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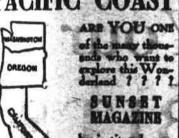
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The Locket Charm

By AGNES G. BROGAN

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THEN Lolita was married she bade her friends a tearful farewell and went to live at the other side of the world. Lolita, merry, wealthy and wise, had always been a favorite at the academy. "Write often, dear," she said, clinging to Helen, "and wear this little locket, which I have designed, that you will not forget me. May my wish

come true and success ever attend The locket was a square golden one and a turquoise forgetmenot with a diamond center decorated the cover,

which fiew open when one pressed a tiny spring, disclosing the words: "From Lolita. Success Attend You."

Letters passed between the two girls at first, but now, after three or four years, it was often with feelings of deep compunction that Helen would write to her long neglected friend, while the locket glistened at her throat. Then one day it slipped from its golden chain and changed the course of Helen's life. Though late in November, the weather was delightful, and she decided to walk through the park on her way to the library. bright sunshine tempted her to The rest for a moment upon a park bench, and it was not until she had selected a book at the library that she noticed the chain hanging empty and retraced her steps, searching all the way for the little charm. A young man was sitting upon the bench which she had so lately vacated, a big blond man in a gray tweed suit. He glanced up at her as she approached, then continued writing hastily in a notebook. Helen hooked at him for a moment startled and then relieved, for a silk fob was dangling from his watch pocket and from it suspended her own little locket. Evidently the man had clasped it

there awaiting the return of the owner. Helen seated herself upon the opposite end of the bench and regarded him furtively. How could she tactfully open the subject? "Pardon me," said the man, rising, hat in hand. "Have you lost any-

thing?" "Yes, indeed," Helen told him. " dropped a square gold locket here a Involuntarily her

short time ago." Involuntarily her eyes sought his fob. "Why, that's too bad," said the man gentally. "Allow me to help you look

She stood amazed as he searched the gravel with his cane and even remov ed the heavy bench, going down upo to have disappeared," he said, rising flushed and troubled. "It has evidentby been nicked up. Was the locke ery valuable?

"I wouldn't have parted with it for anything in the world," she said emphatically.

"Well, I'll tell you what to do," said the man, resuming his seat-"advertise in the papers and offer a reward me one may bring it back." Helen sat down upon the bench quit

bewildered. Surely the man could not flaunt the locket before her very eyes in that manner if he were guilty. Perhaps, after all, there were other for not charms with diamond cen ters. If the could only press the tiny hidden spring she would know at once the rightful owner. But bow could she say. "Will you let me see the inside of that locket, for I believe it to

Then an idea occurred to her. Upon the leather cover of ms notebook was lettered distinctly, "John W. Bryce. 18 Citizens" Building," She would write a letter that very afternoon, send it by special messenger and, quoting inscription, prove her claim beyond all doubt. And it would be so much easier to write upon this delicate subject than to speak. As she burried away the man raised his hat and walked in an opposite direction.

When Helen was dressing for Mrs. Tom's reception that evening she was handed the reply to her hasty note. It began very abruptly:

It began very abrupto.

The locket which you saw me wearing this afternoon is no longer in my possion. Not having opened it, I am unable to satisfy you regarding the inscripable to satisfy you remark you wary positively tion, but can assure you very po JOHN W. BRYCE.

"Well," excisinged Helen, "of all the cooleant No longer in his possession and no explanation whatever the college was will benefit with

dignation when, accompanied by her other, she joined the gay throng in mother, she joined the gay throng in Mrs. Tom's brilliantly lighted home She was the center of a little laughing group when her hostess approached "Heles, dear," she said. "let me intro duce you to Tom's friend, who will take you in to supper? And Heien turned to face the tail young man who had been her companion upon the park

Instinctively her eyes sought pocket as he bowed stiffly. The locket was no longer there. Almost in ellence they descended the stairs and places at one of the small

bidden subject. "I received your note," she said, "just before I came."

Mr. Bryce fushed to the roots of his blond hair. "R is unfortunate," be maid "that I am unable to show you the locket." If there had been the

at chance of its having been roars I would have given it to you when you take me of your loss. The hert is the factact was membry loaned to me for an an occasion."

