Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sic.

Headache, Biliousness And ALL DISEASES arising from Torpid Liver and Bad Digestio The natural result is good appeting and solid flesh. Dose small; elegant by sugar conted and easy to swalley.

C. A. HALL,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. GRAHAM, N. C.

Office in the Bank of Alamance Bulding, up stairs.

J. S. COOK Attorney-at-Law,

GRAHAM, - - - - N. C. Office Patterson Building Second Ploor. . . . .

WALTER E. WALKER, M. D. GRAHAM, N. C.

Office over Bank of Alamance Up Stairs. Office hours 8 to 10 A. M. PHONE 80-b (and 197-a)

DR. WILL S. LONG, JR.

. . . DENTIST . . . Graham - - - - North Carolina OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING

IOHN GRAY LINUM. W. P. BYNUM, JR. BINUM & BYNUM,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law GALENBBORO, N U. Practice regularly in the courts of Ala-

JACOB A. LONG. J. ELMER LONG.

LONG & LONG. Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

GRAHAM, N. ". ROB'T' C. STRUDWICK

Attorney-at-Law,

GREENSBORO N. U. Practices in the courts of Ala-

mance and Guilford counties.

NORTH CAROLINA Need a North Carolina Farm

Paper, One adapted to North Carolina climate, soils and conditions, made by Tar Heels and for Tar

Heels -and at the same time as wide awake as any in Kentucky or Kamchatka. Such a paper is

The Progressive Farmer RALEIGH. N. C.

Edited by CLABENCE H. POE, with Dr. W. C. Burkett, ector B. A. & M. College, and Director B. W. Kilgore, of the Agricuttural Experiment Station (you know them), as assistant editors (\$1 a year). If you are already taking the paper, we can make no reduction, but if you are not taking it YOU CAN SAVE 50C

By sending your order to us That is to say, new Progressive Farmer subscribers we will send that paper with THE GLEANER, both one year for \$1 50, regular price \$2.00. Addrsesa

THE GLEANER,

### Graham Underwriters Agency

SCOTT & ALBRICHT Graham, N. C

## Fire and Life Insurauce

Prompt Personal Attention To All Orders.

Correspondence | Solicited. OFFICE AT

THE BANK OF ALAMANCE

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* New Type, Presses, and the Know How.

# A MAKER OF HISTORY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM,

Author of "The Master Mummer," "A Prince of Sinners," "Mysterious Mr. Sabin," "Anna the Adventuress," Etc.

all from places in Germany and Aus-

tria. At the bottom of the second

trunk, however, she found something

which he had evidently found it worth

thick sheet of official looking paper,

bearing at the top an embossed crown

and covered with German writing. It

was evidently an odd sheet of some

and took it back with her to her own

room. Then, with the help of a Ger-

she thought of it the less, after all,

she felt inclined to connect it with his

CHAPTER IV.

"Mademoiselle wishes a table - for

nerself alone," he repeated doubtfully.

It was obvious that mademoiselle

was of the class which does not fre-

quent night cafes alone, but after all

that was scarcely M. Alfred's con-

cern. She came perhaps from that

strange land of the free, whose daugh-

ters had long ago kicked over the bar-

or her the freedom of that little room

ble, from which she had a good view

of the room, that she did so, and M.

Alfred realized with a philosophic

shrug of his shoulders the error he had

Phyllis looked about her with some

curiosity. It was too early for the

tables were empty. The scarlet coated

band were smoking cigarettes and had

not yet produced their instruments.

The canductor curled his black mus-

tache and stared hard at the beautifu

young English lady without, however,

being able to attract a single glance in

return. One or two men also tried to

convey to her by smiles and glances

the fact that her solitude need con-

unattached ladies put their heads to-

gether and discussed her with little

peals of laughter. To all of these

things she remained indifferent. She

ordered a supper which she ate me-

chanically and wine which she scarce

ly drank. All the while she was con-

sidering. Now that she was here, what

could she do? Of whom was she to

make inquiries? She scanned the faces

of the newcomers with a certain grave

curlosity which puzzled them. She nel-

ther invited nor repelled notice. She

M. Alfred, during one of his peregri

natious around the room, passed close

"Excellently, I thank you," she an

He would have passed on, but she de

"You have very many visitors here," he remarked. "Is it the same al-

"Tonight," he declared, "it is nothing.

