

AN OLD ADAGE SAYS

"A light purse is a heavy curse"
Sickness makes a light purse.
The LIVER is the seat of nine tenths of all disease.

Tutt's Pills

go to the root of the whole matter, thoroughly, quickly satisfy and restore the action of the LIVER to normal condition.

Give tone to the system and solid flesh to the body.

Take No Substitute.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

J. S. COOK,
Attorney-at-Law,
GRAHAM, N. C.
Office Patterson Building
Second Floor.

JOHN GRAY BYNUM, W. P. STURK JR.
BYNUM & BYNUM,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law
GREENSBORO, N. C.

Practice regularly in the courts of Ala-
bama county. (Aug. 5, 1911)

DAMERON & LONG

Attorneys-at-Law

R. S. W. DAMELON, J. ADOLPH LONG
Phone 555, Phone 1989
Piedmont Building, Holt-Nicholson Bldg.
Burlington, N. C. Graham, N. C.

DR. WILL S. LONG, JR.

DENTIST

Graham, N. C. North Carolina

OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING

JACOB A. LONG, J. ELMER LONG

LONG & LONG,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law

GRAHAM, N. C.

The Raleigh Daily Times

RALEIGH, N. C.

The Great Home Newspaper of the State.

The news of the World is gathered by private leased wires and by the well-trained special correspondents of the Times and set before the readers in a concise and interesting manner each afternoon.

A chronicle of world events in Washington and New York makes its news from the legislative and financial centers of the country the best that can be obtained.

The Times market news makes it a business man's necessity for the farmer, merchant and the broker can depend upon complete and reliable information upon their various lines of trade.

Subscription Rates
Daily (mail) 1 mo. 25c; 3 mo. 75c; 6 mo. \$1.50; 12 mo. \$2.50

Address all orders to
The Raleigh Daily Times
J. V. Simms, Publishers.

LIVES OF CHRISTIAN MINISTERS

This book, entitled as above, contains over 200 memoirs of Ministers in the Christian Church with historical references. An interesting volume—nicely printed and bound. Price per copy: cloth, \$2.00; gilt top, \$3.50. By mail \$2.00 extra. Orders may be sent to

P. J. KERNOBLE,
1012 E. Marshall St.,
Richmond, Va.

Orders may be left at this office.

ARE YOU UP TO DATE

If you are not the NEWS AN OBEYSER is. Subscribe for it at once and it will keep you abreast of the times.

Full Associated Press dispatches. All the news—foreign, domestic, national, state and local all the time.

Daily News and Observer \$7 per year, 3.50 for 6 mos.

Weekly North Carolinian \$1 per year, 50c for 6 mos.

NEWS & OBSERVER PUB. CO.,
RALPH, N. C.

The North Carolinian and THE ALAMANCE GLEANER will be sent for one year for Two Dollars. Cash in advance. Apply at THE GLEANER office, Graham, N. C.

CHATTANOOGA



A FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

BY F. A. MITCHELL

CHAPTER VIII.
DECADE OF FREEDOM.

ON the morning after Jakey's interview with the colored woman through the crack in the jallard fence Souri Black was washing dishes by an open window in the kitchen, an addition built of pine boards to one of the united houses which formed the Slack dwelling. The sun was shining brightly, and a morning glory she had trained up to grow about the window was fresh with dew. Souri's heart felt unusually light. The air was so fresh, the sun was so bright, the morning glory flowers had such a companionable look in them that Souri was very happy.

Suddenly there came to her a quick sinking away from the pleasurable sensation. A sense of danger rushed in to take its place. Surely something horrible was about to happen.

In a moment she heard the clatter of horse's hoofs coming at a gallop. Looking up the road, of which she had a view from the window, she saw a horse covered with foam tearing toward her, with a negro boy on his bare back. In a moment the rider was at the fence and had leaped in his leaps. Wild with haste and excitement, seeing Souri at the window, he called:

"Am dis Slack's place?"

"Yas."

"Whar Souri Black?"

"Hyar."

"You?"

"Yas."

