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# A MAKER HISTORY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

Author of "The Master Mummer," "A Prince of Sinners," "Mysterious Mr. Sabin," "Anna the Adventuress," Etc.

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"Well in the meantime?"

"Tell me exactly, George, how she

Duncombe sipped his wine slowly.

I ever met in my life."

been about more."

those differences."

Mind the corner."

along, you fellows."

Duncombe laughed as he

They found the drawing room almost

together.

quaintance; the master of the hounds

had something to say to him afterward

about one of his covers. When he was

free Miss Fielding had disappeared.

He made his way into the winter gar-

den, only to find her sitting in a se-

tered the billiard room and was cap-

tured by his host for a rubber of

The rubber was a long one. Dun-

combe played badly and lost his mon-

ey. Declining to cut in again, he re-

Fielding and the baron were still to-

chairs a little farther back and were

apparently engaged in a very confi-

ed on his heel and re-entered the bil-

that he found a chance of speaking to

her. He was sensible at once of a

change in her manner. She would have

passed him with a little nod, but he

"You have treated me shockingly,"

"Did I?" she answered. "I am s

"I haven't by any chance offended

"Certainly not," she answered. "Ex-

use me, wen't you? I want to speak

Duncombe stood on one side and let

her pass, with a stiff bow. As he raised his eyes he saw that Mr. Field-

ing was standing within a few feet of

him, smoking a cigaretta. He might almost have overheard their conversa-

"Good night, Mr. Fleiding," he said

holding out his hand. "Are you stay-

ing down here for long?"
"For two days, I believe," Mr. Fielding answered. "My daughter makes

He spoke very slowly, but without any accent. Nothing in his appear-ance, except perhaps the fact that he

"If you have an hour to spare," Dunsaid, "It would give me a great

deal of pleasure if you and your daugh-ter would walk down and have a look

over my place. Part of the ball is

Elizabethan, and I have some relics which might interest Miss Fielding."

cely make any arrang

Fielding removed the eigaretta

to Lady Runton before she goes up-

you, have I?" he asked in a low tone.

me delightfully. Good night."

She raised her eyebrows.

He half stood aside.

It was not until the party broke

ential conversation. Duncombe turn-

Duncombe reluctantly re-en-

cluded corner with the baron.

no sign.

bridge.

liard room.

parred the way.

his host's lead and rose.

glass and looked around.

likeness-no shadow of a likeness. Yet Duncombe felt almost a personal interest in him. They would know one auother better some day, he felt, "So you have been in Paris lately?" he asked her suddenly.

She nodded. "For a few days." "I arrived from there barely a week ago," be remarked. "I hate the place!" she answered. "Talk of something else."

And he obeyed, The second interruption came from the conversation they heard his firm,

clear voice talking. "My time was up yesterday, but I find so much to interest me down here that I think I shall stay on for a few

more days if my host remains as hospitable as ever." "So much to interest him," she murmured. "Are not all places the same to the blind? What does he mean?"

"He is not really blind," Duncombe answered, lowering his voice. "He can see things very dimly. The doctor has possible. Will you take my arm? told him that if he wears those glasses for a few more months he may be able to preserve some measure of eyesight. Poor chap!"

. "He does not attract me, your friend," she said a little coldly. "What can he find to interest him so much here? Do you see how he keeps his head turned this way? It is almost as though he wished to listen to what playing with the lord lieutenant's wife, we were saving."

"There is a sort of reason for that," Duncombe answered. "Shall I explain "Dot"

"Pelham lives, as I think I told you, in a small country house near Raynesham," Duncombe began. "The hall in his village was occupied by a young man-a boy, really-and his sister. Early in the year the boy, who had never been abroad, thought that he would like to travel a little in Europe. He wandered about some time in Germany and Austria and was coming home by Paris. Suddenly all letters from him ceased. He did not return. He did not write. He drew no money from his letter of credit. He simply disappeared."

The girl was proceeding tranquilly with her dinner. The story so far did not seem to interest her.

"His sister, who went over to Paris to meet him, found herself quite alone there, and we suppose that she devoted herself to searching for him. And then, curiously enough, she, too, disappeared. Letters from her suddenly ceased. No one knew what had become of her.' She looked at him with a faint smile.

