

# BAD BLOOD

## THE SOURCE OF ALL DISEASE

Every part of the body is dependent on the blood for nourishment and strength. When this life stream is flowing through the system in a state of purity and richness we are assured of perfect and uninterrupted health; because pure blood is nature's safe-guard against disease. When, however, its strength, disease germs collect, the system is deprived of its strength, disease germs collect, and the trouble is manifested in various ways. Pustular eruptions, pimples, rashes and the different skin affections show that the blood is in a feverish and diseased condition as a result of too much acid or the presence of some irritating humor. Sores and Ulcers are the result of morbid, unhealthy matter in the blood, and Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., are all deep-seated blood disorders that will continue to grow worse as long as the poison remains. These impurities and poisons find their way into the blood in various ways. Often a sluggish, inactive condition of the system, and torpid state of the form uric and other acids, which are taken up by the blood and distributed throughout the circulation. Coming in contact with contagious diseases is another cause for the poisoning of the blood; we also breathe the germs and microbes of Malaria into our lungs, and when these get into the blood in sufficient quantity it becomes a carrier of disease instead of health. Some are so unfortunate as to inherit bad blood, perhaps the dregs of some old constitutional disease of ancestors is handed down to them and they are constantly annoyed and troubled with it. Bad blood is the source of all disease, and until this vital fluid is cleansed and purified the body is sure to suffer in some way. For blood troubles of any character S. S. S. is the best remedy ever discovered. It goes down into the circulation and removes any and all poisons, supplies the healthful properties it needs, and completely and permanently cures blood diseases of every kind. The action of S. S. S. is so thorough that hereditary taints are removed and weak, diseased blood made strong and healthy so that disease cannot remain. It cures Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Sores and Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., and does not leave the slightest trace of the trouble for future outbreaks. The whole volume of blood is renewed and cleansed after a course of S. S. S. It is also nature's greatest tonic, made entirely of roots, herbs and barks, and is absolutely harmless to any part of the system. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores. Book on the blood and any medical advice free to all who write.

### S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The Southern Wheel Co. is now getting in a large quantity of nice hickory wood to be used in the manufacture of buggy wheels.

Judge M. H. Justice will preside over next term of Granville Superior Court which convenes on Monday February 4th.

Grippe or Influenza, whichever you like to call it, is one of the most weakening diseases known.

Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in easily digested form, is the greatest strength-builder known to medical science.

It is so easily digested that it sinks into the system, making new blood and new fat, and strengthening nerves and muscles.

Use Scott's Emulsion after Influenza.

Invaluable for Coughs and Colds.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

### Administratrix Notice.

The undersigned having this day qualified as administratrix of the estate of the late Percy C. Parham this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to me or my attorneys, Graham & Devin, within one year from this date or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This 22nd day of December, 1906. SARAH C. PARHAM, Administratrix Percy C. Parham, deceased. Jan 4. 6w n-p

### Frank Earle Parham, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW 27 William Street, NEW YORK, N. Y.

All legal matters promptly attended to, especially proceedings in probating of wills.

## Borrowing a Bear

By C. B. LEWIS

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Joe Whitman, cowboy, rode up to the Circle ranch house one day to see old Colonel Meecham about some lost cattle, and ten minutes later he had lost his heart to Miss Rose, the colonel's daughter, who was then a girl of nineteen and her father's housekeeper. Circle ranch had been a great ranch in its day, but the colonel had met with all sorts of bad luck and couldn't pay his debts. He had a few cattle and one cowboy left, while a colored woman assisted Rose about the house-work.

Rose Meecham had not been educated in the east. She had been born in the ranch house and sent to a school not a hundred miles away, and her environments had been of the plainest. As the adoring father said of her more than once after his wife died:

"Rosie is good looking and honest hearted and will make some man a good wife. There's nothing of the coquette or flirt about her. She doesn't know what a flirtation means. She's just a plain girl, with her heart set on doing all she can for her old daddy."

That was the colonel's way of putting it, and it simply shows how little the average father knows of the average daughter. Miss Rose was good looking and honest hearted, but she would flirt with a cross eyed cowboy. Any other girl in her situation would have done the same thing. There wasn't another girl for fifteen miles around, while there were about fifty cowboys within that distance, and, besides there was the fort only five miles away and soldiers passing on the road every day.

Joe Whitman may have been above the average cowboy in looks and education. Miss Rose had decided within five minutes that she liked him. Within another five she was smiling so sweetly and talking so nicely that she had Joe stammering out his words.