The boy held up a red handkerchief, and then jumping off his horse threw the reins over a post in the fence, which he vaulted, and running up to the window poked the handkerchief at her. Souri at once recognized the handkerchief she had given Mark. Sewed on to a corner she noticed a piece of dirty cotton cloth on which some one had written with a pen:

"Whar 'y' git this?" asked Souri, her face white as ashes.

"Dunno. Left wid de niggers at Mr. Torbet's plantation. See Mr. Torbet's nigger."

"Who tote 'y' ter tote git 'y'?"

"Ole nigger what leave hit."

"Whar'd he say?"

"Nuffen." And the boy pointed to the corner as if that was sufficient explanation for any one.

Souri could not read what was written there, but she knew Mark had been captured, and it was fate to suppose that he was at or near Chattanooga.

"Was, she said, 'y' nigger he passed this to me; reckon 'y' kin pass me back; I'll go 'th' 'y'. Air 'y' hungry?"

"We rid since one o'clock dis mornin'."

"Was, take yer horse round ter de barn for a feed, and then come in here."

The darky showed his white teeth and did as he was bidden. When he came in Souri placed something to eat before him, and then went in to inform her mother of what had happened.

"Maw, she said, 'Jakey's tale.'"

"Ya nigger" exclaimed the mother with a scream. "Air they soon ter hang him?"

"Don't know. De sofer's tale, tek Reckon they'll hang him, sartin'."

"How'd 'y' know?"

Souri told her about giving Mark the handkerchief and its return 'th' de cause of freedom.

"Whar shall we go?" returned the mother, rocking in concert with her feelings.

"I'm gone ter Chattanooga ter find out."

"They'll hang 'y', too," whined Mrs. Black.

"Reckon not I might find a way ter git Jakey outen jail."

"Whar shall we go?"

"Air 'y' gone jest 'y' air?"

Souri thought awhile without reply. She would go with the colored

sweat it out. Git 'long."

"I don't want nuffin but sump'n ter eat. I can sleep at my aunt's, ober de hill."

"Was, take hold byar for a spell, I'm boten." And she drew away from the stove and mopped her face.

Souri took hold and showed a pleasing aptitude at baking corn bread and boiling some coarse meat which simmered in a pot on the stove.

Presently the pinner came in, and taking some food from a tray door and lowered a meal to those below in the black hole.

"Hyar's a gal," said his wife, "es bankers ter do some cooken fo' me."

"Ain't got nothen ter pay with."

"Don't want no pay," said Souri, "I'll be sartin' ter get my sump'n ter eat."

"Was, 'y' won't git much byar," said the jaller, "but I reckon it's good nuff fo' niggers."

So Souri was allowed to help, but there was no understanding that her services should extend beyond the present moment.

After tea leaning over the stove when Mark was brought back. He had just been sentenced, and there was a haggard, hopeless look on his face as he passed the girl without noticing her.

In the afternoon Souri said that she must make work for herself or there would be no excuse for her to stay about the place. So, without saying a word, she took a pail of water and a scrubbing brush and began to scrub the floor. Then she suggested to Mrs. Triggs that she sweep her bedroom.

The woman concluded that, as it had not been swept for more than a month, Souri "mought's" was doin' it, especially as the girl seemed to be willing to do all this work for a little boiled meat and corn bread.

"Ye don't look right smart, Miss Triggs," said Souri, after cooking the supper and eating her share, "I don't know whar I git me 'nuff to eat, but I reckon I can't cook 'y'."

Mrs. Triggs succeeded in getting her husband's consent to Souri coming back in the morning, and the man went out to the gate with her and told her if the guard did not pass her in to send for him.

She said the jail bright and early and got in on telling the sentinel that she was Mrs. Triggs' servant. She cooked the breakfast, and when she saw Triggs about to carry Mark's meat and corn bread into his cell offered to do it, but Triggs paid no attention to the offer and carried it to his window.

That she asked Mrs. Triggs when she did her washing, and as the old woman had no regular time and not many clothes Souri offered to do what there was. When she went out to hang up the clothes to dry Jakey was in the yard. She called him to her and asked him to come in to see her.

