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THE GLEANER OFFICE

A MAKER HISTORY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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

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CHAPTER XXXII.

UNCOMBE laid down his cue and strolled toward the sideboard, where his guest was already mixing himself a whisky and soda.

"By the bye, Runton," he said, "have you seen anything of our friend De Rothe since that little affair at your

Lord Runton shook his head. "Not once," he answered. "He behaved very decently about it on the whole; treated it quite lightly, but he wouldn't let me go near the police. It was a long way the most unpleasant thing that ever happened in my house." "Never any further light upon it, I uppose?" Duncombe asked.

Lord Runton shook his head, "None. Of course we could have traced them both without a doubt if we had put it in the hands of the police, but De Rothe wouldn't hear of It. He tried to treat it lightly, but I know that he was very much worried." "Do you yourself believe," Dun-combe asked, "that it was a political

affair or an ordinary robbery?" "I think that it was the former." Lord Runton answered. "Those people were not common adventurers. By the bye, George, have you got over your little weakness yet?" he added, with a

Duncombe shrugged his shoulders. "Nearly made a fool of myself, didn't ?" he remarked, with a levity which did not sound altogether natural.

"She was an uncommonly fascinate ing young woman," Lord Runton said. "but she didn't seem to me very old at the game. She was clever enough to fool De Rothe, though. He admits that he told her that he was expecting a special messenger from Berlin. Duncombe seemed to have had

enough of the subject. He got up and filled his pipe. "Is Jack coming down this week?" he asked.

"No! He wired this morning that he can't get away. Sefton isn't coming Between ourselves, George omething seems to be going on at the foreign office which I don't quite un-

"What do you mean?" Duncomb "There has been no hint at any sort of trouble in the papers." "That's just what I don't under-

stand." Lord Runton continued. "It is certain that there is an extraordinary amount of activity at Portsmouth and Woolwich, but even the little halfpenny sensational papers make no more than a passing allusion to it. Then movements of our fleet. whole of the Mediterranean fleet is at Gibraltar, and the channel squadron is moving up the North sea as though to join the home division. All these movements are quite unusual." "What do you make of them then?"

Dimcombe asked. "I scarcely know," Lord Runton an-"But I can tell you this: There have been three cabinet counils this week, and there is a curious air of apprehension in official circles in town, as though something were about to happen. The service clubs are almost deserted, and I know for a fact that all leave in the navy has been suspended. What I don't understand is the silence everywhere. It looks to me as though there were really going to be trouble. The Baltic fleet sailed this morning, you know."

Duncombe nodded. "But," he said, "even if they were III disposed to us, as no doubt Russis is just now, what could they do? One squadron of our fleet could send them

to the bottom."
"No doubt," Lord Runton answered. "But supposing they found an ally?" "France will never go to war with us for Russia's benefit." Duncombe de-

"Granted," Lord Runton answered, but have you watched Germany's at-

"I can't say that I have," Duncombe idmitted, "but I should never look apon Germany as a war seeking na-

"No, I dare say not," Lord Runton answered. "No more would a great many other people. Every one is will-ing to admit that she would like our colonies, but no one will believe that she has the courage to strike a blow for them. I will tell you what I believe, Duncombe. I believe that no great power has ever before been in so dan-

gerous a position as we are today."

Duncombe sat up in his chair. The weariness passed from his face, and he was distinctly interested. Lord Runton, without being an ardent politician, was a man of common sens and was closely connected with than one member of the cabinet.

"Are you serious, Runton?" he saked. "Absolutely! Remember, I was in Berlin for two years, and I had many Berlin for two years, and I had many opportunities of gaining an insight into affairs there. What I can see coming now I have expected for years. There are two great factors which make for war. One is the character of the emperor himself and the other the inevitable rot, which must creep the inevitable rot, which must creep the inevitable rot, which must creep like a disease into a great army kept always upon a war footing, through a decade or more of inactivity. The emperor is shrewd enough to see this. Nothing can possibly exist at its best which is not used for the purpose to which it owes its existence. That is why we have this flood of literature just now telling us of the gross abuses.

just now telling us of the gross abuses and general rottenness of the German army. Another five years of Mieness and Germany's position as the first military nation will have passed away.

