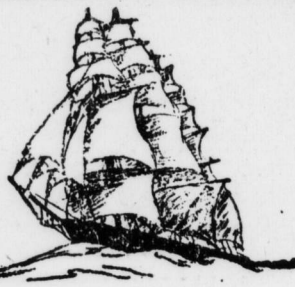


# RED HAIR AND BLUE SEA



by **STANLEY R. OSBORN**  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY JAY LEE  
COPYRIGHT BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Olive and Palmyra swim to another island, from which Palmyra secretly sends a note for aid. Burke's ship approaches the island.

Palmyra and Olive sail in a canoe, evading both Ponape's ship and the Japanese Gunboat Okyama, which has her friends on it. Olive risks his life to get water for Palmyra. Now read on—

Ponape Burke makes desperate pursuit of Olive and Palmyra, even opening fire on them. Now read on.

Olive proves a friend. He brings Palmyra back among her people on an island. But there she soon falls into the hands of Burke's accomplices, and Thurston and Van seeking her. Now read on—

**CHAPTER XII**

Thurston thrust Van aside impatiently. "The Pueliko, you say?" he demanded of the man Martin.

Across the road a horse stood saddled. Thurston ran to it, jerked the reins free, jumped into the saddle.

The girl's father returning at this moment, came running up.

"Rouse the beach," cried Thurston. "You, Van—the gunboat. Martin—the police. Tree—you to the mission. I'm for the Pueliko."

He whirled his horse.

"Wait, wait, Thurston," implored the father. "Here, take my revolver."

"Rouse the beach and follow," came the answer, above the ring of hoofs.

For a moment the three stood, petrified, staring after him. Then they ran, in different directions, to carry out his orders.

Scarcely had they gone than two native men burst from the narrow footway and crossed to the thicket. A few seconds later, with the old women, they had rushed Palmyra over the road and into the lane between the high blind wall and the salt-water marsh, where there were no eyes to see save those of the crabs that ran back and forth across the slime.

Van Buren Rutger ran down the wharf, jumped into Thurston's boat and was pulled to the Okyama.

Commander Sakamoto turned to Van. "But my dear Mister," he said, "something is wrong. How can O-lee-vay have taken the young lady when O-lee-vay is locked up here safe aboard? But he—sat-isty he is only afraid for young lady. He means good. So I let him go, unless you..."

Van was aghast. "Absolutely, no!" he cried.

Sakamoto shrugged. "As you say," he conceded.

He gave an order and shortly the brown man appeared on deck.

Olive must have divined on whose demand he was held.

At sight of him Van's animosity flamed up. The white man sprang forward. "What have you done with her?" he demanded. Then, turning to the interpreter. "What has he done with her?"

Olive seemed at a loss.

He short forth a question, received his answer, burst into a flood of entreaty.

"He say," repeated the interpreter, "he say turn him loose. He savvy too much. Go look see. Find girl dam' too much quick."

The Japanese turned questioning-ly to Van.

"No!" cried the white man passionately. "No!"

The officer shrugged again.

If Palmyra herself had been there, she would have marvelled that Van could remain blind to the sincerity of Olive's purpose.

As for the island, he must have adjudged the situation hopeless. With a final look of dumb pleading, he whirled, ducked past his unready guards and the clutching fingers of the others, and sprang over the starboard rail, foot first into the sea.

As Olive struck the brine Sakamoto leaped for the gangway and into his cutter, which happened to be alongside.

Jab him with an oar," ordered the commander. But it is not so easy to jab with a long oar.

Olive made a judicious feint, dived back under the vicious thrust of the port oars, and splashed ashore. The sailors floundered close in wake.

Inland, the main road from the beach was crowded in against the river. Soon the fugitive must cross one or the other in the open. He would be seen. He would be caught.

But...

Olive did not cross the road. He did not cross the river. Nor was he caught. Merely—he disappeared.

He had lain all the while, in the river, down among the crowding water plants, only his nose up for air.

