

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1909.



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"so close!" She struggied to be free. He did not heed her. "You know, you must know, what I mean." He drew her toward him and forced her into SUNSET MAGAZINE "You're more pr me than all else on this earth." has instituted a pow department, whose special work it is to put within the For the first time he saw the extreme pallor on her face. He feit her growing limp and lifeless in his arms. A doubt crossed his mind. "It I am wrong in thinking you feel as I do, tes the FAR WEST. Write for hquestly care for all this," he if you planced about at the tents, "more than for any, life, that 1 can give you, I Sample Copy. 11 12-11 11 11 11

She turned quickly. She could not leave me alone?" enswer. Douglas came toward her. He gazed at her in anazement. She "It would have done all the good in the world. What right had he to send drew her cape about her slightly clad you back to this?" figure. She seemed older to him, more "I had every right," said Strong

unapproachable with her hair beaped stubbornly. high and sparkling with jewels. "What?" cried Douglas. She found strength at last to open "It was my duty." her lips, but still no sound came from "Your duty? Your narrow minded them. She and the pastor looked at bigotry !" each other strangely, like spirits new-"I don't allow no man to talk to m line that, not even my parson." ly met from far apart worlds. She, too, thought her companion changed. He was older; the circles beneath his "I'm not your parson any longer," declared Douglas. He faced Strong equarely. He was master of his own

eyes were deeper, the look in their depths more grave. "We were such close neighbors toaffairs at last. Polly clung to him, begging and beseeching. "Oh, Mr. John, Mr. John!" "What do you mean by that?" shout ed Strong.

everywhere-his work."

thundered Strong.

day J-1 rather thought you'd call," be stammered. He was uncertain what he was saying. It did not matter -he was there with her. "When you're in a circus there isn't "I mean that I stayed with you and your narrow minded congregation be-fore because I believed you needed me, much time for calling." "That's why I've come to call on But now this girl needs me more. She you." They might have been shep-herd and shepherdess on a May day needs me to protect her from just such injustice as yours." wooing for the halting way in which "You'd better be protectin' your their words came. That's my advice to you." "You're all right?" he went on "I can do that without your advice." "You're happy ?" "Maybe you can find another church "Yes, very," she said. Her eyes with that circus ridio' girl a-hangto' round your neck."

were dewncast. He did not believe her. The effort in her voice, her drawn, white face, belied her words. How could he get the her words. Ho truth from her? "Jim said you might not want to see She started

## "Has Jim been talking to you?" "Yes, but I didn't let him stop me, for you told me the day you left that you'd never change-toward me. Have you, Polly?" He studied her anxiously "Why, no, of course not," she said

evasively. "And you'll be quite frank when "And you'll be quite trank when I ask you something?". "Yes, of course." She was growing more and more uneasy. She gianced about for a way of eccape. "Why did you leave me as you did?" "I told you then." She tried to cross toward the dressing tent. He selized her small wrists and forced her to leave at him.

you that." Strong turned to go. her to look at him. "And 1 am not happy without you. and 1 never, never can be." The flood-

gates were open. His eyes were aglow. He bent toward her eagerly. "Oh, you mustn't!" she begged. "You've grown so close," he cried.

COTTRIGUT, 1908, BY DODD. MEAD AND COMPANY "I must! I will!" She flew into the ring before he could stop her. He took one step to follow her. "You'd better let her alone and get

BY MARGARET MAYO

out of here," said Strong. His voice was like a frebrand to Douglas. He turned upon him, white with rage. "You drove her to this." His fiste were clinched. He drew back to strike Jim came from behind the wagons just in time to catch the uplifted arm. "Leave him to me. This ain't no papson's job.", The pastor lowered his arm, but kept his threatening eyes on the deacon's face.

"Where's Poll?" asked Jim

"In there!" Douglas pointed toward the main tent without turning his head. He was still glaring at the deacon and breathing hard.