ed, really made Phyllis Poynton and her brother pawns in the great game? He felt himself stirred to a rare emo tion by the flood of possibilities which swept in suddenly upon him. Lord Runton noted with surprise the signs

of growing excitement in his listener. "Go on, Runton. Anything else?" Lord Runton beloed himself to

cigarette and leaned across to light it. "Of course," he continued, "I know that there are a great many people who firmly believe that for commercial quarrel with us. I will agree with them so far as to say that I do not belleve that a war with England would be popular among the bourgeois of Germany. On the other hand, they would be quite powerless to prevent it. The emperor and his ministers have the affair in their own hands. A slight break in our diplomatic relations, some trifle seized hold of by the press and magnified at once into an insult, and the war torch is kindled. Today war does not come about by the slowly growing desire of nations. The threads of fate are in the hands of a few diplomatists at Berlin and London-a turn of the wrist, and there is tension which a breath can turn either way You ask me why the emperor should choose England for attack. There are many reasons. First, because Engalone could repay him for the struggle. Secondly, because he is in-tensely and miserably jealous of our own king, who has avoided all his own hot headed errors and has yet played a great and individual part in the world's affairs. Thirdly, because England is most easily attacked. I could give you other reasons if you wanted

"Quite enough," Duncombe answer

ed. "What do you suppose would be the 'casus belli?" "The progress of the Russian fleet through English waters," Lord Runton answered promptly. "Russia's interest in such a misunderstanding would be, of course, immense. She has only to fire on an English ship, by mistake, of course, and the whole fat would be in the fire. England probably would in sist upon the squadron being detained. Germany would protest against any such action. We might very well be at war with Russia and Germany within ten days. Russia would immediately either make terms with Japan or abandon any active operations in Manchuria and move upon India. Germany would come for us."

"Is this all purely imagination," Duncombe asked, "or have you any thing to go on?"

"So far as I am Runton said slowly, "I, of course, know nothing, but I have a strong idea "you tonight?" he asked. that the government has at least a sus picion of some secret understanding between Russia and Germany. Their preparations seem almost to suggest it Of course, we outsiders can only guess, after all, at what is going on, but it seems to me that there is a chance to day for our government to achieve

diplomatic coup." "In what direction?" "An alliance with France. Mind, 1 am afraid that there are insurmount able obstacles, but if R were possible it would be checkmate to our friend the emperor, and he would have nothing left but to climb down. The trouble is that in the absence of any definite proof of an understanding be tween Russia and Germany, France could not break away from her alliance with the former. Our present arangement would insure, I believe, a penevolent neutrality, but an alliance if only it could be compassed, would be the greatest diplomatic triumph of our days. Helio! Visitors at this hour!

Wasn't that your front door bell, Dun-"It sounded like it," Duncombe an swered, "Perhaps it is your man," "Like his cheek, if it is!" Lord Run ton answered, rising to his feet and strolling toward the sideboard. "I told him-I would telephone round to the stables when I was ready. I suppose it is rather late though. I shan't apolo-

gize for keeping you up." "I hope you won't," Duncombe answered. "I have never been more inerested in my life-for many reasons Don't bother about your man. Groves will see to him."

There was a knock at the door, and the butler appeared,

"There are three gentlemen outside, sir, who wish to see you," he announced to Duncombe, "They will not give their names, but they say that their

their names, but they say that their business is important or they would not have troubled you so late."

Duncombe glanced at the clock. It was past midnight.

"Three gautismen," he repeated, "at this time of night! But where on earth have they come from, Groves?"

"They did not say, sir," the man answered. "One of them I should judge to be a foreigner. They have a motor car outside."

car outside."

Lord Runton beld out his hand. Lord Runton held out his hand.
"Well, it's time I was off, anyhow,"
he remarked. "Come over and havelunch tomorrow. Don't bother about
me. I'll stroll round to the stables and
start from there. Good night."
Duncombe hesitated. He was on the
point of asking his friend to stay, but
before he could make up his mind
Runton had lit a cigarette and strolled

"You can show the go The man disappeared. Duncombe after a moment's hesitation, crossed the room and, opening, an oak cup board, slipped a small revolver into his

CHAPTER XXXIIL NE of his three visitors Dun-

eyeglasses, the other as unmistakably an Englishman of the lower middle lass. His broad shoulders and somecoming interview.

