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HELS PILLS Among the Apple Trees

By Clifford V. Gregory

CHAPTER VI.

ABEL awoke that night with a start to see the reflection of flames dancing up and down the wall. She sprang to the window. The straw that covered one of the piles of apples was burning brightly, and in a moment she saw a dark figure dart toward another, which sprang into flame also.

With a cry she awoke Gindys and ran downstairs to call her father. He quickly dressed and hurried out, but by that time four of the eight piles were already on fire. The miscreant fied as soon as he saw he was discovered. Mr. Sanders raked the burning straw from the apples as quickly as he could, but those in the outer laver were baked to a turn.

"I'll warrant it's some of that rascally Snyder's work," he said as he came back to the house.

"We'll give you those baked apples for the hogs if you'll go to town with us tomorrow," said Gladys. "I'm almost afraid to go alone." "I'll go with you all right," her father

answered, "and if Snyder shows up it will be the worse for him." It was nearly 4 o'clock, and as they were all too excited to sleep they concluded to sit up until morning and

watch the apples. "I think our friend is too scared to come back," said Mr. Sanders. "He was scared enough to get away in a

hnrry anyway."

But about half an hour later, just as he was sinking into a doze and the girls were talking quietly on the sofa, they were startled by several cries from the direction of the apple orchard.

It was that darkest hour that comes just before dawn, and they could see nothing. Seizing the lighted lantern and telling the girls to wait until he came back, Mr. Sanders ran out to the orchard.

"Right this way, Mr. Sanders!" called a cheerful voice as he reached the edge of the orchard. "I've got him." "Why, Jeff," cried Mr. Sanders, what are you doing here?"

"Sitting on a nigger," replied Jeff Help me hang on to him, and we'll take him into the house and tie him

But no help was needed, for the culprit, a young negro boy, was so scared

that he could hardly stand up, much

"I was in the barber shop getting my hair cut today," said Jeff after they had shut the captive up in the feed room and gone into the house, "when I heard Snyder talking to this boy. I suspected something was up and strained my ears to catch what it was. I made out the words 'Sanders,' 'apples' and '4 o'clock.' I wasn't sure enough of anything to bother you about it but I thought I'd get up a little before 4 and ride Nanny over and see if there was anything the matter. I hadn't been here ten minutes when I heard this fellow sneaking

across the road and up toward the apple piles. I followed him, and we had the scuffle you heard." When he was told of the burning of

the piles a short time before Jeff was greatly chagrined. "I ought to have told you about it,"

"Now half your apples are "Not more than ten bushels," laughed Mr. Sanders. "We're glad that you

came around as soon as you did." The next day they drove to town with the load of apples with the negro boy safely tied to the sent beside Mr. Sanders, while the girls sat on an ap-

ple sack behind. Mr. Sanders drove up to Snyder's of fice and, taking the boy by the hand, led him upstairs. Mr. Sanders always burst out laughing when any one asked him about that interview with Sny-

"I guess he'd made me a partner in the apple trust if I'd have insisted," he said. "I told him a contract to take the rest of our apples at \$1.50 a bushel

would do just as well." The rest of the apple crop brought \$100, making \$175 altogether from the acre. As soon as the apples were out of the way the girls devoted their energies to the cabbages. These did not sell se readily as the apples, however, and they finally decided to load a car

and send it to Chicago. Cabbages seemed to be in little de mand that year, and a short time later they received a statement something like this from the commission man:

Balance due

The cabbages they had sold in town amounted to about \$15, so that they still had \$13.25 left, enough to pay for the seed, as Gladys said.

One evening in the early part of September Jeff came over after the chores were done. He found the girls sitting on the back steps.
"I came over to say goodby," he said.