"Now," she said, "your story is becoming interesting. Do go on. I want to know where you and Mr. Pelham "Pelham, I think," he continued

gravely, "was their oldest friend. He sent for me. We were old college chums, and I went. This trouble with his eyes had only just come on, and he was practically helpless-much more helpless than the ordinary blind person, because it was all new to him, This boy and girl were his old and dear friends. He was longing to be off to Paris to search for them himself, and yet he knew that so far as he was concerned it would be simply wasted time. He showed me the girl's photograph.' "Well?"

"I went in his place." "And did you find either of them?" "No." "I wonder," she said, "why you have

told me this story?" "I am going to tell you why," he an swered. "Because when Pelham heard you laugh last night he was like a madman. He believed that it was the voice of Phyllis Poynton. And I-Iwhen I saw you, I also felt that mira-cles were at hand. Look here!"

He drew a photograph from his pocket and showed it to her. She looked at it long and earnestly. "Yes," she admitted, "there is a like

ness. It is like what I might have been-years ago. But will you tell me

"Why do you carry the picture of he declared, with a smile which was a little forced. "You promised to let me hat girl about with you?" He leaned toward her, and at that show you the winter garden." moment Lady Runton rose from her it. The baron has been entertaining

"In the winter garden afterward," he whispered. "You have asked me the very question that I wanted to an-

CHAPTER XVII.

HERE was something strange about Andrew's manner as he moved up to Duncombe's side. The latter, who was in curiously high spirits, talked incessantly for several minutes. Then he came to dend stop. He was aware that his friend was not listening. "What is the matter with you, old

chap?" he asked abruptly. positively glum." Andrew Pelham shook his head.

"Nothing much!" he said. "Rubbish! What is it?" Andrew dropped his voice almost to

whisper. The words came hoursely. He seemed scarcely master of himself "The girl's voice tortures me," he declared. "It doesn't seem possible that there can be two—so much alike. And then Spencer's telegram. What does it

"Be reasonable, old fellow," Dun-combe answered. "You knew Phyllis Poynton well. Do you believe that she would be content to masquerade under false name, invent a father, be recaived here heaven knows how and neet you, an old friend, as a stranger The thing's absurd, isn't it?"

"Granted. But what about Spencer's from his mouth. "I thank you very much, sir," he said. "We are Lord Runton's guests, and our stay is so short that we could "It is an enigma, of course. We can only wait for his solution. I have wired him the information be asked for. In the meantime"-

pleasure of meeting you all the same. Duncombe sought out his host. "Runton, old chap," he said, "do me a favor. Bring that fellow Fielding

and his daughter round to my place before they go."

Lord Runton laughed heartily. "Is it a case?" he exclaimed. "And you, our show bachelor, too! Never

mind my chaff, old chap. She's a ripping good looking girl, and money enough to buy the country." "I don't mind your chaff," Duncombe answered. "But will you bring her?"

Lord Runton looked thoughtful. "How the dickens can I?" he asked. We are all shooting at the duke's tomorrow, and I believe they're off or "There is nothing to be gained by framing absurd hypotheses. I don't Saturday. You're not in earnest by mind telling you, Andrew, that I find any chance, are you, George?" Miss Fielding the most delightful girl

"Damnably!" he answered. Lord Runton whistled softly. "Fielding doesn't shoot," he remarkcompares with the photograph you have of Phyllis Poynton." ed, "but they're going with us to Beaumanor. Shall I drop him a hint? He might stay a day longer just to make "She is very like it," he said, "and a few inquiries about you on the spot,

yet there are differences. She is cer- you know." tainly a little thinner and taller. The "Get him to stay a day longer if you Andrew. During a momentary lull in features are similar, but the hair is can," Duncombe answered, "but don't quite differently arranged. I should give me away. The old chap's none say that Miss Fielding is two or three too cordial as it is."

years older than Phyllis Poynton, and "I must talk to him," Runton said. she has the air of having traveled and "Your baronetcy is a thundering sight better than any of these mushroom "A few months of events." Andrew peerages. He probably doesn't undermurmured, "might account for all stand that sort of thing. But what about the girl? Old De Rothe has been making the running pretty strong, you "Get that magget out of your brain,

"We all have to take our chance in Andrew," he exclaimed, "as quickly as that sort of thing," Duncombe said quietly. "I am not afraid of De Rothe. "I'll do what I can for you," Runton

deserted. Lord Runton raised his evepromised. "Good night." Andrew, who had left an hour or so "I bet those women have collared the earlier, was sitting in the library billiard table," he remarked. "Come smoking a pipe when his host returned. "Not gone to bed yet, then?" Dun-They recrossed the hall and entered combe remarked. "Let me make you the billiard room. Lady Runton was a whisky and sods, old chap. You look

