that they left together.

"involves nothing."

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Yours very truly or of CO.

THE BANK OF ALAMANCE | the room histons with shrieks.
"Good God," she cried, "It is the lit-

A MAKER OF HISTORY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM,

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

crimes.

him.

wonder.

success?"

waiting to see me?"

something of a shock.

want to talk to you."

Duncombe sighed

"Go on," he said.

signed my position."

Duncombe himself fetched in the

voluminous notes of the occurrence

the book in his pocket. The affair

happen to those whom he might suc-

had he? He was fighting against pow-

ers which, moving always in the dark-

ness, seemed able with the most ridicu-

lous ease to frustrate his every move.

He re-entered the hotel in a state of

complete pervous depression. For the

"Spencer!" he exclaimed. "Were you

The journalist nodded. He was not

"Yes. The cafe is closed, I suppose.

Duncombe led the way. They found

"Have you met," he asked, "with any

"For twenty-two and a half years,"

Spencer said, "I have lived in Paris

lish journals. I have made many

Duncombe managed to summon up

"I had no idea," he said, "that you

had the sack, but not from them. It

is Paris which will have no more of

me. I live here of course on my facul-

ties for obtaining information and my

entree into political and social life. To-

day the minister of police has declin-

ed to receive me or at any future time,

my cards of entry into the chamber

and half a dozen places have been re-

voked, my name has been expunged

from the visiting list of the president

and practically of every other person

of importance. All that I may see of

Paris now is from the outside. And

"But what is the reason of it, Spen-

cer? What have you done? How have

Spencer hesitated.
"I don't want you to blame yourself

in any way, Duncombe," he said, "You could not possibly have guessed the

sort of thing you were up against. But

the fact remains that my offense is in

having sent my friends up to the Cafe

Montmartre on your account and in being suspected of rendering you fur-

ther assistance in your search for

those two marvelous young English

"You are not joking by any chance

are you?" Duncombe asked gravely.
"The matter," Spencer replied, "does not appear to me to lend itself to anything of the sort."

Duncombe buried his head in his hands for several moments.
"Great heavens?" he murmured. "Let

me think. I can't tell you bow sorry

I am, old chap. Can't the thing be ex-

plained? As a matter of fact, you were

you offended all these people?"

enough interest to be surprised.

as all my friends will be.

Duncombe was puzzled.

your people"-

there is no appeal."

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Duncombe rose slowly to his feet and, summoning a waiter, paid his bill. | gendarmes and waited while they took The man produced a second one, dated a few days back, for a large amount. "What is the meaning of this?" he asked, "I do not owe you anything." "Monsieur was here with a party last Thursday night," he said glibly. "He rings had been torn from her flagers; promised to pay the next time. I will

call the manager." Duncombe tore the bill in half and turned away. He bowed to the lady at the desk.

"I see that you were right," he said. "I will leave." "Monsieur is wise," she answered,

He left the cafe without speaking to any one further. When he reached the would pass most certainly, he feared. pavement he slipped a five franc piece into the hand of the tall commission aire.

"You know most of the young ladies who come here, I suppose?" he asked. "But certainly!" the man answered, with a smile. "Monsieur desire?" "I want the address of a young lady named Mermillion. Flossie, I think, they

call her," Duncombe said. "Thirty-one Rue Pigalle," the man answered promptly, "But she should be here within an hour. She never

Duncombe thanked him and halled carriage. "Shall I give mademoiselle any mes sage?" the man asked confidentially.

"I am going to call for her," Duncombe answered. "If I do not find her I will return." To drive to the Rue Pigalle was an affair of five minutes only. Duncombe

climbed a couple of flights of narrow stairs, pushed open a swing gate and found bimself in front of an office in which an elderly woman sat reading. "Can you tell me where to find Mile. Mermillion?" Duncombe asked.

"Next floor; first door on the left," the woman answered. "Mademoiselle is not often in at this hour, though." Duncombe thanked here and climbed another flight of stairs. He had to strike a match to look for a bell or Let us go down into the smokeroom. knocker and then found neither. He knocked on the door with his knuckles. There was no reply. He was on the two easy chairs and dispatched a waitpoint of departure when he noticed that er for whiskies and sods. Then Spenthe door was ajar. After a moment's cer turned to his friend. hesitation he pushed it open.

