## THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

## NO 52.

## GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1910.

the Pointe de Garibaldi the bark had disappeared as if by enchantment. Darzac left me and burried away to seek Mathilde. But he returned gloomy and grieved. The door of his wife's apartment was locked, and she

one evening at a family dinner party he had found himself seated beside

ed him at once by a display of interest in literature and art. Somewhat haughty, yet gentle and melancholy, she at once recalled to the young man the heroines of Walter Scott, who, he soon learned, was her favorite author. From the first she attracted him strongly. But Rance had so far forgot himself as to drink too much wine. He never realized what his offense had been, but he knew that he must have committed some frightful breach of politeness when Miss Edith, with heightened color, requested him not to address her again. Upon the mor row he went to call on the young lady and entreated her pardon, swearing that he would never touch wine again. Rance had already known Miss Prescott's uncle, the fine old man who bore the nickname of "Old Bob" and who was as celebrated for his adventures as an explorer as for his discoverie as a geologist. He seemed as gentle as a sheep, but he had bunted many a tiger through the pampas of South America. He had spent half his life south of the Rio Negro among the Patagonians in seeking for the man of the tertiary period, or, at least, for his fossils-the man who must have been contemporaneous with the immense mammoths and mastodons. He generally returned from these expeditions with a respectable collection of tibias and femurs and also with a rich

display of skins of wild beasts, which showed that the old savant knew how to use more modern arms than the stone ax and bow and arrow. All these details were given me later

been one of "Old Bob's" pupils, but had not seen him in many years until he made the acquaintance of Miss Edith.

Arthur Rance had been presented to her, had seemed somewhat more melancholy than she usually was, because she had received disquieting news of her uncle. The latter for four years back had been absent in Patagonia. In his last letter he had told his place that he was ill and that he feared that he should not live to see her again. Three months later, however, having received another letter, she suddenly resolved to go all alone to South Amer ica and join her uncle. During those three months important events had transpired. Miss Edith had been touched by the remorse of Arthur Rance, and when Miss Prescott departed for Patagonia no one was as-

nished to find that "Old Bob's" old

well at the Glandler, had accompanied she had suffered. But he when she Professor Stangerson as his valet. left his presence was another man-a That night he was sleeping in a tiny man alone, all alone. Professor Stancloset in "la Louye." near his mas gerson had lost his daughter and his ter's bedroom, but Rouletabille had changed that, and it was Pere Jacques He had experienced only indifference who took the place of the concierge

in the tower marked A.

Mme. Edith.

Rouletabille.

"But where are the Berniers?" cried

"They are installed in the square

tower in the room on the left, near

the entrance. They are to act as care-

takers of the square tower," replied

any caretakers," exclaimed Edith.

livence of Mme, Edith, And, then,

The next act of Rouletabille was to

At the newly fortified postern Rou-

in regard to her marriage to Robert Darzac, although the latter had been the best beloved of his pupils. In vain Mathilde, with the warmest tenderness, had endeavored to rekindle the old feeling in the heart of her father. She knew well that he had changed toward her. The professor could work no longer. The great secret of the dis-

roddess.

solution of matter which he had promised to reveal to mankind had returned to the unknown from which for a moment the scientist had drawn it, and men will go on, repeating for centuries to come the imbecile phrase, "From nothing, nothing."

. . . . . . Evidently she was instinctively drawn toward Rouletabilie by all the mysterious forces of makernal affection, in spite of the fact that she had every reason to believe that her child had died years before.

She showed for her hushand the cules to be prepared for everything most charming solicitude. She was atand surprised at nothing. entive to him at every moment, serving him herself, and smiling gently at make us walk across the court and him as she did so.

place ourselves at the postern which If the design of Larsan in showing commanded the entrance to the inner imself had been to deal a frightful blow to a happiness which had yet been filled up. Rouletabille declared carcely begun, he had completely sucthat he intended to have the moat dug ceeded. Mathilde had given Darzac out and to replace the drawbridge. at once to understand that she did not regard herself as his wife, since the letabille had stationed no one, for he nan to whom she had pledged herself reserved that place that night for in her early girlbood was still living. I have said that Mathilde Stangerson had been brought up in a very re ligious manner, not by her father, who cared little for such things, but by her female relatives, especially her old aunt in Cincinnati. I might have passed over these religious beliefs of Mathilde in silence if they had not had so strong an influence on the resolution which she had taken in regard to her second husband when she discovered that her first husband was still alive. It had seemed to her that Larsan's death had been proved beyond the slightest doubt and she had gone to her new husband explained to me that he had wished to as a widow with the approval of her confessor. And now she learned that really nothing but a well, correspond in the sight of heaven she was not a widow, but a bigamist!

