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By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

wight, 1912, by American Press Association 1 Some people think that New Year's day
Should come in April or in May.
When hillsides start to showing green
And Nature oils her old machine—
Her vegetation factory—
For one more spin; but, as for me.
No April New Year's day in mine.
Old January suits me fine.

A New Year starting out so late 'Would get spring fever sure as fate And then, with summer coming on, 'Would be prostrated by the sun. A year requires a robust frame, Considering the kind of game It's up against; it stands emough To need a constitution taugh.

A year that started in the spring Would be a poor and puny thing, A mollycoddle so effete it couldn't bear the summer heat; Would get frostbitten in the fall And wouldn't stand a chance at all When winter struck it; by which all choose the winter kid for mine.

The folks that want to change the date Of New Year's have a grudge at Pate. They would complain and raise a din In heaven it they should get in. They cuss the weather and asperse The workings of the universe. And they agree on but one point, which is that things are out of joint.

Will have some ginger, snap and go; Will have the sourage and the sest To bear the Worst fate with the best; Will have the samming. In short, to smile at hardships like a sport. The turn of winter suits me flac. The January kid for mine!



THE NEW CHAMPION

The part of the state of the st

A T last a youthful stranger came.
And challenged him one night.
His reteree was Father Time.
His loxing gloves were white.
He quickly stepped within the repeal
And in a single bout.
While yet the clocks were striking it

Costa Rica's Beggars.

In Costa Rica the beggars are privi-ged characters on Tuesday—that is, hey are allowed that day of the week a which to beg from shop to shop.

CLARISSA MACKIE

tramped away from the Webb concested that New Year's and the light, dry snow lute repes of sparkling dia the had told bluself that New Year dawned he would wonderd husband of Mirlam

perplexity that now assailed night before he had asked Webb to marry him after sevours of diffident courting, and how, twelve hours afterward, he not know his fate. Mirlam had divertily and said something his job to the sound that had caught was the final vowel and it was an easy matter for his set beart to interpret it as "No." had cupped his hand about his and bear his handsome head to the gradien one. What do you ther golden one. "What do you Miriam?"

n ever and had laid a sun browned ite hand on his arm with a timid sesture that thrilled him through. The lifted her head with a quick, bird-like movement and spoke close to his

o!" was all Jonadah beard. sold gently. "I've made a mistake, I guess. Good night." Miriam Webb had made no reply.

She had merely retained her sent on the sofa and stared at him with frightened eyes from which all the timid happiness had fied. A long time after Jonadab had waded away through the piling spowdrifts Miriam sat there un-

til her mother poked an inquiring head through the doorway.

"What's the matter with you. Miriam Webb? Here you are sitting while that stove is getting most red hot. The minute I smelled the hot from I knew minute I smelled the hot from I knew you'd turned the draft on and forgot to shut 'em off. There—you're such a featherhead I don't know as I shall ever leave you alone with the Gre again. I should think Jonadab might

again. I should think Jonadab might have notived it."

Mrs. Webb opened the door of the cylinder store and closed the draft tightly. Then she sat down in her trailing finnel wrapper and looked inquiringly at her daughter.

"Has he asked you set Mistare?"

"Has he asked you yet, Miriam?" Miriam blushed and nodded her head, "You're engaged, then?" cried her nother, with an air of relief.

mother, with an air of relief.
"I don't know," suid Miriam slowly, with a queer look in her blue eyes.
That was not the case with Jonadab Hopkins, for he was firmly convinced that the girl he loved had refused to marry him and that he was not en gaged to snybody.
As he approached his home, lying sung

and sheltered under the drooping elms, he feit a sudden and overpowering desire to run away from Little River and all the tender memories that en-

memories that encompanied it. With SHE DREW CLOSER out the companion TO HIM. Ship of Miriam Webb Liftle River was a barren spot, and he losthed it. His mother, reading by the light of a large, green shaded lamp, lifted an inquiring gaze to bis. "Seems to me you're home early, Jonadab. It's only a little after 9 o'clock."

She drew closer to him and placed her lips to his ear. Jonadab inclined his head, and his mother's voice was

his head, and his mother's voice was lifted shrilly.

"I met Abby Smith today. She was asking after you."

Jonndab smiled grimfy. "If you met Cousin Abby I guess you heard some gossip," he growled.

"Sald she'd heard you and Miriam was engaged. Is that so?" Mrs. Hopkins drew back and watched her son's embarrassed face engerly.

kins drew back and watched her son's embarrassed fare engerly.

"I don't know," said Jonadab slowly, "but I guess it ain't so." Then aft or making the usual preparations for the night be kissed his mother's wrinkled cheek and went to his room.

Reveral days afterward, when the new year was yet young, Jonadab's Tracle Simon Hopkins wrote and offered Jonadab a job in the city.

The consequence of this letter we that Mrs. Hopkins went to spend the winter with her married daughter. Big River, while Jonadab sold the cosmic checkens and bired out his horset.

Big River, while Jonadab sold the common chickens and bired out his horset and closed the farm.

As the months passed by and he became interested in his new work he grew to detest the thought of returning to the farm. So when the apring came he remained in New York, tolling all through the hot ammer days until the splendid color left his face and his brown hands grew quite pale.