Normally the water, clear as dew, would have revealed him. But rain in the mountains, tropically copious, had raised the stream out of its banks, stained it earthy brown, dotted its surface with moving leaf and branch.

Meanwhile, John Thurston, putting his horse to a run, had soon neared the Pueliko Rocks.

A shoulder of basalt blocked the view ahead. He clambered up, had almost reached the top. Then, startlingly, the whistle of a bullet.

Thurston ducked behind a rock. "Meaning me?" he questioned.

He raised his head cautiously. Bang! A leaf cluster came fluttering, like a wounded bird, to his feet.

Across the road, opposite a great aloe tree dominated the bluff behind it. From among its many trunks a wispy of white smoke had floated out.

John, in his effort to locate the enemy, risked standing up. A third

bullet flattened itself against the rock.

"Seems they are here, after all," he conceded.

Regaining his horse he had galloped back to the road, with this turning movement in view, when he encountered the girl's father and seven other men. These were an advanced guard. Sailors from the gunboat were following in to scour the bush.

"The lava caves," the father cried excitedly. "High in the mountains, Thurston, inland here, Unexploding, inaccessible; a terrible hiding place. My God, John, we've got to head 'em off from the caves."

Thurston told of the shooting.

Thurston found what he sought—prints.

Native men almost never wore shoes; then only shoes of cloth and rubber. But here, in the damp mould, someone had ascended toward the aloe tree, descended—wearing leather.

Thurston examined the prints at length. Then, "if I'm any sort of Indian at all," he commented "this was—Ponape Burke."

For a distance Thurston was able to ride. Then lava, clean washed, a stream, and three paths intersecting at the water.

It was well for Palmyra that she could not know what difficulties her lover had now to meet.

The bed of this stream, cut solid in one piece from nature's furnace, would have provided a test the North woods skill of any man. And in addition, Ponape Burke—if it were he—had taken pains to leave no mark.

Later, he found footprints again—shot and bare. Ahead large trees told of dry land.

Thurston advanced stealthily, rifle ready. The elevation took on an unusual form. He recognized it, to his surprise, as an artificial island; one of these ruined fortresses or tombs built by prehistoric conquerors on such islands as Kusae and Ponape.

Could the girl be imprisoned here? Opposite, there rose a twenty-foot wall of basaltic columnar blocks.

But it was not at this wall that John Thurston looked.

Lying under it, in what had been either the canal by which these long stones were floated in, or a dock for the praus or junks of the conquerors, was the schooner Lupe-a-Noa.

When Palmyra's captors hurried her into the footway they did not long continue in the dangerous direction of the Pueliko. Shortly they turned into a path that branched out among the mangroves. This path would bring them circuitously back to the sea at a point just outside the harbor entrance.

As the two men urged her along she knew she must soon confront Ponape Burke. Yet it was with a gasp that, at a turning, she saw the leaf wall move and the man's face come leering out.

"Well, Palmie," he tittered. "I come back 't get my kiss."

Her guards now for the first time releasing her hands, the girl snatched forth her pistol and leveled it at him.

He was dressed, absurdly, in the gala attire of the Rainbow, even to the cane. She had not ordered, "Hands up!" but had he obeyed that formula, stood thus grinning at her. Now, however, so suddenly she could not pull the trigger, he brought the flexible stick down with a whiplike cut across the back of her hand. The fingers, paralyzed, dropped the weapon.

An ugly light flashed into his eyes. "I ain't a-taking no chances this time," he explained.

As they moved forward again Ponape Burke became informative. Had been lying here waiting an opportunity. This village was a good sort: not like the rest of the island—so dam' pious a kanaka wasn't supposed even to smoke. And from the point, a man could watch the Okyama at anchor or get away, quickly and unseen, to the hidden Lupe-a-Noa.

The one obstacle had been Olive. But they had discovered Van's antipathy; planned to get the island out of the way through him. Graciously, Van had acted of his own accord.