"What!" cried Jim in starm. He faced about and saw Eloise. He guessed the truth. A few quick strides brought him to the entrance curtains. He throw them back and looked into the ring.

"My God! Wby don't Barker stop ber ?'

"What is it?" called Douglas. He forget the descen in his terror at Jim's behavior, and Strong was able to allp "He's right," cried Polly. "You away un e's goin' to ride! She's goin' to

couldn't." She clung to the pastor in terrified entreaty. "You couldn't get ride Baybarian P enother church. They'd never, never Douglas crossed to his side and forgive you. It's no use. You've got to

let me go! You've got to!" "Listen, Polly." He drew her toward Polly was springing on to the back of Barbarian. He was a poorly trained horse, used by the other girl for more him. "God is greater than any church showy but less dangerous feats than or creed. There's work to be done

Polly's. "She's goin' through her regular turn with him. She's trying to break her "You'll soon find out about that." "So I will," answered Douglas, with neck," said Jim. "She wants to do it. It's your fault!" he cried, turning upon his head thrown high. "This child has opened a new world to me. She has Dougias with bloodshot eyes. He was half insane. He cared little whom he shown me a broader, deeper humanity. She and I will find the way together. wounded.

"Why can't we stop her?" cried Dougias, unable to endure the stmin. He took one step inside the entrance. "It won't be an easy one, I'll promis-"I'm not looking for the easy way," Douglas called after him; then he turn-"No, no; not that!" Jim dragged ed to draw Polly's arm within his, but him back roughly. "If she sees you now it will be the end." They watch-Pelly had slipped from his side to fol-low the deacon. ed in allence. "She's over the first





"Il aught but death part

"Is it over?" he groaned. "I don't know. I can't tell yet." She stepped aside as Douglas came out of the tent, followed by a swarm of performers. He knelt on the soft grass and rested Polly's head upon his knee. The others pressed about them. It seemed to Douglas that he waited

in his tracks for the verdict. Polly's eyes looked up into those of the parson. A thrill shot through his

"It was no use, was it?" She shook her head, with a sad little smile. He knew that she was thinking of her failure to get out of his way.

"That's because I need you so much. Polly, that God won't let you go away from me." He drew her nearer to him, and the warm blood that shot to her cheeks brought back her strength. She rose unsteadily and looked about her. Jim came toward her, white and

trembling. "All right Poll?"

"Oh, Muyver Jim!" She threw herself into his arms and clung to him,

No one could over remember just how the audience left the big top that night, and even Barker had no clear iden of how Jim took down the tents, loaded the great wagons and sent the caravan on fts way.

When the last wagon was beginning to climb the long, winding road of the moonite hill Jim turned to Folly, who stood pear the side of the desated ting. His eyes traveled from her to the parson, who waited near her. She was in her street clothes now, the little brown Quakerish dress which she had chosep to wear so much since her return from the parsonage.

"I guess I won't be makin' no mis-



[Copyright, 1908, by 8. 8. Mediare Co.] RED haired, unshaven, untidy man sat in a rocking chair by a window. He had just lighted a pipe and was puffing blue clouds with great satisfaction. He had removed his shoes and donned a pair of blue, faded carpet allppers. With the morbid thirst of the confirmed daily news drinker, he awkwardly folded back the pages of an evening

paper, engerly gulping down the strong, black headlines, to be followed as a chaser by the milder details of Social club. the smeller type. In an adjoining room a woman was

cooking supper. Odors from strong bacon and boiling coffee contended against the cut plug fumes from the respertine pipe. Outside was one of those crowded

streets of the east side to which as twilight falls Setan sets up his recruiting office. A mighty host of children danced and ran and played in the street. Above the playground forever hovered a great bird. The bird was known to humorists as the stork. But the people of Chrystie street were better ornithologists. They called ft a vulture.