He found himself in a narrow passage, with dresses and other attacks of apparel hanging from a row of pegs of apparel hanging from a row of pegs ily.

"I have something to tell you," Spen "No it is not good in the second se sage, with dresses and other articles plete darkness. He struck another cer continued. "No, it is not good match. At the end of the passage was news," he added hastily. "It is more an inner door, also ajar. He rapped a personal matter. It is of something upon it and finally pushed it open. which has happened to myself," Just then his match went out.

CHAPTER X UNCOMBE had the nerves and temperament of the young as the correspondent to various Eng-Englishman of his class, whose life is mostly spent out of friends, and it has been considered

doors and who has been an athlete all among all my fellow journalists that I his days. But nevertheless at that moment he was afraid. Something in the people in politics and society here than stillness of the room oppressed him. any other writer. Today I have re-He could see nothing, hearing nothing, except the clock ticking upon the mantelpiece. And yet he was afraid,

He fumbled desperately in his pocket for his matchbox. When he had found it he discovered that it was empty. With a sense of positive relief he back ed out of the room and hastily descended the stairs. The old lady was still in her sitting room reading the paper. She set it down at his entrance and looked at him over the top of her spectacles.

"Pardon, madame," he said, remov ing his hat. "I find the rooms of mademoiselle are open, but all is in darkness. I cannot make any one hear."

Madame took up her paper. "Then mademoiselle is probably out," she declared. "It is generally so at this hour. Monsieur can leave his

"But the doors are all open," Dun-

combe said. "I go presently and close them," madame answered. "The careless hussy!" Duncombe produced a small piece of gold. Madame laid down the paper at once. She looked at it as though ready

to snatch it from his hand, "Madame would oblige me very much if she would ascend with me at once," Duncombe said. "I should like to make quite sure whether the young

lady is there or not." Madame was on her feet with remarkable celerity. She accepted the coin and carefully placed it in a purse drawn from somewhere among the folds of her voluminous skirts. "We shall need a candle," Duncomb

reminded her.
She lit a lamp, talking all the while, "Monsieur is very generous," she de-clared. "Mile. Flossie is a charming young lady. No wonder she has many friends. There was one," she continued, "who came here with her this afternoon, but he left almost at once," she added hastily, aware of her indiscre-tion, "Ah, these stairs! They grow tion, "Ah, these stairs! They grow steeper for one so corpulent. At last!" She pushed open the door and went sideways down the narrow passage. Directly they had entered it they had a view of the room beyond. Madame cried out, and Duncombe felt all his

lamp upon the table and made the lit-

"I don't want it explained," Sp vague fears spring into a terrified apsaid, "even if it would do any good, prehension of actual evil.

The curtain before the window had which it wouldn't. I should have re-The curtain before the window been hastily drawn, but the lamp which the portress carried was sufficient to feebly illuminate the room. The tablecioth and a broken vase lay upon the foor. A few feet off was an overtired in any case in less than a year, and, as it is, I believe my successor is on his way over already. Now, would you like to know why I have come here at this hour of the night to the floor. A few feet off was an turned chair. Upon the canopied bed tell you this?"

Iny a prostrate figure, the head thrown

Duncombe no Duncombe nodded.
"Go on," he said. "Afterward I've back at an unnatural angle, the eyes open but glazed. Duncombe dared do no more than cast one single horrified mething to tell you."