For this work the man Martin had been useful, being new to the beach, unknown.

At the sea front the native men lifted Palmyra and Ponape Burke and waded with them through the thigh-deep water to the islet.

At the end of the islet furthest from shore, Ponape Burke ordered his prisoner into the last thicket. She hesitated, gave the natives one despairing glance. She hated them for their curiosity, their complaisance.

She stooped, entered the house, sat upon a mat on the nebbie floor, hunched against one of the posts in the circle that upheld the eaves. Burke hurried away. The brown men were crowding into the opposite side of the hut. They dropped to stare, crossed, knee to knee, silent or whispering those behind cranin—to look.

Martin came to take up the watch. (Continued next week)

ing information. Nearly all of them reported that they slept at least eleven hours every night. Most of them confessed to the ownership of a toothbrush and its daily use. So far so good. However, of the ninety-five, fifty-eight of them said that they habitually drank coffee or tea one or more times every day. Thirty-seven of them did not admit any such habit. Forty-two of the ninety-five stated that they drank at least one pint or more of milk each day. Fifty-three of the ninety-five stated that they drank no milk at all. The teacher did not secure accurate weights of these children, and hence it is impossible to state whether or not any of the non-milk-consuming children registered underweight.

One significant question and answer illustrate the ease with which definite health habits may be acquired by the children in every family once such habits become customary and the natural thing to do. The question we refer to is, "Did you wash your face and hands before breakfast this morning?" Every one of the ninety-five answered yes. This is easy to believe because all of us at least all who have lived in the country and who were reared on the farm, know that the custom of getting up and washing one's face and hands before breakfast is just as common as the rising of the sun or the setting of the moon. It is the expected thing, and many a little chap has had to break ice or slush to the well for fresh water with which to perform this much dreaded function. Some time it will be just as common and just as easy for all the children to drink plenty of milk and leave off coffee or tea when such things are done by all other children and become a part of the habits and customs of the people generally.

We pass these suggestions along to other grade teachers in the different sections of the State, especially in the rural schools, because the very fact of asking such questions impresses on the children's mind the truth that there is a reason for asking such questions, and therefore many children will naturally inquire into reasons for wanting and desiring good health.

### Why For Peterson

(The following editorial is clipped from the Elizabeth City Independent—take it for what it is worth.)

"The fact that both are referred to by their friends as 'O. J.' and that both have used these initials as a pen name seemed to have caused some confusion of O. J. Coffin of the school of journalism at Chapel Hill and of the Shucks and Nubbins column of the Greensboro Daily News with O. J. Peterson of Pittsboro, candidate for Commission of Labor and Printing. To correct such misapprehension, Coffin offers comment so interesting that we cannot resist quoting it in full. In his column in the Greensboro Daily he says:

"It is not without some misgiving that we approach a rather personal matter which simple justice seems to demand that we put before you. Justice to a couple of O. J.s, as a matter of fact. It is O. J. Peterson of the Chatham Record and not O. J. of Shucks and Nubbins who is running for the office of Commissioner of Labor and Printing of North Carolina. Probably none would confuse the two, for an acquaintance of them would tell you that the one would no more offer for an office than 'other would be guilty writing frivolities—and both would claim that their forbearance was due in the main to sincere regard for their possible constituencies.

This is said without solicitation from the Chatham O. J.; it is also submitted as copy without consulting the advertising department of the most liberal newspaper with which we have any remunerative connection. It has occurred to us that somebody in the audience might be amused, diverted or even edified in an expression of serious conviction by this column.

We shall not call the second mortgage of any man who disagrees with us in the coming primaries, and if we had any political influence we'd use it on a wife who threatens to vote against Al Smith; but if the folks who pay us for occupying this space will permit—it's none of anybody's business—we intend to testify for O. J. Peterson.