Leaving the Darzacs, my eyes wanlered to the neighbor of Mme. Darzac. M. Arthur William Rance, when they were suddenly arrested by the butler's coming to say that Bernier, the con clerge, requested to speak to Rouleabille. My friend left the room. "What!" I cried. "The Berniers are

no longer at the Glandler?" Readers of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room" will recall that these Berniers-the man and his wife-were the conclerges of M. Stangerson at Ste. Genevieve des Bois. I have told how Rouletabille had had them set at liberty when they were accused. Rouletabille had been ever since the object of their devotion. As the Rances had need of concierges for the Fort of

Hercules, the professor had been giad "We may make our plans here in to send them his faith

The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.

. in a provident single

There is a disease prevailing in this deaths are by it-hear

ed blood tack the vital organs, causing er the bladder, brick-dust or sedi "But the square tower doesn't need "That, madame," returned the young reporter, "is what we cannot be sure He made no further explanations,

the bladder, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, head ache, back ache, imme back, dizziness, sleeplesness, nervous-ness, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell. Bladder troubles almost elways result from a derangement of the kidneys and better health in that organ is obtained quickest by a proper treatment of the kid-neys. Swamp-Root correct inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant secondly of being compelled to go often through the day, and to get up many times during but he took Arthur Rance to one side and informed him that be ought to tell his wife about the reappearance of Larsan. If there was to be the slightest chance of hiding the truth from Stangerson it could scarcely be accomplished without the aid and intelthe day, and to get up many times duri the night. The mild and immediate and of Swamp-Root, the great kidney reme is soon realized. It stands the highest cause of its remarkable health restor too, it would be as well henceforward for all of those in the Fort of Her-

cause of its remarkable health restoring properties. A trial will convince anyone. Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is sold by all draggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this gen-erous offer in this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the same. Swamp-Root, and don't let a dealer sell yon something in place of Swamp-Rootcourt, but at that point the moat had you something in place of Swamp-B if you do you will be disappointed.



**The Perfume of the** Tutt's By GASTON LEROUX. Copyright. 1909, by Brentano's Author of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room' iv of these symptoms and many others acate inaction of the LIVER

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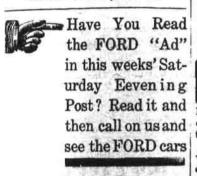
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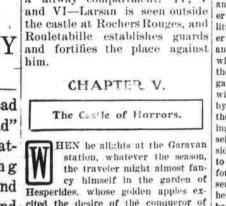
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then call on us and cited the desire of the conqueror of the Nemean lion.

eyes were struck by a dazzling silhouette of a castle standing upon the half moon. The new castle on the plan peninsula of Hercules, which the is at C C'. works accomplished on the frontier La Louve, as I have said, had not have, alas, nearly destroyed. The obbeen changed at all, but still reared lique rays of the sun which were falling upon the walls and the old square

its dark hulk against the blue waters of the Mediterranean, a strange, weird tower made the reflection of the tower figure, looking thousands of years old. glisten in the waters like a breastplate. The tower seemed to stand

