



Miss Agnes Westley
616 Wells Street,
Marion, Wis.

316 Wells Street,
Marion, Wis., Sept. 25, 1908.

I was all run down from nervousness and overwork and had to resign my position and take a rest. I bought a bottle and began using it. I was satisfied with the results from the use of the first bottle, and took three more and then found I was restored to good health and strength and able to take up my work with renewed vigor. I consider it a fine tonic and excellent for worn-out, nervous condition, and am pleased to endorse it.

AGNES WESTLEY,
Marion, Wis.

Secure a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui and a 25c. package of Theford's Black-Draught today.

WINE OF CARDUI



Z. T. HADLEY
GRAHAM N. C.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry
Cut Glass and Silverware.

Eyes tested and glasses fitted.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
Prevents Serious Results From a Cold.

Remember the name
Foley's Honey and Tar. Insist upon having the genuine.

Three sizes 50c, 90c, \$1.50
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DR. WILL S. LONG, JR.
DENTIST
Graham, N. C.

OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING
JOHN GRAY BYNUM, W. F. BYNUM, JR.,
BYNUM & BYNUM,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Practice regularly in the courts of this and other counties. Aug. 2, 1914

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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CHAPTER XXVII.

THE rear had been tenting at the dam for two days and was about ready to break camp when Jimmy Powers swung across the trail to tell them of the big jam.

Ten miles along the river bed the stream dropped over a little half falls into a narrow, rocky gorge. It was always an anxious spot for river drivers. The plunging of the logs head-on over the fall had so gouged out the soft rock below that an eddy of great power had formed in the basin. Here, in spite of all efforts, the jam had formed. The bed was completely filled, far above the level of the falls, by a tangle that defied the jam crew's best efforts.

The rear at once took the trail down the river. Thorpe and Shearer and Scotty Parsons looked over the ground.

Without delay the entire crew was set to work. Nearly a hundred men can pick a great many logs in the course of a day. Several times the jam started, but always "plunged" before the motion had become irresistible.

"We'll have to shoot," Shearer reluctantly decided.

The men were withdrawn. Scotty Parsons cut a sapling twelve feet long and trimmed it. Big Junko thawed his dynamite at a little fire, opening the ends of the packages in order that the steam generated might escape. When the powder was warm, Scotty bound twenty of the cartridges around the end of the sapling, adjusted a fuse in one of them and soaped the opening to exclude water. Then Big Junko thrust the long javelin down into the depths of the jam, leaving a thin stream of smoke behind him as he turned away, zigzagging awkwardly over the jam, the long, ridiculous tails of his brown cutaway coat flapping behind him as he leaped. A scant moment later the hoarse dynamite shouted.

Great chunks of timber shot to an inconceivable height. Entire logs lifted bodily into the air with the motion of a fish jumping. A fountain of water gleamed against the sun and showered down in fine rain. The jam struggled and settled. That was all. The "shot" had failed.

The men ran forward, examining curiously the great hole in the log formation.

"We'll have to flood her," said Thorpe. So all the gates of the dam were raised, and the torrent tried its hand. It had no effect. Evidently the affair was not one of violence, but of patience. The crew went doggedly to work.

Day after day the clank, clank, clink of the peavys sounded with the regularity of machinery. It was cruel, hard work. A man who has lifted his utmost strength into a peavy knows that. Any but the fighting fitty would have given up long ago.

Collins, the bookkeeper, came up to view the tangle. Later a photographer from Marquette took some views, and by the end of the week a number of curiosity seekers were driving over every day to see the big jam. A certain Chicago journalist in search of balms

for his battered old feet had definitely health of lungs even sent to his paper a little time. This unexpectedly brought Wallace Carpenter to the spot. The place was an amphitheater for such as chose to be spectators. They could stand or sit on the summit of the gorge cliffs, overlooking the river, the fall and the jam.

At last Shearer became angry.

"We've been monkeying long enough," said he. "Next time we'll have a center that will go out. We'll shoot the dam down tight and dry pick out two wings that'll start her."

The dams were first run at full speed and then shot down. Hardly a drop of water flowed in the bed of the stream. The crews set laboriously to work to pull and roll the logs out in such flat fashion that a head of water should send them out.