> "Very good of you. I think I will," Andrew answered. "And, George, are you sure that I should not be putting you out at all if I were to stay-say nother couple of days-with you?" Duncombe wheeled round and faced his friend. His reply was not immedi-

> "Andrew," he said, "you know very well that I haven't a pal in the world I'd sooner have here than you for just as long as you choose to stay, but-forgive me if I ask you one question. Is it because you want to watch Miss Fielding that you have changed your "That has a good deal to do with it,

George," Andrew said quietly. "If I left without meeting that young lady again I should be miserable. I want to hear her speak when she does not know that any one is listening." Duncombe crossed the room and laid his hand upon the other's shoulder.

"Andrew, old fellow," he said, "I can't have it. I can't allow even my best friend to spy upon Miss Fielding. You see-I've come a bit of a cropper. Quick work, I suppose, you'd say. But I'm there all the same."

"Who wants to spy upon Miss Fieldexclaimed hoarsely. She can be the daughter of a multi-Miss Fielding and the baron were still millionaire or a penniless adventurer for all I care. All I want is to be sure the Countess of Appleton. The others that she isn't Phyllis Poynton." "You are not yet convinced?" were all sitting about either on the

lounge or in the winter garden be-"No." There was a moment's silence. Dunyond. Miss Fielding was standing on combe walked to the window and rethe threshold, and Duncombe advanced eagerly toward her. On the way, however, he was buttonholed by an ac-

"Andrew." he said, "doesn't what I told you just now-make a difference?" Andrew grouned.
"Of course it would," he answered,

but-I'm fool enough to feel the same about Phyllis Poynton."
Duncombe, in the full glow of sensations which seemed to him to give a

larger and more wonderful outlook on looked up at his entrance, but made life, felt his sympathies suddenly awakened. Andrew Pelham, his old chum, sitting there with his huge, disfiguring glasses and bowed head, was surely the prototype of all that was pathetic. He forgot all his small irritation at the other's obstinacy. He remembered only their long years of turned to the winter garden. Miss comradeship and the tragedy which loomed over the life of his chosen gether, only now they had pushed their friend. Once more his arm rested upon his shoulder.

"I'm a selfish brute, Andrew!" he said. "Stay as long as you please and get this idea out of your brains. I'm trying to get Miss Fielding and her fa-ther down here, and if I can manage it anyhow I'll leave you two alons, and you shall talk as long as you like. Come, we'll have a drink together now and a pipe afterward."

He walked across to the sideboard, where the glasses and decanters were arranged. Then for the first time be saw upon the tray awaiting him a tele He gave a little exclamation as he tore it open. Andrew looked up.
"What is it, George?" he asked. "A orry. I must have forgotten all about

Duncombe stood with his eyes glued upon the oblong strip of paper. A curious pallor had crept into his face from underneath the healthy tan of his complexion. Andrew, sightless though he was, seemed to feel the presented to the complexion in the complexion of the complexion of the complexion. ence in the room of some exciting in fluence. He rose to his feet and moved softly across to the sideboard.

"Is it a telegram, George?" he whispered hoursely. "Read it to me. Is it from Spencer?"

"It's nothing," he answered, with little laugh in which all the elements of mirth were lacking, "nothing at all. A note from Heggs, my head keeper, Andrew's hand was suddenly upon

the sideboard, traveling furtively across its shining surface. Duncombe watch ed it with a curious sense of fascination. He felt altogether powerless to interfere. He was simply wondering how long it would be before those long, powerful fingers selzed upon what they sought. He might even then have swept saide the envelope, but he felt no inclination to do so. The finger were moving slowly but surely. Final ly with a little grab they seized upon of suspense. Slowly the hand was withdrawn. Without a second's warn-ing Duncombe feit himself held in the grip of a giant. Andrew had him by the throat.

"You have lied to me, George?"

visit elsewhere. Glad to have had the cried. "There was a telegram!"

CHAPTER XVIII. T seemed to Duncombe that time

stood still. Andrew's face, wholly disfigured by the hideous dark spectacles, unrecognizable, threatning, was within a few inches of his own. He felt his hot breath upon his cheek. For a moment there stole through his numbed senses fear of nore terrible things. And then the grip which held him relaxed. Andrew stood away gasping. The crisis was

"You lied to me, George. Why?" Duncombe did not answer. He could not. It was as though his body had

been emptied of all breath. "You meant to keep the contents of that telegram a secret from me. Why? Was I right, after all? Read me that telegram, George. Read it to me truthfully."