The baron naturally was spokesman He bowed very gravely to Duncombe, and did not offer his hand.

"I must apologize, Sir George," he id, "for disturbing you at such an nopportune hour. Our business, however, made it necessary for us to reach you with as little delay as possible." "Perhaps you will be good enough to explain," Duncombe answered, "what that business is." The baron raised his hands with a

little protesting gesture.
"I regret to tell you, Sir George," he announced, "that it is of a most unpleasant nature. I could wish that its execution had fallen into other hands. My companions are M. Ridalle of the French detective service, and our other reasons Germany would never seek a friend here, whom I do not know, is a constable from the Norwich police court. My own connections with the police service of my country you have

already, without doubt, surmised." "Go on," Duncombe said.
"I regret to say," M. Louis continued "that my friends here are in charge of a warrant for your arrest. You will find them possessed of all the legal documents, French and English. We shall have to ask you to come to Norwich with us tonight." "Arrest!" Duncombe repeated. "On

what charge?" "An extremely serious one," the baron answered gravely. "The charge of murder!" Duncombe stared at him in amage

ment. "Murder!" he repeated. "What rub

bish!" "The murder of Mile. de Mermillion in her lodging on the night of the 7th of June last," the baron said gravely. "Please do not make any remarks be fore these men. The evidence against you is already sufficiently strong." Duncombe laughed derisively.

"What sort of a puppet show is this?" he exclaimed. "You know as well as any man living how that poor girl came to her end. This is a cover for something else, of course. What do you want of me? Let's get at it without wasting time."

"What we want of you is, I am afraid, only too simple," the baron answered, shrugging his shoulders. "We must ask you to accompany us at once to Norwich castle. You will have to appear before the magistrates in the morning, when they will sign the extradition warrant. Our friend bere, M. Ridalle, will then take charge of you. Perhaps you would like to look through the documents. You will find them all in perfect order."

Duncombe mechanically through the French and English papers which were spread out before him. They had certainly a most uncomfortable appearance of being genuine. He began to feel a little bewildered.

"You mean to say that you have come here to arrest me on this charge? That you want me to go "It is not a matter of wanting you

to come," the baron answered coldly, "It is a matter of necessity." Duncombe moved toward the fire

"Will you allow me the privilege of few moments' conversation with you in private?" he said to the baron Your companions will perhaps excuse

you for a moment." The baron followed without remark. They stood facing one another upon the hearth rug. Duncombe leaned one elbow upon the mantelpiece and turn-

ed toward his companion "Look here," he said, "those papers eem genuine enough, and if you insist upon it I will go with you to Norwich shall take care not to let you out of my sight, and if when we get there I find that it is any part of one of your confounded conspiracies you will find that the penalties for this sort of thing in England are pretty severe. However, no doubt you are well aware o

that. The question is this: What do you really want from me?"

M. Louis, who had lit a cigarette,
withdrew it from his mouth and examined the lighted end for a m

"The documents," he said, "are gennine. You are arraigned in perfectly legal fashion. Upon the affidavits the the magistrates must great the extradition warrant without hesitation. We have nothing to fear in that direction. The evidence is remarkably convin "Police concocted evidence," Dur ombe remarked, "would necessarily

be so. I admit that you hold a strong card against me. I don't believe, however, that you have gone to all this trouble without some ulterior motive. What is #? What can I offer you in xchange for these documents? M. Louis smiled.

"You are a man of common so Sir George," he said. "I will speak to you without reserve. It is possible that you might be able to offer the povernment department of my coun try to which I am attached as induce-ment to interest themselves in your behalf. Mind, I am not sure, but if my information is correct there is cer tainly a possibility."

"The government department of your country to which you are attached," Duncombe repeated thoughtfully. "Let me understand you. You mean the secret service police?"

