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## Three Important Propositions Making For Universal Peace

By Congressman RICHARD BARTHOLOTT of Missouri

THE American delegates to the conference of the inter-parliamentary union recently held at Brussels presented three propositions. The first is to bring the Central and South American republics officially into the peace movement. This merely requires an invitation, because these countries HAVE REALLY SET THE WORLD AN EXAMPLE in advanced action along these lines.

The second proposition is to formulate a model arbitration treaty in which the subjects to be arbitrated SHALL BE SPECIFIED. This demand results from the recent controversy between the president and the senate, and it is to obviate the necessity of the president obtaining the consent of the senate in each case, a prerogative upon which the senate has insisted, that this way out of it has been proposed. It will enable the senate to confer upon the president detailed authority in a wholesale treaty and thus save the real benefits of arbitration, which can only accrue when nations agree BEFOREHAND—that is, before a real controversy arises to arbitrate the same—while the discussion of each separate case by the senate would possibly result in inflaming the public mind to such an extent as to make arbitration impossible.

The third proposition is to fix the basis of representation in a permanent congress of nations. The main thing is, of course, first to secure the assent of the powers to the establishment of such an international legislative body. If I am permitted to give my views on the importance of such a step I will point out briefly the paramount fact that at present there is no such thing as a code of international law WHICH IS AT ALL BINDING UPON NATIONS. What now passes under the name of international law is merely a compilation of precedents, opinions, maxims and arguments. It is not law, but argument; not decrees, but rules; not a code, but a treatise, and the nations are at liberty except from force of custom and public opinion to adopt or reject it, AS THEY PLEASE.

A REAL CODE OF INTERNATIONAL LAW CANNOT BE SECURED WITHOUT AN INTERNATIONAL LEGISLATURE, A CONGRESS OF NATIONS IN WHICH EACH SHALL BE EQUITABLY REPRESENTED.

## Nothing and Everything

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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While the fests flew or were at least diligently launched and laughter made response more or less sincere there came down the Notch road a pair of wandering musicians. The woman, in the lively colors of Italy, carried a tambourine, the man a violin. As they drew near the Buffalo angle of the porch and a prospective audience the man halted, stuffed his cap into his pocket and with a muffled bow began a rambling tune on his violin. His companion, her eyes cast down, stood beside him in an attitude of waiting; yet most eyes fell on her, resting, rather than on the man gradually working himself into a grotesque physical effort.

The tune done, there came some perfunctory applause. The violinist, a little man, with trousers generously long, bent in acknowledgment, and, taking his cap from his pocket as an artist of greater pretense might a bit of camouflage, he wiped his face on it with the gentle pathos of Naples. This drew more applause. He put his hand upon his heart and bent lower. Even his companion smiled, but only at him; her face held rather away from the audience.

Stopping then, the musician dusted with his cap a spot on the macadam no bigger than a dinner plate. He dusted in turn the ill used cap apologetically on his trousers and stuck it back into his pocket—all of this with an air of introduction. He bowed again—this time to his companion—and profoundly. It was as if he humbly said, "Signora, will you honor them?" and, smiling, he looked toward his audience as though to beg their consideration. The tambourine was Italian and good—appliance, a slight courtesy from signora and a tuning at the violin to enhance the importance of the introductory steps.

Then a queer little dance tune rippled from his fingers. Signora, slowly drawing up her little body, swayed to it, at first as if by suggestion. Then a little more bending and smiling, until with a quivering, a soft trembling, of the tambourine, she charmed her spectators with her into the rhythm of a plate dance.

Never for once did her feet leave the dusted spot. It was done without a step; just a swaying, molten motion, light as fancy—done so marvelously and so quickly that men and women found themselves shouting and clapping and the dancer nodding and nodding her thanks before they realized it was over. No one had eyes except for her. No one saw the autocrat staring helplessly. He had leaned abruptly forward and watched with amazement.

Look and look as he would, he never caught her eyes; unless once, in the repeated nodding—so peculiarly girlish—one nod for him. Her thoughts seemed far from her business, and her companion nudged her to circulate among the audience for such coin as might drop into her tambourine. Yet her eyes were cast always away from those between whose chairs she stepped, scant beggary in her manner. The autocrat, sitting a little apart and back, watched her savagely. Him she could not pass her without perceptible dodging. She barely hesitated—taking two steps forward, she held out her tambourine, her eyes not on him, but on it.

