GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1918

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In Cherokee county, S. C.. Mrs. Chas. Ligon, had a fire in the yard under a wash pot. The clothing of her 8-year old daughter caught from the flames, and in trying to save the child both the mother and child were fatally burned, dying in a short time,

Like Davy Crockett's coon, the arkey is coming down. Chicago's rooks have "cleaned up" \$2,000,-1 this year. The beef barons did



CHAPTER I.

Going "In." The midnight sun had set, but in crotch between two snow peaks it had kindled a vast caldron from which rose

a mist of jewels, garnet and turque topaz and amethyst and opal, swimming in a sea of molten gold. The glow of it still clung to the face of the broad Yukon, as a flush does to the soft, wrinkled cheek of a girl jus roused from deep sleep.

Except for a faint murkiness in the

air it was still day. There was light enough for the four men playing pinochle on the upper deck, though the women of their party, gossiping in chairs grouped near at hand, had at last put aside their embroidery. The girl who sat by herself at a little dis tance held a magazine still open in

her lap.

Gordon Elliot had taken the boat at
miles farther Pierre's Portage, fifty miles farther down the river. He had come direct from the creeks, and his impressions of the motley pioneer life at the gold diggings were so vivid that he had found an isolated corner of the deck where he could scribble them in a notebook while still fresh.

But he had not been too busy to see that the girl in the wicker chair was as much of an outsider as he was Plainly this was her first trip in. Gor-don was a stranger in the Yukon coun-try, one not likely to be overwelcome when it became known what his mission was.

From where he was leaning agains From where he was leaning against the deckhouse Elliot could see only a fine, chiseled profile shading into a mass-of crisp, black hair, but some quality in the detachment of her personality stimulated gently his imagination. He wondered who she could be.

A short, thickset man who had ridden down on the stage with Elliot to lown on the stage with Elliot to

Plerre's Portage drifted along the deck toward him. He wore the careless garb of a mining man in a country which looks first to comfort. "Bound for Kusiak?" he asked, by

way of opening conversation.

"Yes," answered Gordon.

The miner nodded foward the group under the awning. "That bunch lives at Kusiak. They've got on at different at Kusiak. They've got on at different places the last two or three days— except Selfridge and his wife; they've out. Guess you can tell that from ag her talk—the little woman in red with the snappy black eyes. She's spillin' over with talk about the styles in New York and the cabarets and the new shows. That pot-bellied little fel-low in the checked suit is Selfridge. He is Colby Macdonald's man Friday. Elliot took in with a guickened i

terest the group bound for Kusiak. He had noticed that they monopolized as a matter of course the best places on the deck and in the diaing noom. They were civil—enough to outsiders, but their manner had the unconscious self-ishness that often regulates social activities. tivities. It excluded from their gayety everybody that did not belong to

"That sort of thing gets my goat," the miner went on sourly. "Those women over there have elected themselves Society with a capital S. They put on all the airs the Four Hundred do in New York. And who are they anyhow?—wives to a bunch of grafting politicians mostly.'

That's th Our civilization is built on the

group system," suggested Elliot.
"Maybe so," grumbled the miner. "But I hate to see Alaska come to it Me, I saw this country first in ninety-seven—packed an outfit in over the pass. Every man stood on his own hind legs then. He got there if he was strong—mebbe; he bogged down on the trail good and plenty if he was weak. We didn't have any of the artificial stuff then. A man had to have the guts to stand the gaff."

The little miner's eyes gleamed "Best country in the world. We didn't stand for anything that wasn't on the level. It was a poor man's country wages fifteen dollars a day and plenty of work. Everybody had a chance. Anybody could stake a claim and gamble on his luck. Now the big cor-porations have slipped in and grabbed the best. It ain't a prospector's proposition any more. Instead of faro banks we've got savings banks. The wide-open dance hall has quit business in favor of moving pictures. And, as I said before, we've got Society."
"All frontier countries have to come

