GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1914

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OF POLITICAL IN-FURMATION. we take pleasure in announcing

una. any of our readers can secur three ope-cen. stamps to D. Switter, co., raten. Attorneys, washing ton, D. C., nookiet states populat vote cast in each State for wison, knows that and last in 1912, the election results in 1920, the number of Democrats and Republicans lecof Democrats and Republicans lec-cu by each State to the Senate au-nouse in 1812, 1815 and 1808, a 8, in opsis of the fire of each Presiden-trom vashington of 1850h, a 43-gives nousenoid recipes, business gives nouseno.d recipes, values in its population of each State in 1890, 1990 and total or each State in 1899, 1990 and 1990, in the population of about 30 of the largest cities in each State, and contains over twenty pages of memorapida. This useful and metractive fittle book would cost 200, 1990

GRAY HAIR MADE ITS ORIG INAL COLÓR.

il your hair is gray, streake with gray, white, orittle, failing out, itching scalp or dandruff, apply Q-Ban hair color restorer to gray hair and scalp. Not a dye, it orings to the hair surface th original color nature gave your Makes gray hair brow. tack, adourn or its original cold at 1 or 18 years of age. Neve tui to use. Q-Ban makes hair sol of tite beautiful. Stops dand wete directions for home

treatment of the hair with each

at of town people supplied by

Bottlers Elect Officers.

Salisbury.-The second annual con Association closed a few days ago to neet next in Raleigh. Officers were lected as follows: President, R. L. Illis, Asheville; first vice president, B. D. Melchor, Winston-Salem; sec-nd vice president, C. Lavear, Char-; secretary, George H. Marvin, onia; treasurer, J. A. Long, naboro. A number of addresses cially helpful to members of the

zation featured the meeting. Subscribe for THE OLBANER

Tutt's Pills The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

ated from Scenes in the Photo Drama of the me by the Thanhouser Film Company

butler.

Why?"

or handshakes. At length the crowd

thinned, and then it was that he dis-covered a young girl perhaps eighteen,

ccompanied by a young woman in the

early thirties. They had the appear

ance of eagerly awaiting some one.

Jones stepped forward with a good deal of diffidence.

"You are waiting for some one?"

"Yes," said the elder woman, coldly.

The distrust on both faces vanished

nstantly. The young girl's face

uppressed excitement.
"You are . . . my father?"
"No, miss," very gravely. "I am the

"Let me see your part of the brace

let," said the young girl's guardian, a teacher who had been assigned to this delicate task by Miss Farlow, who

could not bring herself to say good-by

"I believe we may trust him, Flor-

"My mother?"
"She is dead. I believe she died

hortly after your birth. I have been

with your father but fourteen years I know but little of his life prior to

that."
"Why did he leave me all these

years without ever coming to see me

"Let us hurry to the taxicab.

nust not stand here.

to Florence anywhere except

brightened, her eyes sparkled with

CHAPTER II.

The Master's Man. Vroon faced Hargreave's butler st. at vyoon raced nargreaves butter 8, aberly. The one reason why Braine made this man his lieutenant was because Vroon always followed the letter of his instructions to the final period; he never sidestepped or added riod; he never sidestepped or added any frills or innovations of his own, and because of this very automatism he rarely blundered into a trap. If he failed it was for the simple fact that the master mind had overlooked some essential detail. The organization of the Black Hundred was almost totally unknown to either the public of the relief of the relief.

totally unknown to either the public or the police. It is only when you fail that you are found out.

"The patrolman has been trussed up like you," began Vroon. "If they find him they will probably find you. But before that you will grow thirsty and hungry. Where did your master put that money?"

"He carried it with him." "Why didn't you call for help?"
"The houses on either side are to
far away. I might yell till doomsda ar away. I might yell till doomsday without being heard. They will have heard the pistol shots; but Mr. Har-greaves was always practicing in the backyard."

"The people in those two houses have been called out of town. The servants are off for the night."

"Very interesting," replied Jones taring at the rug.
"Your master is dead."

Jones' chin sank upon his breast.

His heart was heavy, heavier than it had ever been before.

"Your master left a will?"
"Indeed, I could not say."
"We can say. He has still three or

tour millions in stocks and bonds. What he took to the bottom of the sea with him was his available cash." "I know nothing about his finances I was his butler and valet."