The autocrat put out his hand. Something heavy dropped from between his fingers in upon the gathered coin. Then leaning under the arm of his chair, he looked under, up and into her face, his fingers resting on the rim of the tambourine, just to detain it. It was a



She charmed her spectators.

challenge she dreaded, yet she would not retreat. Her eyes rose clearly to his.

"He is not the same who was with you in Colorado—Switchback?" he exclaimed abruptly in Italian.

"Si, signor."

"I say no. Why didn't you come back—ever?" he blurted in the impatient southern tongue.

"Si, signor."

"Hang it! Can't you talk your own language?" he muttered in English. "You must be Mexican," he growled in Spanish.

"Oh, no, signor. Please letta di go."

By that time every Buffalo eye was riveted on the autocrat and the dancer; every Buffalo ear was attuned to their restrained tones. But fewer languages are picked up in Buffalo than among miners, and Buffalo curiosity was only inflamed by the unknown tongue.

The autocrat's fingers slipped from the tambourine. The dancer made a quaint, quick courtesy, but she did not escape. Instead John Blair rose to her side. She made a rapid way along the porch toward the next group of idlers.

The autocrat was close.

"Let me take the tambourine," said he, putting out his hand. "I can get more than you."

She turned almost frightened. "Oh, no, signor," she protested, with a timid quiver. He laid a finger on the instrument. They were just out of earshot between two watching groups.

"Tell me, will you not, who you are?" said John Blair, speaking softly. "I saw her shoulder as she passed at the foot of a flight of steps. 'I know you are missing. I saw you in Colorado last summer with the bear. I will swear my life on it. Didn't I?'"

"Won't you please leave me, signor?" "How can I tell I know more? That man with you is a gentleman. It is a mask. Why did you mask there at Switchback—and now here?"

"Every one is looking."

"But I do not care, signor."

"I do."

"You send me away without a word?" "I must go."

suggested Mr. Howard Tift mildly. "I reckon he's dropped in too much money, and he's kicking for change, but she's not giving up."

When the big engineer finally rejoined his group the Italians were scurrying down the road, and Hattie was ready to be carried upstairs.

"It's nothing," explained John Izley. "We had a lynchpin at Switchback three years ago—hadn't we, three Italians. I was sure that girl was one of the two who escaped. She insists now it's no near dinner time for an apollinaris or lemonade?"

"If will take something more than lemonade to square this, J. B.," declared Howard Tift, with dignity, whereupon John offered to pay whatever penalty might be inflicted.

It was the regular night of the Lawford dance, and the Lynn crowd from Stille's had come over in force. The autocrat, if anything, sleepier than usual, trailed with the Buffalo contingent.

"Aren't they just too swell?" exclaimed Hattie excitedly. "Oh, why don't they make shoes in Buffalo, John? See that baldheaded man. Is it his picture we see on the billboards, John? I'm going to meet some of those people or die. Howard Tift knows that stunning fellow with the mustache, John! There she comes!" It was the Lynn girl with the queen's sweep and the black hat.

"Green dress and black hat—and green shoes. Did you ever? Well, it is swell, isn't it? Why don't you wake up?" rattled Hattie. "Oh, there comes Howard—by by!"

It was not until long after the dancing had begun that Hattie came back under the shadow of the Lynn mustache. But on the other arm leaned an especially prize—she whose costumes had so long haunted Hattie's despair, she of the black hat.

"Oh, John! Come down, brother! I want to present you." The autocrat, staggering a bit within, stepped out on the dancing floor.

"My unknown friend, Miss Rucker, John. My brother, Miss Rucker." Miss Rucker hardly bowed under her prize hat. It was more of a nod, which just frightened the black plumes and set their shivering.

"John," added Hattie after more presenting. "I have dragged Miss Rucker all the way from Lynn for an ice with us."

"I could not escape her."

"My sister is never satisfied with less than the reddest apple," bowed the autocrat.

"The greenest apple this time, dear," retorted Hattie, eyeing the Lynn gown.

"You confuse the leaves with the fruit," persisted the autocrat, not looking at Miss Rucker.