"Hmp! In the days I'm telling you about that crowd there couldn't 'a' hustled meat to fill their beliles three meals. Parasites, that's what they are. They're living off that bunch of

roughnecks down there and folks like With a wave of his hand Strong pointed to a group of miners who had boarded the boat with them at Pierre's Portage. There were about a dozen of

the men, for the most part husky heavy-set foreigners. Elliot gathered from their talk that they had lost their jobs because they had tried to organ-

"Roughnecks and booze fighters— that's all they are. But they earn their way. Not that I blame Macdontheir way. Not that I blame Macdon-ald for firing them, mind you," con-tinued the miner. "His superintendent up there was too soft. These here Swedes got gay. Mac hit the trail for Frozen Gulch. He hammered his big

leader and said, 'Git!' That fellow's running yet, I'll bet. Then Mac caffed the men together and read the riot act to them. He fired this bunch on the oat and was out of the camp before you could bat an eye. It was the clean est hurry-up job I ever did see."
"From what I've heard about him,

he must be a remarkable man "He's the biggest man in Alaska bar none."

This was a subject that interested Gordon Elliot very much. Colby Mac-donald and his activities had brought him to the country.

"Do you mean personally—or be ause he represents the big corpora

"Both. His word comes pretty near being law up here, not only because he stands for the Consolidated, but

up."
"Do you mean that he's square-

"You've said two things, my friend," answered Strong dryly. "He's square If he tells you anything, don't worr ecause he ain't put down his John Hancock before a notary. Don't waste any time looking for fat or yellow streaks in Mac. They ain't there. No-body ever heard him squeal yet and what's more nobody ever will."

"No wonder men like him." "But when you say honest— No Not the way you define honesty down in the States. He's a grabber, Mac is."

"What does he look like?" "Oh, I don't know." Strong hesitated, while he searched for words to show the picture in his mind. "Big as a house—steps out like a buck in the spring—blue-gray eyes that bore right

when you're looking at him. Forty-five, mebbe—or fifty—I don't know." "Married?"

"Married?"
"No-o." Hanford Strong nodded in the direction of the Kusiak circle. "They say he's going to marry Mrs. Mallory. She's the one with the red hair."

It struck young Elliot that the miner was dismissing Mrs. Mallory in too cavalier a fashion. She was the sort of woman at whom men look twice, and then continue to look while she appears magnificently unaware of it. Her hair was not red, but of a lustrous bronze, amazingly abundant, and dressed in waves with the careful skill of a coiffeur. Slightest meaning she could convey with a lift of the eyebrow or an intonation of the musical voice. If she was already fencing with the encroaching years there was little evidence of it in he

The whistle of the Hannah blew for the Tatlah Cache landing while Strong and Elliot were talking. The gang-plank was thrown out. A man came to the end of the wharf

carrying a suitcase. He was well-set, thick in the chest and broad-shoul-Looking down from above early thirties.

Mrs. Mallory was the first to recognize him, which she did with a drawling little shout of welcome. "Oh, you, Mr. Man. I knew you first. I speak

for you," she cried. gray hat in a wave of greeting.
"How do you do, Mrs. Mallory? Glad

to see you." a sullen murmur rose among them. Those in the rear pushed forward and closed the lane leading to the cabins. One of the miners was flung roughly against the new passenger. With a wide, powerful sweep of his arm the

man who had just come aboard hurled the miner back among his companions. "Gangway!" he said brusquely, and as he strode forward did not even glance in the direction of the angry

nen pressing toward him.

men pressing toward him.
"Here. Keep back there, you fel-lows. None of that rough stuff goes," ordered the mate sharply.
The big Cornishman who had been tossed aside crouched for a spring. He annehed himself forward with the cle with the arm of its owner as a radius. The bag and the head of the miner came into swift impact. Like a bullock which had been poleaxed, the



ike a Bullock Which Had Been Pole axed, the Man Went to the Floor.

They greeted him eagerly, a little effusively, as if they were anxious to prove themselves on good terms with

ridge. "How did the trouble start?"