A little girl of twelve came up timidly to the man reading and resting by the window and said:

"Papa, won't you play a game of checkers with me if you aren't too tired ?" The red baired, unshaven, untidy

man sitting sheeless by the window answered, with a frown: "Checkers! No; 1 won't. Can't a man who works hard all day have a

little rest when he comes home? Why don't you go out and play with the other kids on the sidewalk? The woman who was cooking came

to the door. "John," she said, "I don't like for Lizzie to play in the street. They learn too much there that ain't good

for 'em. She's been in the house all day long. It seems that you might give up a little of your time to amuse ter when you come home." "Let her go out and play like the rest

of 'em if she wants to be amused,' said the red haired, unshaven, untidy man, "and don't bother me." . . . . . .

"You're on," said Kid Mullaly. "Fifty dollars to \$25 ! take Annie to the dance. Put up." The Kid's black eyes were snapping with the fire of the baited and chal

lenged. He drew out his "roll" and slapped five tens upon the bar. The three or four young fellows who were thus "taken" more slowly produced their stake. patory gice.

sternty. Mike."

a little to sentiment under the magic of the distiller's art. "I always used to play out on the street of evenin's 'cause there was nothin' doin' for me at home. For a long time I just sat on doorsteps and looked at the lights and the people goin' by. And then the Kid came along one evenin' and sized me up, and I was mashed on the spot for fair. The first drink he made me take I cried all night at home and get a lickin' for makin' a noise. And nowsay, Tommy, you ever see this Annie Karlson? If it wasn't for peroxide the chloroform limit would have put her out long ago. Oh, I'm lookin' for 'm. You tell the Kid if he comes in. Met I'll cut his heart out. Another whicky, Tommy." A little unsteadily, but with watch

"Two years," repeated Liz, softening

ful and brilliant eyes, Lis walked up the avenue toward the Small Hours At 9 o'clock the president, Kid Mul-

lafy, paced upon the floor with a lady on his arm. As the Lorelel's was ber hair golden. Her "yes" was softened to a "yah," but its quality of assent was patent to the most Milesian ears. She stepped upon her own train and blushed, and-she smilled into the eyes

of Kid Mullaly. And then as the two stood in the middle of the waxed floor the thing happened to prevent which many lamps are burning nightly to many studies and libraries. Out from the circle of spectators in

the hall leaped Fate in a green slik skirt under the nom do guerre of Lin. Her eyes were hard and blacker than jet. She did not scream or waver. Most unwomanly she cried out one oath, the Kid's own favorite oath and in his own deep voice, and then while the Small Hours Social club went frantically to pieces she made good her boast to Tommy, the waiter-made good as far as the length of her knife

biade and the strength of her arm permitted. Liz ran out and down the street swift and true as a woodcock flying

through a prove of saplings at dusk. And then followed the big city's biggest shame, handed down from a long ago century of the basest barbaritythe hue and cry. Nowhere but in the

big cities does it survive, and here most of all, where the ultimate perfection of culture, citizenship and alleged superiority joins bawling in the chase. They pursued, a shricking mob of fathers, mothers, lovers and maidens, howling, yelling, calling, whistling, crying for blood.

Knowing her way and hungry for her surcease, she darted down the familiar ways until at last her feet struck the dull solidity of the rotting pier. And then it was but a few more panting steps, and good mother East river took Lis to her bosom, soothed

have some utilitarian application, and

they form one of the most intricate of

"protective markings," imitat

ber muddily, but quickly, and settled in five minutes the problem that keeps lights burning o' nights in thousand of pastorates and colleges. It's mighty funny what kind of dreams one has sometimes. Poets call

"And, oh, what'll be done to you'll be a-pienty," said a bettor, with anticithem visions, but a vision is only a dream in blank verse. I dreamed the

