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CHAPTER XVIII.

AVING the sacrificial thing to do, Evan Blount was not of those who make a painful task more painful by needlessly postponing it. Juege Hemingway was postponing it. Juege Hemingway was sitting in chambers. This Blount had learned when he was returning from his call upon Blenkinsop. With the way open before him there was noth-ing to do but to walk in it. The courthouse was only two

ing to do but to walk in it.

The courthouse was only two squares east and one south from his offices in the Temple court building, and on one of the intervening corners stood the towerlike building of the Daily Capital.

It was on the Capital corner that Blount halted, asking himself bow far he would be justified in withholding Gryson's statement from the editor until after the scandal had been public property through its appearance of property through its appearance on the court records. Open publicity had been his watchword from the begin-ning, and was be to hesitate now because the ties of kinsman were holding him back?

door of the newspaper office a small red touring car dropped out of the stream of vehicles in the street and stopped at the curb. A moment later he became conscious that the single occupant of the car was calling to him. It was Patricia, and her mood was

"I like the way you treat your friends," she said when he had cross-ed quickly to her. "What have I done that you should send word to me that you couldn't or wouldn't see me?" You have done nothing-nothing at

"You have done nothing—nothing at all," he made haste to say. "I have been overrun all day with callers—people who had such to ask and nothing to give in return. I had no idea that you would come so early when I told Collins to deny me to everybody. And there was another thing. If you could know."

"I am very willing to know," she in-terrupted.

The newspaper corner was one of the busiest in the city, and its curb was no place for confidences. Blount stepped quickly around the front end of the guicary around the front end of the red car and swung himself into the seat beside its driver. "Drive into one of the quieter streets," he said, "and I'll share the miserable burden with you, as I have shared all the others."
And when the little car was creeping
in the low gear out one of the broad
residence avenues he told her all, exaggerating nothing and palliating nothing.
"I can't reason against the facts,

Even You know what yes are seened.

Evan. You know what you are saying and why you are warranted in saying it," she began. "But I still believe ab-

"The only thing there is to do," he returned, with a note of harshness in his voice which was only a measure of his suffering. "When you picked me up on the Capital corner I was on my solemn oath, Patricia, and the law which I have sworn to uphold is great-

which I have sworn to uphold is greater than"—

He was going to say "is greater than any man's immunity," but she finished the sentence otherwise for him.

"is greater than your love for your father. I suppose I ought to be able to understand that, but I am not. Bran, you must not do it. Every drop of that father's blood in your veins ought to cry out against it."

"Ah," he said, with a quick indrawing of, his breath, "you don't know what it is costing me?

"Truly, I don't. Even, your father is a great and good man. If he had a daughter instead of a son she would know it. I wish I were his daughter. I should try to show him that blood is thicker than water?

"You wish you were his daughter? Do you realize what you are saying?" Then, brokenly: "Don't, Patricial Don't make me do evil that good may come. Can't you understand how I am driven fo do this thing, how svery fiber of me is rebelling against the savage necessity? God knows I'd give my life and all my hopes of happiness if the necessity could be wiped out!"

Instantly she changed her attack.

* The Honorable **Senator** Sagebrush

FRANCIS LYNDE

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be too late to stop this last and most shameless attack upon the liberties of every honest voter in this common-wealth. Don't make it harder for me.

Tan see that you are noout to do something for which in all the years to come you will never be able to get your own forgiveness, Evan," she said. Then, with a sudden skillful flick of the speed lever, she sent the little car shead with a lurch, steering it in the sharpest of swerves into the nearest cross street affording an outlet to the

courtnouse!"
"I'll take you back to the courthouse," she promised, deftly slipping
in the third speed, "and you shall be there before

justice, you must and shall first tell your father what you are going to do! Don't try to stop smash the car."

With the switch plug on the dash within easy reach, it would have been

gle hearted devotion was not to be so easily thwarted. It had not occurred to him that he might drive to Wartrace Hall and return in time to set the legal machinery in motion to stop the frauds. So when he leaned forward it was not to throw the electric plast of the speed rush would not blow them both breathless.

them both breathless.

