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The home of Jas. Sigman, China's township, Catawba county, was burned early Monday morning a week. Family had a narrow escape.

POLEY'S ORINALIVE

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

WALKING.

I have just read two human documents of value.
 One is by Frederic Harrison, the author, aged eighty-one, and the other by Lord Strathmore, ninety-two years of age.
 These young old men, both active and hearty, give some golden rules concerning health, and both lay special emphasis on the benefits of walking as an exercise.
 Harrison says every one should walk at least two hours each day.
 Why walk?
 Well, in the first place, walking raises the temperature of the body. It is like putting fuel in the furnace and opening the draft. There's something doing inside. Waste is being carried off. You breathe deeply.
 And that is important. Most persons use only half their lungs, ordinarily, for breathing purposes. Deep breathing puts large quantities of oxygen into the blood. Muscle and nerve get their vitality from the blood. Besides, in deep breathing waste is carried off by exhalation.
 And there's the skin.
 Millions of pores are opened up by the perspiration, and waste material is eliminated.
 And digestion:
 Walking helps that important function. The exercise puts an edge on appetite. And good digestion waits on appetite.
 Moreover—
 Here is an important item seldom considered, but of great importance: The doctors will tell you about the diaphragm. The diaphragm is a sort of movable stage floor between the chest and the abdomen. It is raised or lowered by the contraction and swelling of the lungs.
 Now:
 When the lungs are deeply filled by walking the diaphragm goes down and presses upon the liver and stomach and spleen. It is like a massage of these organs and keeps them in good order.
 The best way to stir up your liver is to stir your legs.
 And, moreover—
 Nothing is more said of the mental benefits of walking, the exhilaration of the open air, the joy of well lubricated movement.
 Habituate your legs.

FORGET IT.

Do not nurse your grievance. If some one has slighted you or wounded you let it go at that. Do not let your complaint of the injury grow chronic. And, above all else, do not put your grudge on exhibition.
 Hide your sore toe.
 Because half the slights you complain of are imaginary; half the injustices for which you suffer self martyrdom were not intended.
 You fed those troubles until they got ripe.
 Some people put themselves into an attitude of continued suspicion of neglect or injury. They find that they are looking for, where they make everybody miserable by continual chewing of the cud of resentment.
 How treat your grievance?
 Forget it!
 The more you dwell upon a thing that sort the bigger it gets. The longer you drag it through your mind the deeper you cut the channels until by and by it becomes a well worn rut.
 Get out of the rut.
 Force yourself to think of something else. Make new channels for your thoughts. Change the subject.
 Get busy trying to make others happy and thus make yourself happy. You will then have no time to bother with your grudge.
 That is one way.
 Another way which has high sanction is to heap coals of fire upon the head of the one who has injured you.
 Speak some pleasant word or do some gracious thing to him who has tried to hurt you, and if he is guilty and has a heart in him he will be sorry.
 You see—
 By this treatment of the other fellow you will do this: Instead of the other fellow getting you into his power by making you miserable you will have evaded his shaft and turned his malice back upon himself.
 In any event forget—
 Do not permit your mind to rub a slight wound into a festering sore. Life is too short for such abnormal cultures. Treat the skinned surface with an antiseptic and let it go.
 Forget it!

LET US BE HONEST.

"To tell the truth," said my friend. "I greatly prefer a book by E. G. Wells or Harold Bell Wright to Shakespeare."
 "Good!" said I.
 My friend is a college graduate, a professional man and a student. And, above all else, he is given to frankness.
 We agreed, he and I, that in our opinion a lot of Shakespeare's stuff was nonsense, some of it silly, and that while many of his utterances were sublime and he was a matchless user of words, some of his plays were pedantic, and he wrote much rapid trash.
 Why be hypocritical?
 Why put Shakespeare's poorest on a par with the highest in literature and make us believe that it is best?
 Myself, I am a great admirer of Hugo and Tolstoy, but I admitted to my friend that Eliza often needed and Tolstoy wandered.
 The truth is—
 Because certain authors have been put up as exemplars in writing many persons who cannot bring themselves to an appreciation of these authors as much great to lying about their preferences.
 And there's more.
 There are those who will attend the recital of a severely classical program and without understanding the music will feel the utmost admiration and personally compliment the artists.