"That's my lookout," said the Kid terniy. "Fill 'em up all around, rest of this story. I thought I was in the next world After the round Burke, the Kid's and there was a great crowd of us out sponge, sponge holder, pal, mentor and grand visier, drew him out to the book aide the courtroom where the judgments were going on. And every now and then a very beautiful and impos black stand at the saloon corner, where ing court officer angel would come outall the official and important matters side the door and call another case in of the Small Hours Social club were loud voice. "Cut that blond out, Kid," was his While I was considering my own dvice, "or there'll be trouble. What wordly sins and wondering whether there would be any use of my trying do you want to throw down that girl to prove an alibi by claiming that of yours for? You'll never find one lived in New Jersey the bailiff angel that'll freeze to you like Liz has. She's came to the door and sang out, "Case worth a hall full of Annies." "I'm no Annie admirer!" said the No. 09,832,743.P\* Up stepped a plain clothes man-Eid, dropping a cigarette ash on his ootished toe and wining it off on Tony's there were lots of 'em there, dressed exactly like preachers and bustling houlder. "But I want to teach Lis a leeson. She thinks I belong to her. She's been bragging that I daren't apeal to another girl. Lis is all right-to some ways. She's drinking a little spirits around just as cops do on earth and by the arm he dragged-whom to you think? . Why. Lis! The court officer took her inside and too much lately. And she uses lan-guage that a lady oughtn't." "You're engaged, alo't you?" asked closed the door. I went up to Mr. Fly Oop and inquired about the case. "A very and one," says he, laying the points of his manicured fingers to-

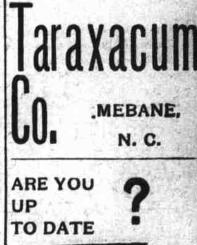




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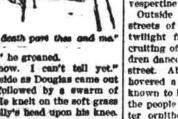
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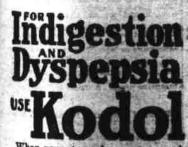
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hours; then her white lids quivered and opened, and the color crept back

to ber lips. "It's all right, Jim!" called one of the men from the crowd. "She's only fainted." The big fellow had waited



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"Never m

shan't interfare. You'll, be going on your way in an hour, Fil say good-by and God bless you, but if you do care for me, Polly," he was pleading now, "if you're not happy here, won't you come back to mer. Won't you.

She dared has meet his eyes nor yet a send him away, she stood irreso-in The voice of Descon Strong en-

ever. ever." "You are going to stay here with med" ented Dongins. "No, no, Mr. John! I've made up my mind, and I won't be to blame for your unhappings." She faced him firmly now. "I don't belong to your world,

the The voice of memory for here, are you?" "Tog Descon Strong, I'm here," " "Tog Descon Strong, I'm here," " swored the pastor as he turned swored the accesting eyes of the desco the accesting eyes of the desco mast the accusing eyes of the descen. "As for you, miss" continued Strong, with an incolumn nod, toward Poliz, "I might bure known how you'd keep pour part of the burgain."

"Bargain!" echoed Douglas. "What

"Oh, please, Descen Strong, please, a "Oh, please, Descen Strong, please, a "Oh, please, Descen Strong what she was

"What bargain?" demanded Dougles. "What bargain?" demanded Dougles. "The told in that you and he man's even sole, to see each other ag'in?" evened Strong. "If i'd knowed she was potr' to keep on with this kind of thing you wouldn't have got "although we are obliged to announce that our star rider, bliss Polly, will no

Mind of thing run wouldn't have got of so easy." "Bo that's st? cried Douglas. It was all clear to him now. He recalled overything—her hysterical behavior, her angleter, her team "It was you who drove that child back to that" the planded st. Poly. The sarrow choul-dees were host forward. The nerven little fingers were cleaping and undarp-ing each other. Never before had also segmed so small and hoppen. "Oh, planes, Mr. John, planes den't make him any worse!" "Why didn't you tell me?" he de-manded.

"Db. shy why mart

OAUGHT THE SLIP OF A GIRL IN HIS ARMS JUST AS SHE WAN ABOUT TO SINE PAINTING BENEATH THE BORSE'S ROOFS.