"The telegram is from Spencer," Duncombe said. "He is coming here." "Here? Is he giving up the search? Has he failed, then?

"He does not say." Duncombe answered. "He says simply that he is oming here. He has wired for a motor to meet him at Lynn. He may be here tonight." A discordant laugh broke from Pel-

"What about your Miss Fielding now?" he exclaimed. "Why do you suppose that he is leaving Paris and coming here? I was right. I knew that I was right."

Duncombe stood up. His expanse of shirt front was crumpled and battered. His white tie was hanging down in

"Listen, Andrew!" he exclaimed. "I am speaking of the girl by whose side I sat tonight at dinner, who calls herself Miss Fielding, who has in plain words denied that she knows anything of Phyllis Poynton. I want you to understand this. Whatever she may choose to call herself that shall be her name. I will not have her questioned or bullied or watched. If Spence comes here to do either, I have finished with him. I elect myself her protector I will stand between her and all suspicion of evil things." "She has found a champion indeed?"

Pelham exclaimed fiercely. "With Miss Fielding I have nothing to do. Yet you had better understand this. If she be Phyllis Poynton she belongs to me and not to you. She was mine before you heard her name. I have watched her grow up from a child. I taught her to ride and to shoot and to swim. I have watched her listening to the wind, bending over the flowers in her garden. I have walked with her over the moor when the twilight fell and the mists rose. We have seen the kindling of the stars, and we have seen the moon grow pale and the eastern sky ablaze. I have taught her where to look for the beautiful things of life. She has belonged to me in all ways save one. I am a poor, helples creature now, George, but by the gods, will let no one rob me of my one

holy compensation. She is the girl I love, the better part of myself." "Phyllis Poynton may be all these things to you," Duncombe answered. "I do not know her. I do not recognize her. Find her if you can. Make of her what you will. All that I ask of you is that you divest your mind of these senseless suspicions. Seek Phyllis Poynton where you will, but leave alone the woman whom I love I will not have her troubled or an-

noyed by needless importunities. She says she is Miss Fielding. Then she is Miss Fielding. It is enough for me. It must be enough for you!" "And what about Spencer?" Pelham

asked grimly. "Spencer in this matter is my servant," Duncombe answered. "If his search for Phyllis Poynton entails his annoving Miss Fielding, then he is dismissed. I will have no more to do with "I have heard of this man Spencer,

Andrew answered. "If you think that he is the sort of creature whom you can order about like that, I fancy you are mistaken. You may try to call him off, if you like, but you won't succeed. He is searching for Phyllis Poynton, and he is coming here. I believe that he will find her. The windows were wide open, and both men suddenly turned round

There was no mistaking the sound which came to them from the road outside—the regular throb and beat of a perfectly balanced engine. Then they heard a man's voice, cool and

"Here you are, then, and a sovereign for yourself. A capital little car this.

The little iron gate opened and closed. A tall man in a loose traveling coat and carrying a small bag entered. He saw Duncombe standing at the open window and waved his hand. As he approached his boylen face lit up

"What luck to find you up!" he excisioned. "You got my telegram?"
"An hour ago," Duncombe answered.
"This is my friend, Mr. Andrew Peiham. What will you have?"

"Whisky and sods and a bi lease," was the prompt reply. "Have set upset you, I hope, coming down from the clouds in this fashion?" "Not in the least," Duncombe an-

"Dear me," Spencer "what a pity! I came here to ask questions, not to answer them. You've set me a regular poser, Duncos By Jove, that's good whisky!"

swered. "You've made us very curi

"Help yourself," Duncombe answered, "We won't bother you tonight. "No idea," Spencer answered. "I slept all the way. Jolly place you've

"There is just one question," Pelham

and I couldn't guarantee to tail the truth. And when temperow comes. I'll be frank with yon—I've very little to say. Fardon me. her errupted firmly. "I'm dead si to eny. Pardon me, but where does Mr. Pelham come in in this matter? "Pelham," Duncombe said slowly, "was a neighbor of Miss Poynton's in Devoushire. It was through him that I first went to Paris to search for her."

marked. "There are a few questions I shall be glad to ask him in the morn-

"There is one." Pelham said, "which you must answer now." Spencer raised his eyebrows. He was standing with his back to them

now, helping himself to sandwiches from a dish upon the sideboard. "By Jove, your cook does understand these things," he remarked, with his mouth full. "No idea I was so hungry. What was that, Mr. Pelham? A ques-tion which must be answered now?"