"To take a walk in the park, per haps," suggested Heien sweetly as she arose. "I am very sorry, Mr. Bryce, to have troubled you over so trivial a

The man stood frowning as Mrs. Tom again appeared. "Pardon me for interrupting you two," she began, "but I have a favor to ask of you, Helen. Manufat M. algolm has arrived. Every

one is wild about his tenor voice, and he has consented to sing for us provided I find an accompanist. Iracnediately I thought of you, my dear." "Why, certainly I will play," said Helen and followed her hostess with

Maurice Malcolm bowed low before her with a look of adoration in his dark eyes. "So kind of you." he murmured. And Helen soon became absorbed in her music, forgetting all else save the wonderful voice which echoed through the room. When the applause had ceased he bent over her.

"It is you," said be, "who have made my song a success." But Helen was staring incredulously at the forgetmenot charm suspended from his silken fob. "Who gave you that locket?" she demanded curtly.

The singer straightened suddenly and looked surprised. "I beg your pardon," he said coldly. "It is such a beautiful design," she

said and heid out her hand. "May I see it?" Unclasping the locket, he inid it in her palm. "Would you mind if I

The singer smiled "It took me some

opened it?"

time to find the hidden spring." he said. "Allow me to show you how." But her finger unnided had found the spring. Her friend's name with its curling "L" and the well known motto were dancing before her eyes. "Mr. Malcolm," she said quickly, "this is strange; a friend gave me the very counterpart of this locket several

"That was indeed unfortunate," said the singer. "The owner of this little charm desired me to wear it this evening. She has had it for a number of

Helen's fingers tightened about the locket as the man held out his hand to receive it. Mrs. Tom came toward them, a bevy

of laughing girls in her train. "Mr. Malcolm," she called, "come and be introduced." The man hesitated. "If you please?" he said peremptorily, looking at Helen.

Reluctantly she surrendered the rolden trinket and turned away. Perhaps Mr. Bryce had not deceived her after all. She was strangely pleased at the thought and decided at least to tell him of her new discovery. She found him sitting in a secluded corner, screened from view by palms and plants and apparently lost in gloomy meditation. Helen joined him uncere monionaly. "I have seen it again," she announce

His face brightened us she en "I am afraid I do not understand

you," he replied. "Mr. Malcolm is wearing my locket, she explained, "inscription and all Did you give it to him?" "I never saw the man before," be

said solemnly. "He has probably been fortunate enough to find your lost charm and will return it to you." Helen shook her head. "He says it is not mine." She looked up at him meaningly. "I suppose it has been

loaned to him for 'an occasion.' " "See here!" said Mr. Bryce indigpantly. "He ought to give a better explanation. You wait here for a few moments while I hunt the fellow up

The girl seemed to have forgotten her animosity toward Mr. Bryce. "How good you are," she said, and the look in her eyes was finttering. But when he returned his face wore perplexed frown.

"Did you get the locket?" she asked eagerly. The man avoided her eyes. no longer in his possession,

"Well, where is it?" she persisted Mr. Bryce spoke very slowly. "He affair.

"I see," said Helen, and her friendly feeling toward the young man flee "Good evening, Mr. Bryce."

His tall figure blocked the passage. "One moment, please, before you go," he said desperately. "May I call som time if I am able to bring an explanation of this annoying affair?" "You may call," she answered weari-

ly, "when you can return my locked to me." He bowed and stood aside Later, when Helen's mother was

making her adleus to Mrs. Tom, Maurice Malcolm approached. "I regre exceedingly." be said, "that I am unable to give you any information regarding that little charm. If I should at any time find a solution of the mystery may I call?" Helen gave an odd little laugh.

will be pleased to see you," she said, "when you can bring the locket with

"My dear," said her mother as they were driving home, "are you not well? You have been so unlike yourself all

"I lost Loilta's charm today, moth er," she answered, "and success to have ranished with it." A week or two passed and Bele light have forgotten the lost locket if the blond young man had not con-stantly appeared to remind her. She seemed to meet him everywhere, as she descended the steps of her own

home or waited for a car at the one ner, and once he had been sitting upon the well remembered beach as she happened to walk through the park. happened to walk through the park. Upon each of the occasions she meriy inclined her head in greeting and passed on. One morning the florist had delivered a box with the card of Mr. Bryce attached, and as Helen semoved the tissue wrappings from the bouquet of blue eyed forgetmester she wished heartly that Lollin tad

she wished heartily that Lollen independent made her a parting gift.