The big miner grunted, but hung on like a football tackler. With a Jerk 'Tt didn't start. Some of the outfit hought they were looking for a row, but they balked on the job when Tre-

lawney got his." Gordon, as he watched from a little distance, corrected earlier impressions. This man had passed the thirties. He had the thick neck and solid trunk of middle life, but he carried himself so superbly that his whole bearing denied that years could touch his splendid

physique.
Strong had stepped to the wharf to talk with an old acquaintance, but when the boat threw out a warning signal he made a hurried goodby and came on board. He rejoined Elliot.

"Well, what d'you think of him Was I right?'

The young man had already guessed who this imperious stranger was. "I never saw anybody get away with a hard job as easily as he did that one. You could see with half an eye that those fellows meant fight. They were "Search me. You never think of age all primed for it—and he bluffed them

> could see just what happened. Colby Macdonald wasn't even looking at Trelawney, but you bet he saw him start That sultcase traveled like a streak of light. You'd 'a' thought it weighed about two pounds. That ain't all, either. Mac used his brains. Guess what was in that grip."

"The usual thing, I suppose,"

when I passed a minute ago."

The young man turned his eyes signin upon the big Canadian Scotsman. He was talking with Mrs. Malland Elliot in a shout from the boat man trying to lower. He was talking with Mrs. Mal, who was leaning back luxuri ously in a steamer chair she had brought aboard at St. Michael's. It to help him. The three of them low-would have been hard to conceive a contrast greater than the one between in the bow and gave directions while this pampered heiress of the ages and the other modern business berserk who looked down into her mocking eyes. He was the embodiment of the dominant male-efficient to the last inch of his straight six feet. What he wanted he had always taken, by the sheer strength that was in him. Back of her smiling insolence lay a silken force to match his own. She too had taken got him." to match his own. She too had taken what she wanted from life, but she had won it by indirection. Manifestly she was of those women who conceive that charm and beauty are tools to the wills. The other clutched the rescued man beauty are tools to the beauty are tools to the wills.

that charm and beauty are tools to bend men to their wills.

The man on the gangplank looked up, smiled and lifted to her his broad gray hat in a wave of greeting.
"How do you do, Mrs. Mallory? Glad to see you."

The dusky young woman with the magazine was the first of those on the upper deck to retire for the night. See the mate warned.

"Am 1?" Macdonald glanced with filted so quietly that Gordon did not filted so quietly that Gordon did not make the head that had the mate warned.

"Am 1?" Macdonald glanced with filted so quietly that Gordon did not make the head that had the mate warned. flitted so quietly that Gordon did not notice until she had gone. Mrs. Self-ridge and her friends disappeared with their men folks, calling gay good nights to one another as they left.

Macdonald and Mrs. Mallery talked.

"Am I?" Macdonald glanced with find interest at the head that had find forer lightly. "But she'll never get out of Alaska a spinster—not that girl. She may be going in to teach, or to run a millingery store, or to keep books for last the head that had find interest at the head that h

After a time she too vanished.

The big promoter leaned against the deck rail, where he was joined by Self-ridge. For a long time they talked in "Better come "Better come" low voices. The little man had most to mate.

Two men, separated from the crowd, lay on the deck farther aft. One was on top of the other, his fingers clutch-ing the guilet of his helpless opponent. The agony of the man underneath found expression only in the drummin heels that beat a tattoo on the floor. The spasmodic feet were shod in Ox-The spasmodic feet were shod in Ox-ford tans of an ultra-fashionable cut. No doubt the owner of the smart foot-

wear had been pulled down as he was escaping to shout the alarm.

The runner hurdled the two in his stride and plunged straight at the struggling tangle. He caught one man by the shoulders from behind and flung him back. He struck hard smashing a straw for the odds.

The very number of his foes had

They had him pressed to the rail. A huge miner, head down, had his arms around the waist of the Scotsman and Macdonald lashed out and landed flush upon the cheek of a man attempting to brain him with a billet of wood. He hammered home a short-arm jolt against the ear of the giant who was don Elliot." m.
"What was the matter?" asked Self-

The big miner grunted, but hung on



The Rail Gave Way.

just as three or four others rushed hi again. The rail gave way, splintered "The usual tining, I suppose."
"You've got another guess—packed in among his socks and underwear was the man at grips with him went over like kindling wood. The Scotsman and

the purser told me. It was that quartz that put Trelawney to sleep so thorough that he'd just begun to wake up when I passed a minute ago."