For fifteen miles north of the capital the Quaretare road is a straight-away race track, and Miss Anners proved herself a fearless detver. Alost before Blount realized it the canyon they passed a horseman com-ing down the canyon road. The man's horse shied at sight of the car and threatened to bolt, but Patricia was looking straight ahead and made no movement to slacken speed. In the passing glimpse Blount thought he seconized the rider. It was the man

up the cottonwood sentineled avenue at Wartrace Hall Patricia had bro-ken a record. The thirty miles from the capital had been covered in forty-

at the carriage entrance the young wo-man spoke for the first time since she had given David Blount's son her

"Find your father quickly and se what it is right to say. When you are ready to go back I'll keep my promise and drive you."

It was old Barnabas who admitted the bearer of evil tidings. "Yas, sah; Marstah Majah's in de libra'y." was the answer to Blount's question. And, throwing coat and hat aside, the bear-er of burdens not his own walked quickly across the hall and let himself into the room of trial.

"Well, son, you made out to get here, didn't you?" said the father quietly, pushing a book aside. "Draw up a chair. Where is the little gir!" Blount saw instantly that he must be brief and pitiless.

Blount saw instantly that he must be brief and pittless.

"Miss Anners is at the carriage entrance in the car, waiting to take me back to town," he said, constraining himself to speak caimly. "I have an appointment with Judge Hemingway which must be kept, and he leaves his chambers at 4 o'clock. Do you know why I have made that appointment?"

The senator shook his head slowly. "How should I know, son?"

"It's not a pleasant thing to have to tell you," the younger man went on, ignoring the chair to which the long stammed pipe was pointing. "But Patricis says I must. A little over an hour ago evidence—legal evidence—of corruption and false registration in four of the city wards was put into my hands. You know what I've got to do with it, father."

The older man nodded. "Yes, I know what you think you've got to do with it. But I wouldn't do it if I were you, son. Haven't you learned that one of the first rules in the book of politics is not to hang the dirty clothes out where everybody can see them?"

Evan's heart sank within him. It was evidence is not to hang the dirty clothes out where everybody can see them?"

Evan's heart sank within him. It was evidence is not to hang the dirty clothes could avail now.

"I can't discuss expediency with you," he said hastily. "This evidence I speak of involves you personally. There is trouble ahead, serious trouble, and you don't seem to realize it. The city papers will be out in the 'The city papers will be ou

There is trouble ahead, serious trouble, and you don't seem to realise it. The city papers will be out in the morning publishing evidence of other crooked political work—evidence which I have been gathering here and there

wholesate corruption in the captal as going to be."

The senator had laid the pipe aside and was staring soberly at the fire.

"You're a man among a thousand, son." he said quietly. "When it comes to a pure question of right and wrong you don't hesitate a minute, do you? You haven't said it in so many words, so I'll say it for you. You've got me right where you can send me to the penitentiary? That's about what you're trying to tell me, isn't it?"

"Don't put it that way, father," protested the son. "I gave you fair warning. I've got to fight for the

warning. I've got to fight for the right as I see it. If I don't I shall be less than a man—less than your son. Can't you see that it is breaking my heart?

A silence electrically surcharged with possibilities settled down over the quiet room for a little while. At the end of the pause the senator rose and put his hand on his son's shoulder.

"I haven't a word to say," he said slowly. "As you told me that first day out here, son, it's your job to hew to the line and let the chips fail where to the line and let the chips fall where they may. Go ahead and do what seems right and law abiding to you. I'd rather go to jail twice over than have you do anything else. Is that what you wanted me to say?" Blount dropped into a chair as if the hand on his shoulder had crushed him

and covered his face with his hands. It was hard—harder than even his own prefigurings had forecast it.

It was a long minute before he stag-gered to his feet and groped his way to the door, leaving his father stand-ing before the dre, still with the hand outstretched which had been laid in fatherly affection upon his shoulder. When old Barnahas had helped him when he sought Patricia.

"Must you go back?" she queried when he had descended the steps to climb stiffly into the seat beside her.

He nodded.
"Your duty is clear?"

He nodded again.

"And the consequences?" she asked.
"I don't know," he muttered. "Ruin
and disgrace for all of us, I suppose.
Of course I shall resign from the railroad service and stand with my father when-when the thing is done.' "Don't do it, Evan; don't do it! to give you, but I am sure you are opening the door to a lifelong sorrow for yourself and—and—for me."