This was even harder work than the other, for they had not the floating power of water to help them in the lifting. As usual, part of the men worked below, part above.

Jimmy Powers, curly haired, laughing faced, was irrefragable. He begged the others until they threw back at him and menaced him with their peavies. Always he had at his tongue's end the proper quip for the occasion, so that in the long run the workmen should have been able to stop it. This came all at once, as if the dam had disappeared. I don't see.

His mind of the professional had already begun to query causes.

"How about the men?" asked Wallace. "Isn't there something I can do?"

"You can head a hunt down the river," answered Thorpe. "I think it is useless until the water goes down. Poor Jimmy! He was one of the best men I had. I wouldn't have had this happen."

The horror of the scene was at last beginning to filter through numbness into Wallace Carpenter's impressions and imagination.

"No," he cried vehemently. "There is something criminal about it to me! I'd rather lose every log in the river!"

Thorpe looked at him curiously. "It is one of the chances of war," said he.

"I'd better divide the crew and take in both banks of the river," suggested Wallace.

"See if you can't get volunteers from this crowd," suggested Thorpe. "I can let you have two men to show you trails. I need a man of the crew as possible to use this flood water."

"Oh, Harry!" cried Carpenter, shocked. "You can't be going to work again today, before we have had the slightest effort to recover the bodies!"

"If the bodies can be recovered, they shall be," replied Thorpe quietly. "But the drive will not wait. We have no dams to depend on now, you must remember, and we shall have to get on the freshest water."

"Your men won't work. I'd refuse just as they will!" cried Carpenter, his sensibilities still suffering.

Thorpe smiled proudly. "You do not know them."

"By Jove!" cried the journalist in sudden enthusiasm. "By Jove, that is magnificent!"

The men on the river crew had crouched in their narrow footholds while the jam went out. Each had clung to his peavy, as is the habit of river men. Down the current past their feet swept the debris of food. Soon logs began to swirl by—at first few, then many—from the remaining railways which the river had automatically broken. In a little time the eddy caught up some of these logs, and immediately another jam threatened. The river men, without hesitation, as calmly as if they were shooting, had not thrown the weight of its moral terror against their stoicism, sprang peavy in hand, to the instant work.

Thorpe's face lit with gratification. He turned to the young man.

"You see," he said in proud simplicity. "With the added danger of fresher water, the work went on."

At this moment Tim Shearer approached from inland, his clothes dripping wet, but his face retaining its habitual expression of iron calmness. "Anybody caught here has his first question as he drew near."

"Five men under the face," replied Thorpe briefly.

Shearer cast a glance at the river. "He needed to be told no more."

"I was afraid of it," said he. "The railways must be all broken out. It's saved as that much, but the fresher water won't last long. It's going to be close squeals to get 'em out now."

"Don't exactly figure on what struck the dam. Thought first I'd go right up that way, but then I came down to see about the boys."

"Where were you?" asked Thorpe.

"On the pole trail. I got in a little, as you see."

In reality the foreman had had a close call for his life.

"We'd better go up and take a look," he suggested. "The boys has things going here all right."

The two men turned toward the brush.

"Hi, Tim!" called a voice behind them.

Red Jacket appeared, clambering up the cliff.

"Jack told me to give this to you," he panted, holding out a chunk of strangely twisted wood.

"Where'd he get this?" inquired Thorpe quickly. "It's a piece of the dam," he explained to Wallace, who had drawn near.

"Picked it out of the current," replied the man.

The foreman and his boss bent eagerly over the morsel. Then they stared with solemnity into each other's eyes.

"Dynamite!" exclaimed Shearer.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FOR a moment the three men stared at each other without speaking.

"What does it mean?" almost whispered Carpenter.

"Mean? Foul play!" snarled Thorpe. "Come on, Tim."

The two struck into the brush, threading the paths with the ease of woodmen. It was necessary to keep to the high inland ridge. The pole trail had by now become impassable. Thorpe and his foreman talked briefly.

"It's Morrison & Daly," surmised Shearer. "I left them 'count of a trick like that. I been suspecting something. They've been lying to us."