"Yes. You telegraphed to Duncombe to know the names of Lord Runton's guests, and now you have come here yourself. Why?"

Spencer helped himself to another sandwich.

"I came here," he said, "because I didn't seem to be getting on in Paris. It struck me that the clew to Miss Poynton's disappearance might, after all, be on this side of the channel." Pelham guided himself by the table to the sideboard. He stood close to

"Mr. Spencer," he said, "I am almost blind, and I cannot see your face, but I want you to tell me the truth. I expect it from you."

"My dear fellow," Spencer answered, "I'm awfully sorry for you, of course, but I really don't see why I should answer your questions at all, truthfully or untruthfully. I have been making a few inquiries for my friend Duncombe At present I regret to say that I have been unsuccessful. In their present crude state I should prefer keeping my discoveries, such as they are, to my-

Pelham struck the sideboard with his elinched fist so that all the glasses rattled upon the tray. His face was dark with passion.

"I will not be ignored in this matter," he declared. "Phyllis Poynton and her brother are nothing to Duncombe. He acted only for me. He cannot deny it. Ask him for yourself,' "I do not need to ask him," Spencer answered. "I am perfectly well aware of the circumstances of the case. All

the same, I go about my business my own way. I am not ready to answe questions from you or anybody else." "You shall tell me this at least," Pelham declared. "You shall tell me why you telegraphed here for the names of ord Runton's house party."

"Simplest thing in the world," Spencer answered, relinquishing his attack upon the sandwiches and lighting cigarette. "I did it to oblige a friend who writes society notes for the New York Herald." Duncombe gave vent to a little ex-

clamation of triumph. Pelham for the noment was speechless. "Awfully sorry if I misled you in any way," Spencer continued. "I never imagined your connecting my request with the disappearance of Phyl-

is Poynton. Why should I?" "The fact is," Duncombe interposed, "there is a girl staying at Runton House whose voice Pelham declares is exactly like Phyllis Poynton's and whose general appearance, I will admit, is somewhat similar to the photograph I showed you. It is a coinci dence, of course, but beyond that it is absurd to go. This young lady is a Miss Fielding. She is there with her father, and they are invited g with all the proper credentials."

Spencer nodded. "I suppose it is because I am not a lady's man," he said carclessly, "but must admit that all girls' sound pretty much alike to me." "I wish to heaven that I could see your face?" Pelham exclaimed.

should know then whether you were telling me the truth." "The weak point about my temporary profession is," Spencer remarked oughtfully, "that it enables even strangers to insult one with impunity."

"If I have misjudged you," Pelham said, with some dignity, "I am sorry. am to understand, then, that you have no news whatever to give us about the disappearance of Phyllis Poynton and her brother?" "Not a scrap," Spencer answered.

"I will wish you both good night, then," Pelham said. "No, don't tronble, George. I can find my way quite well by myself." He disappeared, and Duncombe drew little sigh of relief.

"Excitable person, your friend?" Spencer remarked "Very! I am frightened to death

that he will make an ass of himself before Miss Fielding. If he bears her speak he loses his head." "Nice girl?" Spencer asked.

(TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCOURS IN CALVES. Causes of This Trouble and How May Be Provented.

This trouble is sometimes constitu ional—that is, it is the outcome of inberitance that is weak. At other times it is induced by feeding quantities of milk too large and too rich for the digestion of the calf. Again, it is caused by irregular feeding and by feeding milk that is not in good condition. Although this trouble may arise from a great variety of causes it is possible very many instances to avoid it. One cause, however, has not been mentioned. It is sometimes caused through on. Of course in such instances it may not be much influenced by character of the feeding.
Ordinarily, however, scours in calves

may be prevented by careful and reguiar feeding. If the necessary when quite searcised in starting caives when quite young, the hazard of injury from scours is not very great. The value of careful, regular, temperate and judi-cious feeding is not appreciated as it

when the first indication of scours appears the milk fed should be at once reduced. There is no use in putting such food into a calf's stomach under the conflictors named. It becomes a such food into a calf's stomach under the conditions named. It becomes a bunden to the stomach and does harm rather than good. Where the action taken is prompt the calves will usually recover without any medicines. Blood meal, it is thought, tends to prevent scours, especially in calves fed on skim milk. In severe cases it may be neces-nary to use medicines, says a writer in American Agriculturist, but the impor-tance of cars in the feeding cannot be

# BEAUTIFYING Buy Hair Tees Should Be Planted at Auction? What Trees Should Be Planted by the Wayside.

For Maintaining and Improving High-

the Good Roads Magazine by L. C.