Vroon nodded. "Come, men; it is time we took ourselves off. Put things

in order; close the safe. You poor jackals, I always have to watch you He was the last to leave. He stared He was the last to leave. He stared long and searchingly at Jones, who felt the burning gaze but refused to meet it lest the plotter see the fire in his. The door closed. For fully an hour Jones listened but did not stir. They were really gone. He pressed his feet to the floor and began to hitch the chair toward the table. Half way across the intervents space, he crum-

across the intervening space he crum-pled in the chair, almost completely exhausted. He let a quarter of an hour pass, then made the final attack upon the remaining distance. He succeeded in reaching the desk, but he could not have stirred an inch farther. The hair on his head was damp with sweat and his hands were clammy.

When he felt strength returning he lifted the telephone off the hook with his teeth.

his teeth.
"Central, central! Call the police
to come to this number at once; Hargreave's house, Riyerdale. Tell them
to break in."
After what seemed an age of walt-

After what seemed an age of walting to the exhausted prisoner, with crashing and smashing of doors, the police appeared in the room.

"Where's your gag?" demanded the first officer to reach Jones' side.

"There wasn't any."

"Then why didn't you yell for help?"

"The 'theyes lived our patchbors."

"The thieves lured our neighbors away from town. The patrolman who walks this beat is bound and gagged and is probably reposing back of the billboard in the next block."

"Murphy, you watch this man while make a call on the neighb the officer who seemed to be in authority. When he returned he was frowning seriously. "We'd better tele-phone to the precinct to search for Dennison. There's nobody at home in either house and there's nobody back of the billboards. Untie the man." When this was done, the officer said; "Now, tell us what's happened; and don't forget any of the details."

Jones told a simple and convincing story; it was so simple and convinc-ing that the police believed it without,

"Well, if that ain't the limit!" Did you hear any autos outside?"
"I don't recoilect," said Jones,
stretching his legs gratefully. "Why?"

messenger today and got away with twenty thousand. Whenever a man draws down a big sum they seem to know about it. And eay, Murphy, call up and have the river police look out for a new-fangled airship. Your mas-

ter may have been rescued," turning

When the police took themselves off Jones proceeded to act upon those plans laid down by Hargreave early that night. When this was done he sought his bed and fell asleep, the sleep of the exhausted. When Hargreave picked up Jones to share his fortunes, he had put his trust in no ordinary man.

A dozen reporters trooped out to the ler and valet to Stanley Hargreave.

A dozen reporters trooped out to the Hargreave home, only to find it deserted. And while they were ringing bells and tapping windows, the man they sought was tramping up and down the platform of the railway station.

on.
Through all this time Norton, the reporter, Hargreave's only friend, slept the sleep of the just and unjust. He rarely opened his eyes before noon. rarely opened his eyes before noon.
Group after group of passengers
Jones eyed eagerly. Often, just as he
was in the act of approaching a coupis
of young women, some man would
hurry up, and there would be kisses

"Then he may be alive!"
"Please God that he may!" said the

butler, with genuine plety, for he had loved the man who had gone forth in-to the night so brayely and so strangely. "This is your room. Your father spent many happy hours here prepar-

ing it for you."

Tears came into the girl's eyes again, and discreetly Jones left the

"What shall I do, Susan? Whatever shall I do?" "Be brave as you always are. I portant. will never leave you till you find your "O, ve

father." ather."
Florence kissed her fervently.
What is your opinion of the butler?"
"I think we may both trust him ab-

Folutely." Then Florence began exploring the house. Susan followed her closely. Florence peered behind the mirrors, the pictures, in the drawers of the

desk, in the bookcases, "What are you hunting for, child?"
"A photograph of father." But she found none, More, there were no photographs of any kind to be found in Stanley Hargreave's home.

When Norton awoke, he naturally went to the door for the morning pa-pers which were always placed in a neat pile before the sill. He yawned, gathered up the bundle, was about to climb back thto bed, when a head-line caught his dull eyes. Twenty-one minutes later, to be precise, he ran

chool gates.