"I'm going to start to school tomor-"No; I'm not going to Ames," he went on in reply to Mabel's question "I have an uncle at Minnesota uni-

versity, and he'll give me my board for taking care of his horse." "I suppose you'll forget all about us when you get away to college," said "You know me better than that,"

Jeff answered. "I wish you were go "Gladre shook her bend. "I think we had better go to Ames," she said. But we won't go till next year any

way and maybe not then if the apple erop isn't good." "You'll be a good boy in college, won't you, Jeff?' said Mabel.

A Story of Farm Life Copyright, 1910, by American



MR. SANDERS RAKED THE BURNING STRAY

"You don't need to ask him that," said Gladys, "Jeff would never do anything he wouldn't come over and tell us all about, would you, Jeff?" Jeff straightened up his long back and the awkwardness of boyhood seemed to slip from him in an instant, leaving in its place the responsibility

and purpose of young manhood. "A fellow that couldn't amount to something when he had two such girls as you to back him up must be a pretty poor sort to start with," he Then he held out his hand. said. "Good night and goodby," he added, and a moment later he was gone. "We won't know Jeff when he comes back," said Gladys. "College is going

to make a lot of difference in him." "Do you know," said Mabel, "I don't feel the same way about him that I did about Harold. Jeff will be true to his ideas of right whatever happens. but Harold- Oh. I hope he gets start ed right!" The next spring the girls, following

the advice of Mr. Pearson, top grafted shout half of the Wealthy trees with scions of hardy winter varieties. When these came into bearing it would simplify the work of marketing very much. They decided not to try cabbage growing again, but instead seeded the entire orchard to clover.

year as the previous one had been, the returns from the crop were nevertheless large enough to increase the girls' bank account to such an extent that they felt that they could start to college.

Gladys was in town a couple of days before they were to start, when she met Harold on the street. It was the first time she had seen him since he had acted as their champion when they were peddling apples the fall before. He raised his jaunty little cap as she approached.

"It seems good to see you, Gladys," he said. "Won't you let me take you out home in the auto?"

"If you'll wait an hour," Gladys replied. "I've a lot to do yet before I'll be ready."

Promptly at the appointed time Har old drove the auto around to the dry goods emporium and helped Gladys

and her many packages to the seat. "The apple orchard must have done extra well this season," he remarked, with a smile, as he surveyed the seat

full of bundles. "Not quite so well as last year," she replied. "But we're getting ready to go away to school, and it takes a lot of things, you know."

Yes; Harold knew. He had spent a couple of uncomfortable bours that morning trying to convince his father that all the "things" he had spent his

money for the previous semester were really necessary. "I hope you'll like college," he said after a moment, "and that the apple orchard will be equal to its task." "Oh, I think it will, all right," re

plied Gladys-"that is, if it keeps on doing as well as it has done so far." Harold looked at her quizzically for moment. "Yes," he said slowly, "I think it will-with two such girls as

you and Mabel." "Do you know," he went on, leaning back in the seat and drawing a deep breath, "h's refreshing to get to talk to a real, genuine giri once more after seeing so many of those artificial creations that pass for girls at college." "I don't think that's a nice way to

talk about the university girls," said Gladys reprovingly. "They are probably as nice as the boys." "I dare say they are," Harold an thoughts and ideals higher than clothes and balls maybe the boys would be With a girl like you, now, to

look at a fellow once in awhile-well it makes it ensier to decide just what things are worth while and what ones are not. You're getting prettier every day, too," he added in a lighter tone, looking at her admiringly, "Now you're making foolish sp

gain," reproved Gladys, "I'm not foolish," persisted Harold I mean what I say, Gladya." He let go of the lever and seized a plump lit hand which lay conveniently near. "Won't you be my guardian angel, ladys," he said, "until-until we've nished school and you can be some

Gladys drew her hand said sweetly.

yet," he persisted after they were safely back in the road once more. "I don't think it needs answering,"

said Gladys, looking at him gravely. "I'll always be your friend, of course, but, as for being an angel, I'm afraid I'm not good enough. And, as for the



"MAYBE YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THAT AN-SWER SOME DAY.'

rest, that's something little boys ought not to be talking about nor little girls listening to."