Corbett, horticulturist to the depart-

chestnut, walnut, plum, apple and oth-

er fruit trees are used for this purpose

unless it is desirable to limit the list

to fruit or to nut bearing trees. If

his is the case, the fruit bearing trees

which will be found best adapted to

Apples may be planted in all that

art of eastern United States north of

the Carolinas and in the Appalachian

region even south of that section. West

of these mountains the apple will serve

s far south as the gulf states and

westward to the base of the Rocky

nountains, with perhaps the exception

Dakotas and Montana, where it would

be well to substitute other plants for

the apple unless the crab apple were

Nut bearing trees which are adapted

o this use in eastern United States

are the lichery, the walnut and the

or in the Dakotas.

Nebraska and Kausas.

butternut for New England and along

ubstituted for the common apple.

f the northern part of Minnesota, the

highway conditions are the apple and

the pear for some localities,

ment of agriculture:

Trees Preferred by an Expert.

WHY FRUIT TREES ARE USEFUL At any rate, you seem to be getting rid of it on auction-sale Their Yield Would Build Up a Fund principles: "going, going, g-o-n-e!" Stop the auction ways-List of Long Lined Shade with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It certainly checks falling hair; The question as to what trees should no mistake about this. It acts be set out to give shade and charm to as a regular medicine; makes our thoroughfares is thus answered in the scalp healthy. Then you must have healthy hair, for it's nature's way. It is known in a general way that

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the Appalachian mountains as far south as Georgia. At this point the An honest medicine distribution of these nut trees should take a northward turn on the west side of the Alleghany mountains, where they should not be used south of Kentucky or farther west than Colorado.

The bickory will not thrive in northern Iowa, northern Wisconsin, Minnesota The black walnut, however, may be planted over the southern part of Minnesota, eastern South Dakota, eastern

bine fruit production with shade and The following list of shade trees would, in my judgment, fulfill the requirements better than the fruit and

Personally I believe that as a rule

Elms are desirable, but do not give as dense a canopy as do the maples. In New England and the middle states the sugar maple is one of the most de the sugar maple is one of the most desirable and extensively used shade trees. If a shade more dense than that given by the sugar maple is desired, the Norway maple may be planted instead. It has long been considered one of the finest shade trees we have about Washington. From Washington southward to the Carolinas a variety of shade trees may be employed, such as the silver maple, which is perhaps the least desirable of the maple.

Kodel Digasts What You Eat haps the least desirable of the maple family. The sycamore has a natural distribution throughout this whole ter ritory and is hardy and beautiful. The oaks offer a number of good shade trees, although some grow slowly. In this family the red oak, the willow

oak and the pin oak are all desirable for roadside use outside the territory in which the live onk thrives. In my judgment, there is no tree which compares with the live oak for shade and ornament in regions south of the northern latitude of Carolina This tree might be used to the exclusion of every other throughout the southern part of the United States, be-

cause it is typical of that region. For California the pepper tree will perhaps supersede everything else as a roadside tree, while in Fiorida the campbor tree might well be used as a substitute for the pepper tree of California. In southernmost Texas the native palm, which is a magnificent thing. could be used for coadside decoration. In places where the palm will no thrive nothing I know of will better serve this purpose than the native and the Mexican backierry.

For the plains of the northwest, cluding the Dakotss and northern Minnesota, perhaps the best street trees are the American e'm and green ash.



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#### in many foreign countries. It is in many cases desirable that the trees Auer's SARSAPARILLA. which are to give shade shall also yield fruit which, when gathered and sold in the proper season, will build up a fund to be used for the maintenance of the road, or perhaps to be devoted to the special purpose of fur-\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* ther beautifying the highway and so adding to the material as well as to the nesthetic value of the neighboring land. Within the confines of the United States so great a variety of conditions exist which bear on this question that t would seem impossible to designate i list of trees which will be adapted to all the road conditions in this country,

araxacum MEBANE.

## N. C. to would be better to relect long lined shade trees than to attempt to com-

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