There are many who come here every

vening. They amuse themselves here.

"But certainly," he declared.

"I have a brother," she said, was here eleven nights ago-let me see -that would be last Tuesday week.

He is tall and fair, about twenty-one

M. Alfred shook his head slowly.

as a rule, I forget no one. Last Tues

day week I remember perfectly well. It was a quiet evening. La Scala was

here, but of the rest no one. If made-moiselle's brother was here it is most

Her lip quivered for a moment. She

that you might have been able to help me. He left the Grand hotel on that

night with the intention of coming here, and he never returned. I have

been very much worried ever since."

nd, they say, like me. I wonder if

"That is strange," he declared, "for,

"You have a good many strangers

remained entirely at her ease.

to her table. She stopped him. "I trust that mademoiselle is well served," he remarked, with a little bow.

the remarked.

WAYS?"

tinue no longer than she chose.

habitues of the place, and most of the

committed.

"If you please," she answered.

ONSIEUR ALFRED looked

over her shoulder for the

man who must surely be in

attendance, but he looked in

disappearance.

Copyright, 1905, 1906, by LITTLE, BROWN, and COMPANY.

"My chambermaid Marie told me would throw light upon his disappearthat you might perhaps know how he since. She found nothing of the sort, proposed to spend the evening," she however. There were picture postcontinued. "He was quite a stranger in cards, a few photographs and a good Paris, and he may have asked for many restaurant bills, but they were some information." M. Alphonse smiled and extended his

"It is quite true," he answered. "He asked me where to go, and I say to the while to carefully preserve. It was a Folies Bergeres. Then he said he had heard a good deal of the supper cafes, and he asked me which was the most amusing. I tell him the Cafe Montmartre. He wrote it down."

"Do you think that he meant to go there?" she asked. "But certainly. He promised to come and tell me the next day how he amused himself."

"The Cafe Montmartre. Where is it?" she asked. "In the Place de Montmartre. But

mademoiselle pardons-she will understand that it is a place for men?" "Are women not admitted?" she asked. Alphouse smiled.

"But-yes. Only mademoiselle un-

derstands that if a lady should go there she would need to be very well escorted." She rose and slipped a coin into his

"I am very much obliged to you,"

she said. "By the bye, have any other people made inquiries of you concerning my brother?" "No one at all, mademoiselle!" the man answered.

She almost slammed the door behind when she went out. "And they say that the French police are the cleverest in the world!" she exclaimed indignantly.

M. Alphonse watched her through the glass pane. "Ciel! But she is pretty!" he mur-

mured to himself. She turned into the writing room and taking off her gloves, she wrote a letter. Her pretty fingers were inno-



She found something which he had considered it worth while to preserve.

was a little shaky. Nevertheless, it is certain that not a man passed through the room who did not find an excuse to stenl a second glance at her. This

My Dear Andrew-I am in great dis My Dear Andrew—I am in great dis-treas here and very unhappy. I should have written to you before, but I know that you have your own trouble to bear just now, and I hated to bother you. I arrived here punctually on the date ar-ranged upon between Guy and myself and found that he had arrived the night before and had engaged a room for me. He was out when I came. I changed my clothes and sat down to wait for him. He was out when I came. I changed my clothes and sat down to wait for him. He did not return. I made inquiries and found that he had left the hotel at 8 o'clock the previous evening. To cut the matter short, ten days have now elapsed,

o'clock the previous evening. To cut the matter short, ten days have now elapsed, and he hus not yet returned.

I have been to the embassy, to the police and to the morgue. Nowhere have I found the slightest trace of him. No one seems to take the least interest in his disappearance. The police shrug their shoulders and look at me as though I ought to understand—he will return very shortly, they are quite sure. At the embassy they have begun to look upon me as a nulsance. The morgue—heaven send that I may one day forget the horror of my hasty visits thers! I have come to the conclusion, Andrew, that I must search for him myself. How, I do not know; where, I do not know. But I shall not leave Paris until I have found him.