"I've come," Spencer said, "because I'm free now, if you like, to help you I was interested in your story before I am ten times more interest now. If you still want me I'll do what



one single horristed glance at it. "Want you! Spencer, do you mean

"Want

it?" Duncombe exclaimed. into the long list of undiscoverable you! Why, there's no one I'd rather interest in the affair than you." Duncombe left his name and address "Well, I can promise you my interand enough money for the funeral Then he returned to his hotel. This est is pretty well excited already," Spencer answered. "I'm with you was the end, then, of the clew from right along. Now tell me where you've which he had hoped so much. Spen-

been this evening and what's hapcer's warning as to what would surely ceed in bribing came back into his Duncombe recounted the evening's mind with sickening insistence. In a events. His new ally listened and aft- the facts seem scarcely to sustain." measure he was responsible for the erward smoked for a moment or two girl's death. After all, what chance

"It is simply wonderful," he declared. "The whole secret service system of Paris is working to cover up the traces of this boy and girl. Their spies of course are everywhere and their or- I rather flattered myself that under the ganization perfect. The first one of circumstances it was not bad." first time he had forebodings on his their creatures who tries to break away own account. What had happened to is Mile, Flossie. The poor little fool Mile. Flossie might happen so easily to lived for only a few hours afterward. Your bribe was high, but she ought to A man rose quickly from the lounge have known better." in the hotel as he entered. Duncombe

greeted him with a little expression of "Why, of course! The theft of her poor little jewels was only a blind. It was to deceive the public, for as a matter of fact her murderer would have been perfectly safe if he had strolled into the nearest police station In evening dress, and he, too, had the and made his report. She was killed appearance of a man who has received because she was going to give you certain information. Duncombe shuddered.

"Great heaven!" he exclaimed. "Tell me, Spencer, who or what can be at the back of all this? Guy Poynton was simply a healthy minded, not over intelligent young Saxon, unambition and passionately fond of his home and his country life. He had no friends over here, no interests, no ties of any sort. He was abroad for the first time of his life. He regarded foreign countries and people simply with the tolerant curiosity of the untraveled British er. He appears in Paris for one night and disappears, and forthwith all the have combined to cover up his traces. It is the same with his sister, only as she came afterward it was evidently into the mystery. What can be the

meaning of it, Spencer?"
"My young friend," Spencer said, "I will be frank with you. I have not the least idea. I only know that somehow or other you're up against a big thing. In a week, perhaps a day, I may know more. Meanwhile I want you to go on your way precisely as though you and had not discussed this matter."

"We may not work together, then?" Duncombe asked.

were contemplating anything of the "Certainly not, You are a marked "I was not," Spencer answered grimman everywhere. Every door is closed "I am as much surprised myself to you. I shall nominally stick to my post. You must be content to be the actual looker on, though you had bet "I am afraid I don't quite underter not abandon your inquiries altostand," he said. "You can't mean that gether. I will put you up at the Cerele Anglais. It will serve to pass the "No. My people have nothing to do time, and you may gain information at with it," Spencer answered. "I have the most unlikely places. And now

goodby." The liftman thrust a penciled note into his hand as he ascended to his

"From I do not know whom, me sleur," he announced. "It was left here by some one. Whom I cannot

Duncombe opened it in his dressing room. There was only one sentence: "Monsieur would be well advised to leave Paris tonight."

CHAPTER XI. N the most unlikely places," Dun-combe murmured to himself as he bowed to the Frenchman whose name his friend had men

tioned. "I am very glad to meet you again, M. le Baron," he said aloud. They were in the covered garden at the Ritz. Duncombe had accepted the pressing invitation of an old college friend whom he had met on the boulevards to drop in and be introduced to his wife. And the third at the tea table was M. Louis, known in society apparently as M. le Baron de Suers. Lady Hadley, his friend's wife, smil-

ed languidly upon them both. She was a frail pink and white little woman, with the reputation of a beauty to su tain, wherein lay her life's work. "You two know each other, of course,

she remarked. "Paris is no larger than London, after all." "Sir' George and I have met on least," the baron said, smiling. "I am glad that he does me the honor of re-

nembering the occasion."

Duncombe felt himself no match for the conversation drift and waited for opportunity. Presently some more his bost on one side.