The vone mer to reverse and the side together.

Clear and loud rang the voice of El-liot. "Man overboard!"

The wheelsman signaled to the engine room to reverse and the side together.

which he was trying to lower.

The first mate and another man ren the other two put their backs into

Across the water came a call for help. "I'm sinking—hurry!" The other man in the river was a dezen yards from the one in distres

With strong, swift, overhand strokes he shot through the water. "All right," he called presently. "I've

"Shows how absent-minded a man gets,
I was thinking about how he tried to
drown me, I expect."

a millingry store, or to keep books for
a trading company. She'll stay to
bring up kiddles of her own. They all

They dragged the miner aboard. "Go ahead. I'll swim down," Mac-

"No. I'm all right," say. His chief instelled, but occasionally integraphed to ask a sharp, incisive question.

Elliot, sitting farther forward with stroke. Nevertheless, there was power stroke. Nevertheless, there was power to be a support to the bound by the stroke.

Birong, judged that Selfridge was making a report of his trip. Once he caught a fragment of their talk, enough to confirm this impression.

"Did Winton tell you that himself?"

Aemanded the Scotsman.

In it, for he reached the Hannah before the rescued miner had been helped to the deck.

A dozen passengers, crowded on the lower deck, pushed forward eagerly to see. Among them was Selfridge, his shirt and collar torn loose at the shirt and collar torn loose at the adult.

The two oldest were girls. The youngest was a fat, cuddly little boy with dimples in his soft checks.

"I dwessed myself, Aunt Sheba. Didn't I, Gwen?"

Sheba stooped and held him off to adult."

"All by yourself—just think

demanded the Scotsman.

The answer of his employee came in a murmur so low that the words were lost. But the name used told Gordon a good deal. The commissioner of the

his stevedores forward in front of the miners and shook his fist in their faces as he stormed up and down. If they wanted trouble, by Jove! it was waiting for 'em, he swore in apoplectic fury. The Hannah was a river boat and not a dive of wharf rats!

The man with the suitease, did not wait to hear out his tirade. He followed the purser to his stateroom, and the scraping of feet. The attack and folied the Kusink group on the upper deck.

The was fighting for his life.

The was a strictly expectation of her age and sex.

"Forget it, captain, I'll attend to that little matter." His jaunty, almost insolent glance made the half-circle again. "Sorry you were too late for packing, Janet?" she asked quietly.

The purser gave information to Elliot. "They call her Aunt Sheba, but she's no relative of theirs. The kidney, Bladder were grunts, stertorous breathings, and the scraping of feet. The attacked the purser to his stateroom, dropped his baggage beside the berth, and joined the Kusink group on the upper deck.

The was shifted heavily in form of him.

Even as he ran toward the mass, et three or four of you who were among those present.' It was a strictly experiment to the party, gentlemen—most of you. The purser gave information to Elliot. "They call her Aunt Sheba, but she's no relative of theirs. The kidney, Bladder who is an engineer on one of the stairway to the deck above and distairway to the dec

CHAPTER II.

The Girl From Drogheda. Gordon Elliot was too much of a night owl to be an early riser, but next morning he was awakened by the tramp of hurried feet along the to the accompaniment of brusque or-ders, together with frequent angry puffing and snorting of the boat. From the quiver of the walls he guessed that the Hannah was stuck or a sandbær. The mate's language gar backing to his surmise.

Elliot tried to settle back to sleep, but after two or three ineffectual ef blows as he fought his way to the heart forts gave it up. He rose and did one of the melee. Heavy-fisted miners with or two setting-up exercises to limber corded muscles landed upon his face his joints. The first of these flashed and head and neck. He did not care the signal to his brain that he was stiff and sore. This brought to mind the a straw for the odds.