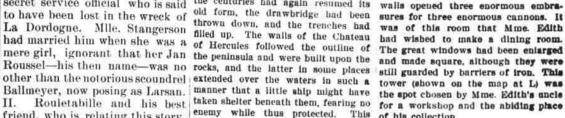


and Mile. Stangerson celebrate graphical plan of the Fort of Hercules, half its former height. their wedding quietly in a Paris the seigneurs of Mortola. In order chambers above and an immense octathe few present is Rouletabille, the seigneurs of Morton. In order to isolate it completely from the land they had made an island of the penin- into this chamber by a steep and narthe reporter-detective, who has sula by cutting away the narrow isthhis doubts about the alleged mus which connected it with the main- tagon room was supported by four death of Larsan, the government land. The isthmus in the course of great cylindrical pillars, and from its death of Larsan, the government secret service official who is said to have been lost in the wreck of the move down, and the trenches had been thrown down, and the trenches had the centuries in the course of sures for three enormous embra-sures for three enormous cannons. It walls opened three enormous cannons. It was of this room that Mme. Edith II. Rouletabille and his best friend, who is relating this story, building was marvelously well adapted Of the chateau of the seventeenth d scide to go to the Castle of Herenles at Rochers Rouges to visit the Rances together with the north gate, which guarded the two newly married Darzacs. Rouleta- towers, A and A', connected by a pas- ting room for guests. It was to these

her former husband. III-Dar- of the Genoese, had been repaired to the square tower. Two rooms the zac describes how his wife re- some slight extent some time after- windows of which opened upon the ceives a severe shock at seeing ward and had shortly before we came balcony were reserved in this square the face of Larsan in a mirrow at by Mrs. Rance, who used them as serv- M. Stangerson was in "la Louve," in a allway compartment. IV, Vand VI—Larsan is seen outside er A served as the keeper's lodge. A | Mme. Edith herself showed us to our

When, after alighting from the train, we came to the bank of the sea our

guard like an old sentinel over the bay of Garavan before us like a blue



bille is revealed as the son of the sageway. These towers, which had that Rouletabille and myself were asnow Mme. Darzac and Larsan, suffered greatly during the last sleges signed. The Darzacs were todged in

the castle at Rochers Rouges, and little door opened in the side of the tow- rooms, which recalled to us nothing of Rouletabille establishes guards er upon the passageway and enabled that magnificent past. They had been HADLEY & LOY Rouletabilie establishes guards er upon the passageway and enabled that magnificent past. They had been and fortifies the place against any one looking out to observe all those swept and garnished with a care that who came or went. The eutrance to was almost touching. As I have al-

the castle was closed only by a little ready said, the two sleeping rooms gate which any one might open at were separated by a little parlor. will. This entrance was the only one After dressing for dinner I called

by which it was possible to get into Rouletabille to ask him if he were the chatcau. As I have said, in pass- ready, There was no answer. I went ing through this gate one found him- into his room and discovered with self in the first court, closed in on all surprise that he had already gone out, sides by the walls and the towers. As I went to the window of his room, to the towers B, B' and B", which had which opened, like my own, upon the

for a considerable time longer pre- empty court. served their uniformity and their first But what was that dark shadow! height and the pointed roofs of which Standing erect at the prow of a little had been replaced by a platform de- boat which a fisherman was rowing, signed to support the artillery, they keeping rhythmic time with the two had later been razed to the height of oars, I recognized the form of Larthe boulevard parapets, and their san. Why should I try to deceive myshape seemed almost like that of a self by saying even for one moment that I was wrong? He was only too easily to be recognized.

Oh, yes; it was he! It was "the great Fred," as we used to call him when we looked upon him only as the wonderfully resourceful and brilliant secret service agent. The boat, silent, I have spoken also of the ruins of the with its motionless statue at the prow, the quident commons (shown passed beneath the windows of the

would not see him. We remained together upon the rampart gazing at the night which had carried Larsan away. In order to change the direction of his thoughts I asked him a few questions regarding the Rance household. He told me that, after the trial at Versailles, Rance had returned to Philadelphia, and there

charming young girl who had interest-

by Arthur Rance himself. He had

Miss Edith, upon the occasion when

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New Discovery FOR COUCHE THE ALL THE DATA AND LUNG THOUSLES. OR MONEY REPUNDED.

Upon the lower steps of the stairway which led to a tower was the charming figure of Arthur Rance's wife, who had been the beautiful Edith Prescott.

