to col-

The old apple orchard consisted of an acre of apple trees that Mr. Sanders had set out several years before with the expectation of reaping a handsome reward when they should reach bearing age. But the locality was not especially well adapted to apple growing. Weeds and insects played havoc, and the orchard turned out to be anything but a paying proposi-

Mabel turned abruptly and left the shop, but Gladys sat down on a nall keg, with her forehead puckered up in thought. After a few moments she got up and went over to the window. There had been a hard frost the night before, and the apple trees were laden

with a white coating of frost crystals that shope and sparkled in the sun-"It's pretty this morning anyway,"

she said. "Can we really have it to do as we please with?" "That's what I said," her father an

swered. "You'll have a hard time getting anything out of it, though." "Well," Gladys replied determined ly, "we're going to get something out of it. I believe we can make that old orchard pay our way through college." Mr. Sanders smiled. "I hope so," he said. "I'll help you all I can."

"I'm going over to Pearson's this afternoon," said Gladys as they were seated at the dinner table that noon. "Do you want to go along, Mabel?" "What for?" asked Mabel. "To find out how he raises so many

"He's got better apple soft than we ave," spoke up Mr. Sanders.

"Maybe that isn't the only reason, ersisted Gladys. "I want to talk with him 'anyway." Mr. Sanders had a three-year-old

colt, which the girls had broken to drive that winter. They had had many a lively tussie with it before it would acknowledge that it was conquered, but now it was as quiet and doctie as could be asked for and would follow the girls around like a big dog. Gladys always insisted that Mollie as they called the colt, needed only a little training to rival Lou Dillon. Indeed, she had boasted of Mollie's speed qualities so much that Mrs. Sander could not be induced to ride behind her, and she held her breath every time the girls drove out of the yard

with the colt. After the dinner dishes were washe and put away the girls hitched Mollie to the old fushioned square box cutter and drove over to Pearson's.

Mr. Pearson was a somewhat eccen trie old farmer. He spent most of his time pottering around in his orchard and garden, leaving his three boys to do the farm work. The neighbors

were forced to admit that he reises fine fruit, but they were inclined to give credit to his rich, somewhat sandy soil rather than to his painstak ing care. He rubbed his build head tedly when the girls told him

their errand. "Of course you can make it pay?" he

Among the Apple Trees

A Story of Farm Life Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association

they listened with growing interest. "What you want to do first," said Mr. Pearson, "is to prune your treescut out about a third of the old limbs and let the sun have a chance to get in. Jeff's out pruning now, I think. Don't you want to come on out and see how it's done?"

Their feet made no noise in the soft snow, and Jeff, who was busily sawing away, did not notice them until his father spoke.

He turned quickly and almost fell out of the tree in his embarrassment at seeing the girls. He was a tall, lank, awkward boy of eighteen, but when his honest smile-lighted up the freckles on his usually solemn face his ungainliness was forgotten. "Hello!" he said in response to the girls' greeting as he started to climb

down from the tree. "Hold on," his father said. "Mabel and Gladys here want to learn how to prune apple trees. They are going to ship a carload of apples from their father's orchard next fall." And he chuckled as he pulled off his cap and rubbed his head.

"I believe you're just making fun of us," declared Gladys. "I don't see why we can't raise just as good apples as you do." Mr. Pearson slapped his hat back

on his head and drew his face down



AND GLADYS HERE WANT TO HOW TO PRUNE APPLE TREES." solemnly. "I'm not making fun," he assured them. "Let me take the saw, Jeff." And he proceeded to give them

a lesson in practical pruning. "Do you see how it's done?" he ask ed as he finished the tree and smeared some white lead on the larger wounds. "Don't try to leave pegs long enough to hang your sunbonnets on, but cut the limbs off close."

"We're ever so much obliged," said Mabel. "We'd better be going home, hadn't we?" she added, turning to

"Come in and get warm first," said Mr. Pearson. "Jeff 'll bring your horse around in a few moments."

Jeff's few moments was nearly half an hour, and it was almost dark when

he drove Mollie up to the door. "Here's a few books you may be interested in." Mr. Pearson said as they started to leave, "Most of the folks around here don't think much of book farming, but just as like as not they may be mistaken." He chuckled to

himself as he closed the door. "Ain't there something I can do to help you with your apple trees?" asked Jeff as he handed the lines to Gladys. "I ain't very busy now, and I thought maybe"-"Oh, thank you! But I guess we'll

get along all right," said Gladys.