Andrew, what I want is a friend here. A few months ago I should not have hesitated a moment to ask you to come to me. Today that is impossible. Your presence here would only be an embarrassment to both of us. Do you know of any one who would come? I have not a single relative whom I can ask to help me. Would you advise me to write to Scotland Yard for a detective or go to one of these agencies? If not, can you think of any one who would comes here and help me, either for your sake as your friend, or, better still, a detective one of these agencies? If not, can you think of any one who would comes here and help me, either for your sake as your friend, or, better still, a detective one of these agencies? If not, can you think of any one who would come here and help me, either for your sake as your friend, or, better still, a detective or go to one of these agencies? If not, can you think of any one who would come here and help me, either for your sake as your friend, or, better still, a detective or go to one of these agencies? If not, can you think of any one who would come here.

I know that you will do what you can for me. Andrew. Write to me by return. Yours in great trouble and distress.

PHYLLIS POYNTON.

She sealed and addressed her letter and saw it dispatched. Afterward and saw it dispertiyard to the res-she crossed the courtyard to the res-taurant and did her best to est some ner. When she had finished it was only half past 8. She rang for the lift and ascended to the fourth floor. On her way down the corridor a sudden thought struck ber. She took a ken from her pocket and entered the room which her brother had occupied.

His things were still lying about in some disorder, and neither of his trunks was tocked. She went down on her She was no great judge of character, some disorder, and neither of his trunks was locked. She went down on her kasees and caimly proceeded to go through his belongings. It was rather a forlorn hope, but it seemed to her just possible that there might be in some of his pockets a letter which led departed, and Phyllis watched.

She was no great judge of character, but M. Alfred's sympathy did not impress her with its sincerity.

"If mademoisele desires," he said, "I will make inquiries among the waiters, you for whom I have been waiting."

"Mademoisele faiters me," he murging the pockets a letter which led desires, and Phyllis watched.

Ele departed, and Phyllis watched "Not in the least," she answered. "I

him talking to some of the waiters and the leader of the orchestra. Presently he returned,

"I am very sorry," he announced "but the brother of mademoiselle could not have come here. I have inquired of the garcons and of M. Jules there, who forgets no one. They answer all

"Thank you very much," she answer-"It must have been somewhere

She was unreasonably disappointed. It had been a very slender chance, but at least it was something tangible. She had scarcely expected to have it snapped so soon and so thoroughly. She dropped her veil to hide the tears which she felt were not far from her eyes and summoned the waiter for her bill. There seemed to be no object in staying longer. Suddenly the unex-pected happened. A hand flashing with jewels was rested for a moment upon ber table. When it was withdrawn a

scrap of paper remained there. Phyllis looked up in amazement The girl to whom the hand belonged was sitting at the next table, but her head was turned away, and she seemwas numbered at the top "17," and it ed to be only concerned in watching the door. She drew the scrap of paper document. She folded it carefully up toward her and cautiously opened it. This is what she read, written in English, but with a foreign turn to most of the letters:

man dictionary, she commenced to study it. At the end of an hour she had "M. Alfred Hed. Your brother was made out a rough translation, which here. Wait till I speak to you." Instinctively she crumpled up this she read carefully through. When she had finished she was thoroughly perstrange little note in her hand. She plexed. She had an uncomfortable struggled hard to maintain her comsense of having come into touch with posure. She had at once the idea that something wholly unexpected and mysevery one in the place was looking at her. M. Alfred, indeed, on his way "What am I to do?" she said to herdown the room wondered what had self softly. "What can it mean? driven the hopeless expression from her Where on earth can Guy have found face.

The waiter brought her bill. She There was no one to answer her, no paid it and tipped him with prodigality which for a woman was almost reckone to advise. An overwhelming sense less. Then she ordered coffee and aftof her loneliness brought the tears into er a second's hesitation cigarettes. her eyes. She sat for some time with Why not? Nearly all the women were her face buried in her hands. Then smoking, and she desired to pass for she rose up, calmly destroyed her the moment as one of them. For the translation with minute care and locked away the mysterious sheet at the first time she ventured to gaze at her neighbor. bottom of her dressing bag. The more