The sudden attack of Elliot had opened the pack. The man battling smiled, it hurt every time he twicked against a dozen was Colby Macdonald.

a muscle.

The young man stepped to the looksaved him so far from being rushed ing glass. Both eyes were blacked, his overboard or trampled down. His coat and shirt were in rags. He was bruised and battered and bleeding from the chest up. But he was still slugging just in time to save another twinge of pain.

"Some party while it lasted. I never saw more willing mixers. Everybody seemed anxious to sit in except Mr was trying to throw him overboard. Mally Selfridge," he explained to his Macdonald lashed out and landed flush upon the cheek of a man attempting to brain him with a billet of wood. He left, That uppercut of his is vicious, home as short-are tell.

He bathed, dressed and went on

Early though he was, one passen ger at least was up before him. The young woman he had noticed last eve-ring with the magazine was doing a constitutional.

Irish he guessed her when the deepblue eyes rested on his for an instant as she passed, and fortified his conjec-ture by the coloring of the clear-skinned face and the marks of the Celic race delicately stamped upon it.

The purser came out of his room and joined Elliot. He smiled at sight of the young man's face. "Your map's a little out of plumb this morning, sir," he ventured. "But you ought to see the other fel-ow," came back Gordon boyishly.

w," came back Gordon poyishin,
"I've seen him—several of him, I've got to give it to you and Mr. Macdon ald. You know how to hit." "Oh, I'm not in his class." Gordon Elliot meant what he said,

was himself an athlete, had played for three years left tackle on his college eleven. More than one critic had picked him for the All-America team, But after all he was a product of train-ing and of the gymnasiums. Macdonald was what nature and a long line of fighting Highland ancestors had purser chuckled. "He's a good

un, Mac is. They say he liked to have drowned Northrup after he had saved Elliot was again following with his

eyes the lilt of the girl's movements. Apparently he had not heard what the fficer said. Avith a grin the purser opened as other attack. "Don't blame you a bit, Mr. Elliot. She's the prettiest colleen that ever sailed from Dublin bay."

"Who is she?" "The name on the books is Shebi

"From Dublin, you say?" "Oh, if you want to be literal, her Mrs. Selfridge sighed and baggage says Drogheda. Ireland is reland to me

"Where is she bound for?"
"Kusiak."

they all do-the good-looking ones?"

"Get married, you mean?"
"Strest thing you know. Girls coming up ask me what to bring by way of outfit. I used to make out a long list. Now I tell them to bring clothes written document. "Is this girl engaged?"

way, caught sight of Miss O'Neill, and "No. I'm all right,"

"Better come aboard," advised the raced pell-mell across the deck to her. The young woman's face was transformed. It was bubbling with tenderness, with gay and happy laughter Flinging her arms wide, she waited for them. With incoherent cries of de-light, they flung themselves upon her. The two oldest were girls. The

way up and she has mothered then

The eyes of Elliot rested on Miss O'Neill. "She loves children." "She sure does—no bluff about that." An imp of mischief sparkled in the eye of the supercargo. "Not married yourof the supercargo. "Not n self, are you, Mr. Elliot?"

"Hmp!" That was all he said, but Gordon felt

the blood creep into his face. This annoyed him, so he added brusquely: "And not likely to be." When the call for breakfast came Miss O'Neill took her retinue of young-

sters with her to the dining room.
Looking across from his seat at an adjoining table, Elliot could see her waiting upon them with a fine absorption in their needs. Before they had been long in the dlning room Macdonald came in carrying a sheaf of business papers. He glanced around, recognized Elliot, and made instantly for the sent across the sale from him. On him and the sent across the sale from him.

table from him. On his face and head were many marks of the recent battle "Trade you a cauliflower ear for a pair of black eyes, Mr. Elliot," he laughed as he shook hands with the man whose name he had just learned from the purser.

The grip of his brown, muscular fland was strong. It was in character with the steady, cool eyes set deep be-neath the jutting forehead, with the

"You might throw in several other little souvenirs to boot and not miss them," suggested Elliot with a smile. Macdonald nodded indifferently. "I gave and I took, which was as it sh But it's different with you, Mr. ot. This wasn't your row."