She was wondering what had become of the message he had sent, was both overjoyed and astonished. He turned two or three corners on the ground and otherwise demonstrated his childishness to Mrs. Triggs, who at that moment appeared at a window, but not before Souri had told Jakey to inform Mark of her presence.

Again at noon she offered to take in his dinner, but without success. She was at her wits' end for an excuse to stay about till supper time, but thinking that Mrs. Triggs' wardrobe might need mending she offered to undertake the task, and spent the afternoon over the old woman's threadbare garments.

All this while Souri was thinking of a plan for Mark's escape. She learned that he was to be hanged in a few days and knew there was little time.

The most natural plan under the circumstances occurred to her, and by which more prisoners have made their escape than any other one method—walking out before the guard in women's clothes. Souri determined, if she could secure an entrance into Mark's room at any time after dark, she would give him her dress and sun-bonnet and leave him to make an attempt. Then she began to think over a plan to gain an entrance at a specified time.

In the evening her patience was rewarded. Mark's supper was standing on the stove. Triggs was not in the jail, and Mrs. Triggs went down the stairs outside to get something she wanted in the yard.

Souri caught up the supper and walked straight past the guard into Mark's room with it. Mark, who had been informed of her coming to Jakey, was expecting her. When he saw the maulato girl he grasped her hand.

"Souri! God bless you!" he said in a low tone.

"Ain't got no time ter talk. I'm watchin' for a chance ter give 'y' my clothes ter go out with."

"But what you and Jakey do?" he asked hurriedly.

"I ain't gone ter hang a boy or a gal. Parted ter be sick tomorrow 'n ask for some medicine. Mebbe they'll send me ter git it."

With that she went out. When Mrs. Triggs came in she was bending over the stove.

"Whar's the Tank's supper?" she asked.

"Oh, 'twas gittin' cold, 'n I toted hit in ter him."

Souri made herself so useful that she was permitted to stay about the jail the next day. She managed to keep an indifferent men to all about her, but within there was a tempest. The next morning Mark was to swim, and preparations were being made for the purpose. "If there was only time," thought Souri, "I might help this way, but tomorrow, and no one being near to see her she wrung her hands. There seemed but little chance that, having only one evening to effect her plan, she would succeed. It could only be by good luck.

In the afternoon Mark began to moan. Triggs went in to see him and asked what was the matter. Mark told him that he was ill. So the afternoon was away the prisoner groaned and moaned till Triggs went back to him, and Mark told him that he thought he was going to die. Mrs. Triggs carried in his supper, but he refused to eat.

"Whar 'y' got?" she asked.

"Cholera, I reckon."

"Good Lord!"

"If you'll send the black girl for it I'll pay you and her well."

"I ain't got no money."

"Was I have, but 'y' don't know whar 'y' can get it."

Mark reported the matter to

her husband, who, fearing that the prisoner would not be in condition for the hanging which was to occur the next morning, consented. Mark was furnished with a scrap of paper and a pen, and wrote the name of a mixture he remembered for cholera, more-so. Souri was furnished with money, extracted from Jakey's boot and handed to town.

When she came back it was quite dark. Only a faint line of light was left in the west. As she entered she met Triggs going out of the gate. She went as quickly as she could go without being heard to the prisoner's room.

"Medicine," she said to the guard and passed in without waiting permission, leaving the door partly closed behind her.

"Here, quick! A burnt cork. Rub 't on 'y' face," she whispered.

Mark seized the cork and applied it. Souri stood in the corner with her back to him, and taking off her dress threw it to him. Mark took off his outer clothes and threw them to her. Each

As it was midsummer he had expected to find the water warm. His expectations were realized to a reasonable degree, and he felt that he could remain in it a long while without being chilled. His plan was to drift down a considerable distance. He anticipated he was expected to swim across as rapidly as he could, and his current in this case would land him perhaps a mile below the town. Those who would follow him with dogs would doubtless track him to the river margin, then take the dogs across and endeavor to pick up the distant some distance below on the other side. Mark had weighed all these circumstances, and determined to drift down as far as possible, land at the mouth of a creek if he could find one, enter it and swim or walk up it in the water, the running on it difficult for the dogs to track him.