It was the last two words that steeled him to his purpose. Not even for her dear sake would be turn aside from the plain path of the oath bound obligation. It struck him like a blow

orever unworthy of her love.
"Take me back to the city as quickly as you can, Patricia," he said, "or, better still, stay here and let me have the car. That is my last word."

For answer she threw the speed lever into the high gear and snapped home the clutch. Like a projectile hurled from a catapult the liftle touring car shot away down the cotton wood avenue, and the second race

For the first few miles Patricia An ners' single passenger had all he could do to keep his seat. More than once Blount found himself mechanically reaching for the steering wheel, but as often be caught himself in time. As on the outward race, Patricia was looking straight ahead and giving the little car every throb of speed there was in it. None the less, he could see that she had it under perfect control. What happened came with the suc denness of the thunderclap following the bolt that strikes near at hand.



The approach to the month of Shone

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last week. I did not intend to publish it if I could help it. I was holding it over my own people as a club to make them decent and to keep them decent. But I have reason to believe that it has been edited so that it will accuse only you and the machine, and by tomorrow morning the entire state will know. I don't have to tell you what the effect of this added exposure of wholesale corruption in the capital is going to be."

The senator had laid the pipe aside wind shield down before the devaswind shield down before the devastating crash came.

CHAPTER XIX

T was only the car that was dis-abled. Beyond a severe shaking up neither Patricia nor Blount was seriously hurt. Recovering from the shock and being assured of Patricia's wholeness and his own, Blount sprang out to see what the collision had done to the car. The inspection was brief. With the front axie bent, the radiator crushed and one cylinder of the engine broken, the little car was safely out of commission. "We're done for," he said shortly, helping his companion down from the driving seut.

Patricia was still trembling and pale.

Patricia was still trembling and pale, and he thought that the accident was

to the city?" she quavered. to the city?" she quavered.
"Not unless we walk, and it is exactly fifteen miles. I happened to notice the speedometer record on the roadster when we turned around here last Sunday."

"What shall we do?" she asked when

the improbability of any timely rescue made itself apparent. Blount looked at his watch. It was

already a few minutes past 3 o'clock.
"We'll sit down and wait for some "We'll sit down and wait for some-body to come along and rescue us," he said, striving to say it lightly, "I'm sure we ought to be glad and thankful that it is no worse. We stood a good chance of being killed, both of us."

She shuddered and said: "I might

have stopped sooner. There—there was time, don't you think?"
Evan had thought so, and he was

regarding her curiously. There had been many motoring experiences in their acquaintance of a year and not a few hazards, and he had more than once rejoiced in her cool presence of mind in the face of sudden danger. "I wondered a little that you didn't,"

he ventured to say. "I never saw you hesitate before."

The look that she gave him was pa-

thetically plending.
"I stopped—just one little instant to
think—of your father—and—and those terrible papers in your pocket and what was going to happen if you should reach Judge Hemingway in time, Evan," she confessed brokenly.

"Can you ever forgive me?".

It was a moment for the brushing aside of obstacles once and for all, and he took her in his arms—would have done it if the lonely Quaretard road had been the busiest street in the

he said. And because she let him say it and hid the face, from which the cold pallor had suddenly fled, on his shoulder the political struggle and everything pertaining to it became as things of naught and the lonely road the way to paradise.

The silence of the immensities beld

them for a moment—a golden silence for the lover, but a moment of keen self reproachings for the maiden sobbing on his shoulder.
"Oh, I don't know how I could have done it—but I did," she wept. "I—I was acactually glad when I saw the tree. I didn't have the courage to—to upset the car in the ditch."

Again he comforted her, and the po-litical venalities withdrew into a still remoter region.

"It was to be," he said. "That is what the tree was put here for—to stop us." She looked up at that. "Why, that is so, isn't it? There are

no trees growing around here—hone at all. Who did it, Evan?"

Blount shook his head sadly. "There is only one person in the world who could have any strong reason for stop-ping us," he asserted. "I can't imagine how my father managed it in the short time at his disposal. That tree has been dragged down out of the little canyon since we passed going north. You can see the trail of it in the road."