M. Louis gianced a little nervously, sver his shoulder.
"Never mind what I mean, Sir George," he said quickly. "There are things which we do not speak of openly. This much is sufficient. I represent a power which can influence and direct

even the criminal courts of justice of "What bribe have I to offer you?" know more than I do. I am afraid you

"I think not," M. Louis said quickly, I will tell you what we want. A paper was left in your charge by Min Phyllis Poynton at the time she was visiting at Runton House."
"What of RT" Duncombe asked.
The Frenchman's face was saddenly tense with excitement. He recovered

son in a black beard and gold rimmed shook, and a new earnestness foun its way into his manner.
"Miss Poynton and her brother are with us," he said. "It is we who have been their benefactors. You know

what stiff bearing seemed to suggest some sort of drill. Looking them over, Duncombe found himself instinctively wondering whether the personal strength of these two, which was obvious, might become a factor in the ever run in my career. I will tone over run in my career. I will tone ever run in my career. I will tear those warrants through,"

"Have you any authority from Miss Poynton?" Duncombe asked. "There was no time to procure it," M. Louis explained. "Events march rapidly today. To be effective that paper must be in Paris tomorrow. The secessity for its production arose only few hours ago."

"You ask me, then," Duncombe said slowly, "to hand over to you a paper which was placed in my charge by

"In effect-yes!" "I cannot do it!"

M. Louis shrugged his shoulders. "I do not insist," he remarked. "I may be permitted to remind you, however, that I have offered a great price."
"Perhaps!" Duncombe answered M. Louis turned to his assistants.

"Sir George Duncombe will accompany us," he said. "I can give you ten minutos, Sir George," he added, "in case you care to change your clothes,"
"And supposing I refuse to come?"
Duncombe asked. M Louis amiled

"You would scarcely be so foolish," he remarked. "In that case I should send the policeman here to the nearest station with the warrants and a demand for help. Our documents are in perfect order and our case complete. You would scarcely be so foolish, I think, as to set yourself in direct oppo-

Duncombe was silent for several mo-ments. Then he rang the bell. M. Louis looked at him inquiringly, but pefore he could frame a question the butler was in the room.

"Pack my things for a week, Groves," Duncombe ordered. "I am going away tonight." The man bowed and withdrew, M.

Louis merely shrugged his shoulders. "A week!" he remarked. "You will be fortunate if you ever see your home again. Come, Sir George, be reasons ble! I give you my word of honor that it is altogether to the interest of Miss Poynton that those papers be imme-diately produced. If she were here herself, she would place them in my hands without a moment's hesitation."
"Possibly," Duncombe answered. Suppositions, however, do not interest me. I undertook the charge of what she gave me, and I shall fulfill my trust.

M. Louis turned to the policeman. "Officer," be said, "this is Sir George Duncombe. Do your duty."

The man stepped forward and laid his hand upon Bir George's shoulder. "Very sorry, sir," he said. "I am forced to arrest you on this warrant for the murder of Florence Mermillion on the night of the 7th of June. You will be brought before the magistrates

at Norwich tomorrow. Duncombe waved his hand toward "If you gentlemen," he remarked, would care for a little refreshment

before you start?"
"It is against the rules, sir, thank you," the man answered. "I should be glad to get away as soon as possible." Duncombe filled both his pockets with cigars and cigarettes. Then he turned toward the door.

"I am quite ready," he said They followed him out. There was a few minutes' delay waiting for Duncombe's bag. "Your address, Sir George?" Groves

inquired as he brought it down.

"A little doubtful," Duncombe answered; "I will wire." "In front, please, Sir George," Louis insisted.

So they drove off, Duncombe in the front seat, the other three behind. The car gathered speed rapidly. In less than an hour they were half way to Norwich. Then suddenly the driver took a sharp corner and turned down a long, desolate lane.

"You're off the main road," Dun-combe explained. "You should have kept straight on for Norwich."

The man took no notice. He even in-creased his speed. Duncombe was in the act of turning round when he fails the sudden swish of a wet cloth upon his face. He tried to break away, but he was held from behind as in a vise. Then his head fell back, and he re-

(TO BE COPPLETED.)

The Way of Them.

A pair of shoss may burt like sin
For weeks, and then about
The time we get them broken in
They start to breaking out.

—Catholic Standard and Time

They tell me that eggs pplied will cure cancer."
"Now I understand why so few stag people die of that malady."-Judge

How She Took His Proposal.

I begged Marie to smile on me,
For I with love was daft.

She smiled—she more than smiled, for sh
Just held her sides and laughed.