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Eloise out and and a set of the s

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part," Jim schappend at last. Dougian: drow back, his muscle tonas, as he vatched the scepe inside the ring. Eloise stood at the pastor's side horvor stricten at Polly's reckien behavior. She know Barbarian. B aded. "Ton won't go away like that. He'll be all right if you'll only, walk. Fin not coming back. I'm not-bonestly. I'm going on with the show tonight, and I'm going this time for-"Bho's county to guess the end/-"Bho's county" to the beam? In theored hearenty. "Barbarian don't know that part.

never trained him," the other girl said sever trained him," the other girl said. Polly made the first lenp toward the boops. The horse was not at fault; it was Pally. She plunged wildly. The audiance started. She cought har foot-ing with an effort. One, two, three boops were passed. She threw herself across the back of the horse and hung head downward as he galloped around the ring. The band was playing load-ly; the people ware cheering. She cone to mast the last two hoops. and I don't want to try any more. I'm what he called me-I'm a circus riding ght. I was been in the circus, and FB, bever change. That's my work-riding "and it's yours to preach. You must to your work, and I'll do mine." the started toward the ring. Elois

nd Barbarian were already waiting at "She's swayin'?" Jim shricked in trance.

"She's swayin'!" Jim shritered in agony. "She's gots' to fall?" He cov-ered his face with his bands. Polly reside and fell again. She rose and staggered in pursuit. "I can't ber stift groaned Douglas. "I eas't best it?" groaned Douglas. He rushed into the ring, unconscious of the thousands of eyes bent spon his black ministerial garb, and emught the ppear tonight, we offer you in her since an able substitute, Mile. Bloks,

ally of a girl in his array just as she was about to sink fainting beneath the horowy boots. Barton brought the performance to a hall with a quest of the whip. The

backer brought to delawarhip. The discuss was an lipton. While faced owner and gapty atlived acrobate owned accurd Polly and the pastor. Droging did not see them. He had "Walt, "Ton can't, and " "Ton can't, and " have your turn." She setter " She setter "Bo much the better" She setter. "Bo much the frightened gitt's hand. "His from the frightened gitt's hand. did not see th

"How bis own. "Ho's bringto' her out," whisper Bains, who still wetched at the s rance. Jim dered pot look up. It and mag still in his banks.

take this time," he said, and he her hand in that of the parson. "Goodby, Muvver Jim," faltered Pol-

He stooped and touched her fore head with his lips. A mother's spirit breathed through his kiss. "I'm glad it's like this," he said then turned away and followed the long, dotted line of winding lights dis-appearing slowly over the hill. Her eyes traveled after him. Douglas touched the cold little hand t ber side.

"I belong with them," she said, still rasing after Jim and the wagons. "You belong with me," he answe in a firm, grave voice, and something in the deep, sure tones told her that he was speaking the truth. She lifted one trembing hand to his sh and looked up into his face. "Whither thou goest will'B go; when thou diest will I die." He drew her into his arms

"The Lord do so to me and more STAR SHOP

## A Medern Mireale.

"I caused the dumb to speak today. "How was that?" "How was user" "I was stopped in the street by a beggar with a 'I Am Deef and Dumb' placard on his breast, and when I ex-pressed the opinion that he was an impostor he immediately recovered his speech and in vigorous Anglo-Bazon requested us to go to-er-the place that the new theology tells us doesn' exist and mind my own business and he'd mind his?"-New York Times.

