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The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER VIII. THE QUEEN'S GAMBIT.

WHEN the news went out to the dwellers in the sagebrush hills that Boss Davidson had accepted a place on the railroad's legal staff the first wave of astonishment was followed by many guesses as to what young Blount's action portended.

The Plainsman, the principal daily and the leading organ of the reformers, was the first to find an ulterior motive in Evan-Blount's appointment. The editor took it as a sign that the railroad was in a more emphatic and vigorous phase of the danger that threatened the commonwealth in this very evident coalition of the railroad and the machine.

The Lost River Miner, on the other hand, was willing to believe that the younger Blount was accepting the place provided for him by the railway. His hints there were in this editor's comment of a disagreement between father and son, of differences of opinion which might later lead to a pitched battle.

The Daily Capital, however—the railroad organ—covertly insinuated that nothing for nothing was the accepted rule in politics; that if the railroad had made a place for the son it was only a justifiable deduction that the father was not at all without interest in the matter.

Elsewhere in the state press comment was divided as the molders of public opinion happened to read party loss or gain in the appointment of the new legal department head. But on the whole the senator's son was given the benefit of the doubt and a chance to prove up. Time would tell.

Of the interview between the father and son, in which Evan had announced his intention of accepting a place on the railroad's legal staff, nothing was said in the newspapers, for the very good reason that no reporter was present.

If the young man had been prepared for a storm of opposition he was disappointed. The interview took place in the evening of the day Mr. McVickar returned to the eastbound train No. 102, and the place was the sitting room of the senator's private suite. Blount had meant to give some of the editorial reasons for taking the step which would put such a summary end to the attorney-general's career.

"I don't want to see the boy suffer any more than he has to," he objected. "Neither do I," was the quick agreement; then, with no apparent reluctance, "What do you think of Miss Anner?"

"The senator set up, and the slow smile wrinkled happily at the corner of his eyes. "I haven't thought much about her. She's the kind you can't get near enough to think about, isn't she?"

"She is a young woman with a very bright mind and a very high purpose," was the little lady's summing up of Patricia. "But she isn't altogether a Bostonian. She thinks she is in love with her case; but, really, I think she is very much in love with Evan. If we could win her over to our side—"

"You are away, yonder out of my depth now, little woman," he chuckled. "Does your course of treatment for the boy include large doses of the young man administered frequently?"

"Oh, no," was the instant reply. "I was only wondering if it wouldn't be well to assist her sympathies."

"Why not?" said the senator again. "You can always outgrow me two or three years when it comes to real politics. You have made a fine art of it, Honorable."

"You deal with people in the mass, David, and no one can do it better. I deal with the individual. That is all the difference. When do the Anners go up to the fossil fields?"

"I am to be chief of the legal department on this division, and as such it will, of course, be necessary for me to defend my client in court, and out of court," he said finally. "And I mean to do it."

"Of course you do; you've got to be honest with yourself—and with McVickar. I don't mind telling you, son, that I am squarely on the other side this time, and I had hoped you were going to be. But if you're not, why, that's the end of it. We won't quarrel about it."

Now, this was not at all the paternal attitude which the young man had preferred. But before anything more could be said Mrs. Blount came in to remind them both that they had a dinner appointment, with Professor Anners and his daughter, and that there was barely time to dress for it.

It was late that night, several hours after the informal little dinner for Eva in the Inter-Mountain cafe, when the senator had himself lifted from the lobby to the fourth floor and made his way to the door of his own apartment. As was his custom, his wife was waiting up for him.

"Did you find out anything more?" she asked without looking up from the tiny embroidery frame which seemed to be her constant companion at home or elsewhere.

"Not very much. McVickar has fixed things to suit himself. Evan's law office position is to be pretty largely nominal, I guess, and Gantry's crowd is to see to it that he doesn't get to know too much, which means that the bribery is not to be done by the legal department in this campaign."

"But they can't keep him from finding out about it," she protested. "They are going to try mighty hard anyway. Evan wants to believe that everything is on the high moral plane, and when a man wants to believe a thing it's pretty easy to fool him. It'll be a winning card to them if they can send the boy out to talk convincingly about the cleanliness of the company's campaign. That sort of talk, handed out as Evan can do it, if he is convinced of the truth of what he is saying, will capture the honest ranchman every time."

"We must get him back," she said. "Have you thought of any plan?"

"No."

"She smiled. 'I have a plan. He may have to take a regular course of treatment, and it may make him very ill. Would you mind that?'"

David Blount leaned back in his chair and assented, but through half closed eyelids.

"I don't want to see the boy suffer any more than he has to," he objected. "Neither do I," was the quick agreement; then, with no apparent reluctance, "What do you think of Miss Anner?"