"Just as if we wanted a big, awkward boy bothering around," she said to Mabel as they turned into the main

"Jeff's good if he is awkward," Mabel answered. "I don't like pretty boys."

"I don't like any kind of boys," said Gladys. "Apple trees are so much more interesting." Mrs. Sanders met the girls with a

white face as they turned into the "Your father is burt awfully!" she cried. "He cut his foot while he was chopping wood, and I can't seem to stop the bleeding." She caught

breath with a frightened sob. "Did you phone for the doctor?" asked Mabel as she sprang to the ground "Something's the matter with the line," her mother answered. "I can't

Gladys gathered up the reins and quickly turned Mollie around "You can't drive that colt to town in the dark?' cried her mother. "You

go with her, Mabel." "I'm not afraid, mommie," spoke up Gladys. "You need Mabel more than I do. Come on, Mollie!" It was six miles to Brighton, the

nearest place where she could get a doctor, and Gladys well knew that there was no time to lose. If the bleeding didn't stop— She leaned forward and spoke coaxingly to Mollie. The little mare seemed to realize that something was wrong and swung into a stride that made Gladys' heart swell

fencepoets sped by in a long. jumbled procession, just visible in the dim, ghostly snow light. Gladys kept her eyes fixed on the strip of white road ahead. Just over the end of it the north star shone brightly. Gladys excialmed. That acre of apple trees ought to send half a dozen giris to college."

Thereupon he entered into a lengthy discussion on apple growing, which the giris only half understood, though the giris only half understood, though aped. Mollie never varying from that

long, steady stride that covered the ground so quickly and easily.

One, two, three, four miles, and still the little mare showed no signs of slackening her pace. There was no wind-nothing but stars and snow and that long, never ending stretch of white road. It was glorious, this night ride or would have been if it were not so grimly necessary. "Can't you go just a little faster,

Mollie?" Gladys whispered. Mollie gave a leap forward. It almost seemed as if they were flying, so little noise did the mare's swift hoof

beats make on the snowy road. Suddenly she gave a leap sideways. There was a crash as one of the runcarelessly lost from his load that afternoon, and Gladys dived headlong into the soft snow at the roadside.

CHAPTER IL LADYS picked herself up and shook the snow out of her eyes. The soft snow had broken her fall and kept her from getting hurt. She looked around for Mollie and saw her standing in a drift up to her knees a little ways down the road, with nothing left of the cutter but the thills. In a moment Gladys had waded through the snow to the mare and was loosening the thill straps. As soon as the thills were unfastened she leaped to Mollie's back and headed her again toward town

and the doctor. Mollie was much better as a driver than as a rider, and Gladys found riding her without a saddle hard, jolting work. But she set her teeth and held grimly to the little mare's mane, urging her to a still faster gait.

She was almost to the town now and could see the light in the doctor's big house on the corner. In another me ment she was at the door. Giving Mollie's reins a twist around the post she ran up the steps and rang the doorbell.

The doctor's wife opened the door "The doctor?" she said in reply to Gladys' breathless question. "I'm so ry, but he started to Kensett just about ten minutes ago."

Gladys started back as if she had been struck. The doctor's wife sprang forward and caught her. "Why, my girl," she cried, "you're all tired out. Come in and get warm." Gladys shook her head. "I-I must

catch the doctor," she gasped. "Has he a anddle I can take?" Theedoctor's wife, quickly realizing that this was no ordinary call, pointed

toward the barn and hurried into the house after the lantern. It was but moment's work to throw off the harness and replace it with the saddle. Gladys besitated an instant and then reached for the doctor's riding whip. She was so stiff that she could hardly swing into the saddle, but she smiled bravely back at the good doctor's wife as she turned away into the darkness. Kensett was directly west, and her

own home was straight south. If she could catch the doctor soon enough he might still be able to get there in time. But what chance did a weary colt ridden by a still wearier girl have of overtaking a fresh team of Gladys leaned forward and chos? spoke caressingly to Mollie. The little mare sprang nimbly forward, but Gladys felt rather than saw that she was not running as easily as at first.

Minute after minute passed and still the mare held pluckily to her pace. At last after what seemed bours of hard riding Gladys heard the tinkle of sleighbells ahead. She knew the time had come for the final sport. She raised her whip to strike the struggling mare but threw it in the snow instead.

"Mollie!" she cried, leaning forward. "Go, Mollie, go-just for a few mo ments more!"

Mollie gave a snort that was almos a groan and struck a slightly faster pace. Louder and louder sounded the bells, and soon-Gladys could see the sleigh as a black speck ahead.