"Your brother is not dancing to-night," remarked Miss Rucker, looking at Sister Hattie. "I am sure," she added, with the easy indifference of society, "because I have noticed him sitting so long in this corner. And I thought," she continued, with a little pause perfectly mastered, "that he appeared absorbed. Are we to be seated?"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Blair. No, you sit there, Miss Blair. Leave me the shadow."

"Why?"

"There's still a number on my card, and I've no mind for it."

"John," interposed Hattie, "don't forget your table manners. Get your refreshment started this way. You know how slow they are. We may have to make it a breakfast order."

"Let's adjourn to the porch, then," suggested her brother. "The tables are less crowded."

"Cooler, isn't it?" remarked Miss Rucker as the night air struck her shoulders. "I shall need a wrap." And after all the gentlemen had offered to go for it Miss Rucker decided that she herself must go, and the orders being given, John Blair went with her. She started through the dance room.

"Which way?" he begged.

"Round."

"She turned on an impulse. 'Then I must take your arm,' she said, almost in a bubble of mischief. As they went on his silence, growing like a portent, seemed to alarm her, and she said pretty little things to ward it off. The autocrat responded to her in the most tactful and held it silently over her shoulders. She smiled as the web setled across them. 'Thank you.'

"It is I who have you to thank. I am trying to think—how to do it."

"Pray, for what do you thank me?" she asked.

"For coming tonight."

"She stood, pausing in the glare of an arc light. His was looking with his dusty lashes lowered."

"I don't understand," she responded, in the gentle infection which only suggests a question.

"I am not sure that I do," he continued evenly, but the heavy eyes were burning. "It's this." He took from his pocket the gray kerchief of Switchback. "Unless I am very wrong, this is yours."

"What is it?" she stammered, painting a little in spite of herself as she put out her hand.

"You have forgotten?"

"She gazed at the clinging thing, speaking evasively. 'You are so mysterious.'"

"I have staked a good deal," he persisted, "on being right."

"She passed it over her hands. 'It is spotted,' she mused, but could not for her life raise her eyes."

"That is my fault. If it isn't too late, may I be pardoned for using it on my arm?"

And she felt then something compelling, and she looked openly, fairly, honestly at him.

"If it is not too late," replied Miss Rucker rapidly and steadily, "may I thank you for rescuing me from a very dangerous escape?"

"Not unless I may thank you for getting into it. And it was really you," he said, as if, with the doubt gone, he could do no more than believe the reality.

"Since you have unmasked me, yes. And I have something for you, Mr. Blair—oh, may I keep this?" she asked, holding the kerchief and looking at him.

"It is yours."

"No, yours. But if you give it back to me I will keep it."

man could say just where—the El Tole-dore suggested the autocrat had dropped into her tambourine.

"We do these crazy things in our set for charity," laughed Miss Rucker lowly. "But this—holding the nugget between her thumb and finger—this I could not turn in to my padrone. I kept it for my own self. Still, it is yours."

"No," he protested. "'Twas fairly earned."

"You frightened me so yesterday I vowed I would never mask again."

"I hope you never will to me."

"Let us go back," she urged nervously. "They will think we're lost."

"I am lost."

"Oh, pray—"

"It isn't all quite for nothing, is it? Why did you come tonight?"

"It was ungenerous of you to make me promise, but how could I disregard my word after Switchback? We must return."

"Tell me all your name."

"Juliet Rucker. Shall we go?"

"May I come to see you tomorrow?"

"I shall be home all morning, Mr. Blair," she rippled, with half a laugh. "If you will bring your sister I will present my cousin, Robert Gales. He is the musician of our combination, but since you hurried us out of Switchback in the baggage car I call him Tony—do you remember?"

"I can't remember a thing—"

"If you do not take me back I shall run; indeed, I shall."

"Don't do it; it'd possibly notice me running after you. And—before we go—may I trouble you for one more thing?"

"Pray, what?"

"My breath!"

"You took it right before last in the ballroom"—She darted away, but he kept up.

"I was heartbroken over the poor bear losing its life," she murmured, nearing her party, "and all through our silly performance. Bob shouldn't have tried to take it up to the Peaks."

"It isn't so bad," she said.

"Did it," he insisted, Juliet Rucker softly, shading into a tone that was all new—"did it hurt you very much?"

"That was nothing," answered the autocrat; then, stealing her pause, he added in her own distinctive way, "but this—is everything."

Cooking Stove Was a Curiosity.