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not required to take over the old legal department offices in the second story of the station building, there all the other offices of the company were located. Instead he was directed to fit up a suite of rooms in Temple court, the capital's most pretentious uptown skyscraper, and there was something more than a hint that the item of first cost need not be too closely considered.

It was the vice president, himself, writing from Chicago, who authorized the new departure and loosened the purse strings. He wrote:

"Don't be afraid of spending a little money. Make your uptown office as attractive as may be and arrange matters with Ackerton so that you will not be burdened with too much of the routine work. A suitable legal representative will be a good mixer, as I am sure you are, and will extend the circle of his acquaintance as rapidly and as widely as possible. Your appointment will be fully justified when you shall have made your uptown office a place where the good citizens of the capital and the state can drop in for a cordial word with the company's representative in a better mutual understanding of the facts."

Acting upon this suggestion, Blount opened the Temple court headquarters and threw himself energetically into the indicated work. Ackerton, a technical expert on all matters relating to the state and the state code at his fingers' ends, was left in charge of the working offices in the railroad building, with instructions to apply to his chief only when he needed specific advice.

At the uptown headquarters Blount gave himself wholly to the pleasant task of making a needed like mine and store of introductions upon which to make a beginning and with the open handed, whole souled camaraderie of the west he held along, the list of acquaintances grew with amazing rapidity.

For the three or four weeks after Mrs. Blount withdrew to the home away to Wartrace Hall and the habitat of the magnolia-urder, the newly appointed "secretary" for the railroad, as Honoria had dubbed him, refused me invitations, never inquiring whether they were extended to his father's son, Mr. Gantry, the company's legal chief or to Evan Blount in his proper person.

During this social interval he saw little of his father, though he still occupied his share of the private dining room suit at the Inter-Mountain. Part of the week he was at the home away to Wartrace Hall, looking after the huge landed estate and helping to entertain the visitors from Massachusetts. But now and again the father came and went, and occasionally there was a dinner for the two at the hotel café, or a sort of Saturday rally from the senator's side of the table.

"Got you chasing your feet right lively in the social merry-go-round these days, haven't they, son? Like it as far as you've gone?" asked the ex-actor on one evening.

"It's all in the day's work," laughed the younger man. "I'll need all the 'pull' I can get a little later on, won't I?"

"I shouldn't wonder if you did, son; I shouldn't wonder if you did. And I reckon you're doing pretty good work, but a man wants to believe a thing it's pretty easy to fool him. It'll be a winning card to them if they can send the boy out to talk convincingly about the cleanliness of the company's campaign. That sort of talk, handed out as Evan can do it, if he is convinced of the truth of what he is saying, will capture the honest ranchman every time."

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"You are away, yonder out of my depth now, little woman," he chuckled. "Does your course of treatment for the boy include large doses of the young man administered frequently?"

This time Gantry's grin was playful, but behind it there was a shrewd flash of the Irish blue eyes that Blount did not see.

"I guess the company will be willing to furnish a few small fees if you think you need them to go along with your Temple court office fittings," he said.

"Ah!" said Blount calmly, giving the exclamation the true Boston inflection.

"I'm going to firm them out next week."

"You are either too shrewd or not quite shrewd enough, Dick. You covered that up with a laugh so that I might take it as a joke. If I happened to be too thin skinned to take it in I should be sure to let you know."

Gantry did not reply directly to the direct demand. On the other hand, he very carefully refrained from answering it in any degree whatsoever.

"You have your job to hold down and I have mine," he returned. "What you say goes as it lies, of course, but I shouldn't be too hard on the little brothers if I were you."

"I don't quite believe I'd do that if I were you, Evan. There are pie cuts on both sides in every position—contest, and while they can't do any cause any great amount of good, they can often do a good bit of harm. I wouldn't be too hard on them if I were you."

"What would you do, or, rather, what did you do when you were managing the state campaign two years ago?" inquired Blount pointedly.

"I cut the pie," said the traffic manager simply.

"In other words, you let this raff blackmail you and incidentally put a big black mark against the company's good name."

"No, no; I wouldn't put it quite that strong. Not many of these little fellows ask or expect money. A free ride now and then on the railroad is about all they look for."

"But you can't give them that under the interstate commerce law, protested the jurist.

"Not outside of the state, of course. But inside of the state boundaries it's our own business."

"You mean it was our own business previous to the passage of the state rate law two years ago," corrected Blount.

"It is our own business in this good day-and-a-half. That part of the law has been a complete dead letter from the day the governor signed it. Why, bless your innocent heart, Evan, the very men who argued the loudest and voted the most spitefully for it came to me for their return tickets home at the end of the session. Of course we kept the letter of the law. It says that no 'free passes' shall be given. We didn't issue passes. We merely gave them tickets out of the case and charged them up to 'expense.'"