You can see the trail of it in the road."
"Please, Evan," she pleaded, "don't ask me to believe that your father planned it! Why, we might have been killed outright, both of us!"
"I know," he returned gloomily, "but—hello, here comes our rescue!"
It was rather a figure of speech than an assurance. Around a turn in the canyon road came three horsemen pointing for the main highway and ambling gently. They were hardly within halling distance before Blount recognized his three waylayers of the night of mysteries in the Lost River. recognized his three wayingers or has
night of mysteries in the Lost River
mountains, with Barto in the lead.
"Howdy?" said the timber looker,
riding up to hang with one knee over
the saddle while he grinned at the

two castaways. "Lost out again, Mr. Blount? Couldn't make out to run

Blount? Couldn't make out to run your chug wagon over that there pine tree, eh?"

"Did you put the tree in the road?" snapped Blount, with rising anger.

"I reckon we did," was the cool reply, "and it was one job too. Had to drag it I'm more'n a mile down the gulch with the horse ropes."

There was material for an explosion, but Blount controlled himself.
"By whose orders did you do tit" he

"The boss'."
"Mr. Hathaway?" "Not on your life. It was the big boss this time."
Blount's quick glance aside at his companion was a sorrowful "I told you so," and he did not question Bar-

you so," and he did not question Barto further.

"Well," he said, turning back to the outlaw, "what is to be done with us?" Barto pursed his thick lips. "If the lady can make out to ride one of the bronc's," he began, "there's a right comfortable little shack of a hotel at the head of the gulch, and"—

"But we are on our way to the city," Blount interposed, still trying to master his impatience.

The timber looker shrugged,
"All right I reckon there ain't no law ag'inst your walkin' or settin' down to wait till somehnday comes

ing. Then the grin became a menace and he spoke sharply. "Gimme them papers you got in you pocket and do it sudden!" he com

pocket and do it sudden!" he com-manded. "Then you can stay here till the cows come home if you want to. Quick, I say!" nt said crisply.

Instantly Barto's pistol was out.
"Give 'em up!" he shouted. "S em out or"—,
The diversion came stormily. Around

the curve from the north—the curve that had so late-ly been Patricia's undoing-came with a big man velled woman in the mechanician's sent and the ton Barto snapped

weapon miss "SHELL IN OUT his horse to the causen road, up which his two companions were alrendy urging their mounts. Two seconds later the big car had stopped at the tree barrier, and six men with

Winchesters were popping the halt signal at the flying highwaymen. It was speedily effective, and when the game was bagged the senator swung down from the driving seat of the big Italian car and gave his orders briefly. "Take these fellows up yonder to the hotel at the canyon head and see that they're kept out of mischief till tomorrow night, Grunger," he said, sin gling out the leader of his tonneau squad. "Then tell the gentleman you'll find bossing things up there that the

over." A little engineering feat, made possible by the big car's towrope, soon cleared the way, and when the great car, with the two women in the neau and Evan in the seat beside his father, was devouring the miles in the straightaway race to the city the

jig is up and he may as well come to

the city. He'll find me at the Inter

young man said what was due. "I was blaming you for the tree and for Barto's attempt to get those affi-davits away from me," was what he broke the humming silence to say, and

the senator nodded. "I guess it was pretty lucky we had our ears to the cut-in on McVickar's private wire up yonder at Wartrace," he said, but that was all that he said. The courthouse clock was just striking 4 when the buge touring car, with its radiator sizzling bot, came to a stand before the entrance to Judge Hemingway's chambers.

"You're still in time, son," said the control of the strike its strike in the strike i

senator quietly.

But Evan Blount made no move to

get out of the car.
"Was I jumping at conclusions, dad?"
he asked balf shamefacedly.
"A little that way—just a little that way," was the gentle reply. "You see, Gryson did sure enough turn traitor this morning when he gave you those affidavita. He'd had a quarrel with Mr. McVickar. Every one of those crooked names means a vote for your railroad, son. That was why I told you you'd better not holler out about

it. It was against your own side."
Evan Blount's hestfation might have been measured by a clock tick.
"Then there is all the more reason

Then there is all the more reason why"— he begon, but his father was once more putting the clutch in.

"No," he interrupted, still in the same gentle tone; "don't let's jump at any more conclusions, Evan. Wait just a little while. There's more to come—and I shouldn't be surprised if it came before dinner time." It did come before dinner time-cam when a dust covered car driven at reckless speed tore in over the north

ern road and was pulled up with jerk at the Inter-Mountain eutrance to let Mr. Hardwick McVickar debark and hurry to the clerk's desk.