The halves were produced and exup the steps of the Hargreave home and rang the bell. He was admitted by the taciturn Jones, to whom the reporter had never paid any particu-lar attention. Somehow Jones always managed to stand in shadows.

ready appeared in the newspapers," replied Jones, as Norton opened his batteries of inquiries.
"Mr. Jones, I have known your mas

er several years, as you will recollect. There never was a woman in this house, not even among the servants. There are two in the other room. Who are they? And what are they Jones shook his head

"Well, I can easily find out."

Jones barred his path, and for the first time Norton gazed into the eyes of the man servant. They were as hard as gun metal.
"My dear Mr. Jones, you ought to

my dear ar. Jones, you dean to know that sooner or later we report-ers find out what we seek." Jones appeared to reflect. "Mr. Nor-ton, you claim to be a friend of Mr.

"I do not claim. I am. More than that I do not believe he is dead. He



"Here, Just Glance Over This."

The elder is a teacher from

"Good Lord!" gasped the astonished porter. "He never mentioned the ct to me," and we've been together

some tight places."
"He never mentioned it to any one

flect. At last he raised his glance t

That was sufficient for Norton

about the affair. Norton put a dozen perfunctory questions to the girl. What ne was in search of was not news but

the sound of her voice. In that quar-ter of an hour he felt his heart dis-turbed as he had never before been

earch of was not news but

Jones again seemed to re

greave's daughter."

ably, "Why?" she demanded. "I have has hurt me with all this neglect. I expected to see him at the station, to what kind-and he is pretending he's dead till this blows over and is forthrow my arms around his neck and forgive him!" Tears swam in You are not going to say that in

you when we reach the house. Bu "If I tell you who those young la-dies are, will you give me your word of honor not to write about them till always remember this, Miss Florence You we see everything in this wide world to your father. You will never know the misery and loneliness he suffered that you might not have one give my permission?"

Norton, having in mind the big hour of unrest. What are your plans?" he asked abruptly of the teacher from story at the end of this mystery tan-

Lifted the Telephone Off the Hook With His Teeth.

"It is not for me, Miss Floren

nquire into your father's act.

Jones stared at his hands,

"That depends," she answered lay

'You could leave Miss Farlow's on

"Then you will stay and be Miss Florence's companion?"
"Gladly."

the reporter. "Are you willing to wait for a great story, the real story?" "What is my father's name?" "Hargreave, Stanley Hargreave." The girl's eyes widened in terror. Suddenly she burst into a wild frenzy of sobbing, her head against the shoul-der of her erstwhile teacher. "If there is one," answered Norton with his usual caution.
"On my word of honor, you shall have such a story as you never dream of, if you will promise not to divulge it till the appointed time."

Jones appeared visibly shocked. "What is it?"
"We read the story in the newspa-per," said the elder woman, her own cyes filling with tears. "The poop child! To have all her castles-in-air

ler and valet to Stanley Hargreave, had full powers of attorney in the event of his (Hargreave's) disappear-ance; in the event of his death, till

"Busan Wane."

"Do you love this child?"
"With all my heart, the poor unhappy babe!"
"Thank you!"
Inside the home he conducted them
through the various rooms, at the

"Now, Mr. Norton," said Jones gloomily, "will you be so kind as to follow me?"

Norton was led to Jones' bedroom.

The butter-valet closed the door and drew the window shade. Always seeking shadows. This did not impress (13) reporter at the time; he had no other thought but the story. Jones then

same time telling them what had ta-ken place during the preceding night.
"They have not found his body?"
asked Florence. "My poor, poor fath-and gently but forcibly led him down and gently but forcibly led him down to the front door and ushered him forth. Norton jumped into his taxicab and returned to his rooms, which were at the top of the huge apart-ment hotel. He immedately called up

his managing editor.
"Hello! This is Norton. Put Griffin on the Hargreave yarn. I'm off on another deal."
"But Hargreave was a friend of

yours," protested the managing ed "I know it. But you know me well enough, Mr. Blair. I should not ask the transfer if it was not vitally im-