"I hadn't been in a good mix-up since left college. It did me a lot of good." "Much obliged, anyhow." He turned his attention to a lady entering the dining room. "'Mornin', Mrs. Self-ridge. How's Wally?"

She threw up her hands in despair. "He's on his second bottle of liniment already. I expect those rufflans have ruined his singing voice. When I think of how close you both came to death last night—" "I don't know about Wally, but I

had no notion of dying, Mrs. Self-ridge. They mussed us up a bit. That was all." "But they meant to kill you, th cowards. And they almost did it too. Look at Wally—confined to his bed and speaking in a whisper. Look at you-a wreck, horribly beaten up, al most drowned. We must drive the vil

lains out of the country or send the to prison."
"Am I a wreck?" the big Scotsman wanted to know. "I feel as husky as a well-fed malamute."

"Oh, you talk. But we all know you—how brave and strong you are, That's why this outrage ought to be punished. What would Alaska do if anything happened to you?" "I hadn't thought of that," admitted Macdonald. "The North would have to go out of business, I suppose. But Macdonald. you're right about one thing, Mrs. Selfridge. I'm brave and strong enough at the breakfast table. Steward, will yo

bring me a double order of these shirred eggs—and a small steak?" "Well, I'm glad you can still joke, experience. All I can say is that I hope Wally isn't permanently injured.

her place.

The eyes of the big man twinkled. The young woman passed them with both emerge as heroes of a desperate a little nod of morning greeting to the purser. Eine and dainty though she was, Miss O'Neill gave an impression injuries—and his singing voice." "Our little fracas has been a godsen

tradiant strength.

"What is she going to do in Kusiak?"
Again the purser grinned. "What do in the buttle had been limited to leg work only, but this had not been good enough to keep him from being over-hauled and having his throat squeezed, Elliot finished breakfast and left Macdonald looking over a long type-The paper was from a clerk in the general land of-fice. The big Canadian and the men he represented were dealing directly with the heads of the government de- DR. G. EUGENE HOLT partments, but they thought it the part of wisdom to keep in their employ subordinates in the capacity of

service agents to spy upon the higher

One American soldier was fatally sounded and two others sustained slight wounds in a light with Mexican food smuzglers 16 miles west of Rio Grande City, Texas. One of the smugglers dies of

diss. The bag and the head of the miner came into swift impact. Like a bullock which had been poleaxed, the man went to the floor. He turned over with a groan and lay still.

The new passenger looked across the huge, sprawling body at the group of miners facing him. They glared in savage hate. All they needed was a leader to send them driving at him with the force of an avalanche. The man at whom they raged did not give an inch. He leaned forward slightly, his weight resting on the balls of his feet, alert to the finger tips.

"Next." he taunted.

The man god bus, He heard a cry of alarm. He could hear the shuffling of footsteps and the sound. Then the mate got busy. He hustled his stevedbres forward in front of the miners and shook his fixt in their faces as he stormed up and down. If they readed so the miner and shook his fixt in their faces as he stormed up and down. If they read was a face that looked as if it might have a face that looked as if it might have a face when the read of the small family.

Macdonald shook hisseff like a New foundland dog. He looked around with sardonle anunsement, a grin on the buttons," confessed Junet, the olde the general land office at Washington signed his letters Harold B. Winton. Strong to said formed like, his wellow and layer and the switch told Efflot that the same watch told Efflot the general land office at Washington and office at Washington dog. He looked around with sardonle anunsement, a grin on the buttons, "and the lead of Gwendden snuggled close to Miss of Norelli, "You always smell so sweet the washing extended them."

Gwendden snuggled close to Miss of Norelli, "You always smell so sweet and the washing extended them."

Gwendden snuggled close to Miss of Norelli, "You always smell so sweet and the dean and violety, 'And Sheba."

The young man had just taken of his cap tips. The washing and sweet and the formed and suntered back to his stateroom.

The young man had just taken of his fleet upon the hurdend washing and the sweet of the small family.

Ladies or

GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECT

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