Discussions concerning the good old times when the festive stagecoach added zest to a life rather too placid for real enjoyment revealed a strange fashion in the cook stove of the long ago. "The first stove ever brought to Bowdoinham," said the one who never forgets, "was brought from Topsham with a yoke of oxen. Father got it for a surprise, thinking mother would be pleased with his gift. It had a handle on it and was called a rotary stove. It could be swung around by the handle, and there was a piece that went on top of the stove that formed another oven. When father put it up, he ran the funnel right into the fireplace and having a hole cut in the usual way—that is, it seems the right way to us nowadays, but in those days of course no one knew how a stove funnel went. The neighbors came from every direction to see that stove. It was a great curiosity and for a long time a strange place of honor in the minds of the whole neighborhood."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A Large Order.

Artists sometimes find that persons who are abundantly able to buy pictures are not so well able to appreciate the possibilities and the aims of art.

The artist Hopner related that a wealthy stockholder, with his wife and five sons and seven daughters, once called upon him. The gentleman said: "Well, Mr. Painter, here we are, a baker's dozen. How much will you demand for painting the whole lot of us, prompt payment for discount?"

"Why, that will depend," replied the artist, "upon the dimensions, style, composition and the aims of art."

"Oh, that's all settled," replied this person, who evidently followed the excellent plan of knowing exactly what he wanted when he went shopping. "We are, as I am touched off in one piece, as large as life, all seated upon our lawn at Clapham, and all singing 'God Save the Queen.'"

Suffered On the Child's Name.

Flannery—it seems his full name is Dinis K. K. Casey. What's all this 'K's' for? Flinnigan—Nothin'." 'Twas the fault of his godfather stuttern' when he tried to say "Dinis Casey."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The excessive love of money is one of the widest doors to the penitentiary.—Cleveland Leader.



WINTER WHEAT.

The Concern of the Grower Is With the Wheat Plant as a Whole.

It would not be safe to say of any variety of wheat as the result of special experiments that so far as yield of grain is concerned it will prove the most satisfactory for all localities of all those tested or indeed for any given locality. Some varieties are better adapted to certain soils than others. A variety will give better comparative yield on a given soil in certain seasons than it will in others.

Of the sixty or more varieties tested each year for the last thirteen years at the Ohio experiment station it is announced that no one variety has out-yielded all others more than two years out of the thirteen and no variety has outyielded all others two years in succession. In the harvest of 1905 the Democrat wheat heads the list; in 1904, the Nigger wheat; in 1903, the Extra Early Windsor; in 1902, the Stanley; in 1901, the Opsy; in 1900, the Early Ripe; in 1899, the Red Russian; in 1898, the Mediterranean; in



HEALTHY INFECTOR. HEALTHY SUPERIOR.