Harold threw in the high speed clutch with a savage jerk and said nothing more until they had reached "Maybe you'll be sorry for that an-

helped Gladys to the ground. by." And with his can tilted at a rokish angle he leaped to the seat and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

swer some day," he said bitterly as he

CHAPTER VIL

HE girls did not see Jeff before they left. He was working through the summer on a farm up in Minnesota and had not been home since he first went away a year before. An occasional letter told them that he was enjoying his school work and getting along much better than he had dared to hope for, but that

Gladys and Mabel put into their college work all the energy with which their live young bodies were charged and enjoyed it immensely. The other girls were not at all "stuck up," but just happy, healthy girls like them-selves, and they made friends easily. Outside of study hours they let off some of their bubbling spirits by playing basketball, and they did it so efficiently that before the first term was over they had both made the team,

But, after all, they were glad when the term was over and they could go home for a four weeks' vacation. It was good to get back to the little farm home once more and doubly good see the dear old father and mother again.

It was lonely at home these days with both the girls gone, but Mr. and Mrs. Sanders bore it uncomplainingly. "We've got no call to worry, mother" said Mr Sanders one evening. "It's lonesome, but it's a whole lot to have girls you can depend on. And then it'll be vacation in two weeks," he added, and his wife echoed his

And when the girls, a little taller, a little straighter, but not quite so rosy, came rushing in in the same old breezy way-well, the old house took on

new joyousness. "If you girls don't keep still and go to bed." said Mr. Sanders some time within an hour or two after the clock struck 11, "I'll want to pack up and

start for college myself." The next morning as Mr. Sanders was starting out to the barn to milk he met Gladys coming in with a brimming pail in either hand.

"Just to show you I hadn't forgotten how," she said, with a laugh. "It's such fun to be home again." Mabel was already up and getting breakfast, and if some of the cakes were burned it wasn't because of care-

less cooking, but rather indicated her

proficiency as a fire builder. After breakfast Gladys went out to the barn and had a long talk with Mollie, and if Mollie didn't understand all the secrets she was told it wasn' because she didn't listen attentively Then Mabel came out, and they hitch ed up to the cutter, and Mollie took them up hill and down at a pace that the sleighbells jingle merrily. They laughed reminiscently at each familiar road and field. It seemed as

if they had been away for years in stead of only for one short term. When they reached home again and Mollie was carefully stabled and fed they went out to the orchard. Every tree was a friend, and a true friend too, for none other would uncomplainingly furnish the funds to send then

"Look how pape's been caring for them," cried Gladys. "He's wound every one with cornstalks to keep the rabbits and mice from gnawing them I'd never thought of that."

"He's doing all be can to belp us, even if he can't give us the money, said Mabel. "I sometimes wonder if we ought not to stay here and help him and mommie so they wouldn't have to work so hard. Then think of the nice things they could buy with the money we're spending."
Gladys looked serious. "I neve

bought of it that way," she confessed "Let's go and ask them about it." Their father shook his bend decided ly when they bronched the subject to "Stay out of school!" he cried. "Of course not, girlles. Mother and I are too proud of our college girls to think of such a thing for a moment.

Aren't we, mother?"
Mrs. Sanders podded a smiling as ent, and the girls were satisfied, time at least. They were too young to realize what the lot absence really meant to the

road on Namey. That year and a half at school and done wonders for bim, as Gladys and predicted. He was a man now and so strong and self reliant that Gladys was simost afraid

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPIEMBER 1, 1910.

"That curi mon't learned to keep out of your eyes Met, has it?" he cried gayly as he leaped to the ground, "I'd know you by that anywhere." "I couldn't say as much for you."

sold Glodys. "There isn't a thing about you that basn't changed since I saw you last. You seem like a different "I'm sorry," said JeT contritely.
"I'm not," she replied promptly

"It's it's a change for the better." Jeff laughed heartily. "I'm glad t hear it." he said. "There was lots of room for increvement. But how about yourself? There wasn't room for you to grow much prettier, but"-Gladys shook her wavy head impatiently. "I siways thought you

were more sensible than the rest of the boys," she said. "How do you like it at the university?" Jeff's face lit up with enthusiasm "There couldn't be anything that would suit me better," he anid "There's something in the air there that fills a fellow with ambition, with a desire to do something worth while. I often fancy that it is the spirit of opportunity urging us to put up our doors to be knocked on."