That was the beginning of things. He had driven home a bunch of the colonel's cattle that he had cut out of his herd, and though he wanted to linger at the ranch and talk about the price of beef on the hoof, the drop in hides and the dry summer, he wasn't equal to the occasion and was almost bucked off his pony in taking his leave. Joe rallied when he got back to his cattle and began to lay plans, and from that day on it was a cold day when he did not bring in some of the colonel's stray stock.

It was a puzzle to the old gentleman why his cattle should wander six or seven miles after pasture when they had better at home, but it was no mystery to Miss Rose. Every time a bunch of the missing cattle came back Joe had to stop to explain and to call for a drink of water and to hang around for a good half hour and that girl, who didn't know what a flirtation meant, laughed to herself after he had departed.

Jim Taylor, the lone cowboy in the colonel's employ, was past forty, had a wife somewhere in the east and was out of the running, but he was no wooden head. When those lost cattle were driven up he would go to the colonel and declare that somebody was driving them off that he might have the privilege of driving them back again, and that if Miss Rose were his daughter he would put his foot down. Then the colonel would look up in an innocent way and exclaim:

"Lord love us, but you don't think Rosa drives off our cattle and then drives them back again?"

"No, I don't, colonel, but don't it strike you that Joe Whitman is coming here mighty often?"

"Is he? Well, he has to bring back the strays, you know, and it is very kind of him indeed. I don't always see him, but I hope that Rosa returns my thanks in a proper way."

Joe was working the cattle business for all it was worth and calling at the Circle ranch between times with oranges and boxes of candy sent to him from Denver, when a rival suddenly entered the field.

Sergeant Smith, from the fort, came along one day with a squad of men and stopped at the house to make some inquiries. The sergeant was a good looking man. He had a taking way with him. A flirtation was started almost at once, and when he took up his line of march again he promised himself the pleasure of another call.

Three days later he rode out to the ranch and began to make love in earnest. He had served Uncle Sam for twelve years, saved up \$200 and was looking for a wife. While he continued to be a soldier she could have a place as one of the laundresses in Company G.

Before the sergeant got away Joe Whitman came riding up. The two men instinctively recognized each other as rivals and glared and muttered, but there was no bloodshed.

When the son of Mars had gone, there was a quarrel between the two left. Joe's jealousy made it, although when asked what rights he had he could not define them. He hinted that he would bring back no more lost cattle and was told not to put himself out in future, and he called Miss Rose a heartless flirt and rode away with his broncho's heels in the air.

It is just as easy for a man to make a fool of himself on the plains of the west as at Newport or Saratoga. When Joe had cooled down he admitted that

he was in the wrong, but it required more moral courage than he possessed to ride over and make a confession. In this emergency he haunted the spring until he found out from Martha, the colored woman, that on a certain day and date Miss Rose and the sergeant were to take a two mile walk to a certain limestone cave on the banks of the river.

Every man has a friend somewhere if he will only hunt him up. After thinking things over Joe decided to go to old man Barnes, who kept a saloon, eating house and a sort of menagerie in town, and when his case had been stated the old man replied:

"Easiest thing in the world, my boy. You want to run that sergeant off the ranch and make a hero of yourself at the same time?"

"But he don't look like a feller who could be run," was protested.

"Make no mistake, my boy. You can run his coat tails out straight if only you go about it right."

"But how can I make a hero of myself?"

"That's a part of the game. Now listen to me."

Three days later the sergeant rode up to the ranch with his chest puffed out and a complacent look on his face. He felt that he was a winner. He was going to honor the ranchman's daughter by taking her into Uncle Sam's service.

His welcome wasn't quite as genial as it might have been, as Miss Rose was beginning to feel conscience stricken about Joe Whitman. She had found on mature consideration that she liked Joe very much, and when a girl will admit that and be sorry that she flirted with another man at the same time she is very near the point of loving.

The horse was left at the stables, and the pair started for the cave on foot. On the way the sergeant got ready to propose, but a rattlesnake created a diversion. He made ready a second time, but a stray steer had to be clubbed away, and so the river was reached without a recruit being added to the army.

The cave contained three rooms and was accounted a wonder. A torch that had been prepared was lighted, and the couple entered the dark mouth, but had hardly reached the center of the first room when they were saluted by such a growling and clawing and roaring as held them spellbound for a moment. Then as a monster bear came rushing at them from one of the inner rooms the doughty sergeant broke for daylight and fled at his best pace. The calls of the girl were unheeded. He hadn't served twelve years in the army to become bear's meat. He wanted a wife, and Company G wanted a second laundress, but he would try to find the woman in town. He covered the mile to the house without a break and then mounted his gallant steed and set off for the fort. He even forgot to leave best wishes behind.