"I'm beginning to look like some of those ladylike city fellows that boarded at Webb's one summer," he thought grinly as he surveyed his white hands. "I wonder if Miriam would like the looks of me any better now?"

The thought of Miriam Webb turned his musings in another direction—that of the great infirmity that proved a atumbling block in his progress at every turn. His Uncle Simon had long urged a visit to a noted ear specialist, and now one blazing August day Jonadab suddenly resolved to go.

Joundab went to the hospital in November and came forth from the in stitution with a bewildered smile on his face and both ears stuffed with cotton to lessen the terrific diu that

cotton to lessen the terrific din that assalled his restored hearing. The whole world took on a new aspect. He felt a greater confidence in him self, more self reliance and a higher courage to overcome the disappointment that had befallen him in the loss of Miriam Webb.

ment that had befallen him in the loss of Mirinm Webb.

He remained in the city until the Christmas season had ended and then hastened back to Little River to take up his farmer's life once more.

As he stood at the gate hours afterward, when the last night of the old



year was creeping slowly along to the end of its journey, there came a sud-den longing to see Mirlam Webb and once more put his fate to a test. An instant later he was

Instant later he was speeding over just such a snowy road as he had traversed the year before, only now he could hear the crunching of his footsteps and the creak of dead branches breaking from the weight of snow.

He had grown accustomed to the restoration of his hearing, but had taken nobody in Little River into his confidence.

The Webb house was lighted brightly, and from the sounds proceeding from within Jonadab surmised that a New Year's party was in progress.

He rang the bell, and as its sharp clang died away he heard light footsteps coming down the hall. Although he had never heard Miriam's footsteps, he was sure that she was approaching

he had never heard Miriam's footsteps, he was sure that she was approaching him, and so he stood well within the shadow of the porch. When she opened the door and peered out the light shone on her face, and somehow John. dab knew that she was hoping it might be he. How long had Miriam Webb been watching for him—ever since last year?

"Happy New Year!" he said quickly,

sign.

"You haven't had occasion to change your mind about what I asked you a year ago?" he asked imperturbably.

She stared at him for an instant, and then little sparks of anger flew to her gentle blue eyes. She closed the door and stepped out to the porch, so close to Jonadab that her gown brushed his sleeve.

to Jonadab that her gown brushed his sleeve.
"Yes, I have changed my mind," she said sharply in his ear, so sharply that Jonadab jumped; then she went on in a lower tone, as if she knew he could not hear her words, but as if the recital of her wrongs afforded her great relief: "Who wouldn't change their minds, Jonadab Hopkins, you their minds. Jonnath Hopkins you big goose!" Miriani stamped her foot passionately. "To come and ask me to marry you—and when i said I would—to say you were sorry and that you'd made a mistake! You big—big—Jonadab Hopkins—why—why"— as Jonadab took her in his strong arms and held her tightly.

"Tell me the exact words you used when you said you'd have me," ordered Jonadab.

"I said, 'I guess so?" shricked Miri

"I said, 'I guess so?" shricked Mirlam in his ear.
"Lordy! I thought you said 'No?" ejaculated Jonadab joyfully, drawing her closer to him. "You needn't yell so, Mirlam, because I can hear as well as the next fellow, and I've just heard you say you accepted me once. You can't take it back. Now, I'm going to hak you sgain, all proper, and you can whisper the answer right close to my ear. You love me, Mirlam?"

Mirlam's answer could not be heard by any one save Jonadab, but when they entered the house and he told Mrs. Webb that the New Year had brought him a wife it is evident that the answer was not in the negative.

the answer was not in the negative.

"Bells of Shandon."

In one of the dormitories of the Irish college at Home there is a space on the wall left unpapered and unpaleted, whatever repairs the rest of the room may undergo, for there, carelessly scrawled, is the first rought draft of Father Prout's "Bells of Shandon."

Resolve to Be Better

GM YEAR'S is regarded as the time when a man should take stock of his past and present and make resolutions concerning the future. It is well to resolutions, and it is better to keep them. They serve a good purpose even if not kept, though they should not be made with the idea of breaking them. One can be conservative in making good resolutions and thereby gain an advantage. Do not resolve to be perfect—merely make a determination to be better. Resolve to improve in everything in which you are defective. Decide to act more kindly, think more charitably, speak more pleasantly, work more diligently, give more cheerfully. Don't try to achieve the perfect, which is impossible. Just try to improve,

to be and do better, and you will be better for the trying. : : : : : : : : A HONOR CONTRACTOR CON abandoned while the Celestials pay

NEW YEAR'S IN OTHER LANDS

NEW YEAR'S is the most univer-sally celebrated of halfsally celebrated of holidays. Christmas is practically confined to Christian countries and In some of these has only a religious observance. The same is true of East-er. Other holidays are for the most part national in character and are con-fined to their own countries. But New Year's in some form is celebrated in all lands and in not a few is the chief holiday of the year. It is not observed always on Jan. 1, the Chinese and Jewish New Year's being notable exceptions and the Russian festival be

"Happy New Year!" he said quickly, holding out his hand.