This O. J. originally out of Sampson County, is all wool, more than a yard wide, not an ounce of shoddy in warp or woof of him and not cut on the bias. If he has a fault, it is that he is so straight he is sway-backed, and he's worked too hard and had too little fun and has so constantly faced the dazzling light of the verities that his eyes have been blinded to the main chance. As editor of a weekly newspaper and as a teacher of public schools in communities whose taxable values did not keep pace with his patient persistence, he has done more hard work than would be required to operate the office of Commissioner of Labor and Printing for a millenium, even though there were a continuous row with the State printers and the strawberry shippers marketed 16 separate and distant crops a year.

Peterson admits he has worked hard and has remained poor. Nor does he ask to be pensioned. He

### HEALTH HABITS IN ONE CHATHAM SCHOOL

(The Health Bulletin, Feb.)

In one of the wide-awake grade schools in northeastern Chatham, situated in a typical farming section, the teachers comprising the fourth and seventh grades, inclusive, recently made a health survey of the ninety-five pupils present at the time in these four grades.

Some of the questions asked produced some infinite and illuminat-

desires—God save the mark!—"to associate for a period with people of prominence" in the State with whom association has hitherto been denied him because of his lack of time and money. We make no attempt to justify his suspicion that prominent people are good company—honestly we prefer living with those who haven't got a thing on us—but we can think of nothing more fortunate for those in charge of public affairs at Raleigh than that they should be permitted to come into intimate contact with a man who would give his body to be burned before he would compromise a principle or take a profit from another man's sacrifice of self-respect.

This is no spring poem dedicated to a friend's campaign for office. We have no claim on O. J. Peterson that any other private or public citizen of North Carolina does not have and would be afraid to attempt to exercise it if we did have. Neither of us has ever had any money to lend the other; he doesn't tell smutty stories and we'll smoke cubes the rest of our days before we try another of his campaign cigars.

Frank Grist, the present Commissioner of Labor and Printing, is no more content with his own official record than we are, who tried to keep Mitchell Lee Simpson in and Frank out and have seen no reason to classify Mitch as other than a conscientious and capable public official. David P. Dellinger, the fourth candidate, has as much right to run for office as any of them, and Henderson Steele of the Harnett county News, who declined to run, is a better printer than all of them put together. There isn't a chance, as we see it, to go very far wrong in filling this office.

It is for this reason that we feel so free to state that there never has been offered to the folks of North Carolina an opportunity to vote for a man more deserving of honor and trust than Peterson of Pittsboro.

Honest, folks, we'd rather lose with Pete than win with anybody we've ever been permitted to vote for.

There, then, better than we could say it, are the reasons why The Advance will cast its vote for Peterson in the next Democratic primary.

### WILSON-BEACHAM

Aurora, May 1.—Tuesday, April 4, at 10:30 o'clock, Miss Maybelle Beacham and Mr. Leon Wilson were married at the Methodist church.

The church was beautiful in its bridal decorations. The altar was banked with flowers. Huge baskets of white spirea and white cathedral candles completed the decorations. The ceremony of the Methodist church was most effectively used by Mr. John R. Edwards, the officiating minister.

Before the ceremony a short musical program was enjoyed by the large audience. The bridal party entered to the strains of the wedding march from Lohengrin. The ushers were Messrs. W. Hooker, Jr., and Wilbur Ross. The maid of honor was Miss Cathleen Pike, of Tarboro, and the ring bearer was little Mary Bet Edwards, cousin of the bride. She carried the ring in a large calla lily.

The bride was given in marriage by her father. She wore a becoming ensemble of dark blue georgette with blond accessories. Her bouquet was of white roses and lilies of the valley.

The groom was accompanied by his best man Mr. Paul Cally of Hopeville, Va.

Mrs. Wilson is the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Beacham, of Aurora. She deservedly has many friends in this part of the State. She is a graduate of Greenville college and has for the past few years been a popular teacher in Eastern North Carolina.

The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Wilson and is a successful young tobaccoist in Durham.