"O, very well."
"We sha'n't be scooped."
"If you can promise that, I don't

care who works on the job. Will you be in the office tonight?" "If nothing prevents me."
"Well, good-by."
Norton filled his pipe, drew his

chair to the window, and stared at the great liner going down to sea. "Lord, Lord!" he murmured. Then he smiled and chuckled. Some bright morning he would have all New York sheets tearing their hair. story! Four columns on the first page

two whole pages Sunday. . . all of a sudden he ceased to smile and chuckle. In the living room of the Princess Olga Perigoff's apartment the mistress lay reading on the divan. There was no cigarette between her well shaped lips, for she was not the accepted type of adventuress. In fact she was an adventuress; she was really the Princess Perigoff. Her maiden name had been Olga Pushkin; but more of

that later. When Braine came in he found her dreaming with half closed eyes. He flourished an evening newspaper. "Olga, even the best of us make

this."
The Russian accepted the newspa per and read the heading indicated:
"Aeronaut picked up far out at sea.
Slips ashore from tramp steamer. Had five thousand in cash in his pockets. "Hargreave escaped!

"Not necessarily," she replied. "If it was Hargreave he would have had more than five thousand in hs pockets. My friend, I believe it an attempt to fool you; or it is another man entirely." She clicked her teeth with the tops of her polished nails. "There are two young women in the house. What the deuce can tha

erything's as simple as daylight. Katrina Pushkin, my cousin, had a child." "Child? Hargreave had a child? What do you mean by keeping this fact from me?" he stormed. "It was useless till this moment. He

probably sent for her yesterday; but in his effort to escape had to turn her over to his butler. We shall soon learn whether Hargreave is dead or alive. We can use the child to brin The anger went out of his eyes. You're a wonder, Olga."

"But you should have gone with Vroon last night. He does everything just as you tell him. When they reported that Hargreave had visited Ort's hangar you ought to have pre-pared against such a coup as flight through the air."

"I admit it. But a daughter! Well,

can bring him back," with a sinister laugh. "By the Lord Harry, I have him in my hands this time, that is, if this girl turns out to be his daughter. A million? Two, three, all he has in the world. I want you to pay a visit right away. Watch the butler, Jones. He'll lie, of course; but note how he treats the girl; and if you get the chance look around the walls for a secret panel. He might not have car-ried away the cash at all, only enough for his immediate needs, which would account for that five thousand on the get inside that house for an hour!"
"I believe I'll call at once. Leo,

was Hargreave the man's real name? Braine laughed. "That is of no vital consequence. He will be Hargreave till the end of the chapter, dead or alive. You can tell me the news at dinner tonight."

So, later, when the butler accepted er card at the door, loath as might be, there was nothing for him to do but admit her. . "Whom do you wish to see, madam?" stepping back into the shad-

"Miss Hargreave. I'm an old friend "There is no such person here."
"To whom, then, does this hat belong?" she asked quietly. She waved

Jones' lips tightened. "That belongs to Miss Gray, a kind of protege of Mr. Hargreave's."

"Indeed! You have no objections to my seeing her? My maiden name was Olga Pushkin, cousin to Katrina, wife of Stanley Hargreave. I am, if you will weigh the matter carefully, To Jones it was as if ice had sud-

denly come into contact with his heart's blood. But as he still stood in the shadow, she did not observe the pallor of his face. "If you will state exactly why you

wish to see her, madam,"
"You seem to possess authority?"
"Yes, madam, absolute authority,"
Jones produced his document and
presented it to her.
"There is no flaw in that," she
sgreed readily. "I wish to see the
child. I have told you why."

child. I have told you why."
"Very well, madam." Why had
they not telegraphed the child, even knew nothing of this woman, whether she was an enemy or a friend. He conducted his unwelcome guest into the library.
"How did you know that she was

here?" suddenly.

But she was ready. "I did not. But the death of Mr. Hargreave brought me. And that youthful hat in the hall was a story all its own. Later I shall show you some papers of my own.

You will have no cause to doubt them. They have not the legal power of yours, but they would find standing in any court."

Jones turned and went in search of

ning her investigations, but she wast-ed her time. There was no secret

panel in evidence.

"Who is she?" asked Florence as she looked at the card. "Did my father know princesses?"

"Yes," said Jones briefly. "Be very careful what you say to her. Admit nothing. She claims to be a cousta of

any further advice from Jones, whom Florence in her young years thought presuming upon his authority, she ran downstairs to the library. Her mother, to learn some fact about the mother of whom she knew nothing!