Then she called with all her might and the sound of the bells stopped abruptly. In a moment she was side the doctor's cutter and in a few gasping sentences told her story.

"Bide up to the Greys' and have them put that colt in the barn and give her a good rubbing down," the doctor ordered. "She's done a great night's work tonight. And tell Mrs. Grey to give you some hot coffee and put you to bed!" He shouted the last words back over his shoulder as he turned quickly around and commenced his part of the race with life and

That climb up the hill to the Greys' seemed harder to both Mollie and Gladys than all the rest together. Mr. Grey lifted the exhausted girl from the saddle and led the steaming mare

away to the barn, while his wife put Gladys in the big chair back of the stove and set the old granite coffeepot

At home Mrs. Sanders and Mabel watched and waited anxiously. Mr. Sanders mouned and tossed in a feverish delirium. The towel which they had twisted tiglitly around his leg had failed to stop the bleeding entirely, and the faces of the silent watchers grew white with fear as they saw the blood slowly cosing from the tightened

The patient grew weaker and mor delirious as the hours passed. Mrs. Sanders ran to the window every minute or so to peer out into the darkness.
"He ought to be coming!" she cried hysterically. "Oh, what if anything

has happened to Gladys?"

Mabel tried to comfort her, but with little success. At last they heard the jingle of aleighbells, and almost before they had time to look the big doctor himself was at the door, "I wonder if you can put my tean in," he said to Mabel as he threw off

his cont and stepped over to where the injured man lay.

Mabel ran to put away the brenchos and then come back and swod holding her mother's hands while the doctor worked. Somehow his masterful presence was reassuring, and they breathed freer in the confidence that their respect for his skill inspired.

"There," he said at last, straighten ing up. 'He'll be all right now as soon as the fever goes down. We'll have him on his feet again in a week. It wasn't a moment too soon, though," he added. "I want to tell you Mrs. Sanders, that you have a daughter

to be proud of. She saved her father's life tonight." And he proceeded to tell the story of as much of that lonely night ride as be knew.

When Gladys came down to break fast the next morning an unwonted pallor on her checks was the only visible effect of her hard night ride. She stopped in surprise as she entered the dining room door. A tall, handsome youth, with the self assured smile of one who has supreme confidence in his own ability to do and sny the right thing at the right time, came forward with a low bow,

"Harold Du Val!" cried Gladys "What are you doing out here?" Harold held out his hand with a smile. "I might ask you the same question, only I happen to know al ready," he replied. "You're a brave

girl, Gladys." "You haven't answered my question yet," persisted Gladys, the color heightening in her cheeks

"Oh, that's easy. Didn't you know Mr. Gray was my uncle? I've been sick, and the folks sent me out her to recuperate." The appouncement of breakfast cut

short further conversation. After the

meal was finished Harold insisted on hitching up and taking Gladys home "I thought you were sick," she said "I can ride Mollie just as well as not." "I'm not sick enough to let the gir who used to work most of my prob lems for me ride eight miles on horse back," he replied as he put on his

overcoat and started for the barn. "What have you been doing since you left high school?" asked Gladys when they were on their way. Harold winced a little at the tone of her question. "Oh, nothing much," he answered. "Father wants me to

go to college, but I don't like to study "What are you going to do?" Gladys rent on. "You surely don't mean to went on. ge on doing nothing all your life."

"Why not?" inquired Harold as he tilted his hat a little to one side. "I'm having a pretty good time as it is." "Is that all the ambition you havejust to have a good time?" appointed surprise abone in Gladys

nest brown eyes. "Oh, come now," Harold answered lightly. "This is getting too serious Let's talk about something else-your self, for instance."



MR. SANDERS CALLED HER RIS BRAVE STR. dy is. If you don't stop talking and drive faster I shall have to get out and ride Mollie."

Thus admonished, Harold gave the horse a sharp slap with the reins and during the remainder of the ride de-voted his attention entirely to his driv-

Gladys found her father lying propped up in bed, conscious, but very weak from loss of blood. He clasped her hand tightly and called her his brave girl, and she blushed and said she hadn't done anything, but for all that they seemed to understand one another better from that time on than they had ever done before.