### COMMITTEE APPOINTED FOR P-T ASSOCIATION

Mrs. J. H. Cordon, new president of the Parent-Teacher Association, has appointed the following committees for the coming year:

Program—Principal Writers.

Publicity—Mrs. Shannonhouse, Mrs. W. B. Chapin.

Membership—Mrs. L. N. Womble, Mrs. Robert Moore, Mrs. W. B. Thomas, Mrs. Eugene Farrell, Mrs. J. W. Moore, Mrs. Grady Whitaker, Mrs. W. A. Copeland.

Hospitality—Mesdames George Brewer, Roscoe Farrell, W. F. Bland, R. H. Hayes, J. S. Waters, Ed. Hatch, J. T. Bland, W. C. Johnson, W. R. Thompson, Ed. Hinton, J. B. Fearington, C. C. Hamlet.

Ways and Means—Mesdames Geo. Brooks, Wad. Barber, V. R. Johnson, W. P. Horton, Mattie Thompson, and Misses Hoover, Lowrie and Cottrane.

Grounds—Mrs. Clinton Bryan, Mrs. Fred Nove, Mrs. Alpha Harmon, Mrs. White, Misses Maggie Horn and Evelyn Alston, and Messrs. W. H. Ferguson and Ed. Hinton.

Music—Mrs. H. A. Bynum, Miss Carrie Jackson.

Health—Mesdames Hayes, Hunt, E. A. Farrell, Webster.

Grade Mothers and assistants: First grade—Mesdames W. L. Farrell, J. W. Griffin, C. M. Lance. Second—Mesdames F. C. Mann, D. L. Bell, Atlas Farrell. Third grade—Mesdames Overacre, Peterson, Farrar. Fourth grade—Mesdames Sam Griffin, Jeter Perry, Harvey Mills. Fifth grade—Mesdames Hattie Lanus, Alex Riddle, Grady Pickard. Sixth—Mesdames Vander Johnson, Jeter Griffin, George Bynum. Seventh—Mesdames J. L. Griffin, Rufus Farrell. Eighth—Mesdames Chas. Lutterloh, Robert Hatcher, Woodson Powell. Ninth—Mesdames A. C. Ray, A. H. London, R. C. Griffin. Tenth—Mesdames C. C. Poe, J. W. Harmon. Eleventh—Mesdames G. W. Blair, J. M. Gregory. Teachers training class—Mrs. R. G. Shannonhouse.

### YOUR FLOWER GARDEN

By ROMAINE B. WARE

Now is the time to plan for the winter bouquets of Straw Flowers. They are so easy to grow and you will enjoy them all winter in the house. They may be planted simply by sowing the seed right where you want them to bloom, and in a few weeks you will not only have a good display of color in the garden, but you will be picking the bloom and putting it away for the winter. There are several varieties of

### Bladder Weakness

If Bladder Weakness, Getting up Nights, Backache, Burning or Itching Sensation, leg or groin pains make you feel old, tired, peevish, and worn out why not make the Cystex 48 Hour Test? Don't give up. Get Cystex today at any drug store. Put it to a 48 hour test. Money back if you don't soon feel like new, full of pep, sleep well, with pains alleviated. Try Cystex today. Only 60c.

### Government Money To Loan

In Chatham and Lee Counties 5-14 and 1 per cent principal annually pays off loan in 33 years.

### W. W. Stedman

Moncure, N. C.

Straw Flowers, probably the best known is Relichrysum. There are several others listed in some of the English catalogues. In cutting the blooms for winter cut in the morning while they are still covered with dew, and hang them heads down in a cool, shady place till thoroughly dry.

Also to be grown for winter decoration are the Ornamental Grasses. They are also very decorative in the garden. These, like the Straw Flowers, should be cut in the early morning while still wet with dew, but they should not be hung head down, but supported in their natural position. Then, when they are dried, they will make up into bouquets and look natural.