He swam slowly till he reached the middle of the river; then, floating with scarcely any motion of his hands and feet, he permitted himself to drift down with the current. A favorite spot was when a boy, resting in the water, had been to foot on his back. Unmindful of the wetting he would give the clothes tied around his neck, he turned over and drifted with his arms spread beside him, his eyes turned directly to the sky.

Another time he began to grow very few constellations with which he was familiar. In this way he diverted his mind until his nerves became quite steady.

His observations were suddenly checked by a sound. It was very faint, but enough to freeze the marrow in his bones. It was the distant bark of a dog. He listened and presently could hear more. Evidently there was a pack. They drew nearer. Then they ceased for awhile. Perhaps they had come to the place where he had walked on the fence. Then they began again, growing only slightly louder as they came, for Mark was floating rapidly from the point where he had entered the river.

He involuntarily turned over on his chest and struck out lustily. The current was swift; swimming would not add to his safety—it would only wear his strength and render him more liable to recapture on the other shore. But swim he must. With the terrible sound of those dogs in his ears he could not lie idly on the water and leave the current to bear him onward.

He had not swum more than a few minutes before another constellations of sound from the dogs far above on the shore, and Mark judged that they had lost the scent at the place where he had entered the water.

Then he began to think of Souri and Jakey. What had they done to Souri when they had discovered her trick?

Would they punish her? Would they treat the boy harshly? It was comforted with the thought that there would be nothing gained by this—it would not bring the prisoner back—he must be muffled in a prayer for the girl who had placed herself behind those prison bars, who had incurred the rage of his jailers to save him.

He heard no more of the dogs and floated on, swimming and resting alternately. The high bluffs of Moccasin peak were before him on his right. An owl on their summit, watching the rising moon, occasionally gave a dismal hoot, the intervals being supplied by the melancholy whippoorwill. The current bore him on around the point, carrying him in near the shore where he had passed the picket with the sleeping Jakey in his arms a few nights before. No close was to be had; he could see a man walking back and forth on the very beat of the one he had passed. As he drifted away he saw the relief approach and the picket changed.

He was borne directly under Look-out mountain, and on down for a mile to a point where the river makes another bend. Here the bank was low, and as Mark was getting chilled he swam to the southern bank for rest. He laid himself down for a few moments on the dry ground, and then, feeling that he could not rest rapidly, swinging his arms at the same time to restore circulation and fit him to endure a longer stay in the water. He looked about for some piece of wood on which he might fasten farther. There were logs of various sizes scattered about, but most of them were rotten. He was so much at home in the water that he was not disappointed on falling to find one suitable to his purpose.

Plunging in again he moved on down past the bluffs at the foot of the Moccasin mountain, swimming on his back most of the time and keeping a lookout before him. He had not passed any boats, at least none near him, and did not fear this danger, but he wanted to keep his surroundings well in view in order to know his location.

The moon was now well up, and he could see quite distinctly. He looked to his right a boat was putting out from the east shore. It was larger than an ordinary skiff, but as it was in a shadow he could not tell what kind of a craft it was. As it came over the river at right angles with the shore, and Mark was drifting toward it, he soon found that he was in danger of meeting it in the middle of the stream. The current was quite rapid, and before he was aware of it he was close to the boat. It was evidently a ferryboat, and Mark, who knew the location of Brown's ferry from his own experience, judged that it was the boat belonging there.

But Mark was concerned with other considerations besides his location just then. He was too late to get out of the way unobserved by swimming aside. He made up his mind in a twinkling what to do. Drawing several long breaths he filled his lungs with air, and then, putting his head down and his feet up he threw himself under water. He had often done beneath the surface for a considerable time, but never so long as now. He remained under as long as he thought he possibly could, and then staid awhile longer. When he came to light again the boat was a hundred yards above him and to the west of him. Another mile brought him to an is-



THE GUARD WONDERED WHY SOURI LOOKED SO TALL AND STRAPPING.