Meanwhile Miss Rose had stumbled and fallen and fainted away. It was as good a chance as a bear ever had, but this particular animal failed to take advantage of the occasion. In the first place, he was muzzled, and, in the next, Joe Whitman was hanging on to the end of a long rope fastened to his collar. When he had fulfilled his mission he was tied up, and Joe went out and shouldered the still unconscious girl and had borne her nearly home when she revived.

As she opened her eyes and wondered how she had tasted to the bear Joe pointed out the sergeant riding away. He also displayed his bloody hunting-knife.

"Oh, Joe, but the bear—the bear!" gasped the girl on his arm.

"I came along just in time to kill it. Thank heaven, you are not hurt. Here you are at home. I am glad I was of service to you, but I can't come in. After what was said the other day."

"You will come in, of course. There may be another bear around."

There wasn't, but during the next hour Joe had a talk with the colonel and both of them shook hands at the end of it and said they were glad that night when Joe led the bear back to the town and his cake the owner gruffly queried:

"Well, did it work?"

"Beautifully."

"Then hand over the ten. When you want a second wife come to me and we will put up some other job to get her."

### Does the Horse Love His Master?

The horse does not love man nor does he delight to labor in his interest. If you think yours does, take him loose in the road and see whether he will follow you, but do not try this unless fond of pedestrian exercise. True, you may train him by the use of certain appliances to follow you through field, flood and fire, but he will do this not because he adores you, but because you have successfully deceived him into thinking that he cannot help himself, and that one idea dominates him. Do you imagine that it is personal regard for Cinders & Co. which impels those splendid draft horses to toll and strain at that five ton load, or that it is adoration which lands Mr. Spenders' roadster in front in a brush on the speedway? Not in the least. They believe they cannot do otherwise, and attempts at rebellion have always proved fruitless. As well expect old Madge to harness herself to the rumaboot and to come to the door to take you for a drive because she thought you were looking pale.—F. M. Ware in Outing Magazine.

### Great Time Saver.

Silas—So Zeke has done away with his old dairy wagon and takes his milk to town in one of these new automobiles?

Cyrus—Ye-as, by heck! Zeke says the automobile shakes so much the milk is churned to butter by the time he reaches town.—Chicago News.

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

### THE FLOOD OF BOOKS.

They're coming, Father Gutenberg, One hundred thousand more; Enough are published every year To fill a good sized store. Since you invented printing The books we have been minting In tons and tons galore.

In dark and somber binding, In bright and lively dress, Too rapidly for counting, They're dropping from the press, On every topic treating From sawing wood to eating, From medicine to chess.

They greet you in the window, They meet you in the aisle, And back behind the counter Is stored another pile. The agent large and weighty Has bargains at two-eighths That are, he says, worth while.

For birthdays and for Easter, For New Year's and for Yule, For graduating maidens Who just step out of school, For summer and for winter, And soon, I fear, the printer Will think of April fool.

### Fun at Christmas.

Theoretically it is supposed that the children are about the only ones to extract much enjoyment out of Christmas. That is undoubtedly true in most cases, but there is one exception to the general rule.

There may be joy for the little ones in getting sleds and skates and candy stores, but it is cheap and vanishing pleasure as compared with the solid block of real merriment that comes to the man who puts on cotton whiskers and plays Santa Claus.

Can you think of anything more hilariously exciting and mirth provoking than to be wrapped up for an hour in cotton batting bandages that interfere with breathing and make the head feel as though it were taking all of the degrees of a Turkish bath?

Let the little ones enjoy themselves, but they will never know what real pleasure is until they get old enough to don the store whiskers.



### Took Little Things to Heart.

"I notice Blinks isn't going with Miss Jenks any more."

"No; he is such a sensitive man he couldn't stand for the way her folks treated him."

"Make slighting remarks about him?" "No, not that exactly; her father kicked him downstairs."

### Quite an Imitation.

Wealth will not furnish happiness. But, oh, the filthy stuff, If it is handled skillfully, Can make a pretty bluff.

### Reformation.

"He called you an idiot in speaking of you." "The next time he says so tell him I have cut his acquaintance and reformed."

### For Bargain Fiends.

"What are the ladies singing?" "That is 'Old Hundred' modernized." "What have they done? Marked it down to 98 cents?"

### PERT PARAGRAPHS.

No man is an adequate judge of the size of his own head.

The amount of near thoughts that are in circulation is sufficient to drown any real thought that might chance to have existence.

If all hypocrites were to be exported there would not be anybody to do the job.

The blessings of poverty and the sweets of adversity are best seen and enjoyed from the altitude of a big bank account.