"And did you hold yours up?" ask ed Gladys. Jeff sat down on the fence. "I don't like to talk about myself," he said. "but I know you won't think I'm do

ing it to boast,"
"Of course not." Gladys interrupt-"Tell me about it." "It's nothing much. I've been work ing on an oration ever since I started to school almost. The university contest was held a week before the close

gate to the state contest." "Good!" exclaimed Gladys, holding out her band. "I guess you opened

of the term, and I was chosen dele

"And I believe I can make the football team next fall," Jeff went on. was a substitute this year." "Mabel doesn't like football," said Gladys, "but I do. To see those big strong fellows contending for the

championship it always seems to me it's a case of me a-tellin' you or you like a real battle instead of just a play one. I wish I could see you play, "Maybe you can," he answered "We are to play the Iowa university



"GOODBY, JEFF." think. If I make the team will you come over there and watch us play?"

Gladys nodded. "Then I'll make the team," said Jef confidently, holding out his hand. "Is

it a bargain?" Gladys shook ber hands gravely. "I ought to be a patriot to my own state," she said. "But, all the same, I hope you win."

"How is Mollie?" Jeff asked after he had belped Gladys bring another basket of corn from the crib. "Don't you suppose she would like a moonligh

"I don't know of anything that would suit her better," Gladys answered, "or her mistress either," idded, with a regulab laugh. It was a perfect evening. The white

drifts of newly fallen snow glistene in the radiant moonlight. The borse feet made bardly a sound, and the seemed to be almost flying through the frosty air. It was like a sacrilege to break the silence of that giorious De comber night by talking, and they rode on without a word for a long time Gladys was thinking of that night two years before when she and Mollie bad made that desperate spurt to catch the tinkling sleighbells that seemed ever just beyond their reach. Jeff's thoughts were of the two roay check ed girls who had almost frightened him out of an apple tree once and essocially of the one who could never

seep that unruly lock of hair out At last they turned and started down the long slope toward bome. Gladys could keep still no longer, and in the pure joy of simply being allve she lift sensures of a college song.

Jeff followed with the Minneso song, and then as they turned in at the gate both joined in a lower, sadder one in the grand old tune of Sweet Home." Then they stopped by the old hitch-ing post and sat slicut again, each louth to break the spell of tender

op. "You must be getting cold," Jeff at last, leaping to the ground and helping Gladys to the big flat stone

that stood by the gatepost.

She looked like a queen as she stood there in the perfect beauty of her young girlhood, with the silvery moon-light glinting through her wavy

Jeff still held both her hands as he "You've always been a true friend to me, haven't you, Gladys?" "I've always tried to be," she answered. "But-but please don't say anything to make me anything less,

Jeff." "Then can't-can't you be anything more?" There was a little catch in

his voice. She shook her head sadly. For several moments they stood still again under the spell of that great white silence. Then Gladys gently drew away ber hands.

"Goodby, Jeff," she said. He looked back at her over his shoulfer as he led Mollie away to the barn. She was still standing there, her figure sharply outlined against the wir ter sky. When he came back she was gone, but she had left a picture in his memory that did not fade away for many a day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] FILLED WITH CURIOSITY.

That Was Why He Was Anxious

Walting Outside the House. The man was standing behind a tree to front of an apartment house in cross street when the cop on that beat came pounding along on the sidewalk It was close to midnight, and naturally the cop stopped and looked at the man standing behind the tree.

"Howdy," says the cop, by way of opening conversation.