"Hadley," he said, "how long have you known the baron?" "Met him at Dorset House about "Met him at Dorset House about two years ago, I think." Hadley an-swered. "He was doing a round of country houses. I'm not sure that he didn't stay at Sandringham. One of the real old French families, you know,

the De Suers." seem to be much that he could say. He mingled with the other guests and observed his social duties. But he watched the baron, and he took care

"You know so much." Duncombe said. "I have no doubt that you know "Are you going my way, baron?" he the one thing which I would give years asked as they stepped into the Place of my life to be satisfied about." The boy's dark eyes were fixed stead

and was sitting on the arm of a chair.

"It was really very careless of me,"

nance had darkened for the moment,

but he recovered his composure imme

"As you will," he answered careless-

"I am much obliged to you, baron,"

have almost a right to demand, you

will not give. I do not feel, there-

fore, that any more than ordinary in-

"My dear Sir George," he said, "I

am answered. I wish I could drive

out of your mind that extraordinary

friend. It is impossible. Very good.

George, when we may meet on a bet-

Duncombe left the hotel with the rec

ITO BE CONTINUED.

Plaster of Paris Bananas.

Bunches of bananas that are abso

utely unfit for food hang out in front

houses. Some of them have remained

"Couldn't get a finer looking bunch

than that," said one of the dealers

the other day, "even if it is plaster of

there until they have grown rusty with

of the wholesale produce commission

shall look forward to a time, Sir

tercourse is possible between us."

The baron bowed gravely.

will be here in five minutes."

Duncombe rose to his feet.

"I was going to the Cercle Anglais, ily upon his. the baron answered. "Do you belong?" "Sir George," he said, "there is noth-"I am up for a month's membership, ing which I can possibly say to you. but I am not elected yet," Duncombe My warning has been exceedingly foolanswered. ish, but after all if I can persuade you "Then you shall come in as my to leave Paris I shall have done no

guest," the baron declared. great harm. As for the cards-well, I "You are exceedingly kind," Dunmust plend guilty to weakness there. combe answered. "I wonder whether I might presume still further upon your good nature and ask you a question." taking the life of a man who is mak-"The asking," the baron murmured,

"You bear, I am told, an honorable name, and you are well received in society. Why do you associate with murderers and thieves in that hell of a cafe where I saw you first?"

"My friend," he said, "I seek always the life amusing, and I find it there."
"I was robbed before your eyes,

The Frenchman sighed. "I am so sorry," he said, "that I did I had an engagement at the hotel at 6 o'clock. I am afraid that I shall not not see it. That indeed would have be able to stop." een amusing." "You know that the young lady who at with us is dead?"

"A most bisarre happening," the baron assented, with a little sigh. "I cannot imagine how it occurred. The newspaper reports are not convincing. One would like to reconstruct the story. Poor little Flossie! She was most amusing, but just a little, a very little, too fond of flourishing her jewelry. One will miss her though,"

past 87 "Referring for one moment to our meeting at the cafe. You told me a Duncombe said, "but I cannot accept your invitation. I am a lover of plain story there-you and your friend madame—of a young English lady, which speaking, so I will not plead a previous engagement. But the one thing I want from you, the thing which I

"My friend," he said, "we did the best we could at a moment's notice. I rather fancied the story myself. As to facts, what have they to do with it? You demanded a story, and you got it. "You admit now, then, that it was

not the truth!" hallucination relative to my suppose "The truth! My dear Sir George! knowledge of your young English Supposing that the whereabouts of your charming young friend had been known to me, do you suppose that I should have permitted myself to have ter footing." been bullied into disclosing it? For give me, if I speak plainly, but if you really wished for information which ollection of that curiously ironic smile fresh in his mind. you supposed that I had your method of seeking it put you at once out of court. A French gentleman does not permit himself to be builled."

Duncombe was silent for several mo ments. There were many things which he could have said, but where was the use?

"As a French gentleman, then," he said at last, "will you permit me to make a personal appeal to you? Miss Phyllis Poynton is a young lady in whom I am deeply interested. She was last seen at the Cafe Montmartre, from which place she disappeared. am an Englishman of your own station. Tell me where I can find her or what has become of her."