This same morning, while she was on a shopping tour, the young rector of Trinity church came and eat in the cross peat beside bet. She was admiring his clean sut features when he preduced his watch and gazed at it reflectively. Heleo eat upright with a start. A small square locket lay is his paim, and its forgetmenot setting seemed to be winking at her. She drew her hand across her eyes. "It's my imagination," she told herself resignedly: "probably I do not use these charms at all."

The roctor studied the locket attention.

"From Lollin Success Attend You." "I ought to tell him about it now." she thought, "for in a few minutes it will not be in his possession." But she sat silent as he left the car, soon to be lost from view in one of the large office buildings.

Her mother met her at the door when she returned late in the afternoon. "A gentleman is waiting to see you, my dear," she said.

Helen's heart beat rapidly. She was prepared to welcome Mr. Bryce and to forgive him for ignoring her conditions, but the expectant look left her eyes as she entered the room, for it was the singer who bowed low before

"I am more than pleased," be said. "to be able to restore your lost proper

She looked skeptical. "There must be some mistake"- she was beginning. Mr. Malcoim smiled, "Will you kind-ly examine the locket?" be asked. "It is, indeed, the very one that you lost, and the mystery was easily solved. I inserted an advertisement in the pa pers and also had a card placed in the public library. A young girl had found your locket among the books, where it had evidently fallen, and was glad to return it this morning." "Then this is not the one you wore!

Helen asked "It is not," the singer responded coldly and vouchsafed no further in-

For a few moments she exerted her

self to be entertaining and thanked him gratefully for his trouble when he left, but in her heart was a great disappointment. "He can never come now," she sighed, and her thoughts were of the blond young man. She was playing a sad little tup

that evening when the maid ushered Mr. Bryce into the room. Eagerly she advanced to meet him. "I am so glad," she said, "that you did not wait t bring the locket."

He seemed puzzled at her change of manner. "But I have brought it," he announced triumphantly and placed small box in her hand.

Helen sank into the pearest chal nd regarded him with suspicion. Then she laughed. "The city must be full of them," she said, placing the two lockets with their duplicate inscriptions before him. The man looked dazed. "Mr. Malcolm recovered this one by advertising. Now I would like your explanation."

For a moment they looked at each other, then joined in laughter. Pres ently he came and stood before her "I did not intend to make a confes sion," be said. "You will have some thing to forgive. When your friend Lollta left the country she also left two lockets. The counterpart of yours was given to my cousin, Olivia Trent You may remember her at the acad emy, though she says she has not seen you for years. Olivia is a little bunch of superstition and relies implicitly upon her locket to carry her through many difficulties. I bud dined at her home the evening before that memo rable day in the park and was telling Olivia's father of an important is weut which I hoped to win the following day, when Olivia clasped the little charm upon my fob, assuring me that it would bring success in my undersatisfactory, and I stopped on my way home that afternoon to tell Olivia and return the locket. You may tunging my chagrin upon receiving your no and upon the events which followed Yesterday I told Olivia all about it and she unraveled the mystery which

has troubled us both. "It seems that she had accompanied Maurice Malcoim to the reception that evening and had orged him to wear the charm to insure the success of his song. I also told her"-he tookse down into Helen's eyes-"of my great desire to see you and of the conditi imposed. It was then that she agree to sacrifice her locket and insisted that

I return it to you as your own." The man smiled, "Dear little Oliv-ia," he said. "Her days of firting and superstition are over, for she is soon to marry the rector of Trinity church. I would have brought the locket yesterday," he added, "but she wished the rector to wear it when h went to gain ber father's consent." "Ohl" eried Helen, and her eyes

were dancing His face was very grave as he lowered his voice. "I am about to enter upon a suit," be said, "which will mean all the world to me. May & wear the locket charm?"

He slipped his watch into an upper coat pocket, and Helen stood to class the locket, the dark head very bear the fair one. As she finished her task his arms closed about her. Once me the charm had proved its power.

THE CITY FARMER.

His Theories Were All Right, b Flumbed on Practice.