"You knew my mother?" she cried my child; and heaven is witness that you are the exact picture of her at your age. And I knew your father. Jones straightened, his hands shut

"Tell me about my father!" The princess smiled. It was Katrina Pushkin come to life, the same impulsiveness. "I knew him but slightly. I was a mere child myself when he used to pinch my cheeks. I met him again the other night, but he did not recog-

nize me; and I could not find it in m; heart to awaken his memory in a pub lic restaurant."

Presently Jones came in to an nounce that two detectives requested to see Florence. The two men en-tered, informing her that they had been instructed to investigate the disappearance of Stanley Hargreave.

One of the detectives questioned Florence minutely while the other-wandered about the rooms, feeling the walls, using the magnifying glass, turning back the rugs. Even the girl's pretty room did not escape his panion. The two conferred for a moment. One chanced to look into the mirror. He saw the bright eyes of the princess gazing intelligently into

"I'm afraid we'll have to ask you to "Why?"

"Why?"
"Some technicalities. We must have some proof of your right to be in this house. So far as we have learned, Hargreave was unmarried. It will take but a few minutes."
"And I will accompany you," said the princess. "We'll be back within the princess. "We'll be back within the princess." "We'll be back

half an hour. I'll tell them what I ters Durham, Raleigh; treasurer, Wat-ters Durham, Raleigh; treasurer, ters Durham, Raleigh; member of board of trustees to succeed Rev. W. C. Tyree, who has left the state, L. R. Pruett, Charlotte. Jones, in the hall, caught sight of the reporter coming up the steps. Here was some one he could depend

upon.
"Why, Mr. Norton!"
The reporter eyed the princess in NORTH CAROLINA NEWS BRIEFS J. A. Durham was elected president of the Greater Charlotte Club at the annual meeting recently. He succeeds Mr. C. C. Hook.

The Community Club of Hender-could have died that moment. "You look surprised. Naturally. I er. You might say that I am ner aunt. It's a small world, isn't it?" But if wishing could poison, the reporter would have died that moment.

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" one of the detectives demeeting in their new \$5,600 building
The Bulletin is the name of a new "I am going to ask that very ques-

paper which will be issued monthly mof you," said Norton urbanely.
"We are from headquarters," replied the showing his badge.

"The publication will be edited by the Methodists of the Abheville district one, showing his badge.
"What headquarters? What are of the Western North Carolina Con they asking you to do?" he said to Florence.
"They say I must go to the police

church, South.

The town of Whitev:lle will soon have a white way.

High Point has just passed a curfew law forbidding children under 18
came to be on the streets at night. "Not the least in the world," laughed the reporter. "You two clear out of here as fast as your rascally legs can



"Tell Me About My Father." carry you. I don't know what your

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the princess; "do you mean to say that these men are not real detectives?" "This girl goes to the police station young man. So much the worse for

you if you meddle, Take yourself off!"
"All in good time."
"Here, Jenner, you take charge of the girl. I'll handle this guy. He shall go to the station, too." What followed would always be vivschool life. Norton knocked his oppo nent down. He rose and for a moment the room seemed full of legs and arms and panting men. A foot tripped up Norton and he went down under the

bogus detective. He never suspected that the tripping foot was not acci-dental. He was too busy. The other man dragged Florence toward the hall, but there the peaceful

butler entered into the field of action

with a very unattractive automatic.
The detective threw up his hands.
The struggle went on in the library.
A trick of jiu-jitsu brought about the downfall of Norton's man, and Norton ran out into the hall to aid Jones. He searched the detective's pockets and secured the revolver. The result of all this was that the two bogus detectives soon found themselves in charge, of two policemen, and the were marched off to the station.

were marched off to the station.
"Your advent was most providential.
Mr. Norton," said Jones in his usual

colorless tones.
"I rather believe so. Why don't
you pack up and clear out for a while?"
"I am stronger in this house than sewhere," answered the butler enig

matically. "Well, you know best," said the re

The princess was breathing rapidly. No, on second thought she had no wish to throw her arms about the re-

(To be Continued.)

COMING EVENTS

department of agriculture do not in

clude the range of prices, the weed has commanded good prices on all the markets and the sales represent many hundreds of thousands of dollars

put into circulation through the to

There were present for the organization of the North Carolina Baptist State convention at Raleigh 435 dele-

ference of the Methodist Episcopal

while they slept in their home near

Spencer is soon to have a national

One Halifax farmer shipped two

arloads of hogs recently.