"My dear Sir George," the baron said, "you might have saved yourself a great this to me at the first. Frankly, then, I have not the least idea. Young English ladies come and go every evening on his account that she also is drawn at the Cafe Montmartre and such places. One remembers only those who happen to have amused one and not always those. Forgive me if I speak plainly. A young lady who had visit ed the Cafe Montmartre alone—well you might look for her anywhere, but most assuredly in that case if your anxiety was to induce her to return to her friends you would be a little too late. Ah! We have arrived. Now, my friend, I must make you free of the

place." Duncombe was fuming with anger, but he had discretion enough to remain silent.

main silent.

"Do you play bridge?" the baron asked as they entered the card room.

"Occasionally?" Duncombe assented.

"I will go and see if I can find any men," the baron remarked. "I will leave my young friend De Bergillac to entertain you. The Vicomts de Bergillac—Sir George Duncombe."

Duncombe shook hands with a pale, weary looking youth, most immaculately dressed, but whose whole appearance was distinguished by marked symptoms of lessitude and ill health. They sat in easy chairs almost opposite to one shother, and Duncombe found the other's acrottiny simout embarrassing.

"You speak French perhaps—yes?" the young man seked at length. "Yes. I speak French," Duncombe

admitted.

"Then listen to me," the vicomte said slowly, "I speak as one man of honor to another. Do not play eards in

"Not play cards? Why not?" Dun-combe asked amazed.
"You can take my advice or leave it," the vicomte answered calmly. "I have no explanation to offer you. If you choose to repeat my remark you would place me in an exceedingly awkward position. You see, I rely upon you as a man of honor."

"I am only too much obliged to you for the hint," Duncombe declared. "But this club—the Cercle Angials"— "The club is all right," the vicomit admitted caimly, "Unfortunately there is no place in Paris which would be entirely safe for you. You have the

entirely safe for you. You have the misfortune, you see, to be in opposition to some of my friends, who have really unlimited opportunities for making things disagreeable for you. Now I am beginning to talk, and it is very foolish of me. Why don't you leave with two beaded calves.-Pioneer. Paris, Sir George?"
"Why should 17" Duncombe asked little sharply. "I break no laws here. I wrong no one. I am here on my own business, and I only ask to be let.

The vicomite regarded him as one might look at a spoiled child whom it was yet advisable to humor.

"Ah" he said, "they will not let you alone. You are so obstinate, like all your country people, or you would reconstruct it without my righting so much ognize it without my risking so much

by speaking. You will have to leave Paris and very soon. It is so easily to be managed. A dispute at cards here-you would certainly be in the wrong and an ugly scandal if you were not away in twenty-four hours. It is one Graham, N. C. method of a thousand." LEAF BLIGHT.

It Frequently Causes Much Damage to the Strawberry Crop. Strawberry leaf blight frequently eauses great damage to the straw-

berry crop, as explained by a grower in Rural New Yorker, who says that it makes its appearance about the time the fruit sets and begins its destructive ravages as the berries begin to ripen. It first manifests itself by turning the leaves a brownish red; it have not the alightest objection to will then attack the fruit stems and hulls, cutting off the supply of nourishng a nuisance of himself, but his honment from the berries; the calvx begins to wither and dry up, and the or I think one should not tamper with. berries become soft and insipid and are May I offer you a cigarette? Well, of little value.

The baron had strolled into the room As the Berry Season Advances. It usually grows more destructive as "It will be all right directly," the the berry season advances. The condiparon answered. "We have three, and tions conducive to the development of old D'Arcon has telegraphed that he the disease appear to be a general weakness of the plants. This may be brought about from various causes, such as old and wornout beds, ime said, "but I completely forgot that poverished soil, plants with a heavy set of fruit with insufficient nourishment, plants exposed during winter without protection or unmulched beds The baron gianced quickly at his during hot, dry weather. Any one of these conditions will have a tendency young friend. There was nothing whatto weaken the constitution of the ver to be learned, though, from his plants, making them an easy prey to pale, boyish face. His own counterust, blight and other diseases.