"Senator Blount? Yes, he's in his
rooms; he said you were to come right What took place behind the close door of the sitting room in the Blount suit is not a matter of record, and Evan Blount, sitting beside Patricla in Krs. Blount's private sitting room and concluding a lasting peace with his father's wife, was too happy to care very much. But after a time the summons for which he had been waiting came, and he went-alm

waiting came, and he went—almost reluctanity—to join his father in the
room of conference.

"Has Mr. McVickar gone?" he asked, flugling his father sitting alone.

"Yes be's gone—gone to order out
his can and go back to Chicago," was
the slow spoken reply. Then, with the
quizzidel smile wrinkling at the eye
corner. "How does the political
wrestle strike you by this time, son?"

"It etrikes me that I haven't been
in it—sot even in the outer edges of it,
dad. Isn't that about the size of it?"

"Oh, no; yon've been doing good "Oh no; you've been doing good work-mighty good work for your company. McVickar recognizes it. You've helped out in the only way that help could come in this campaign. You've worked up a good, healthy pub-lic sentiment in favor of a square deal for everybody. McVickar was fixing to lose it all; cooking the regis tration lists and buying votes an making deals right and left, the same making dens right and left, the same as usual. But it's all off now, and he's gone, and we're going to have one cleen, straight up and down election, son. The 'machine's says so."

"The machine?" queried the younger

man.
"Yes; you didn't know that a ma really righteous use, did you, boy?
But this is one time when it has gone in to knock out the crookedness, big and little. Listen, son. When you wired me that you were coming out here I lay awake nights thinking how.

Blount turned to Patricia.

"Shall we wait?" he asked, and she nodded quickly, with a look in her eyes that he could not interpret.

"I don't believe we care to go and look for your shack hotel," he said to den that I'd heen at greeked as a dear of the said to den that I'd heen at greeked as a dear of the said to den that I'd heen at greeked as a dear of the said to den that I'd heen at greeked as a dear of the said to den that I'd heen at greeked as a dear of the said to den that I'd heen at greeked as a dear of the said to dear that I'd heen at greeked as a dear of the said to dear that I'd heen at greeked as a dear of the said to dear that I'd heen at greeked as a dear of the said to dear that I'd heen at greeked as a dear of the said to the time came I'd help you up into the saidle and make you the boss of the roundup, as I'd been. Want to hear the saidle and make you the boss of the roundup, as I'd been. Want to hear the result is a said to the saidle and make you the boss of the roundup, as I'd been. Want to hear the rest of it?"

den that I'd been as crooked as a dog's faind leg; that we'd all been crooked. Not that I'd ever taken a dollar-for my personal pocket, for I haven't, but I've bought and sold and dickered and I've bought and sold and dickered and schemed with the best of 'em and the worst of 'em, just as McVickar's been doing for the past two months. Then I asked myself if I'd like to see you wallowing in the same mudbole, and—well, Evan, you may have a son of your own some day, and then you'll know. I thought I'd try you a little at first, and I did—that first day out at Wartrace. When you ripped out at me that day I made up my mind right at first, and I did—that first day out at Wartrace. When you ripped out at me that day I made up my mind right then and there that I'd put the whole power of the 'machine,' as you call it. Into one campaign for a clean election

and a square deal."

"My heavens!" ejaculated the son.
"And I've been fighting you and your

"And I've been igning you and your organization at every turn!"

"No, you haven't," was the quick rejoinder. "You've been fighting graft, and that was what you thought you were hired to do. McVickar wasn't playing just fair with you. He gave you your job in the first place to take you your job in the first place to take you away from me, but you've been in the hands of your friends right from the start, Evan. It was the or-ganization that gave you all these chances to preach the new gospel of the square deal. It was the organization that pushed Hathaway up against you, so that you'd know that the rall-road people were running around in the same old circles, hollering for justice and doing everything they co to defeat the ends of justice—mud ing the spring because, they say, they

don't know what else to do.
"Lastly, it's the organization that's going to see to it that your word to the people of this state is made good, son, Maybe we'll never be able to do it again, but this one time we shall do it, Gordon is going in by the biggest ma-jority ever given to a governor of old Sagebrush, and the legislature will be five to one in favor of the square deal."