"Farming on paper looks pretty easy," observed the fat person with the red tie, "but when it comes to digging a living out of the soil that's an entirely different matter. I've tried it. I know. Had the farming craze all my life, you know, and wouldn't be satisfied until I put my theories to a practical test. For many years I had managed a big farm from a comfortable room in a city flat-that is, I had it all down in black and white just how to run that quarter section which some day I intended to own. Why, I could raise more hogs from that easy chair of mine in the city than I knew what to do with, and it really seemed a shame to take the

at when I finally shook the eity dust from my shoes and settled on my piece of land out in Kansas things began to assume a different color. Most of my rural neighbors had their soiled assortment of pigs all right, but none of them—my seemed to be rolling wealth at that. You see, I had counted on the ups and downs of the market, and I hadn't figured on epidemics of hog cholera either. Pigs are a delicate sort of critters, although you can't tell it by looking at them.

"Another fact I learned: I was reen-very green-and seemed to have a cheerful knack of doing everything wrong just when somebody was looking. There was one old codger in particular who made me nervous. His name was Brown. and he constantly hovered about my premises, regarding my doings with mingled awe and disapproval. He had plenty of work on his own farm. but he firmly insisted on stepping over several times a day to keep me from making mistakes. But when crop time came my counselor simply had to tear himself away. I had purchased a sort of combination plow and corn planter, and old Brown gave me an unwritten volume of instructions before he left. I was a full fledged farmer at last. My sakes, but that plow did fine work! And every now and then I would stop and give the blade a professional scouring with a wood-en paddle and then take a long look at the furrows, which seemed to reach miles in the distance. I was absurdly proud of those fur-rows and felt real tickled when I saw old Brown stumbling over the

clods to meet me. "Pretty decent furrows for city fellow,' he cautiously admitted. And then he asked how she was scouring-meaning the plow, you know. Next he squatted to the ground and thrust his hand into the silence. The old chap couldn't find what he wanted in the first row, so he moved to the next table. cession and went through the same process. I was mystified. Sudden ly he stood up and crumbled the fresh earth from his hands. 'Sonny,' he drawled, with a dry smile, 'you're a corker. Here you've been plowin' all mornin' for nothin' Where's your corn?

"The awful truth dawned on me I had neglected to fill my seed box." -Kansas City Star.

The Stome of the Prickly Pear. In most plants, to put it simply the leaves are the mouths and stomachs of the organism. Their thin and flattened blades are spread out horizontally in a wide expanse, cov-ered with tiny throats and lips which suck in carbonic acid from the surrounding air and disintegrate it in their own cells under the influence of sunlight. In the prickly pears, on the contrary, it is the flat-tened stem and branches which undertake this essential operation in the life of the plant—the sucking in of carbon and giving out of oxy-gen, which are to the vegetable ex-actly what the esting and digesting of food are to the animal organism. In their old age, however, the stems of the prickly pear display their

true character by

lated, leaflike appearance.

The trained ostrich disconcerte its exhibitor at a London music hall by continually endeavoring to break away from all restraint and to climb over the footlights into the orchestra. The widely advertised act came to a sudden end, and the professor emerged from behind the curtain and apologised for the actions of his pet in about these words: "Lydies and contiemen. Hi ham very his pet in about these words: "Lydies and gentlemen, Hi ham very
sorry to disappoint you this hevening. We are compelled to coase our
hengagement until the management
hengages a new orchestra leader.
The one at present hemployed 'ere
'as no 'air on top of 'is 'esd, and my
bird takes it for a begg."

in texture and losing their articu

INDIANS' PRIDE.

Keep Them Apart From White Even among the Five Civilined To there still remain many common wholly full bleed. These people together, following their own ideas of life, speaking their own language and retiring before the whites with the retiring before the whitee with the same strange reserve and pride that characterised them in their wild state. Although claiming the name of several Christian denominations and following certain beliefs with devoutness, their ways of thinking, their dislike of innovation and their aversion to work have made them withdraw to the mountain districts. Whether this so called reserve comes from pride this so called reserve comes from pride or a distrust of the white-man or ti-midity or merely a stubbors conserva-tiem, it produces the same result, the backward and nonprogressive Indian. There is, too, a certain mystic quality that holds the Indian aloof, says the there is little sympathy in our every-day life. He is so much of a philo-opher that he looks upon our stress-ous life with some contempt, dismiss-ing our effects for personal comfort and material advancement with the remark that "the white man is beny trouble to himself." While people call him lary because he does not care to exert himself for those things which seem important to whites, yet to some religious ceremonial or some ar-tistic expression his application is pertistic expression his application is per-sistent, and the "patience of an In-dian" has passed into a provert.