"Fought," said Blount. "You make me sick, Gantry. It's that same childish whipping of the devil around the stump by the corporation, an expedient to be contemned."

Manitoba. Of the 47,322,840 acres within Manitoba, 6,328,000 are taken up by lakes and 25,000,000 are cultivable.

THE NATIONAL CONGRESS.

A Pen Picture of the New Regime.

H. E. O. Bryant in Greensboro News.

Washington, April 8.—Last Tuesday was a great day in the capitol. In the north end of the magnificent old building the senate met and at the south the house. For the first time in about a decade and a half the Democrats control the popular branch of Congress, and will make laws. Instead of the big five—Uncle Joe Cannon, Jim Tawney, John Dalzell, Seneca Payne and Jim Sherman—Champ Clark, Oscar Underwood and their allies rule. Instead of John Sharp Williams or Champ Clark as minority leader, we find Jim Mann, and Floor Leader Payne has given way to Floor Leader Underwood.

Thousands of people came to Washington to see the Republicans go out and the Democrats go in. The galleries would not hold the crowds, and being Democratic to the bone, the house leaders permitted men and woman spectators to enter and stand upon the floor of the house.

On occasions like this it is the custom to admit persons by card. Consequently the demands for cards are great. After one secures his card he may not be able to get in a gallery unless he goes early. The rule of first come, first served, is practiced by the doorkeepers.

That is the way it was Tuesday. Long before noon, the appointed hour, the seats in the galleries were preempted and the doors packed with late arrivals. Hundreds with cards could not get inside the room.

For two hours every street car that passed near the capitol emptied its load of humanity. Streams of men and women came from every direction. All sorts and conditions of people swarmed into the corridors and blocked the hallways. Among the well-to-do and prosperous were masses of poor, hopeless vagabonds, seeking pleasure among scores of better days.

What a motley crowd! What curiosity! The something in a man's heart that makes him long to gaze upon leading citizens of the day never fails on an occasion like that of Tuesday. Men who had seen Champ Clark strolling about the streets of Washington like any other plain man, would have given money to see him wield the gavel that Speaker Cannon turned over to him.

The new men were not one with more interesting than the older ones.

Some of those present at the opening of the new Congress are worth pen pictures. Among the most inspiring persons in the two houses, either as members or spectators, were William Jennings Bryan, Governor Harmon, Senator O'Gorman, Maine Champ Clark, John Sharp Williams, Oscar Underwood, James R. Mann, Uncle Joe Cannon, Henry George, Victor Murdock, Senator Poindexter, Senator Bristow, Senator LaFollette, Senator Cummins and Senator Bailey.

Colonel Bryan, now a full-fledged candidate for the Democratic nomination for the presidency, is always diverting.

His fine face, his large strong mouth and his square cut hair make him attractive to look upon. I have seen him here a dozen or more times since he came to Washington in 1907. He likes to mix with the statesman on the floor of the house and to call on the boys in the press gallery. The scribes like him, far he is considered a "good copy." Like Theodore Roosevelt, Senator Tillman, Senator Bristow and Representative Claud Kitchin, he talks with his mouth open, and is not afraid to be heard on public questions.

Tuesday, while the congressmen were assembling for the session, the Nebraskan appeared, smiling and a thunderous round of applause went up. No man in the nation has been applauded more liberally and more enthusiastically than Mr. Bryan. He inspires hurrahs and whooplaas and hand-claps. The ability to arouse the multitude has fooled him and his friends. Men give their hearts to persons for whom they would not vote. Bryan has learned this to his sorrow. But nevertheless, he can always get a rise out of a crowd, and in this respect he shines. I felt sorry for Judson

Harmon, the man who runs well at the ballot box in Ohio, Tuesday for his ovation was feeble compared to that given Bryan, yet he did not seem to mind it. He realizes the difference. So does every other wise student of political affairs.

Governor Harmon is a fine looking man. His ruddy face and his clear eye and his erect, alert body crowned with a magnificent head of iron gray hair, give him a distinguished appearance. He commands respect from one and all. There is a great force in his very presence. Colonel Bryan and Governor Harmon shared the honors of the day with Champ Clark, the new speaker, and Oscar Underwood, the new head of the ways and means committee, and leader of the Democrats on the floor of the house. Mr. Clark is known to the world. He has entertained through the Congressional Record, the daily press and from the public platform for decades. He is as famous out of the house as he is in it. As an individual performer the popular speaker has few superiors. He entertains and delights his audience with his lively lectures. In private conversation he is quiet and unassuming. In his breast he wears a great big, manly heart, full of the milk of human kindness. He needs no eulogy from me.