Mr. Sanders was able to be arou with the aid of a crutch in a few days, but it was a long time before his

foot was entirely well The weather turned cold for several weeks after this, but when it did finally warm up the girls started out to prune their apple trees. They had only one saw, and that was far from sharp, but they took turns sawing and piling brush. It was hard work, but they kept resolutely at it and made good progress. One day Gladys was working alone down near the when Jeff Pearson drove up to

"Hello, Gladys!" he called, a little diffidently, as he jumped to the ground and tied his borse to a post. "Don't

you want some belp?" "Oh, I'm getting along very nicely," replied Gladys, sawing away vigor

ously.

Jeff came over and stood be the tree where she was at work. "Isn't that pretty hard work?" he "Well, a little," she confessed. "Bu we've trimmed twenty-five already,

and there's only ten more to do."
"Let me do that while you rest,"
persisted Jeff, seising a limb and pulling himself up into the tree. "Well, since you want to so badly, suppose I'll have to let you," Gladys said as she rejuctantly handed him the

Gladys smiled a little. "I'm not being very nice, am 17' she said. "But boys are such nuisances"— The sentence ended in a half stifled ery as the limb on which she was

sitting suddenly gave way with a load crack. It was not very far to the ground, and the fall did not hurt her in the least—that is, nothing but her "That was the finest branch on the whole tree," said Jeff regretfully as soon as he saw that she was unburt.

"If it hadn't been for you, Jeff Pearson, it would never have happened. I don't care if I break them all off now." and, grasping the broken stub, she swung herself up and sat down on

another branch. "I don't believe there's any danger of this one breaking," said Jeff teas-ingly as he sat down beside her. He seemed to be rapidly getting over his Gladys turned her head away and did not deign a reply.

"Say, Gladys," spoke up Jeff after a few moments, "I don't know what you're thinking about, but I've just thought of a scheme to get double pay out of the old orchard." Gladys turned quickly toward him. What is it?" she demanded.

"Plant something else in between the trees. Take cabbage, now. You could raise-let me see-about 11,000 cabbages on an acre. At 10 cents aplece that would come to \$1,100. It will be a lot of work, but I'll come over after supper evenings and belp you hoe

"And leave all your chores for son one else to do?" queried Gladys. "I guess they'd manage it some

way," he replied. "And I guess they wouldn't. I've a good notion to try raising cabbages, but if you say anything more about helping us I'll get mad, Jeff-honest, will. You see, father told us we could have all that we could get out of the old orchard ourselves, and it wouldn' be fair to let any one else help."

"I don't see why," objected Jeff. "But you'll let a fellow come over and watch you once in awhile, won't you? "Y-yes; I don't suppose we can help your looking at us if you want to, out— Oh, there's the supper bell! Good night!" And she leaped to the ground and burried toward the house

[TO BE CONTINUED.] CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT.

The Famous Battle of the Little Big-General George A. Custer was one of the most notable cavalry officers de veloped during the war of the rebel tion. It was his fortune to be in the thick of the conflict within a few days after leaving the training school at West Point, and from that time un the day of his death his life was filled with strengous work and stir-sing adventure, in which be was fre

mently exposed to deadly peril. The closing chapter of his life, which came with what is known in history as "Custor's, last fight," which occurred on June 26, 1876, was a trag

edy, but he died like a soldier.

For a number of years after the civil war Coster had been engaged in In-dian fighting on the frontier of the United States. Many of these engage-ments were among the most thrilling in the history of Indian warfare in

this country.

The famous expedition which led up to the famous battle of the Little Big-horn siver was started on May 17, 1876, when General Terry, his officers of whom General Custer was one, and his troops left Met Lincoln, Dakota. Every one realised that the campaign was likely to be a decisive one. It was planned to strike the Indians a serious nlow-one from which they could not

vorable conditions, and the Little Big-horn mountains were reached on June 25 and the Indian village located. A slight accident gave the red men warn Nobody knows exactly how the battle of Little Bighorn was fought.
The statements made afterward by
the Indians were contradictory, but
they all agreed that Custer's appearance was a great surprise. The best evidence shows that the Indians closed in on both right and left and placed Ouster at once on the defensive. Closer and closer the coll tightened around that plucky band. One after the other of the troopers fell, the horses were stampeded, the ammunition ran low. no messenger had been able to break through the lines, and the mortality

among the officers was heavy.