WORKED LIKE A CHARM. the Jeined a Gard Club in Orde

She deined a Gard Glub in Order to Ferget Her Work.

An Atchison woman who found the monotony of dishwashing, cooking and inuntry work proving too much for easily was urged to join a eard club. "It will take your mind off your work," she was taid, and so she joined. In order to attend she had to see work," she was told, and so get up in order to attend she had to get up that morning as hour earlier to get that morning as hour earlier to get

the house fifteen minutes late she was followed by the screams of her three children because they couldn't be taken along. But she had her mind taken off her work at the card party. Of that there is no doubt, for when she made a misplay her partner, a perfect lady, walked right over her, then picked her up and shook her, and then chewed on her for fifteen minutes. She became so frightened that the little wits she had under her hair fied, and she made another misplay with another partner, and this woman, also a perfect lady, talked to her in a way the woman should have been ashamed to talk to a dog. It was more than she could endure, and, weeping like a sprinkling cart, she got up and went home. "It did even more than it promised,"

ever happened to me in all my life that so effectively took my mind off my work. Why, there were times when I even forgot I had you and all the chil-Athletics and the Unfit. Those who are unfit should not in dulge in athletic games is a warning by Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Outing. A boy, for instance, is a little weak

after a mild attack of infectious fever, neumonia, influenza or tonsilitis, and his heart is beating faster and more violently than it should on exertion But the team wants him or he wants a record, or both, and away he goes into training.
"Suddenly one day the heart can no

The same danger lies when there is no training, the sport being purely in-formal. It lies also where the girl just convalencent persists in taking part in a long anticipated dance. Only that phase of common sense which is mani-fested in common prudence is neces-

sary to avoid such perils.

Souff and a Crook.

Robert Pinkerton once told a story of his father, the founder of the detective agency, which illustrates the elder Pinkerton's caution. A noted criminal was detained in Pinkerton's Chicago office. The elder Pinkerton left the room and when he return took the precaution of holding a re-volver in front of him ready for use. He saw the criminal standing by th door with a sauffbox be had picke up from Pinkerton's desk in his hand "This is good snuff," affably re-marked the crook as he took a sniff. "For the eyes or the nose?" asked Pinkerton, who knew that the crook had intended to blind him in an effort to escape.
"Well," remarked the eriminal, "I'm worry to may that the nose gots it this

Applus Claudius. Applus Claudius, surnamed Caecu blind), was a Roman statesman (the blind), was a Roman statesman who lived during the third century be fore the Christian era. He was a Ro plan way and completed the Applan aqueduct. From his Roman juris-prudence, oratory, grammar and Latin date their beginning. He abolprose date their beginning. of citizenship to landed proprietors In his old age he is said to come blind, whence his cognomen works in both prose and verse, which almost nothing is known.

Owing to the extremely solvent pow-ers, pure water is never found in na-ture, the nearest approach being found in rainwater, which, as it is formed in the upper regions of the atmosphere is the purest that nature supplie in descending it brings with it what-ever impurities are floating near the surface, which in the neighborhood of cities are always numerous; hence per-fectly pure water is hardly to be found. even the artificially distilled being only roximately so.

Where to Begin.
"Look here," said the reforming hus band; "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know

just where everything is kept."
"With all my heart," sweetly an awared his wife, "and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should very much like to know where they are kept."—Stray Stories.

be critic, pointing to a painting in a studio. "If that dueb is a work of art. then I'm an idiot!" ned the artist calmly, "would seem raish conclusive proof that it is a

Rivele. John to a very con of fellow, ian't he? He (the rival)-Oh, yes, very! He has that keen tact and loving sympathy which a chauf-

Post-You published a poem of mine last week. You pay according to the kind of verse, don't you? Editor-Yes.

A Good Rasson. "What makes you think, sig-that will not be able to support your daugh

Tightly Tied.
"That men's money is all tied up."
"Poor fellow: Can't get at it, ch?" "Oh, yes. All he has to do is ds money bag."-Judge.