Oscar Underwood is a deliberate painstaking statesman, with decided views and everlasting patience and courage. He is not a spectacular man, but a substantial one. The game of politics appeals to him and he plays it as the North Carolina mountaineer does checkers, from sun to sun. For two decades he has studied the tariff and knows it almost by heart. The schedules that he handles will know that they have been touched when he gets through with them.

Jim Mann, the new Republican leader, is known for his ability to raise a real disturbance and his whiskers. No man can give more trouble to his opponents or show a heavier set of beard than Mr. Mann. Like the proverbial flea he is up and doing at the break of day when Democrats are running amuck. He and Uncle Joe will fill the house highway full of tacks for Democratic tires. Mr. Mann is not an orator but a scrapping debater. The scent of battle delights him.

Senator Williams, scrawny John Sharp Williams, with a head full of knowledge, is one of the attractive men in the senate. Senator O'Gorman and his family, a wife, six girls and one boy, are attracting much attention here.

A typical, old-time American family, is what they call the O'Gormans. The young women are hale and hearty and goodlooking. So are the senator and Mrs. O'Gorman.

There are others too numerous to mention, all whom will be eagerly watched throughout the session.

Your tongue is coated. Your breath is foul. Headaches come and go.

These symptoms show that your stomach is the trouble. To remove the cause is the first thing, and Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will do that. Easy to take and most effective. Sold by all dealers.

At the Art Institute in Chicago a white girl recently employed as a model, refused to pose while a negro student remained in the room. After a consultation with his fellow-students the negro relieved the situation temporarily by walking from the classroom.

A High Grade Blood Purifier. Go to Alamance Pharmacy and buy a bottle of B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm). It will purify and enrich your blood and build up your weakened, broken down system. B. B. B. is guaranteed to cure all blood diseases and skin humors, such as Rheumatism, Ulcers, Eating Sores, Catarrh, Eczema, Itching Humors, Risings and Bumps, Bone Pains, Pimples, Old Sores, Scrofula or Kernels, Suppurating Sores, Boils, Carbuncles. B. B. B. cures all these blood troubles by killing the poison humor and expelling from the system. B. B. B. is the only blood remedy that can do this—therefore it cures and heals all sores when all else fails. \$1 per large bottle, with directions for home cure. Sample free by writing Blood-Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.

W. A. Hawkins, Wells-Fargo Express messenger on the El Paso and Southern railway, has disappeared and officers of the express company state that \$50,000 also is missing. The money is alleged to have been taken between Nogales, Ariz., and Mazatlan, Mexico, on March 20, while Hawkins was employed on that run.

A Special Medicine for Kidney Ailments. Many elderly people have found in Foley's Kidney Remedy a quick relief and permanent benefit from kidney and bladder ailments resulting from annoying urinary irregularities due to advancing years. Isaac N. Regan, Farmer, Mo., says: "Foley's Kidney Remedy effected a complete cure in my case and I want others to know of it. For Sale by all Druggists."

The railroad between Cordova, Alaska, on tidewater, and Kenai, Alaska, where the famous Bonanza copper mines are located, a distance of 197 miles, has been completed. It cost \$80,000,000 and its construction was one of the remarkable engineering feats of modern times. Work was begun in November, 1907.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets assist nature in driving all impurities out of the system insuring a free and regular condition and restoring the organs of the body to health and strength. Sold by all dealers.

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DAMERON & LONG, Attorneys-at-Law, E. S. W. DAMERON, J. ADOLPH LONG, 210-212, Piedmont Building, Burlington, N. C. 105-107, North Carolina Bldg., Greensboro, N. C.

DR. WILL S. LONG, JR., DENTIST, North Carolina, OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING

JACOB A. LONG, J. ELMER LONG, LONG & LONG, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, GRAHAM, N. C.

DR. F. G. GOWER, DENTIST, GRAHAM, N. C. Office: Over National Bank of Alamance.

The ill-feeling which has existed for some time between white and colored residents of Laurel, Del., and vicinity, culminated in a race riot that raged in the heart of the town from 10 o'clock Saturday night until 3 o'clock Sunday morning, resulting in the death of a white boy, the serious injury of two white men and minor injuries to a number of white and colored men and damage to a number of buildings. A lynching is threatened if the negro who fired the fatal shots is found.

Every family and especially those who reside in the country should be provided at all times with a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment. There is no telling when it may be wanted in case of an accident or emergency. It is most excellent in all cases of rheumatism, sprains and bruises. Sold by all dealers.

The celebrated Panama libel suit against the Press Publishing Company, proprietor of the New York World, and Delavan Smith, publisher of the Indianapolis News, was ended in Washington last week when U. S. Attorney Wilson requested permission of Justice White, in Criminal Court, to enter a nolle pro. The United States Supreme Court had decided the cases in favor of the defendants.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ringbones, stifles, sprains all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$5.00 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure known. Sold by Graham Drug Co.

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