Or art.
 You have seen some who will go into ecstasies of ecstasies over a picture or a statue, concerning which they have little real appreciation, merely because somebody has pronounced the work to be a masterpiece.
 Or oratory.
 It is easy to get the applause of the multitude for some splendid spouter of platitudes who somehow has gained the hallmark of popular favor.
 Let us be honest.
 Do not misunderstand me. There must be standards, and we should always strive for the best, but—
 Why should one simulate an enthusiasm he does not feel?
 Are not honesty and sincerity of more worth than a sham reputation for excellence in matters of taste?
 Let us tell the truth.

MADE HIS OWN SCHOOL.

Not every boy is like this one. Frank Andrea of Springfield, N. J., aged fifteen, made a school for himself.
 Many boys of fifteen regard school as a sort of necessary evil to be borne because they cannot dispense with it. Not so young Andrea.
 His father lost his job, and his mother became ill. There were several other children, all of whom were too young to work.
 Frank was compelled to quit school and help support the family. He found a job in a factory at Newark, walking two miles to work every morning and back again at night.
 But—
 The idea of leaving school troubled him.
 He went to the board of education of his town and asked the clerk what chance there might be to attend a night school.
 There was no night school.
 "Unless there are a sufficient number of applications to show a sentiment in favor of it," said the clerk, "no night school will be started."
 "How many applications are necessary?" asked the boy.
 He was informed that twelve or fifteen would be enough, whereat Frank began to try to get that many. In order to do so he had to convince some of the working boys of their need of further schooling.
 And—
 Strangely enough, he found his propaganda an uphill task. He would say to the boys, "Do you want to be a factory hand all your life?" And some of them said they had no further ambition.
 Frank finally got fifteen of his friends to join him.
 "It is likely," says the report, "that a night school will be established in Springfield."
 But, whether or no, it is quite certain Frank Andrea will not be a factory hand all his life.
 The republic, spells opportunity.
 As Garfield beautifully said, "Our society is not like the society of Europe, where, like the strata of the earth, one layer holds the other firmly down; but, rather, it is like the waves of the great sea, where the lowest drop may rise and gladden on the topmost wave."
 Frank Andrea of Springfield, N. J., is one of those drops.

THE BANK OF PROGRESS.

"Nothing draws like compound interest," says a banker.
 The tables tell us that \$1,000 deposited in the bank at 6 per cent compound interest will double itself in about twelve years.
 There is a bank that pays at least 10 per cent compound interest and in some cases more.
 It is the bank of progress.
 No bank in the world is safer or better managed. No deposit was ever lost or failed of credit. Interest and principal are paid promptly.
 Deposits may be made at any time either in a lump sum or in small installments.
 The deposits?
 They are such valuable things as thoughts, resolutions, ideas, effort, self denial, ambition. These constitute capital. They are taken over the counter at the bank of progress at par.
 For instance:
 You have an idea that is worth while. You deposit that investment in bank. It begins to grow. The interest is added to the principal, and both continue to grow. You may draw out the interest from time to time and still have on deposit a big idea.
 Or—
 Looking about, you discover that many persons fall from lack of concentration. You invest in the bank sufficient strength of purpose.
 Your efficiency increases by compound interest. By painstaking effort you multiply yourself. Your scope and speed grow until in a few years you have a fortune in yourself.
 Or—
 You deposit in this bank a resolution. If you keep your resolution on deposit you will draw added strength of nerve and cleanliness of habit. In a few years you will have fortified your resolution by compound interest.
 It pays big!
 There are more valuable things than money; there are better banks than the First National; there is a higher rate of interest than that paid semi-annually.
 The bank is open.
 Start an account today.

A UNIVERSAL PASSION.

When Theodore Roosevelt stood up with a bullet in his breast and made his speech the world was thrilled by the spectacle of his first courage.
 It was a big first page story.
 But—
 If on that day you turned to the inside pages of your newspaper you read a story fully as stirring, though on a lesser stage.
 Old James Finney, sixty-eight, was crossing Niagara in Syracuse, N. Y. On that day he was struck by a runaway taxicab. Holding to his machine, he was dragged along by it, bruised as he lands and back and arms, and almost killed.
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 A crowd gathered, and they started to take the old man to the hospital.

just then Finney upon the witness of an approaching train. It was like the clarion call of a bugle to the soldier. He broke through the crowd and, though almost fainting, wiggled his train across.
 William Hugh of Gary gave up his leg and life to the surgeons in order that the life of a girl whom he had never seen might be saved and died with a smile, saying, "I am glad I did it."
 He well deserved the tears of an admiring people.
 But on the day he died a dozen persons in Mason City, Ia., voluntarily gave great patches of their skin for a similar operation.
 Scarcely may you name a hero deed done with altruistic passion but that it may be matched by others full as glorious.
 During the past few weeks, on the faraway plains of Thrace, in the bloody conflict between the Balkan allies and the Turks, have been enacted a thousand deeds of lofty usefulness.
 Bulgaria's queen served in a hospital as a nurse, clad in a nurse's garb and doing a nurse's work. Other women of princely birth served in like capacity.
 The facts are—
 The whole world, as never before, is being stirred by the divine passion for service. That passion knows no boundary of race. It is an universal in its scope—and as cheering—as the warmth of the glorious sun.

"THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME."

"Sixty-nine per cent of the inmates of a western prison," says a recent writer, "may be traced to criminal crime by the extravagance of their wives."
 Balderdash!
 Within the limits of a reasonable probability it may be stated that 69 per cent of that 69 are unconscionable liars.
 There's Adam, for instance.
 Scarcely can there be a doubt that our valiant forbear lusted after that forbidden fruit until his mouth watered over the thought of its succulence.
 And, after he had hypnotized Eve to the point of plucking away the apple, he laid the entire blame on her frail young shoulders.
 "The woman thou gavest me, she tempted me."
 And the miles of lineal descent from Adam to now have followed the like excuse.
 Now—
 It must be admitted there are some silly, imprudent and extravagant wives. And it may be that some husbands of weak brain stuff have indirectly been driven to the commission of a crime by the sort of wife who insists upon spending more money than her husband earns, but—
 The excuse is a frayed one.
 The reasons why a man gets drunk are varied. He gets drunk because he wants to drink, or because somebody invites him, or because he has made a bad investment, or because he is mad at somebody, or just because.
 Under the influence of the liquor he commits a crime.
 Whereupon, having been brought to bay, he whines abjectly concerning his "wretched domestic affairs" and avows that he was driven to the crime by the extravagance or the nagging or the unfaithfulness of his wife.
 Mostly such charges are libel.
 Exceptions aside, more men than women are extravagant. And the average wife will undergo more personal sacrifice for the sake of the family than the husband. And, exceptions aside, wives are more faithful than husbands.
 The woman, however, is made the scapegoat for the husband's sins.
 That husband who seeks to hide his frailties behind a woman's petticoat is mostly not merely a liar, but a coward as well.

WHAT IS THE MATTER?

This is the story:
 Henry Weinbaum of New York was a clothes presser earning \$12 a week. On this he supported himself, his wife and four small children.
 The wife died.
 Weinbaum was confronted with a situation most heartbreaking. He must care for the four motherless children and at the same time be away from his home and employed at his work, else the children would have nothing to eat.
 Somehow for several months he managed to get along.
 Then he died about the only thing he could do under the circumstances. He married again.
 Unfortunately he made a poor choice of a second wife. She complained that the children made too much work and demanded that they be put in a public institution.
 To save his little family from such a fate was Weinbaum's purpose in getting his children their new mother. He wanted to keep his little brood together. Therefore he refused her request.
 She sued him for divorce.
 On just what grounds the divorce was granted is not clear, but the judge gave her \$200. As part of the judgment Weinbaum was ordered to pay the woman \$4 per week alimony.
 Of course the week would not pay that sum and support his family. The other day he was arrested, his arrears, with costs, amounting to \$207.88.
 In default of payment he was sent to Ludlow street jail.
 Now:
 Wife No. 2 is free from the care of the troublesome children. Weinbaum is in jail with no prospect of release and the children are wards of charity.
 Even the jailer remarked when Weinbaum was committed—jailers are not particularly free with sympathy—that "there must be something the matter with the law somehow."
 And there is something the matter with the law. Out what?
 The law is out of gear.
 And yet it is difficult to find the cog and adjust it.
 Weinbaum is guilty of nothing but the best intentions and yet he is in jail.
 What is the matter with the law? Or is it merely that Weinbaum is poor?

DEWEY'S LITTLE GRAY RIGGERS.

The Gazette (Nashville)

Sam Pinney's Ghost

Trial For Heresy That Came to a Sudden Close

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Elder Jones thumped the gatepost with his heavy cane. "I don't care what you say, Sam Pinney," he cried angrily. "I know that any man that believes in spirits can't be a Christian. So there!"

The roddy faced little man on the other side of the gate smiled with boundless good nature in his twinkling eyes. "And I say," he said emphatically, "that if I see a ghost I'll believe it is one. Did you ever see a sperrit, Jim Jones?"

"Never!" said the elder stoutly. "I don't believe the good Lord means any of us mortals should look on angels and such until the great day comes when all eyes shall be opened."