Palisades Park.
The Palisades Interstate park, between the states of New York and New Jersey, contains 700 acres. OLEYS ORINO LAXATIV

hired to stay with the baby, and when, flustered, pervous and tired, she left MEMORIES OF MARK TWAIN

Letters the Humorist Wrote to Henry Watterson.

"Mark Twatn-An Intimate Mem ory," is the title of Henry Watterson's article about his cousin as it appears in the American Magazine, Mr. Watterson recites the following incident as being typical of Mark Twain's whimsical point of view: "His mind turned ever to the droll.

Once in London I was living with my

family at 103 Mount street. Between

103 and 102 there was the parochial workhouse-quite a long and imposing building. One evening, upon coming in from an outing, I found a letter he had written on the sitting room table and left with his card. He spoke of the shock he had received upon finding that next to 102-presumably 103she told her husband. "Nothing has was the workhouse. He had loved me, but had niways feared that I would end by disgracing the family-being hanged, or something-but the work'us,' that was beyond him; he had not thought it would come to that. And so on through pages of horseplay, his relief on ascertaining, the truth and learning his mistake, his regret at not finding me at home, closing with a dinner invitation. Once at Genevn, in Switzerland, I received a long, overflowing letter, full of buoyant oddties, written from London. Two or three hours later came a telegram: Burn letter. Blot it from your men ory. Suste is dead."

Suste was Mrs. Clemens

TURKISH WOMEN.

They Are Curiously Fastidious Some of Their Ways. The habits of the Turkish womes Constantinople are wonderfully fastidi ous. For instance, when they was their hands at a tap from which water runs into a marble basin the fair one will let the water run until a serven

shuts it off, inasmuch as to do this

themselves would render them "un-clean." They cannot open or shut a door, as the handle would be unclean. One of these fastidious women was DR. WILL S. LONG, JR. not long ago talking to a small niece who had just received a present of a doil from Paris. By and by the child laid the doil in the lady's lap. She was horrified and ordered the child to take it away. As the little girl wo not more it and no servant was nes and the lady would be defiled by touch ing a doil that had been brought from abroad, the only resource left her was to jump up and let the doll fall. It

Another Turkish woman would open a letter coming by post, but re quired a servant to break the seal and hold the missive near her that it might be read; also should her handkerchief fail to the ground it was immediately destroyed or given away, so that also might not again use it.—Exchange.

Defee and Savings Banks Though Duncan of Duthwell was th founder of our first savings bank, the first auggestion came from Daniel De When he found himself compelled to hide from the balliffs in a small Bristol inn he turned his enforce by writing the "Essay on Projects." It deals with savings banks, friendly so cieties, insurance, scademies and bank fers from his fertile brain sugge that startle the reader by their moder ring. On bankrupts and savings be Defoe naturally wrote with fee During his stay in Bristol he was known as "the Sunday gentleman, owing to his natural unwillingness to take the air except on that day of the week which deprived bailiffs of their sting.-London Chronicle.

A Cup of Sugar. A large china cup with a handle was shoved across the counter and a child's votes said. "Ma wants a cupful of

sugar."

The grocer filled the cup, weighed the sugar, poured it back into the cup and said, "Two cents."

To a customer who expressed sur prise at his willingness to sell grocer see in such small quantities he said: "Have to in this neighborhood. Mos of these people live from meal to meal which means that they buy things by measure instead of weight. Reckoned by the cupful, the specuful or the pail ful, they know just how much of any thing they need. In order to satisfy both customers and the inspector of weights and measures we me ward."-New York Sun.

A pearl belonging to her brooch he got fastened in the lace of her collar He offered to discutangle it. "That's a great trick of mine," b said as he wrestled with it. "Separa

"People?" she interrupted in a fright "No," said he: "from laces."-Ne

Knew What He Was Deing. Booky (from whom old gent has just Now, then, Santa Claus, what are you biting 'em for? Do you think I'd give you wrong uns? Old Gent-Nos, laddy, it's no that; I'm just making sur that I haven't got that one back which I passed off on thee!—Loudon Panch.

A Pourtry Fable. The hen returned to her nest found it empty. "Very fump," said she; "I can not find things where I ley them."-Lipp

For one who can stand prosperit there are a hundred that will stand ad versity.—Carlyle.

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