It was the young lady from Vienna. She was dressed in a wonderful demitollet of white lace, and she wore a large picture bat adjusted at exactly the right angle for her profile. From her throat and bosom there flashed the sparkle of many gems. The finger which held her cigarette was ablaze with diamonds. She leaned back in her seat smoking lazily, and she met Phyllis' furtive gaze with almost insolent coldness. But a moment later, when M. Alfred's back was turned, she leaned forward and addressed her rap

"A man will come here," she said, "who could tell you if he was willing all that you seek to know. He will come tonight. He comes all the nights. You will see I hold my handkerchief so in my right hand. When he comes I shall drop it-so."

riers of sex with the same abandon that Mlle. Flossie would display the The girl's swift speech, her half fearsoles of her feet a few hours later in ful glances toward the door, puzzled their national dance. If she had chanc-

ed to raise her veil no earthly persua-"Can you not come nearer to me and sions on her part would have secured talk?" she asked. for M. Alfred's appreciation of like-

again. You must not let any one, esness was equal to his memory for pecially the man himself, know what faces. But it was not until she was I have told you. No more now. Watch comfortably ensconced at a corner tafor the handkerchief." "But what shall I say to him?"

The girl took no notice of her. She was looking in the opposite direction She seemed to have edged away as far as possible from her. Phyllis drew a long breath. She felt her heart beating with excitement. The place suddenly seemed to her like part of a nightmare. And then all was clear again. Fortune was on her side. The secret of Guy's disappearance was in this room, and a few careless words from the girl at the next table had told her more than an entire police system had been able to discover. But why the mystery? What was she to say to the man when he came? The girl from Vienna was talk ing to some friends and toying care essly with a little morsel of lace which she had drawn from her bosom. Phyllis watched it with the eyes of a cat Every now and then she watched also

The place was much fuller now Mile. Flossie had arrived with a small company of friends from Maxim's The music was playing all the time The popping of corks was almost in-The volume of sound had swelled. The laughter and greeting of friends betrayed more abandon than earlier in the evening. Old acquaintances had been renewed and new ones made. Mademoiselle from Vienna was surrounded by a little circle of admir ers. Still she held in her right hand a crumpled up little ball of lace.

Men passing down the room tried to stract the attention of the beautiful young English demoiselle who looked out upon the little scene so indifferent ly as regarded individuals and yet with such eager interest as a whole. No one was bold enough, however, to make a second effort. Necessity at times gives birth to a swift capacity. Fresh from her simple country life, Phyllis found herself still able with effortless serenity to confound the mos hardened boulevarder who paused to egle her. Her eyes and lips expressed with case the most convincing and ab-solute indifference to their approaches. A man may sometimes brave anger he rarely has courage to combat indif-ference. So Phyllis held her own and

Phyllis felt her own heart almost stop centing as she gazed down the room A man of medium height, dark, immaculately dressed, distinguished, was slowly approaching her, exchanging greetings on every side. His languid eyes fell upon Phyllis. Those who had

vanished from her face. She leaned forward as though anxious to attract his attention. She succeeded easily

He was almost opposite her table, and her half smile seemed to leave him but little choice. He touched the back of the chair which fronted hers and

have been waiting to ask you what has become of my brother, Guy Poynton." He drew out the chair and seated himself. His eyes never left her face. "Mademoiselle." he murmured, "this

is most extraordinary!" She noticed then that his hands were

CHAPTER V. AM asking a great deal of you,

George! I know it. But you see how helpless I am. And read the letter-read it for He passed Phyllis' letter across the small round dining table. His guest took it and read it carefully through.

"How old is the young lady?" he asked. "Twenty-three." "And the boy?"

"Twenty-one. "Orphans, I think you said?" "Orphans and relationless." "Well off?" "Moderately."

Duncombe leaned back in his chair and sipped his port thoughtfully. "It is an extraordinary situation!" he

"Extraordinary indeed," his friend assented. "But so far as I am conterned you can see how I am fixed. am older than either of them, but I have always been their nearest neighpor and their most intimate friend. If ever they have needed advice they have come to me for it. If ever I have needed a day's shooting for myself or friend I have gone to them. This continental tour of theirs we discussed and planned out months beforehand. If my misfortune had not come on just when it did I should have gone with them, and even up to the last we hoped that I might have been able to have gone to Paris with Phyllis." Duncombe nodded.