"You're another," replied the good naturedly. "Whutchub doin'-waitin' for some body?" inquired the brave policeman.

"Just standin' there, bey?" "You've hit it." "Live near bere, do you?" "Right in there," says the cities

the apartment house he was standing in front of. The cop looked at him thoughtfully

"Mebby it's none of my busin he says, "and then again mebby it is. I don't like to go round buttin' into anybody's private affairs, but tell me, neighbor, what's your graft, anybow?"
"Well," loosened up the citizen, "if

croakin' from curiosity right in front of my eyes. I'll tell you how it isprovided it don't go any further. My wife says to me when I started down-town this evenin', 'If you're not home by midnight I'm goin' to pack up and go right back to mother's. So there?" "Well," says the cop.
"Well," repeated the citizen, "it's
just about midnight now, and I'm like

you-I've got curiosity. I'm waitin' here to see if she's goin' to keep her The cop's curiosity ceased at that point, and he walked on down the street whistling, without waiting to see the thing out.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE SPEED MANIA.

Sensations That Come With a Ride In

chine plunging over a course at eighty miles an hour. For the average man the sensation is awful, but the speed kings revel in it. Down the road streaks the car. Lashed into a typhoon by the appalling speed, the still air roars in your ears. You think you will never regain your hearing. The resistance of the atmosphere is fearful. The slightest forward move-ment is an effort. Distant objects loom up suddenly before you and tump by. The landscape is a strenky line f green, blotched here and there as se is passed. The gale seems to cut your face, and you feel yourself being gradually flattened out against back of the sent. It seems that the glass in your auto goggles is on point of breaking. Particles of dust are driven back in your eyes. You may become blinded. The vibration of the engine is terrific. Mysterious

indicators ductuate alarmingly. It may mean that the engine is on the point of exploding. What makes the floor tremble so? Surely something will happen now!
And then you hear explosions boom ing from the exhausts as the drivers The noise is deafening. The terrific speed does not seem to have been checked. The outline of the turn grows more distinct. It is sheer folly -maybe death-to rush at it at such a pace. You dare not breathe as the car tears into the bend. It skids and a wall of dirt to thrown up alongsid rou as the driver, with a sharp twis of the wheel, sends the car once mo back in the middle of the road. You are safe—until another turn is en

red_Hampton's Magazine. A Painful Inference.

A teacher was instructing a class of boys and had spent half an hour try-ing to drive into their beads the difrace between man and the lower is, but apparently with little su

nmy." he said conxingly to a ff

the chap, "do you know the difference between, say, me and a pig or any "No." replied Tommy innocently, but nother teacher standing by laughed. London Auswers.

Differences in Woods.

Timber is classed as hard or soft and the main point of difference be ween the trees that produce these famous is that the soft wooded tree as "needle leaves," slim, narrow and dimost uniform in breadth, while the hard wood trees have broad leaves of various shapes. Again, some soft wood tress carry cones, such trees be-ing termed confrees. Resin, too, is more characteristic of soft than of hard wood. To the class of soft woods ng the pines, spruces and firs, and most common examples of these

"Is kim

ruce or red fir. In the co

WEDDED THE DEAD.

Queer Marriage Ceremony That Was Performed In Japan. The tragic ending of a Japane

love story is reported by the Japan Chronicie from Tsuzuki, a little seaside village in the province of Shizuoka. Ono Matsusaka, twenty years old, fell in love with One O-bun, a giri seventeen years old. The young couple sought the consent of their parents, and the father and mother of the girl refused to sanction the union. The two lovers decided to commit autcide rather than be separated. By appointment they met at a trysting place

cials who examined them turned them over to their respective parents. The villagers were so deeply affected that they called upon the two bereaved families to "do justice" to the boy and girl by uniting them in marriage after death. The mayor of the village was especially insistent that the rites be performed, "so that the deceased might be safely united in the next world." The parents agreed, the cerecials who examined them turned them world." The parents agreed, the cere mony was carried out in due form. and presents were exchanged between the two families. The ceremony was legally registered just as if it had taken place before the deaths of the jerking his thumb in the direction of

bride and bridegroom. Lafcadio Hearn in his "Glimpses Unfamiliar Japan" and "Gleanings In Buddba-fields" never brought the attention of the occident to any Japa nese custom or occurrence stranger than this real happening that finds its way into the columns of a Japaness newspaper as a feature of the day's news.-Louisville Courier-Journal.