The seventh district medical soci-

Lee county will vote for the issue

ise of United States Treasurer John Burke, former governor of Wyoming,

to go to Raleigh to speak Ja

bacco farmers.

STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST TO ALL NORTH CAROLINA PEOPLE

Subscription : Rates Annual Live Stock Meeting, Statesville-January 19-21, 1915. Tri-State Medical Association, Charles ton, S. C.—Feb. 17-18, 1915. Sunday - - - -North Carolina Tobacco Sales. North Carolina leaf tobacco markets, 44 towns reporting sales, sold 44,206,824 pounds during November compared with 27,451,589 pounds sold during November, 1913. These fig-The Semi-Weekly Observer during November, 1913. These ures include resales for dealers.

The Charlotte Daily Observer, is

The Semi-Weekly Observer issued on Tuesday and Friday for \$1 per year gives the reader a full report of gates with every indication that the attendance will reach 1,000. Rev. C. H. Durham, of Winston-Salem, was re-elected president for a third term. the week's news. The leading Semi-Weekly of the State. Address all

> COMPANY. CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Notice of Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

Concer and by virtue of the lower of sale contained in a certain sorting executed on contained in a certain sorting executed on and his wife, to the Alba, by M. F. Pearson and his wife, to the Alba, by M. F. Pearson and his wife, to the Alba, by M. F. Pearson and property of the contained of the certain bond and the interest thereon, said mortgage being kiny produced and recorded on the 37th day or July, 914, in the look of Mortgages and Deeds of Megister of Red 18 p. 18, in the office of the Register of Red 18 p. 18, in the office of the Register of Red 18 p. 18

MONDAY, DEC. 21st, 1914.

This the 19th day of November, 1914.
ALAMANCE ANS. & REAL ESTATE CO.

ety will meet next at Rutherfordton.

Many parties of deer hunters from the state are in the sand

JOE HARPER, Adm'r

sport.

Indigestion Dýšpepsia

you are not benefited—the druggist will sole return your money. Don't healtster a druggist will sell you Kodol on these ter The dollar bottle contains 25 times as mu as the 800 bottle. Kodol is prepared at i aboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chican

Graham Drug Co.

The CHARLOTTE DAILY **OBSERVER**

Daily and Sunday 8 00 Tues. and Friday - 1.00 sales first-hand for the growers the past month amounted to 37,996,472 pounds. While the reports to the state

sued Daily and Sunday is the leading newspaper between Washington, D. C. and Atlanta, Ga. It gives all the news of North Carolina besides the complete Associated Press Service

THE Observer

to be on the streets at night.

Columbus county farmers are getting loans on cotton stored in warehouses.

David Bryant, an old colored man,
and his wife were robbed of \$201

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Capt. Jessie Wilder, aged 78, prominent naval statesman of Wilmington died recently.

District Attorney F. D. Winston went to Washington and got the promise of United States Treasurer John Rurke forcer generated with the force of the states of the states

to go to Raleigh to speak January 18.

The invitation was extended by the Bar Association.

The Catawba county board of education has purchased 11 acres for the farm life school at Startown. The people have given 10 acres for the school which makes 21 acres in all.

It is rungored that the North.

school which makes 21 acres in all.

It is rumored that the Norfolk Southern railway will extend their track to Cape Lookout.

John L. Hendrix, aged 53, promingent Guilford county citizen, died a few days ago.

Hickory citizens have formed acharity organization and will capry on their work in a systematic manner.

Hon. T. W. Bickett delivered the sannual address at the Elks memorial at High Point.

At Waxhaw, Union county John

Hon. T. W. Bickett delivered the sannual address at the Elks memorial at High Point.

Dr. C. W. Stiles of the United States public health service, and Dr. L. L. Lumsden, one of the foremost sanitation experts of the public health service, spent some time in Wilmington and New Hanover county inspecting the fine work that has been accomplished during the past year.

In order to encourage farm boys to equip themselves for farm work some handsome prizes in the form of A. & M. scholarships are being offered by business houses of Raleigh and eisewhere. In a number of other counties of the state the idea of scholarships to corn club boys is becoming popular.