Thorpe answered nothing. Through the site of the old dam they found a torrent pouring from the narrowed pond, at the end of which the displaced wings sapping in the current indicated the former structure. Davis stood staring at the sight.

Thorpe strode forward and shook him violently by the shoulder.

"How did this happen?" he demanded hoarsely.

The man turned to him in a dam. "I don't know," he answered.

"You ought to know. How was that shot exploded? How did they get in here without your seeing them? Answer me."

"I don't know," repeated the man. "I just went over in 'li' breath to kill a few partridges, and when I come back I found her this way."

"Were you blind to catch this dam, or weren't you?" demanded the tone of voice of Thorpe. "Answer me, you fool."

"Yes, I was," returned the man, a shade of aggression creeping into his face.

"Well, you've done it well. You've set me my dam, and you've killed five men on the river side out about here. You get out here! Flee! Don't you ever let me see your face again!"

The man blanched as he then learned of his murderer's death. Thorpe thrust his face at him, bawled by stream-

stances beyond his habitual self-control.

"It's men like you who make the trouble," he stormed. "Stupid fools who say they don't mean to! It isn't enough not to mean to; they should mean not to! I don't ask you to think. I just want you to do what I tell you, and you can't even do that."

He threw his shoulder into a heavy blow that reached the dam watcher's face, and followed it immediately by

another. Then Shearer caught his arm, motioning the dazed and bloody victim of the attack to get out of sight. Thorpe shook his forehead off with one impatient motion and strode away toward the river, his head erect, his eyes flashing, his nostrils distended.

"I reckon you'd better move," Shearer dryly advised the dam watcher, and followed.

Late in the afternoon the two men reached Dam Three, or, rather, the spot on which Dam Three had stood. The same spectacle repeated itself here, except that Ellis, the dam watcher, was nowhere to be seen.

"The dirty whelp!" cried Thorpe. "He thrashed about here and there and so came across Ellis blunderfod and tied. When released the dam watcher was unable to give any account of his assailants."

"They came up behind me while I was cooking," he said. "One of 'em grabbed me, and the other one livered my eyes. Then I hears the 'shot' and knows there's trouble."

Thorpe listened in silence. Shearer asked a few questions. After the low-voiced conversation Thorpe arose abruptly.

"Where you going?" asked Shearer.

"But the young man did not reply. He swung, with the same long nervous stride, into the down river current. Until late that night the three men sat in the brush, waiting for their Don't exactly figure on what struck the dam. Thought first I'd go right up that way, but then I came down to see about the boys."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE output of steel during the fiscal year ended June 30 is reported as only 48,071,000 pounds against 128,516,000 pounds for the year 1901-02, before the present law was in force.

Blanchard or cedar grown rhubarb makes a beautiful product which should sell on sight to the fancy trade.

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Truhs that Strike Home

Your grocer is honest and—if he cares to do so—can tell you that he knows very little about the bulk coffee he sells you. How can he know, where it originally came from, how it was blended—or with what—or when roasted? If you buy your coffee loose by the pound, how can you expect purity and uniform quality?

LION COFFEE, THE LEADER OF ALL PACKAGE COFFEES, is of necessity uniform in quality, strength and flavor. For OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY, LION COFFEE has been the standard coffee in millions of homes.

LION COFFEE is carefully packed in our factories, and until opened in your home, has no chance of being adulterated, or of coming in contact with dust, dirt, germs, or unclean hands.

Do you want to know how to get even? Do you want to know how to make those fellows say so small you can't hear them? Well, I'll tell you. Take out this drive! Do it in spite of them. Show them they're no good when they buck up against Thorpe's One. Our boys don't do their duty, the way a river man ought to. How funny procedure! Don't let them do it in vain!

The crew stirred uneasily, looking at each other for approval of the conversation such had experienced. Radway turned easily toward the breeze.

"Better turn in, boys, and get some sleep," he said. "We've got a hard

In each package of LION COFFEE you get one full pound of Pure Coffee. Insist upon getting the genuine. (Lion head on every package.)

(Give the Lion-head for valuable premiums.)

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

WOLSON SPOFF CO., Toledo, Ohio.

CHAPTER XXX.

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The Delineator for May.