Kinds Susceptible to Blight. During the time we have been en-gaged in growing strawberries we ly. "Perhaps you can drop in later. Come and dine, will you, at half have found some varieties so constitutionally strong in their vegetative parts and so vigorous in their fruit organs that they will do well almost anywhere, while other sorts are con stitutionally weak in foliage, yet strong in fruit bearing propensities. They set a great quantity of berries with little or no vitality to mature the fruit. Such varieties are very susceptible to blight and should not be cultivated except by those who are well acquainted with their natural requirements. It requires a healthy, vigorou foliage to digest the various plant foods found in the different soils, and probably the safest method of protecting the plants from blight and other fungous diseases is to conserve moisture by thorough cultivation while the plants are growing, protecting them well during the winter with a liberal mulch of horse manure. This material if left on the plant during the summer

THE LINCOLN PLUM.

newly planted field.

prevents the escape of moisture at a

time it is most needed, and it keeps

the soil cool-in fact, it is to the bear-

ing bed what the cultivation is to the

A Variety of Rara Beauty and Excellent For Market.

The Lincoln plans here shown is described by the Oals experiment station as being a variety of rare beauty and excellent for market, one of the best second early plums; cuits free from rot in some seasons; first blotsoms May 7, full bloom May 10, last blossome May 15; in full feeltare Aug 15, Fruit large to very large, roundlish oblong, blunt at apex, mightly necked;

One Of The Results

Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers

ander peas and volvet bears, se can now grow almost any-hing, and have been offered 50 per acce for the place. We apperimented with a great many brands of ferifileers, at find the highest per-cont. bearse. "Now don't you think

would enable you to pay off a mortgage if you had one?

paris. We used to put out the real article for a sign, but the peddlers who came down here had a way of pulling one or two out of the bunch that hap pened to be hanging there on the hook. The small boys, too, had a way of making a grab for a banana or two By the time the bunch was on duty nder the awning for an hour it was no longer presentable to the aesthetic sense. So we began to cultivate the make believe article, which is not quite so palatable, but just as good for advertising. And even at that some ter of paris fruit and get away with it before he realizes that he has made off with something bad for his digestion."-New York Herald.

A Meal of Locusts.

In the West Indies the negroes eat freely of the big grub found in palm trees. The fat, white morsel, which they call "grugru," is not cooked or saited. The aborigines of Australia live almost entirely on a butterfly known as the bugong. The flies ap pear in batches on the rocks, and the THE LUCOLN PLOM. natives smother them with smoke from fires built below. It is said that a Hotstem long and strong and set at an angle: auture distinct, slightly depress tentot, with an appetite made sharp by the simple life, can devour 300 fat ed; color light greenish yellow, over spread with a beautiful shade of crimocusts at a sitting and feel better sat son; dots many, very minute and in-distinct; bloom, thin Hinc; flesh light issed than if he had paid \$8 for a ten course dinner. The Arabs dry the lo-custs and pulverize them into flour yellow, firm; pit rather large, free; for breadmaking purposes. The Moors make a stew of them, and after boiling quality only fair; tree only a moderate grower, but healthy, and forms a round, shapely head; folinge very in water for a few minutes they are eaten with salt, pepper and vinegar. The locusts found in Central Africa luxuriant; leaves large; quite prolific, but not so much so as to require this-ning of the fruit. are enormous, and the native negroes cut them in two and fry them in fat Canada possesses no general register with a recognized standard of qualifi-cation for the medical profession. Each and find them not only appetizing, but nourishing. A flight of these big lo-custs is a matter of tribal thanksgivprovince possesses the right to estab-lish its own licensing authority, and medical men qualified and registered

Snakes With Two Heads. in one province are not allowed to I have lately been assured by more than one of my friends that they have seen in northern India snakes with two practice in an adjoining province. beads-i. e., without a tail, but with scond and perfectly formed head in the place where the tail ought to be. They assure me that there are speci-mens in northern India museums and that these freaks of nature are fre-quently found by the natives. The rid-er is added that the natives declare that each head lives and performs ac-tive service for six months in the year in turn. The snakes are said to grow to about three feet in length. I my-self have killed a small snake with two heads, but these were both at the same end of the reptile, a very differ-ent matter, which is, I believe, a well known fresk and in the same category

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