The voice of the young wife was her greatest charm, although the grace of her entire being was perfect. She greeted us in the simple fashion-the fashion of the ideal hostess. Rouletabille and myself made an effort to tell her that we had intended to look for lifted her shoulders with a gesture

our rooms were all ready for us. "Come, come! You haven't seen the chateau. Oh. I will show you 'la Louve' another time. It is the only gloomy corner in the place. It makes me shiver. But, do you know, I love to shiver! Oh. M. Rouletabille, you'll

tell me stories that will make me And, chattering thus, she glided in front of us in her white gown. She made a singularly pretty picture in this garden of the orient between the ARE YOU ONE threatening old tower and the coved stone flowers of the ruined chapel.

of the many thous-ands who want to explore this Won-derland ? ? ? ? ? Louve" and which neither time nor war nor tempest has been able to destroy. It is just as it appeared in 1107, when the Saracens were able to make no headway in their attacks upon it. It was there that Mme. Edith had chosen to have her rooms. I stopped looking at the objects around us to look at the people. Arthur Rance was gazing at Mme. Darzac when my eyes fell upon them, and Rouletabille seemed to be lost in thought and far. far away from us all. Darzac and

Stangerson were talking in low tones. The same thought was filling the minds of each one of these people, both those who kept silence and those who if they spoke were careful to say nothing which could give a clew to

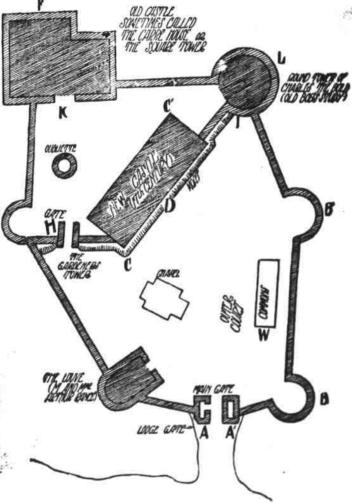
the thoughts. We had passed through the postern and found ourselves in another court. Opposite us was the old donjon. Its arance was more than impressive. known as the square tower. And as this tower occupies the most important corner of the fortification it was

also known as the corner tower. "That tower yonder in the opposite corner," went on Edith, "is the Tower of Charles the Bold, so called because he was the duke who furnished the plans when it became necessary to transform the defenses of the chateau so as to make them resist the attacks of the artillery. Old Bob has made this tower his study. I have never been able to refuse old Bob anything he wanted. Old Bob," she added, with

a charming smile, "is my uncle. That is the name he taught me to call him by when I was a little thing. He went to Paris on the 5 o'clock train, but he will be back tomorrow. Ab, here is an

And she showed us in the center part of the second court a small . shaft which she called romantically an oubliette and above which a escalyptus tree, with its white biossoms and its leafess limbs, leaned like a woman over a fountain.

Since we had entered the second



PLAN OF THE CASTLE OF HERCULES.

on the map by W), near the parapet square tower and to the shores of the on the map by W. hear transform-between B and B', had been transform-od into the stables and the kitchens. Pointe de Garibaldi. The man stood erect, his arms folded, his face turned ed into the stables and the kitchens. One could only penetrate into the toward the tower, a diabolical apparisecond inclosure through the postern tion on the threshold of the nig (indicated by H), which Mrs. Arthur which slowly crept up behind him and Rance called "the tower of the gar- enveloped him in its shades.

dener" and which was actually only a account of its shape that it was on appeared at the time of the erection abut on I at the Tower of Charles the Bold, advancing at C in the form of a

spur to the midst of the first court and entirely isolating the court, which they completely closed in. The most still exists, wide and deep, but the walls had been torn down all the

length of the new castle and replaced by the walls of the castle itself.

The pavement of the inner courtthe Court of Charles the Bold, as the 1 der old guidebooks of the country call it the outer court. One could penetrate into the old castle only (designated by F) by a little door, K. The old inhabitants of the country never spoke of it except as the square tower, to distinguish it from the round tower,

st the Tower of Charles the Bold, as they sometimes called the latter. A parapet similar to the one which closed in the outer court was built between the towers B", F and L, closing the inner court as firmly at the outer. We have seen that the round hower

When he had vanished I lowered my

pavilion, formerly defended by the eyes and beheld two figures in the tower B" and by another tower situ- Court of Charles the Bold. They ated at C and which had entirely dis- near the little door of the square tower. One of these forms-the tallerof the new castle (shown at C C). A. was supporting the other and speak most and a wall started from B" to ing in tones of entresty. The smaller attempted to break away, as if to throw itself into the sea. I beard the voice of Mme. Darmae say:

"Be careful. It is a gage of definnce. You shall not leave me this evening." Rouletabille's voice answer ed: "He must land upon the bank." Let me hurry to the bank." Mathilde spoke again. Her voice was terrible to hear. "I forbid you to touch that

men." cended to the court, where I nd Rouletabille alone. I spoke to atil-was a little higher than that of him, but he did not answer. I want on into the outer court, and I naw Darsac coming toward me in greatest excitement. He called out:

"Did you see him ?" "Yes, I asw him," I replied. "And she-my wife-do you know whether she saw him?"