Miriam held out her hand and then withdrew it with sudden resentment. "I didn't give you credit for so much impudence, Jonadab Hopkins," she murmured scornfully for her own ben efit. But Jonadab heard and gave no lies. But Jonadab heard and gave no lies.



NEW TRAR'S IN BURSIA.

ance in China and Japan. There it is an art, and the ceremonial on New Year's is intended to outrank anything Year's is intended to outrank anything else in the plak ten Jine. The Japanese tea room is hidden away in some secluded part of the garden, and only a few of the elect are admitted. This, of course, refers to the private tea rooms, the public ones being frequented by Mr. Common People and all bis wife's relations.

relations.

The Japs ent from a large variety of dishes on this day, plously offering samples of the foods to their gods. The day in Nippon is celebrated on Jan. 1, as with us.

Clegged Sink Pipes.

A table-spoonful of washing sods and a cup of vinegar poured down the sink will clean out the most stubborn of clegged pipes.

The Chinese New Year, which is based on the moon and occurs in January or February, is like a prolonged and glorified Fourth of July, or rather as the Fourth was before it became safe The king of Northumberland in 600 gave for a history of the world 800 acres of land, and a countess of Anjou, date not known, once gave 200 sheep and a large parcel of furs for a volume of homilies and 120 crowns for a single book of Livy.

Anta.

To get rid of ants saturate rugs with kerosene, and hang or lay these near the places they infest and they will soon disappear.

the Fourth was before it became safe and sane. It lasts for several days and is full of color, noise and action grows the from start to finish. Firenckers, Chinese lanterna, tea, feasting and carnival all play their part, and the new year is initiated in a way to put ginger into his young life. The popular greeting is "Kunghi," which is to say, "Il humbly wish you joy," or "Sinhi," "May joy be yours." From this it will be seen that the Chinese have a "hi" old time. Not only do lanterna abound, but artificial flowers and redunctions or orangent the houses. Even in the United States the laundries are

ceremonial calls and decorate every-thing in sight with red paper. Euro-peans also paint the town red-on New Year's, only they do it in a different way.

New Year's is celebrated for thir

New Year's is celebrated for thirteen days in Persia and is the most important festival of the year. It furnishes a precious opportunity for the beggars who camp on a man's doorstep and blow horns until he gives a present. The festival is called "No-Roos" and combine; our Christmas and Easter. Sweets are prepared long in advance, and eggs are boiled and colored. The observance begins on March 25, and for thirteen days thereafter business is suspended. Presents are given, among them being a coat of honor for important persons, for which a price is often exacted, much in exhonor for important persons, for which a price is often exacted, much in excess of the value of the garment. Another "No Rooz" custom is for delegations of Persians to visit the tombs of the departed and send up waits both loud and long.

New Yenr's is a great day for the children in the country towns of Russia. The boys carry ness and wheat.

sia. The boys carry peas and wheat, showering those they like with wheat and those they dislike with peas. Various domestic animals are gayly decorated and led about the streets. There is also a ceremony of changing water into wine, which is harmless enough, since it does not increase the wine

mine it does not increase the wine supply.

The great feature of the German New Year's is "Sylvester Abend," corresponding in some measure to our watch parties, except that more liquid refreshment is absorbed. The punch howl is the center of attraction, but the punch is usually made of a mild Rhine wine and does little if any harm. Ill fares it with the man wearing a high hat on this night, for it is smashed with great enthusiasm. In Prankfort on the Main a pretty custom is observed. Promptly on the first stroke of 12 every shutter in lown flies open and a bend appears with the shout, "Prosit Neujain." It is as quick ly withdrawn, and the shutters are reclosed before the clocks have finished becoming the hour.

booming the hour. The French give Christmas a religious observance, so that New Year's is the great popular heliday. Gifts are exchanged and calls are made on Jan

exchanged and calls are made on Jan 1 and all through the month. The English observance of New Year's is not largely different from ours, except that the old year is swept out by men and loys dressed as chinney sweeps and is rung out with muf fied bells, which change to a clear and loyous note at the stroke of 12. It is to this custom that Tennyson refers in his "In Memoriam," so often quoted. "Ring out the old, ring in the new."

don on New Year's eve are even greater and more noisy than those be-fore Triuity. New York, though people who have only heard the Gotham din may deem this impossible. Not So Easy. "That's as easy as rolling off a tog."

"Did you ever roll off a log?"
"No, I can't say 1 did."
"Well, you try it and you'll find it requires considerable will power.'
Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Style.

Oh. how I love the old plush hat I bought four years ago! I poke it into some new shaps it ne'er before did know, And then it is in vogue again, quite swell and up to date. It is the best investment that I've chanced to make of late. This year I jumped on it a lot And beat it up a pile. I let a car run over it, And, lo, it's right in style!

Chicago Journal

He Escaped.

Mrs. Newlywed was fairly jubilant
over her first pie. It was hubby's duty

to sample it.

"Your mother never baked your father a ple like that, did she, darling?" per large bottle, with directic
said she as poor hubby tried to eat it.

"No, my dear," he replied. "Father
is still alive and hearty."—Fun Maga-

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