"If you never saw a ghost then you can't be expected to believe in 'em," remarked Sam Pinney eagerly. "Now,

"what happened after that?" demanded the elder, although the recital was an old story to him.

"Nothing much," the miller, he pointed to his bosom where the bullet hit him as much as twenty years ago. It happened when I was a lad. The terrier just sat and trembled, and was just going to ask the miller where he'd come from when he faded away."

"That would have been kind of impolite, Sam," censured his wife mildly. "You don't know whether that miller came from heaven or somewhere else."

The elder turned an indignant face toward Mrs. Pinney. "Then you believe in spirits, too?" he asked.

"I believe in whatever my husband does," said Mrs. Pinney loyally.

The elder arose and buttoned his coat tightly over his thin chest. "Mrs. Pinney and Mr. Pinney," he said, with dignity, "I am sorry to see two such intelligent human beings given over to the side of the evil one, for ghosts and such talk are nothing else, in my opinion. I feel it my duty—my bounden duty—to bring the matter before the elders. Why, it's almost like here—"

"Like fiddlerssticks!" cried Mrs. Pinney, with such energy that the elder hustled toward the door.

"Thank you very much for your hospitality," said Elder Jones constrainedly.

"Don't mention it," said Mrs. Pinney. When the elder's coatalls had flapped through the gate Mr. Pinney looked at his wife's good natured face and burst into silent laughter.

"Ann Eliza," he chuckled, "that there ain't no got to see a ghost before he's convinced that I was speaking the truth. I expect we'll be hauled over the coals by the committee if Jim Jones has his say."

"Let 'em haul," said Ann Eliza defiantly. "I'll stick by you, Sammy, even if it is my private belief that the ghost you saw was nothing but a cloud of flour dust settling down from the rafter overhead."

"Flour dust!" echoed Sam scornfully. "I brushed your clothes the next morning," remarked Ann Eliza significantly as she proceeded to clear the table.

Mr. Pinney's prediction proved to be correct. Mr. and Mrs. Pinney were summoned before a small committee of the elders of the church to which they belonged to answer some questions concerning their outspoken belief in disembodied spirits. It was to be a private hearing presided over by the minister himself, a tall, narrow chested, narrow minded shepherd given to driving his flock before him over certain straight paths and never permitting the slightest divergence from the closely defined way. The especial abhorrence of the Rev. Mr. Weeks was the theory of ghosts, and he had finally managed to eradicate from the minds of his congregation the belief that the old mill down on the river was haunted by the spirit of its murdered proprietor. For twenty-five years this story had been a favorite one among Beeton folks, and very reluctantly they relinquished its hair raising horror.

Now here was Sam Pinney and his sensible wife loudly acclaiming that Sam himself had had an encounter with the ghost of the miller. As Mr. Pinney had conveyed the news to Elder Jones at the first opportunity the good elder carried it directly to the Rev. Mr. Weeks, and in due season a committee was appointed and the Pinneys summoned to appear before it and explain their actions.

In the meantime the Pinneys went their ways soberly, industriously and ever cheerful. As the Friday evening drew near their quietude did not abate a jot, and Elder Jones made an especial trip just the Pinney home to see if Sam had not lost some of his rosy color or Mrs. Pinney did not show evidence of mental disturbance.

A storm came a howling gale of wind and sleet that rattled against the church windows and sent little unpleasant thrills down the spines of the few people gathered to hear the explanation of Samuel Pinney and his wife.

The church was dark and gloomy and the elders shifted uneasily in their seats. The pulpit was a shadowy blot against the dimness of the chancel. The elders were gathered in the last six pews, and two chairs had been set in the aisle for the offenders.

"They were all there waiting for the Pinneys. The wind screamed mournfully and the elders shifted uneasily in their seats. The church seemed a dark and dismal pit beyond that little circle of light. The outer door creaked solemnly, and Mrs. Pinney, rosy and fresh from the steet swept world, stamped noisily in and stood her dripping umbrella in a corner.

"Sammy will be along right away," she whispered blushing as she accepted one of the seats that the committee indicated. "Seems dreadful dark and gloomy in here, elder, don't it?" she whispered to Mr. Jones.

That gentleman nodded a stern assent, and Mrs. Pinney sat still for several moments. Then she turned her head and curiously surveyed the darkened interior.