"Tell me about the boy," he said, His host shrugged his shoulders.

"You know what they're like at that age," he remarked. "He was at Harrow, but he shied at college, and there was no one to insist upon his going. The pair of them had only a firm of lawyers for guardians. He's just a good looking, clean minded, high spirited young fellow, full of beans and needing the bit every now and then. But, of course, he's no different from the run of young fellows of his age, and if an adventure came his way I suppose he'd see it through."

Andrew Pelham rose from his seat. "I will show you her photograph," he

He passed into an inner room divided from the dining room by curtains. In a moment or two he reappeared. "Here it is," he said and laid a picture upon the table.

Now, Duncombe was a young man

who prided himself a little on being unimpressionable. He took up the picture with a certain tolerant interest and examined it at first without any special feeling, yet in a moment or two he felt himself grateful for those great disfiguring glasses from behind his host was temporarily at least blind to all that passed. A curious disturbance seemed to have passed into his his breath come a little quicker as he unconsciously created in his imagination the living presentment of the girl whose picture he was still holding Tall she was and slim, with a soft white throat and long, graceful neck, eyes rather darker than her complexion warranted, a little narrow, but bright as stars, a mouth with the divine lines of humor and understanding. It was only a picture, but a realization of the living image seemed to be creeping in upon him. He made the excuse of seeking a better light and moved across to a distant lamp. He bent over the picture, but it was not the picture which he saw. He saw the girl herself, and even with the half formed thought he saw her expression change. He saw her eyes lit with sor-row and appeal. He saw her arms outstretched toward him. He seemed

even to bear her soft cry. even to hear her soft cry.

He knew then what his answer would be to his friend's prayer. He thought no more of the excuses which he had been building in his mind, of all the practical suggestions which he had been prepared to make. Common sense died away within him. The matter of died away within him. The matter of fact man of thirty was ready to tread in the footsteps of his great predeces-sor and play the modern knight errant with all the whole heartedness of Don Quixote himself. He fancied himself by her side, and his heart leaped with Joy of it. He thought no more of abandoned cricket matches and neg-lected house parties. A fineer of fire abandoned cricket matches and neg-lected house parties. A finger of fire had been iaid upon his somewhat tor-pid fiesh and blood. "Well?" Andrew asked. Duncombe returned to the table and laid the picture down with a rejuctance

which he could scarcely concent.
"Yesy nice photograph," he remarked. "Taken locally?"
"I took it myself," Andrew answered.
"I used to be rather great at that sort of thing before—before my eyes went

that you call yourself their neares

voice caught his friend's attention.
Duncombe eyed him keenly. He was
conscious of a seuse of apprehension.
He leaned over the table. "Do you mean, Andrew"- he asked hoarsely. "Do you mean"-"Yes, I mean that," his friend an

"Yes, I menn that," his friend an-swered quietly. "Nice sort of fool, aren't I? I'm twelve years older than she is, I'm only moderately well off and less than moderately good looking; but, after all, I'm only human, and I've seen her grow up from a fresh, charm-ing child into one of God's wonderful women. Even a gardener, you know, George, loves the ruses he has planted and watched over. I've taught her a little and belped her a little, and I've watched her cross the borderland."

"Does she know?"
Andrew shook his head doubtfully.
"I think," he said, "that she was beginning to guess. Three months ago I should have spoken, but my trouble came. I didn't mean to tell you this, but perhaps it is as well that you

should know. You can understand now what I am suffering. To think of her there alone almost maddens me." Duncombe rose suddenly from his

"Come out into the garden, Andrew," he said. "I feel stifled here."

His host rose and took Duncombe's arm. They passed out through the French window on to the gravel path which circled the cedar shaded lawn. A shower had fallen barely an hour since, and the air was full of a fresh, delicate fragrance. Birds were singing in the dripping trees; blackbirds were busy in the grass. The perfume from the wet lilac shrubs was a very dream of sweetness. Andrew pointed across a park which sloped down to the garden boundary.

"Up there among the elm trees George," he said, "can you see a gleam of white? That is the hall, just to the wood. left of the rookery."