—Philadelphia Press.

They Leave.
Mr. Townguy—Bub, does your mother keep boarders?
fammy Slimfodder—No, sir; general er keep bos

Church—Did you ever try any these "close to nature" methods? Gotham—Well, I've used a po-daster.—Youkers Statesman. the decorater litters if The corpet man no le but the paper hanger to A-leaving of a mean.—Hann

Sir Isaac Newton.

By J. A. EDGERTON.



A dull boy, be became the greatest mathematical genius of modern times.

N this age of doubt many of our most cherished legends are being assaulted, the various apple stories along with the rest. There have been at least three famous apple n history—the one eaten by Adam and Eve, the one shot off his son's head by William Tell and the one whose fall uggested to Sir Isaac Newton the law of gravitation. Despite the scoffing of the higher criticism, we still cherish pippins and are determined to

stand by them. Newton was rather a dull boy and vas literally kicked into exertion. He stood at the foot of his class and one day was booted by the boy higher up, Newtonian spirit was aroused by this indignity, with the result that young Isaac not only whipped the kicker, but determined to go ahead of him in the class. This he did, and more, for he went to the head of the row and stayed there.

The second spur to effort received by the young man came at the time he sought admission to Cambridge university. He knew so little about Euclid that the professor of mathematics opupon determined to know Euclid and ecceded so well that he became the greatest mathematical genius of mod ern times.

Voltaire started the story of the ap-

ple that fell and hit Newton so hard

that the young man determined to find

out what made it fall. If so great a skeptic as Voltaire could swallow the story, there is no reason why it should not be accepted by the other akeptics. When Sir Isaac first made his coin butations on the subject of gravitation, he was misled by the erroneous notions then held of the length of the earth's radius. He therefore abandoned the theory temporarily. Later the error was corrected, when he returned to the subject, completed the demon-stration and gave it to the world in his

famous "Principla." In the meantime te had made his al most equally famous discoveries con-cerning light, dividing white light into the primary colors and determining the difference of refraction between them. He also did much in perfecting the telescope, gave to mathematics integral and differential calculus and made other 's Atribations to science which mark-ed him as 'he chief intellect of his age,

She Didn't Sleep Well. A woman who lives in an inland them. town while going to a convention in a distant city spent one night of the journey on board a steamboat. skin clean when you have a cut, in a distant city spent one night of It was the first time she had over burn, bruise or scratch. DeWitt's

"Yes, I'm tired to death. I don't know as I care to travel by water again. I read the card in my stateroom about how to put the life pre-server on, and I thought I understood it, but I guess I didn't. Somehow I couldn't go to sleep with the thing on."--Exchange.

Two of the young friends of Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford gave the authorities of the university so much trouble that they won the nicknames of Hophni and Phinehns. Orphana.

One day, says T. H. S. Escott in "Society In the Country House," they were lounging about the hall at Cuddesdon palace, singing the Lutheran refrain, "The devil is dead," when the He walked very gently up to them and in his most caressing manner, placing one hand on each head, said in

"Alas, poor orphans!"

Two Hundred Species of Roses.
There are 200 species of roses in existence, though perhaps not more than fifty clearly defined families. Of these families only two are of American birth. There are thousands of varie-ties, however, and of these our enterprising rose growers have contributed by far the largest proportion. The engerly sought black rose is still un-produced, though a New York florist has a dark red one which in some lights has the appearance of black vel-vet.—Kansas City Journal.

Naming the Future President.

Some time since a new baby arrived at a home in this city, and when Johnny, the little five-year-old brother, was sent on an errand to one of the neighbors a few days afterward the good lady, of course, had to make the usual remarks about the gladful event. "I understand, Johnny," said she, "that you have a little baby at your house." "Yee, ma'am," was the pleased reply of Johnny. "He has been there nearly four days now." "Well, when he gets older you must bring him over to see ma," returned the neighbor lady. "By the way, has he been named yet?" "No, ma'am," answered the youngster, "but I guess there will be something doing pretty soon, for when I left father was looking over the flet of presidents, mother was going through the Bible and the nurse was hunting around in a history of the United States."—Beranton Republican.

fallty is the bane of the day, Superficiality is the bane of the day, and, backed up, as it so often is, by coloumal self esteem and forwardness, it adds a formidable contingent to the must-get-or classes of people. No one wants to pled nowadays; the secting on must be rapid, and in trying to at-tain money without having to work for it falsebood, dishonesty and unfeeling

ew York Times. Experience teaches a few and fools many.