"She saw him too. She ille when he passed." Robert Darmac was trembling

an aspen leaf. He told me that when he saw the boat and its passenger he had rushed like a madman to the abore, but that before he had reached pupil was going to accompany her. If the engagement was not officially announced, it was because the pair preferred to wait for the consent of the eologist. Miss Edith and Arthur Rance were met at St. Louis by the young woman's uncle. Rance, who gate. had not seen him in years, declared to

WAY:

him that he had grown younger. When his niece informed him of her engage ment the uncle manifested great de light. The three returned to Philadelphia for the wedding. Miss Edith had never been in France, and Arthur de termined that their honeymoon should be spent there. And it was thus that they found, as will be told a little later, a scientific reason for locating in the neighborhood of Mentone, not exactly in France, but a hundred meters from the frontier, in Italy, at Rochers Rouges.

. . . The gong had sounded for dinner, and Arthur Rance was coming to look for us, so we repaired to "la Louve." in the lower hall of which we were to dine. When we were all assembled Mme. Edith asked whether any of us had noticed a little boat which had made the circle of the fortress and in which a man was standing erect. The man's strange attitude had struck her. she said, then added: "Oh, I know who it is, for I know the fisherman who rowed the boat. He is a great friend of 'Old Bob.' "

"Ab, then you know the fisherman madame?" asked Rouletabill "He comes to the castle sometimes to sell fish. The people around the village have given him an odd name, which I don't know how to say in their impossible patois, but I can translate They call him 'the hangman of the sea.' A pretty name, isn't it?"

The repast was one of the gloom in my recollection. The specter of Larsan bovered before our minds' eye; we felt his actual presence

CHAPTER VI.

Fortifying Against a Weird For. DEOFESSOR STANGERSON since he had learned the cruel truth had not for one moment been able to free himself from the thought of it. In truth, the first victim of the affair at the Glandle and the most unfortunate was this good old man. He had lost everything -his faith in science, his love of work

His overed that the reason that his daughwhich must clear up the present with a track light to the area of the pre-fessor, already warned by the mystar-ies of the Glandier-the day when, fall-ing at his feet, she had told him the story of her youth. Professor Stanger-son had raised the form of his beloved

child from the ground and had present her to his heart; he had mingled his tears with the sobe of her whose fault had been so bitterly explained and had sworn that she had never hers more president than along he had known how eworn that she had never been more store that she had anown how

whom he had never had reason to complain except for one slight infraction of the game laws, which had turned out most unfortunately for them. Now they were lodged in one of the towers of the postern, where they kept the

The unexpected exit of Rouletabille sent a chill to my beart and seemed to spread a general sensation of alarm throughout the company. Mme. Darsac was very restless. And because Mathilde showed berself to be disturbed and nervous I fancied that Arthur Rance thought that it behooved him to display some little anxiety. Arthur Rance and his wife were not aware of the whole of the unfortunate story. It had seemed useless to inform them of the fact of Mathilde's secret marriage to Jean Roussel, afterward known as Larsan. That was something which concerned only the famfly. But they were fully aware of the way in which the secret service agent had pursued Mme. Darsac. The crimes of Larsan were explained in the eyes of Arthur Bance by a mad passion for Mathilde, the indications of an insane and hopeless love. As to Mme. Edith. her thoughts, which I read without her suspecting it, ran about in this "But what on earth is there about this woman which could inspire such an insane passion, lasting for years and years, in the beart of any Rance.