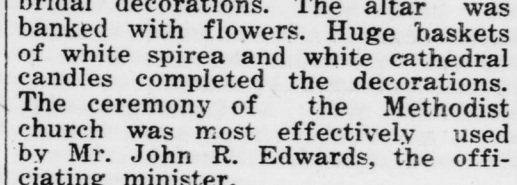
The perennial Gypsophila is good when dried, as is also Statice latifolia (Sea Lavender). These two plants are slow in establishing themselves, but are very permanent.

There is a large market for these winter bouquets, as many people do not go to the trouble of growing them, and they will be glad to purchase if they had the opportunity. I know of many that have built up a nice little side line with them. Flowers as a means of making money have made a very prominent place for themselves, as there is not only money in them but health as well. Many folk who cannot work inside can putter around a garden and turn their time into cash. The roadside flower stands have made a real place for themselves in the country. Thousands of dollars worth of flowers are sold by them every week-end.

Two me nof Batavia, N. Y., were given five days each for swearing. Now they have something to swear about!

### How Much Water Should Baby Get?

A Famous Authority's Rule  
By Ruth Brittain



Baby specialists agree nowadays, that during the first six months, babies must have three ounces of fluid per pound of body weight daily. An eight pound baby, for instance, needs twenty-four ounces of fluid. Later on the rule is two ounces of fluid per pound of body weight. The amount of fluid absorbed by a breast fed baby is best determined by weighing him before and after feeding for the whole day; and it is easily calculated for the bottle fed one. Then make up any deficiency with water.

Giving baby sufficient water often relieves his feverish, crying, upset and restless spells. If it doesn't, give him a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria. For these and other ills of babies and children such as colic, cholera, diarrhea, gas on stomach and bowels, constipation, sour stomach, loss of sleep, underweight, etc., leading physicians say there's nothing so effective. It is purely vegetable—the recipe is on the wrapper—and millions of mothers have depended on it in over thirty years of ever increasing use. It regulates baby's bowels, makes him sleep and eat right, enables him to get full nourishment from his food, so he increases in weight as he should. With each package you get a book on Motherhood worth its weight in gold.

Just a word of caution. Look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on the package so you'll be sure to get the genuine. The forty cent bottles contain thirty-five doses.

### FOR SALE

1,000 acres of land for sale near Moncure, Chatham county, N. C., 30 miles west of both Raleigh and Durham. It is divided into tracts at 18 to 357 acres. Some clay land and some sandy land. It's well wooded and some cleared. Several with houses and improvements. Average price from \$10 to \$15 per acre. 30 years in which to pay. If you live in central North Carolina come to see rather than write. If you have land for sale confer with me.

### W. W. Stedman

Moncure, N. C.

### Democratic County Convention

Pursuant to a resolution of the State Democratic Executive Committee, a Democratic Convention for the County of Chatham is hereby called to meet in the—

### COURT HOUSE AT PITTSBORO, N. C.

—ON—  
Sat., June 9, 1928, 11 o'clock a. m.

for the purpose of selecting delegates to the State Convention, which is to be held in the City of Raleigh at 12 o'clock M., on Tuesday, the 12th day of June, 1928.

Precinct meetings to select delegates to the County Convention will be held at the various voting places of the County at 2 o'clock p. m. on Saturday, the 26th day of May, 1928.

This the 23rd day of April, 1928.

W. P. HORTON,  
Chairman Democratic Executive Committee of Chatham County.

hope that he will return next year. The splendid cooperation of the teachers has made this year one of the most successful.

We are glad to note the improvement of Miss Mary Smith, who has been quite ill recently.

Mrs. Corrin Carter is visiting relatives in Gastonia this week.

Miss Ollie Biggs of the Bonlee faculty and Miss Dorothy Lee of the Bynum faculty are the attractive guests of Miss Effie Lambert.

Mr. James Caddell, the efficient architect of the Bynum school building, spent the week end in Sanford.

Miss Margaret Atwater, of Greensboro, is expected next week as the guest of Miss Effie Lambert.

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