Duncombe nodded. "Yes." he said "I can see it." "Guy and she walked down so often after dinner," he said quietly. "I have stood here and watched them. Some times she came alone. What a long time ago that seems."

Duncombe's grip upon his arm tight-

"Andrew," he said, "I can't go!" There was a short silence. Andrew stood quite still. All around them was the soft weeping of dripping shrubs. An odorous whiff from the walled rose

garden floated down the air. "I'm sorry, George! It's a lot to ask "It isn't that!"

Andrew turned his head toward his friend. The tone puzzled him. "I don't understand." "No wonder, old fellow! I don't un

derstand myself." There was another short slience. Andrew stood with his sightless eyes turned upon his friend, and Duncombe was looking up through the elm trees to the hall. He was trying to fancy her as she must have appeared to this man who dwelt alone walking down the mendow in the evening.

"No," he repeated softly, "I don't understand myself. You've known me for a long time, Andrew. You wouldn't write me down as altogether a senti mental ass, would you? "I should not, George. I should nev-

er even use the word 'sentimental' in connection with you." Duncombe turned and faced him squarely. He laid his hands upon his

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Little Ambiguous.

group of interested citizen was observed standing in front of a billboard in one of Chicago's suburbs reading a large poster that had just been put up. Some of them were greatly amused, while others

were highly indignant. A nearer inspection showed that the purpose of the poster was to advertise a "genuine colored minstrels' entertainment" that was to be given at one of the local amusement halls. The particular portion that had roused the emotions of the crowd was printed in great, flaring

letters: "It will be enough to make a mule laugh! Bring your wives and chil-

Lost Dignity.

Irish viceroys are stripped of their sovereign attributes as soon as they reach English waters, which gives point to the following story told of one viceroy and a lady with whom he was acquainted. They both found themselves on board the Holyhead packet. During the voyage from Ireland the lady treated the viceroy with ceremonious respect. So soon, however, as the packet entered Holyhead harbor she said to him, "Now, Bobby, you're no longer viceroy, so take my bag and make yourself useful." — London Truth.

The Bookplate. An ex libris, or bookplate, is a small piece of paper whereon is printed the owner's name and pasted on the inside cover of a book-in other words, i is a printed slip to denote the owner ship of books. A proper ex libris should have, first of all, the name, boldly and plainly printed, and a space left for the number of volumes contained in the library; then, to make it more interesting and personal, some decoraindividual choice as well as some fa-vorite motto, if desired. In Europe those who have the right use family erests or armorial bearings for their ex libris. Every well regulated library should have some mark of ownership and the ex libris takes the place of the owner's signature.

Moths and Butterflies. Some moths look very much like but-terflies, but there are two ways in terflies, but there are two ways in which you can always tell the one from the other. Each has little siender feelers growing from the bead, but the betterfly's feelers, or antennae, as they are called, have knobe on the ends. The antennae of the moth sometimes have tiny feathers on them and sometimes little spires, but thy are never knobbed. Then, too, if alighting the butterfly always holds her ing the butterfly always holds her wings erect, while the moth's droop

The Lid Was On.
From one of the big ranches in the San Josquin valley an elderly workpostmaster on his return said to his suppleying a word needlessly comple and long, "Well, Jabes, how did yo like the metropolis?" "Wot say?" ask-ed the old man. "How did yes like the metropolis?" he repeated. "Twan't

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Eanitary Lotion. Never fails. Sold by J. C. Simmons Drug Co., Graham, N. C.

DeWitt's Little Harty Risers,

### THE BOOMERANG.

Even the Australians Know Little About Its Mysteries.

"The Australian boomerang," said collector of queer weapons, "is formed of a bent stick, one side rounded, the other flat. The Australians make it from boughs of acacia pendula or from some tree of similar growth, giving to the green wood the desired curvature in the fire. It is necessary to choose a very hard, strong and heavy wood, and the best plan is to cut a piece from a natural bend or root of a tree and to let the curve of the boomerang follow the grain of the

"One hardly ever sees two boomerangs of the same shape, for they vary from a slight curve to nearly a right angle. They differ also in length from fifteen inches to three and a half feet and in breadth from two to three inches. They should be about three-eighths of an inch thick, tapering toward the ends, which may be either round or point ed, while the edge must be sharpened all around. One side must be convex, the other flat, the sharpness of the edge along the convexity of the curve varying in different boomerangs.