This pers collection box," argued the inventor, "has some unique advan-tages. When you drop to a guarter or more it doesn't make a sound. Drop in a dime and is thinking a bail, a micket a dime and is timizes a penny fires a shot. And when you don't drop in anything the box takes your picture." "No, thanks," said the paster wes-rity; "I already have pictures of my entire congregation."-Louisville Her-

How it is Done.

love letter that he will call and code up by saying, "I beg to remain ever, Count Elicited," Irete Pat ain for Remain forever! What does he thin the to-a charity hotal?-Chicag

Int'l it Trusf

It must have been tough on the perple of the stone age when I · A ·u

Burke. "Sure. We'll get married next year, gether-"an utterly incorrigible girl. 1

maybe." "I saw you make ber drink her first glass of beer," said Burke. "That was Jones. The case was assigned to me The girl murdered her fance and comtwo years ago, when she used to come down to the corner of Chrystie bare mitted suicide. She had no defens My report to the court relates the facts bended to meet you after supper. She was a guiet sort of a kid then and couldn't speak without blushing." "She's a little spitfire sometimes in detail, all of which are substantiated by reliable witnesses. The wages of sin is death. Praise the Lord" The court officer opened the door

now," said the Kid. "I hate jealousy. That's why I'm going to the dance with Annie. I'll teach her some sense." and stepped out. "Poor girll" said Special Terrestrial Officer the Rev. Jones, with a tear in his eys. "It was one of the saddest cases that I over met with. Of course "Well, you better look a little out," are Burke's last words. "If Lis we ware Bu my girl and I was to sneah out to a dance coupled up with an Anule I'd want a suit of chain armor on under she was"-"Discharged," said the court officer "Come here, Jonesy. First thing you know you'll be switched to the potple

want a suit of chain armor on under my gladsome rags, all right." Through the land of the stork-vul-ture wandered Lin. Her bin k eyes cearched the passing crowds ferily, but vaguely. Now and then she hummed hans of footish little songs. Line shirt was green allt. Her waist was a large brown and pink plaid, well fitting and not without style. She were a cluster of risgs of hunge furthation rubles and a lock-t that squad. How would you like to be on

the missionary force in the south sea islands-bey? Now, you quit making Gene false arrests or you'll be trans-ferred-see! The guilty party you've got to look for in this case is a red haired, unshaven, untidy man, sitting by the window reading in his stociating foot while his children play in the similation rubles and a lock-t that streets. Get a move on you!" aliver chain. Her shoes were run down over twisted high beels and were strangers to polish Her hat would scarcely have passed into a flour bar Now, wasn't that a slily dream? The Butterfly's Eye Spots. What do the eye spots on butterflies wings mean? The naturalist, says Mr

The "family entrance" of the B Percy Collina, must answer frankly, "I do not know." It is thought that they

ay cafe received her. Whisky, Tommy," she said as daters farther uptown murmur. "Champagne, James." "Sure, Max Limiel What's the

"Relition

"Seltzer. And, say, Tommy, has the Kid been around today?" "Why, no, Miss Lizzia, J bayon't new him today." "The lookin' for 'm," said Lin after

the chaser had spurted under tor nos. "It's got to no that he says he'll take Annie Karison to the dance. Let him. The pink eyed white sut! I'm leakts' butterflies the most striking exof eye spots are found on the under-surface of the wings .- Youth's Com-

for 'm. You know me, Tomany. Two pears me and the Eld we been empiried. Look at that ring. Five headred be and it cost. Let him take her to the dame. What'll I don' I'll out him Trouble Makers Ousted. When a sufferer from stomach trouble takes Dr. King's New Life Pills he's mighty glad to see his Dyspepsis and Indigestion fly, but more he's tickled over his new baart out. Another whisky, Tosmay. "I wouldn't listen to no such reports, Miss Listen," said the waiter smooth-ly from the narrow opening above his ohts. "Eld Multiply's not the guy to throw a lady like you down. Beliner on the able?" fine appetite, strong nerves, bealthy vigor, all because stom-sch, liver and kidneys now work right, 25c. at Graham Drug Co.

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all natural designs. The fact that butterflies have been captured with their eye spots pierced, as if from attack of birds, has been used as an argument in favor of the view that they may be because birds strike at the eyes of their victims. But this suggestion is hardly regarded as satisfactory. Among Subscribe For The Gleaner. Only \$1.00 per year.

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Heirose-The count sta

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