Then Custer had his troops fire two velleys in succession, the usual cry for help. It was beard in Reno's camp. Its ficance was understood, but no help came. Soon came the final act of tragedy. The Indiana clos from all sides, led by the cruel chiefs Crow King, Gall, Crasy Horse and Rain-in-the-Face. It was a hand to hand fight. It was 150 against 1,000. Grouped about Custer were twenty or thirty desperate men. They fought with their leader, they fought for their

leader, until the last toan lay dead. Not an American officer or soldier Hved to tell the tale of "Custer's las fight." Never in the history of the world was the bravery, devotion to duty and perfect discipline of troops better flustrated. Almost without exception the bodies of the men were found just where they had fought. Each company was in the place as signed, troopers in line and their off cers in position. They fought a losing battle, but they fought without finch-ing. They were killed, but not disgraced.-Detroit Free Press.

Old Mosque Legends. The great Begova mosque in Sera-jeve is the largest mesque in Europe after those of Constantinopie and Se-lim's mosque in Adrianopie. In its courtyard stands an old Stone, across the top of which there is a groove precisely the length of a Turkish ell. Traon says that a pasha placed it there to checkmate the local merchants habitual use of false measures in def-ance of the express commandment of

But another of Serajovo's bundre But another of serajovo's hundred mosques has a much better legend. Before this may be seen the tembs of the seven boly dervishes who were be-headed 200 years ago for a great theft. After the decapitation each body tucked its bead under its arm and walked into the mosque. So those der-vishes are worshiped as mints to this fier.

A Large Volume.

The biggest book in Washington is not in the Congressional library. It is in the reference room of the geoingical survey on F street, where its huge bulk reposes on a stand made aspecialty for it. It is a dictionary and sepecially for it. It is a dictionary and opinists of half a done rolumes bound under one generous cover that must have taken several califains to provide the leather binding. It contains 7,065 pages and weighs as much as a high school girl. By contrast the fat Webster's Unabridged that has alongside this great Jumbo of a book looks like a pocket edition of the "Rubelynt."

John Waddell, colored, 55 year old, was instantly killed at Jaques Creek, Brunswick county, Monday a week, when a flat car of the Town Creek Railway & Lumber Co., on which he was riding, was overturned in crossing over a temporary trestle, which gave

has had one frightful drawback malarial trouble, that has brought suffering and death to thousands. The germs cause chills, fever and ague, bilionsness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness and general debility. But Electric Bitters never fail to destroy them and cure malaria troubles. "Three bottles completely cured me of a very completely cured me of a very severe attack of malaria," writes Wm. W. Frowell, of Lucama, N. "and I've had good health ever since." Cure Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles, and prevent Typhoid. 50c. Guaranteed

by Graham Drug Co. In Richmond county the other day W. C. Flowers, driving an automobile, ran into a mule and buggy, a 14-year-old colored girl was thrown from the buggy and ran over by the machine, her leg being broken at the ankle.

sample bottle and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Ringhamton, N. V. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, and don't let a dealer sell you something in place of Swamp-Root—if you do you will be disappointed. day W. C. Flowers, driving an

English Spavin Liniment removes Hard, Soft and Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses also Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring Bone, Stiffes, Sprains, Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. A wonderful Blemish Cure. Sold by Graham Drug Co."

Prof. M. E. Sherwin has been elected professor of soil, a new DR. WILL S. LONG, JR. department at the A. & M. College in Raleigh. Sherwin is a graduate of the University of Graham, - - - - North Carolina Missouri and University of California and held instructorship for two years each in these institu- JACOB A. LONG. tions.

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R. G. Anderson, for many years traveling representative of a pub lishing company of St. Paul Minn., will be elected professor LIVES OF CHRISTIAN MINISTERS of law in Trinity College to succeed A. C. McIntosh, elected to a similar position at the State University.

Chamberlain's Stomach and

liver Tablets gently stimulate the liver and bowels to expel poisonons matter, cleanse the system. cure constipation and sick headache. Sold by all dealers.

A prayer book was among the articles found in the stomach of an ostrich dissected in London.

Bloodine Ointment cures Piles, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Old Sores, Fever Sores, Itch and all Skin Irritation, 50c a box, mailed by The Bloodine Co., Inc. Boston, Mass. Graham Durg Co.

A caterpillar devours 6,000

times its own weight in food dur-

ing a single month. -Ambitious young men and ladies should learn telegraphy, for, since the new 8-hour law be came effective there is a shortage of many thousand telegraphers Positions pay from \$50 to \$70 a month to beginners. The Telegraph Institute of Columbia, 8 C. and five other cities is operaed under supervision of R. R. Of ficials and all students are placed

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The theatres of London will seat 60,932 people and 64,851 also may get into the music halls.

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A school devoted exclusively to the study of motor bosts has been started in New York.

The Cause of Many



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