"When thrown the boomerang travels forward for some distance and then generally returns in an ellipse to within a few paces of the thrower. If the boomerang strikes its mark it falls to the ground. In throwing it must be grasped at one end, stretched back behind the shoulder and then brought rapidly forward above the head, the inside of the curve facing the direction in which it is thrown.

"It may either be hurled upward into the air or downward, so as to strike the ground at some distance from the thrower. In the first case it flies from a rotary motion, as its shape would indicate, and after ascending to a great height it suddenly returns in an elliptical orbit to a spot near its starting point. When thrown downward to the ground it rebounds in a straight line, pursuing a ricochet motion until it strikes the object at which it is cast. "To throw the Australian boom-

erang in such a way as to make sure of its doing exactly what one wants is one of the most difficult feats in the world. Alfred W. Howitt, who has even the natives of Victoria practicing with the boom-erang, mentioned that he questioned some blacks as to whether they thought it was possible to throw it so as to insure its returning to the hand of the thrower. Seven said no and characterized the statement as fet bollan-i. e., a falzehood. The eighth said he once made a boomerang that when thrown on a calm day with great care would gy rate around and around until it de scended to the ground not far from him, moving as slowly as a leaf falling from a tree, and that he once ran forward and nearly caught it. He said also 'no kurni (black fellow) can catch a wunkan when he is flying-he would cut his hands open.'
The throwing of boomerangs has always been carried on in the open air, and no Australian native has ever attempted to use them in a building."-Exchange.

What Puzzled Him.

It is said of the Marquis of Townsend that when a young man and engaged in battle he saw a drummer at his side killed by a can non ball, which scattered his brains in every direction. His eyes were at once fixed on the ghastly object, which seemed to engross his thoughts. A superior officer observing him, supposed he was intimidated by the sight and addressed him in a manner to cheer his spirits. "Oh," said the young marquis, with calmness, but severity, "I am not frightened. I am only puzzled to make out how any man with such a quantity of brains ever came to be

Herring, lake trout and whitefish are removed from Lake Superior at the rate of about 6,000,000 pounds annually. The berring comprise fully 75 per cent of this quantity, the trout 20 per cent, while the remaining 5 per cent is composed chiefly of whitefish M. A. Carver in Sports Afield.

Increase Your Yield



## Does Your Heart Beat

Yes. 100,000 times each day. Does it send out good blood or bad blood? You know, for good blood is good health: bad blood, bad health. And you know precisely what to take for bad blood - Aver's Sarsaparilla. Doctors have endorsed it for 60 years. One frequent cause of had blood is a sluggish liver. This produces constinuion, Poissonous substances are then absorbed into the blood-Keep the bowels open with Ayer's Pills.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Man Ayers AGUE CURE. We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

This time of the year are signals of warning, Take Taraxacum Compound now. It may ave you a spell of fe-ver. It will regulate your bowels, set your liver right, and cure your indigestion. A good Tonic.

MEBANE.

N. C.

An honest medicine

# Weak

Are due to indigestion. Ninety-mine of every one hundred people who have heart trouble can remember when it was simple indigestion. It is a scientific fact that all cast of heart disease, not organic, are not only traceable to, but are the direct result of indigestion. All food taken into the stomach which fails of perfect digestion forments and swells the stomach, puffing it up against the heart. This interferes with the action of the heart, and in the course of time that delicate but vital organ becomes diseased.

Mr. D. Kauble, of Neveda. O., says: I had stomach trouble with it. I took Kodol Dyspects Cure for short fee heart with it. I took Kodol Dyspects Cure for short fee heart and relieves the stomach of all nervous strain and the heart of all pressure.

Bottles entry. \$1.00 Sites holding 2% times the trist states and years and the heart of all pressure.

Betties only. \$1.00 films holding 256 times the trial size, which sells for 50c.

Prepared by E. C. DeWITT & OO., OHIGAGO J. C. Simmons, Druggist.



Prepared only by E. C. lintil by & Co., Chi



lity, at half usual pr