MADDENING MONOTONY.

Graham, . . . - North Caroling The Graveyard Sort of Life That Obtains in Sierra Leone. is difficult to explain how com plete in normal times is the dulines of the small villages in the protecto rate of Sierra Leone, on the coast of LONG & LONG. western Africa, says a writer in the Attorneys and Counselors at Law Nineteenth Century and After. At hour before sunrise shadowy figures move noiselessly through the narrow alleys which separate the mud walled houses and in single file pass out of Attorney-at-Law, sight toward the farm lands. A little later children and a few women leave GRAHAM. - - - - N. C. the houses to obtain water for cook ing. They also go in single file and in a short while will return in the same manner carrying water in calabashes OHN GRAT BYNUM. W. P. BYNUM, JR except, perchance, one or two may be affluent enough to possess a tin in which kerosepe oil has been imported. During the great heat of the day peo-

ple return and sit, silent and motionless, in the thatched roof verandas Toward evening there is more move ment. Food time generally brighten people even when it only means rice and peppers. Soon after sunset all sign of life ceases. There is no light in houses, because oil is expensive and a dying fire is enough when there is nothing to see except those you have seen all day; there are no sounds, save a baby's cry at intervals, or perhaps the weird call of some night bird, be cause people cannot talk much when no one has anything fresh to say Next day will be the same, and so will be every day in the year except at festival times, such as when the girls or boys return, dancing and gayly decked, from the Porroh Bash. There mail 20c extra. Orders may be is no church, no postman, no passing sent to orse or carriage and no newspapers

Warming Gold Dishee. Castle Kilkenny is one of the olde inhabited dwellings is the world, som of the rooms being 800 years old. Among its ancient treasures is a service of gold plate. Besides the ordi nary plate service. Castle Kilkenny has the whole series of gold cups used at coronation banquets down to the time of George IV. The gold of the service plates is almost without alloy. consequently very soft and easily marred; hence the plates are warmed and presumably also washed after use by being dipped into bot water, held by a pair of tongs whose tips have been muffled in chamoir leather.-Lon don Mail.

A Freak of Nature. Colonel Dennison and become sappy father of twins, and his unbounded pride in this twofold blessed ness found expression on every oc

He stood with a friend on the bank

steps one day as a young woman passed wheeling a baby carriage con taining a pretty girl baby. "Doesn't a woman look queer," sale the colonel loftily, "with only on child "-Success Magazine.

Got the Whole Story. "What made you so late?"
"I met Jlux." "Well that's no reason why you should be an hour late getting

was feeling and the fool insisted felling me."-Houston Post. Long Courtship. Ethel-It looks so. I don't think be'l

-SCISSORS and Knives essily rained if not properly group when being sharpened. If you was them charpened right and made cut as good as new give me a tri Will sharpen anything from a broax to a pen-knife. Charges mode az to a pen-knife. Charques. B. N. Tunner, this

Thousands Have Kidney

Trouble and Rever Suspect R. How To Find Out.



the back are also symptoms that tell the kidneys and bladder are out of o and need attention.

pointment they met at a trysting place that had been the scene of their love making and embarked in a fishing boat. At a point some distance from shore they bound themselves together with some cloth brought along to serve that purpose and threw themselves into the sea.

Committing "shinju," as lovers' suicides are called in Japan, is such an ordinary occurrence that little attention is attracted by it, but this tragedy was followed by something exceptional in Japan.

When the two bodies, still bound together, were washed ashore the officials who examined them turned them health restoring prop-erties. If you need a

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