Among the women's magazines none will be read with greater interest than the May Delineator, which appears with a varied and attractive table of contents. The news of the fashion world is reported in a number of special articles, and the choicest of the season's dress productions are illustrated. Chief among the literary features is Albert Bigelow Paine's serial story, "The Lucky-Piece," which grows upon the reader with the second installment and promises most interesting developments in the succeeding chapters. Sewell Ford and S. M. MacManus also contribute fiction, the latter an inimitable story of Irish life. N. Hudson Moore writes concerning old chairs in "The Collector's Manual," "A Duet in Brittany" is an enjoyable travel sketch by W. W. Newton, D. D., and Dr. W. R. C. Latsen contributes an article on "Housework as a Recreation," illustrating the proper methods of performing household duties so they become profitable and pleasurable instead of disagreeable tasks, as they are usually regarded. Dr. Murray discusses "The Child's Bath" in a paper that will be helpful to young mothers, and Allau Sutherland tells something of the origin and romance of Keble's famous hymn, "Sun of My Soul."

For the young people, there are amusements of various kinds and stories by such entertaining writers as L. Frank Baum, Grace McGowan Cooke, Irene Harrington Wright and others, and a large amount of space is devoted to domestic topics, among which attention may be called particularly to the article in the series "The Making of a Housewife."

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Distressing kidney and bladder disease relieved in six hours by "New Great South American Kidney Cure." It is a great surprise on account of its promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys or back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by the J. C. Simmons Drug Co., Graham, N. C.

State Auditor Dixon will deliver the address at the commencement exercises of the Presbyterian College in Charlotte May 16th.

Good Spirits.

Good spirits don't all come from Kentucky. The main source is the liver—and all the fine spirits ever made in the Blue Grass State could not remedy a bad liver or the hundred-and-one ill effects it produces. You can't have good spirits and a bad liver at the same time. Your liver must be in fine condition if you would feel buoyant, happy and hopeful, bright of eye, light of step, vigorous and successful in your pursuit. You can put your liver in finest condition by using Green's August Flower—the greatest of all medicines for the liver and stomach and a certain cure for dyspepsia or indigestion. It has been a favorite household remedy for over thirty-five years. August Flower will make your liver healthy and active and thus insure you a liberal supply of "good spirits." Trial size, 25c.; regular bottles, 75c. At all drug stores.

Two white boys, Dallas Pritchard and Ed. Leach, escaped jail at Asheville Wednesday by making an opening in the side wall of the jail with a piece of iron and letting themselves down in blankets tied together. They had been convicted of robbing a store and sentenced to a year each in the penitentiary.

Remember Headaches

This time of the year are signals of warning. Take Taraxacum Compound now. It may save you a spell of fever. It will regulate your bowels, set your liver right, and cure your indigestion. A good Tonic. An honest medicine.

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"CHRIST IN THE CAMP"

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N. C.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." A. B.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." C. D.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." E. F.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." G. H.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." I. J.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." K. L.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." M. N.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." O. P.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." Q. R.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." S. T.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." U. V.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." W. X.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." Y. Z.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years."

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A number of cases of smallpox is reported at Corazter, a station on the North Carolina Midland road, in Davie county between Advance and Mocksville. Dr. Kimbrough, the health officer for Davie county, has advised the conductors of the passenger and freight trains to cut out that station for the present.

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Better peaches, apples, pears and berries are produced when Potash is liberally applied to the soil. To insure a full crop, of choicest quality, use a fertilizer containing not less than 10 per cent. actual

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AGENTS' EXCLUSIVE AGENTS

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"CHRIST IN THE CAMP"

By Dr. J. W. H. Jones

N. C.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." A. B.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." C. D.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." E. F.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." G. H.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." I. J.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." K. L.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." M. N.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." O. P.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." Q. R.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." S. T.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." U. V.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." W. X.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years." Y. Z.—"Worked over day, worked 100 years."

THE BANK OF ALAMANCE

Remember Headaches

This time of the year are signals of warning. Take Taraxacum Compound now. It may save you a spell of fever. It will regulate your bowels, set your liver right, and cure your indigestion. A good Tonic. An honest medicine.