Blood Was Wrong

All women, who suffer from the aches and pains, due to female ailments, are urged to try Cardui, the reliable, scientific, tonic remedy, for women. Cardui acts promptly, yet gently, and without bad effects, on the womanly system, relieving pain, building up strength, regulating the system, and toning up the nerves. During the past half century, thousands of ladies have written to tell of the quick curative results they obtained, from the use of this well-known medicine.

TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

Mrs. Jane Calahan suffered from womanly trouble for nearly ten years. In a letter from Whiteville, N. C., she says: "I was not able to do my own housework. My stomach was weak, and my blood was wrong. I had backache, and was very weak. I tried several doctors, but they did me no good. I used Cardui for 3 or 4 months, and now I am in the best health I have ever been. I can never praise Cardui enough." It is the best tonic, for women.

Whether seriously sick, or simply weak, try Cardui.

Write for Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. 135

ELON COLLEGE

CO-EDUCATIONAL
The College of Alamance County

Preparatory, Music, Art, Expression and Commercial Departments.
Four Courses leading to Degrees.
Special Normal Courses for teachers, approved and endorsed by County Superintending and State Superintending.
Every Modern Convenience, Steam Heat, Electric Lights, Baths, Sewerage.
Terms Moderate—from \$125 to \$150 per session of ten months.
For catalogue or other information, address
W. A. HARPER, Pres., Elon College, N. C.

...The Average Business Man...

CAN FORGIVE ALMOST ANYTHING EXCEPT Poor Writing

He Does Not Have Anything to Forgive in the work produced by the HAMMOND VISIBLE TYPEWRITER

Model No. 12

Model No. 12

It is an established fact—it does the FINEST TYPEWRITING OF THE WORLD

And there is a reason why—

(Washington Branch)

THE HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO.
324-335 Colorado Bldg., Washington, D. C.
B. N. TURNER, Local Dealer, GRAHAM, N. C.

land. He remembered it on his map as William's Island, and knew that it was about two miles long. He recalled the fact that the only creek flowing into the river in this vicinity entered it midway between the north and south end of this island, and on his right, if he remembered aright. He had about a mile to go to reach the mouth of this creek.

Striking out, he directed his course to the eastward of the island and swam very near to the east bank of the river. Along this he floated with the current, except to keep in close to the shore, watching eagerly for the mouth of the creek. Fortunately when he reached it he discovered it, and where he had supposed he would find it. With a few lusty strokes he was in it and soon at a place where he could rest in the water with his feet on terra firma.

Forced to Leave Home.

Every year a large number of poor sufferers, whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs, are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always successful. There's a better way. Let Dr. King's New Discovery cure you at home. "It cured me of lung trouble," writes W. R. Nelson, of Calamine, Ark., "when all else failed and I gained 47 pounds in weight. It's surely the king of all cough and lung cures." Thousands owe their lives and health to it. It's positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, Asthma, Croup—all Throat and Lung troubles. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at Graham Drug Co.

With the retirement from the Senate of Senator Bailey, of Texas, whose term expires in 1913, Senator Simmons will be the ranking member of the Senate finance committee, and it is pointed out that should Senator Simmons be re-elected and the Democrats get control of the Senate, Mr. Simmons would be in line for the chairmanship of this most important of Senate committees. This will of course be used as an argument for the Senator's re-election.

Robert Henri, the well known New York painter, was condemning a stupid critic.

"His interpretations are always wrong," Mr. Henri said. "He always misunderstands totally an artist's conception. He reminds me of the Chinese man who before Millet's 'Angulus.'"

"When the 'Angulus' was on exhibition at Earle's, in Philadelphia, a woman dropped in to see it. She gazed with lively interest at the two peasants standing reverently in the sunset glow in the quiet meadow. Then she said: "'A courtin' couple, hey? Seen a bit shy, don't they?'"

ROLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS

For Rheumatic Pains and Bladder

PATENTS

and model, standard photo of invention for patent on patentability. For free book, "How to Obtain a Patent," write to

TRADE-MARKS

CASNOW & CO.

REGISTERED PATENT OFFICE
WASHINGTON