The younger man left his chair and walked to one of the windows to stand, looking down upon the lights of the was to say, "I don't see where I am to break in, dad."
"You have already broken in. While the legislature is going to be anti-cor poration, it is also going to be fair when it finds out that all the railroad deals have been called off and can-celed. You're the man to show the

lawmakers that this has actually been

wipe the slate clean and go away and

some increase in salary and an tron-clad agreement to back up every claim you should make when you assert that the railroad company will fire the first man that is caught evading the laws. That's what I've been fighting for in this campaign, Evan, and it's what you.

nust fight for.' The son took the two steps necessar

"I'm with you, dad," he said heart ly. "I'll stay, and I'll make Mr. Mc Vickar respect me and my principles before I'm through with it. But I'm still a little bit afraid that you and your kind are a menace to civilization and a free government. You won't mind my saying that, will you?"

"Lawzee gracious, no! Say anything you like, son, or, rather, let me say something else first. How about this something else first. How about this 'career' business of Patricia's? Have you fixed that up yet?'
Evan shook his head despondently. "She's going home with her father in October." he said, then: "Do you know what she did today, dad? She

ran the little red car into that tree intentionally so I couldn't get back here in time to use those affidavits which she and I both supposed would in-

she knew-you trust a woman for knowing, every time, son. And now one more thing. Have you come to know Honoria any better in these last "Yes; much better within the last our, dad." few days?"

"Good. That does my old heart a Wartrace and get ready to touch off the fireworks when the returns come in. I tell you, son, tomorrow's elec-tion is going to be a regular old fash-toned, heave 'em up and keep 'em a-going landsilde!"

Evan Blount was turning to goback to the interst sitting room, where Patricia was when he suddenly re-membered little Blenkinsop. "Don't let that worry you for a min-

ute, son," said the man who seemed to be at the heart of everything that was happening. "Maif an bour after you left Blenkinsop this morning that stuff that they had stolen from your safe and then garbled up to suit the selves was all killed. When I t Blenkinsop over the phone that the wouldn't be any crooked lists used morrow—that he was merely fixing to put himself on record as the biggest liar on two continents—he came down.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Economist.

"Of course," said Mr. Sirius Barker,
"I want my daughter to have some sort of an artistic education. I think I'll have her study singing."

"Why not art or literature?" "Art spoils canvas and paint, and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosph Washington Star.

Wanted Him to Specify.

"Will you always be true?" asked the broker's suspicious daughter when young Sportleigh had thrown himself at her feet and begged for her hand.

"As true as steel!" he cried.

"Common or preferred?" she inquired, still suspicious.—Judge.

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Dr. J. W. Sykes and Dr. H. P. McKnight, alleged promoters of a traction company, are in trouble. done. McVickar made a hard and fast Sykes was arrested in Greensboro point of that when he consented to and McKnight in Raleigh. It is alleged that they, professing to let us run our politics to suit our selves. He made me promise to put it up to you fair and square, with a hand-millions, bought coal from a commillions, bought coal from a company in Lynchburg, Va., for which they failed to pay, and it is also alleged that they resuld the coal for less than the purchase price. Both were put in jail in default of bond.

A High Grade Blood Purifier.

Go to Alamance Pharmacy as buy a bottle of B. B. B. (Botanie 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 discusses and skin cure all blood disea

humors, such as Rheumatism, Ulcers, Eating Sores,

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 thit
poison humor and expelling criminate you."

"God bless her loyal little soul!" said 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,

> While throngs of colored folks were celebrating Decoration Day in Salisbury Tuesday, last week, two colored women from Charlotte, Emma Sloan and Pink Roan. jealous about a man, quarreled. Few words passed when the Roan woman drew a knife and slashed Emma Sloan so that she died in a

CASTORIA For Infants and Oblidees. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Cart Title

The new municipal board in Salisbury dropped all the poliforce except two. One of those who lost out had been on the for for 12 years.

Is particularly recommended for chronic cases of kidney and blad-der trouble. It tends to regulate and control the kidney and blad-der action and is healing, strength-ening and bracing. For sale by

Down the To State to live Alongs bought