Incompetency assuming responsibility is the worst sort of dishonesty.

Many times one's neighbors think you ought to love them as they love themselves.

An easy way to fall out with your friends is to be continually dropping in upon them.



When a man has his heart broken by a woman he proceeds to gather up the pieces and take them to a feminine repairer.

A fixed condition is as impossible as an honest man or a silent woman.

The ability to keep constantly and untriflingly at the same thing is what makes a genius or a bore.

Honesty of purpose is all right until it meets with incapacity of performance, and then look out.

## Wood's Grass and Clover Seeds

are the best and cleanest qualities obtainable—new crop—free from weed seeds, and of tested germination.

Wood's Descriptive Catalogue gives the fullest information about Grasses and Clovers—best times and methods of seeding—kinds best adapted for different soils—quantities to seed per acre—best combinations for hay and pasturage, etc.

Our trade in Grass, Clover and Farm Seeds, is one of the largest in this country. Handling these seeds in the large quantities that we enable us to sell at the lowest prices possible for first-class seeds.

Write for our Catalogue and prices of any seeds desired. Catalogue mailed free on request.

T. W. WOOD & SONS, Seedsmen, - Richmond, Va.

## HELP IS OFFERED TO WORTHY YOUNG PEOPLE

We earnestly request all young persons, no matter how limited their means or education, who wish to obtain a thorough business training and good position, to write by first mail for our great half-price offer. Success, independence and probable fortune are guaranteed. Don't delay—write today. The Ga.-Aia. Business College, Macon, Ga.

## In case of Accident

# Telephone

to use the Telephone just one time

## MAY BE WORTH A YEARS RENTAL

As Little as Five Cents Per Day places one in your residence.

## Executors Notice.

Having qualified as executor of W. H. Montague, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate will please present them on or before 14th day of December, 1907, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment. LANSIE MONTAGUE, JOHN MONTAGUE, Executors of W. H. Montague, dec'd, Dec. 14th, 1906, 6 w pd.

## Administrators Notice.

Having been appointed by the Clerk of the Superior Court of Granville County as Administrator of the estate of the late M. S. Daniel, deceased, I hereby notify all persons holding claims against said estate to present the same to me for payment on or before December 21, 1907, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate settlement. This December 19, 1906. R. A. DICKER, Administrator of M. S. Daniel, deceased. B. S. Rovster, Attorney. Dec 21 6t pd

## Administratrix Notice.

Having been appointed by the Clerk of the Superior Court of Granville County as Administratrix of the estate of J. D. Bullock, deceased, I hereby give notice to all persons holding claims against said estate to present the same to me for payment on or before the 30th day of December, 1907, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to come forward and make immediate payment. This Dec. 25, 1906. J. DENA BULLOCK, Administratrix of J. D. Bullock, deceased. A. A. Hicks, Attorney. Dec 25 6t pd

## Desirable Lot for Sale.

By virtue of a certain deed in trust executed to the undersigned by Jerry Young and Cora Wilkerson and wife dated the 11th day of December 1905, and duly recorded in Book 60, page 222 in the office of the Register of Deeds of Granville county, I will on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4th, 1907, sell to the highest bidder for cash at the court house door in Oxford, the following described lot or parcel of land: Near the town of Oxford, at corner of Old Goshen Road and Alexander Avenue, beginning at Ben. Daniels' corner on old Goshen Road, thence northwesterly to Alexander Avenue, thence with said avenue easterly to new corner with green Jerry Young and Cora Wilkerson thence southeasterly to Ben. Daniels' corner in J. S. Brown's line, thence southwesterly to the beginning. Time of sale 12 m.

A. W. GRAHAM, Trustee.

## Executor's Notice.

Having qualified as executor of the estate of Abraham Evans, dec'd. All persons holding claims against the estate are notified to present the same for payment, all persons owing the estate are notified to come forward and settle the same before Jan. 3rd, 1908 also this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. J. G. SHOTWELL, Executor. This Jan. 3rd, 1907. paid.

## Notice of Administration.

Letters of Administration upon the estate of J. B. Williams, dec'd, having this day been granted to me by the clerk of the superior court of Granville County, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to come forward and make immediate payment. I said estate must present them to me on or before the 8th day of January 1908, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. This January 8th 1906. H. G. WILLIAMS, Adm'r of J. B. Williams, dec'd. Graham & Devin Atys.

## Executor's Notice.

Having qualified as executor of Carolina S. Bullock, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate will please present them on or before 8th day of January, 1908, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said will make immediate payment. SAMUEL A. FLEMING, Executor. This Jan. 7 1907.