1907, the Red Russian; in 1896, the Gold Coin; in 1895, the Opsy; in 1894, the Mealy; in 1893, the Rudy; in 1892, the Mealy; in 1891, the Rudy; in 1890, the Rudy; in 1889, the Rudy; in 1888, the Rudy; in 1887, the Rudy; in 1886, the Rudy; in 1885, the Rudy; in 1884, the Rudy; in 1883, the Rudy; in 1882, the Rudy; in 1881, the Rudy; in 1880, the Rudy; in 1879, the Rudy; in 1878, the Rudy; in 1877, the Rudy; in 1876, the Rudy; in 1875, the Rudy; in 1874, the Rudy; in 1873, the Rudy; in 1872, the Rudy; in 1871, the Rudy; in 1870, the Rudy; in 1869, the Rudy; in 1868, the Rudy; in 1867, the Rudy; in 1866, the Rudy; in 1865, the Rudy; in 1864, the Rudy; in 1863, the Rudy; in 1862, the Rudy; in 1861, the Rudy; in 1860, the Rudy; in 1859, the Rudy; in 1858, the Rudy; in 1857, the Rudy; in 1856, the Rudy; in 1855, the Rudy; in 1854, the Rudy; in 1853, the Rudy; in 1852, the Rudy; in 1851, the Rudy; in 1850, the Rudy; in 1849, the Rudy; in 1848, the Rudy; in 1847, the Rudy; in 1846, the Rudy; in 1845, the Rudy; in 1844, the Rudy; in 1843, the Rudy; in 1842, the Rudy; in 1841, the Rudy; in 1840, the Rudy; in 1839, the Rudy; in 1838, the Rudy; in 1837, the Rudy; in 1836, the Rudy; in 1835, the Rudy; in 1834, the Rudy; in 1833, the Rudy; in 1832, the Rudy; in 1831, the Rudy; in 1830, the Rudy; in 1829, the Rudy; in 1828, the Rudy; in 1827, the Rudy; in 1826, the Rudy; in 1825, the Rudy; in 1824, the Rudy; in 1823, the Rudy; in 1822, the Rudy; in 1821, the Rudy; in 1820, the Rudy; in 1819, the Rudy; in 1818, the Rudy; in 1817, the Rudy; in 1816, the Rudy; in 1815, the Rudy; in 1814, the Rudy; in 1813, the Rudy; in 1812, the Rudy; in 1811, the Rudy; in 1810, the Rudy; in 1809, the Rudy; in 1808, the Rudy; in 1807, the Rudy; in 1806, the Rudy; in 1805, the Rudy; in 1804, the Rudy; in 1803, the Rudy; in 1802, the Rudy; in 1801, the Rudy; in 1800, the Rudy; in 1799, the Rudy; in 1798, the Rudy; in 1797, the Rudy; in 1796, the Rudy; in 1795, the Rudy; in 1794, the Rudy; in 1793, the Rudy; in 1792, the Rudy; in 1791, the Rudy; in 1790, the Rudy; in 1789, the Rudy; in 1788, the Rudy; in 1787, the Rudy; in 1786, the Rudy; in 1785, the Rudy; in 1784, the Rudy; in 1783, the Rudy; in 1782, the Rudy; in 1781, the Rudy; in 1780, the Rudy; in 1779, the Rudy; in 1778, the Rudy; in 1777, the Rudy; in 1776, the Rudy; in 1775, the Rudy; in 1774, the Rudy; in 1773, the Rudy; in 1772, the Rudy; in 1771, the Rudy; in 1770, the Rudy; in 1769, the Rudy; in 1768, the Rudy; in 1767, the Rudy; in 1766, the Rudy; in 1765, the Rudy; in 1764, the Rudy; in 1763, the Rudy; in 1762, the Rudy; in 1761, the Rudy; in 1760, the Rudy; in 1759, the Rudy; in 1758, the Rudy; in 1757, the Rudy; in 1756, the Rudy; in 1755, the Rudy; in 1754, the Rudy; in 1753, the Rudy; in 1752, the Rudy; in 1751, the Rudy; in 1750, the Rudy; in 1749, the Rudy; in 1748, the Rudy; in 1747, the Rudy; in 1746, the Rudy; in 1745, the Rudy; in 1744, the Rudy; in 1743, the Rudy; in 1742, the Rudy; in 1741, the Rudy; in 1740, the Rudy; in 1739, the Rudy; in 1738, the Rudy; in 1737, the Rudy; in 1736, the Rudy; in 1735, the Rudy; in 1734, the Rudy; in 1733, the Rudy; in 1732, the Rudy; in 1731, the Rudy; in 1730, the Rudy; in 1729, the Rudy; in 1728, the Rudy; in 1727, the Rudy; in 1726, the Rudy; in 1725, the Rudy; in 1724, the Rudy; in 1723, the Rudy; in 1722, the Rudy; in 1721, the Rudy; in 1720, the Rudy; in 1719, the Rudy; in 1718, the Rudy; in 1717, the Rudy; in 1716, the Rudy; in 1715, the Rudy; in 1714, the Rudy; in 1713, the Rudy; in 1712, the Rudy; in 1711, the Rudy; in 1710, the Rudy; in 1709, the Rudy; in 1708, the Rudy; in 1707, the Rudy; in 1706, the Rudy; in 1705, the Rudy; in 1704, the Rudy; in 1703, the Rudy; in 1702, the Rudy; in 1701, the Rudy; in 1700, the Rudy; in 1699, the Rudy; in 1698, the Rudy; in 1697, the Rudy; in 1696, the Rudy; in 1695, the Rudy; in 1694, the Rudy; in 1693, the Rudy; in 1692, the Rudy; in 1691, the Rudy; in 1690, the Rudy; in 1689, the Rudy; in 1688, the Rudy; in 1687, the Rudy; in 1686, the Rudy; in