A girl with pretty teeth will laugh at any old joke. Only a woman is capable of trans-

orming a yarn into a smile. When there isn't anything else wrong with a woman her shoes

Many a man's good intentions are due to the headache next morn

There is more or less charity in the heart of every man—usually less.

Unless a man has sense in his head it is difficult to keep dollars in is pocket.

"We never repent of eating too little," was one of the ten rules of life of Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, and the rule applies to every one without excep-tion during this hot weather, because it is hard for food, even in small quantities to be digerted when the blood is at high temperature. At his season we should eat sparingly and properly. We should also help the stomach as much as possible by the use of a little Kodol for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, which will rest the stomach by digesting the food itself. Sold by J. C. Simmons Drug Co.

Two negro women-Lelia and da Battle-disreputable characters of Goldsboro, got in some kind of a controversy Thursday about noon and Lelia, seizing a shotgun, discharged the load into Ida's breast killing her instantly. There was only one witness to the affair, a colored women, who says the sisters were just frolicking and were not angry with each other and that the fatality was a pure accident. Lelia surrendered to the officers.

For the good of those suffering with Eczema or other such trouble I wish to say, my wife had some-thing of that kind and after using the doctor's remedies for some time concluded to try Chamberlain's Salve, and it proved to be better than anything she had tried. For sale by J. C. Simmons Drug Co.

Many women are acting as gondoileers in Venice. The men object and are organizing unions sgainst

traveled by water. She reached her Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve penejourney's end extremely fatigued. trates the pores and heals quickly. To a friend who remarked it she re-Armenian women envelop them-

selves in great sheets of cotton cloth

when they go abroad. The sheets are to veil them.

For an Impaired Appetitel To improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion try a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, Mr. J. H. Seitz, of Detroit. Mich., says: "They restored my appetite when impaired, re lieved me of a blosted feeling and caused a pleasant and satisfactory movement, of the bowels." Price 25c. Samples free. J. C. Simmons Drug

A dispatch from Havana says the outbreak of yellow fever in the American garrison at Cienfuegos first supposed. Eight additional proves to be much graver than at cases were reported Sunday, making a total of ten cases thus far.

"Everybody Should Know" says C. G. Hayes, a prominet busi-ness man of Bluff, Mo., that Buck-len's Arnica Salve is the quickest and surest healing Salve ever applied to a sore, burn or wound, or to a case of Piles.. I've used it and know what I am talking about.' Guaranteed by J. C. Simmons Drug Co. price 25c.

Manners are minor morals.



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PILLS.

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

A good Tonic. An honest medicine

araxacum MEBANE,

N. C.

Hearts

Are due to indigestion. Minety-nine of every one hundred people who have heart trouble can remember when it was simple indigestion. It is a scientific fact that all casts of heart disease, not organic, are not only traceable to, but are the direct result of indigestion. All food taken into the atomach which fails of perfect digestion ferments and swells the stomach, pulling 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. Kantle, of Novels. O., 1979: I had stomed trobts and was be a but sites a I had heart trobts with the first of the course of the death and it can be death as a line heart trobts with the first course of the death he heaths and it can be.

Kodol Digestic What You Est

aris S. I not Kodel Dyspensis Cure for short inestite and it card me.

Kodel Digeste What You Est and relieves the stomach of all mere strain and the heart of all pressure.

Sottles only. \$1.00 Ene heiding 254 thoses the story, which saits for So.,

Prepared by E. O. Dawiff a OC., Onton



what you eat. This is the contains all of the digestant of digesta all kinds of food. It also to stand clief and acres falls to contains the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of divergetting have been contained to the contained Shomsands of dystepline have bee direct afterverything else failed, une salled for the stomach. Chile ren with weak stomachethrive on it First dose relieves. A diet unascessary

Cures all stomach tree Prepared only by E. C. Dawier & Do., The M. bottle contains No times that



THE COLUMN

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