man? Here is a woman for whose sake a detective officer becomes a murderer, for whom a temperate man be comes a drunkard and for whom an innocent man permits himself to be procounced guilty of a felony. What is there shout her more than there is about myself, who owe my husband to the fact that she refused him before be ever saw me? What is the charm ut her? And yet even now my hus-Rouges. band forgets all about me while he is M. Darzac said: ooking at her." That is what I read in Edith's eyes as she watched her band gasing at Mathilde. Ab, those black eyes of gentie Mme. Edith! Mathlide asked me where I thought Rouletabilie had gone. As she left the dining room I walked with her to the

trance to the fort. Darasc and Mme. Edith followed us. Stangerson had bidden us good night. Arthur Bance, who had disappeared for a moment, joined us while we were at the passageway. The night was clear, and the moon shone brightly. As we passed beneath the arch we beard Ronietabilie's voice.

"Come ou! One more effort!" he cried, and the voice which answered him was busky and panting. The two portais of the immense fron doors sianmed. They were closed for the first time in a hundred years. Mme. Edith looked astoniabed at the

act of her guest and asked what had happened to the gate, which had al-ways served in place of the doors. But Arthur Rance caught her arm, using upon her that she must

istabilia announced that if any of us had any desire to make a trip to the village we must give it up, for the order had gone forth, and no one could leave the chateau or enter it. Pere Jacques was charged with the carrying out of the command, and avery one knew that it was impossible to bribe the faithful oid servitor. Fure Jacques, whom I had known so

tranquillity," began Rouletabille. one can hear us, and we shall not be surprised by any one. If any person should attempt to pass the first gate. which Jacques is guarding, without the old man seeing him we shall be immediately warned by the sentinel whom I have stationed in the very middle of the court, hidden in the ruins of the chapel. I have placed your gardener, Mattoni, at that point, M. Rance.'

do with the Mediterranean.

council of war.

I listened to Rouletabille with admiration. Mme. Edith was right. He had indeed constituted himself a captain, and he had not left one impregnable spot without defense. Rouletabille lit his pipe, took three

or four puffs and said: "Well, here we are. Can we hope that Larsan, after having so insolent ly flaunted himself before us, at our very doors, in order to defy us, will confine himself to such a platonic manifestation? And, content with what he has done, will he go away? I hardly think so, first, because such a thing would be foreight to his char-acter, for he loves a fight and is never satisfied with a partial success, and, second, because no one of us has the power to drive him off. We have, of course, no hope of any help from outide. And he knows it well. That is what makes him so bold and audacious. Whom can we call to our.aid?" "The authorities," suggested Arthur

The reporter looked at his host with an air of pity which was not entirely free from reproach. And he said in a chilly tone, which showed plainly to Arthur Rance how little value there was in his proposition: "You ought to understand, monsieur,

that I did not save Larsan from French justice at Versailles to deliver him over to Italian justice at Rochers UP

"This man must disappear, but in silence, whether we move him by our entreaties or bribe him or kill him But the first condition of his disap pearance is to keep the fact that he has responsed at all a secret. Above all-and I am speaking of the heartfelt wish of Mme. Darzac as well as my own-M. Stangerson must never know that we are menaced by the blows of

this monster. "Mms. Durzac's wishes are commands," replied Rouletabilie. Stangerson shall know nothing." **"M** Rouletabille arose and exchanged through the window a signal with Bernier, who was standing erect upon the threshold of the square tower.

Then he came back to us and sat down again. "Larsan probably is not far off," he said. "Bernier is on the most friendly terms with these worthy people, and I

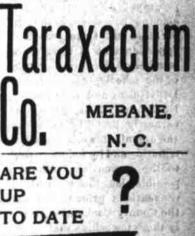
am going with him to talk to them The Italian customs officer speaks only Italian, but the French officer speaks both languages as well as the patois of the country, and it is this

man, whom Bernier tells me is called Michael, to whom I look to be of the greatest use to us. Through his means we have already learned that the two revenue posts are much interested in the maneuvers of the boat belong-ing to Tullio, the fisherman, whom they gall 'the hangman of the sen.' Old

Continued on Page 4 Col. 3

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and his belief in his daughter. faith in her had been his religion, joy and pride. And while he was thinking of her almost with reverence he dis tar refused to marry was because alle was sirendy the wife of Ballmeyer. The day in which Mathilde had decided to tell him the story of the past.