"It was on a night like this that old Dr. Little had a stroke in the pulpit," she ventured again. "Seem's if I could see this minute standing there so stout and handsome—he was good to look at and then all at once he flopped right over and became a stiff corpse, as dead as I ever want to be! I remember the wind howled something awful that night, and it rained and rained till it seemed as if all the angels were weeping because such a good man was dead! Well, we'll never see him again," she sighed regretfully.

"The members of the committee looked very much as if they could cheerfully undergo this deprivation," said Mrs. Weeks frowned portentously and asked Mrs. Pinney if her husband would keep them waiting very much longer.

"I'm expecting him every minute," she whispered in reply.

It was Elder Jones himself who suddenly arose to his feet and thrust a quivering finger toward the pulpit.

"What is that?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

With one accord they lifted their eyes and stared at the apparition which confronted them.

Standing before the pulpit, one fat hand thrust between the feet and one

of buttons of his long ministerial coat, stood what looked like the wrath of old Dr. Little, who ten years before had been the pastor of the church. His round face, with its little wisps of cinnamon whiskers, shone palely out of the darkness, and in his eyes there seemed an unearthly glare—it might have been the reflection of the flickering lamps. His black clothed figure seemed to melt into the surrounding blackness, but that fat white hand. All at once the hand was lifted as if in denunciation, and then the apparition grew smaller until all at once it disappeared from sight.

There was a sharp indrawn breath. "Oh, what was that?" cried Mrs. Pinney affrightedly.

"It was a ghost," said Elder Jones, with conviction in his rasping tones. "I saw it myself. I knew Dr. Little like a brother. Why, I know it was him!"

"The other members of the committee sat silent and disconcerted. Mr. Weeks rubbed a white silk handkerchief over his high dome shaped brow while he struggled for expression.

Mrs. Pinney was darting bright eyes from one face to another. Her own lighted up with commonplace satisfaction when the door creaked solemnly once more and Samuel tiptoed in, rosy and dripping with the winter storm as she had been.

"Here's Sam," said Mrs. Pinney. "Now, I suppose we can have the meeting."

There was a shuffling of feet among the elders. The storm shrieked more wildly, and the vicinity of the pulpit looked forbidding enough.

"It was just such a night as this that Dr. Little was took bad," began Sam Pinney as he approached the little group of men.

Elder Jones was on his feet, his hands flinging his hat. "I move this meeting be adjourned for more evidence in the case."

In three bewildering minutes the church was emptied of everybody save the two Pinneys, who confronted each other with loyal affectionate eyes.

"It was a dreadful thing to do, Sammy Pinney," chided his wife, "and you ought to be ashamed of it. If one of them men had remembered that Dr. Little was your own uncle and that you are featured just like him you

might have been found out. What did you do with the doctor's broadcloth coat?"

"It's on the other side of the stone wall wrapped in my rubber mackintosh," said Sam cheerfully. "What I've been trying to impress on these fellows is this, Ann Eliza—they can't convince me I ain't seen a ghost till they show they're ghost proof themselves."

"You ought to cut the church lawn all next summer to make up for this," said Mrs. Pinney as they wedded their way home.

"I'm willing, and you better get up the nicest old fashioned billed dinner you know how to get and invite Jim Jones and all the other elders to it, and the first one that mentions ghosts don't get out pudding," said Sam.

And, as was their way, the Pinneys cheerfully suffered the penalties they had ordered themselves.

Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground. The other leaned over and called, "Are you dead or alive, Mike?"

"O'm alive," said Mike freely.

"Sure you're such a liar O'd don't know whether to believe you or not."

"Well, then, O'm dead," said Mike. "For you would never dare to call me a liar if O'd was alive."—Philadelphia Record.

Simply a Bad Actor.

The Lady—How did you come to be thrown out of employment? The Theban—'Tis a sad but soon told tale, madam. An ape-like soubrette threw accident eyes at me; a mummy and necessary manager threw me down a flight of stairs; a dull witted doorman threw me out into the street, and a twice cursed taster threw me twenty feet. Thus it was, lady.—Judge.

Evolution.

"Of course you believe in evolution."

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "My own recollection of early days in the west remind me that many a sixty horsepower timonine can trace its ancestral ancestry back to a prairie schooner."—Washington Star.

The Main Difference.

"What is the real difference between mushrooms and toadstools?"

"One is a fact and the other is a funeral."—Baltimore American.

Merely Fiction.

Minerva—Isn't it strange, mother, that all the heroines in novels marry poor men? Sister—Yes, my dear, but that is fiction.—Judge.

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, Bolls, Carbuncles. B. B. B. cures all these blood troubles by killing this 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.

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, No Pay. 50c.

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