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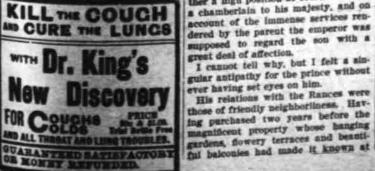
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Administrator's

By virtue of an Order of the Superior Court in the case of Chas. C. Thompson, admi istrator of Edgar S. Th meson, dec'd, vs. Laura S. Thompson and B. S. Parker, Jr., Guardian at Litem of Edgar S. Thompson, I will sell at the court bound door, in Graham, to the highest b ddgr, at Indo o'clock in Casterday.

Saturday, March 5, 1910, one undivided one sixth interest in the following d. scribed trace of land, situate in Alberght Township Alama recounty and folio, of North Carollina, adjoining the lands of thee, F. Thompson, M. W. Coole and others had known as the Capt. D. A. Thompson the life state of Mrs. Earsh Jame Thompson the life state of Mrs. Earsh Jame Thompson whom the life state of Mrs. Earsh Jame Thompson whom the life state of Mrs. Earsh Jame Thompson who will be the last Lapt. D. S. Thompson much. She told me that he was commuch to the life to lambed the life of whom I had heard so much. She told me that he was commuch to the last capt. D. S. Thompson ing to lumcheon, and she gave me a few particulars in regard to him from few particulars in regard to him from which I learned that Prince Galitch was one of the richest landhoiders in

was one of the richest landholders in Pet. 2, 1910. CHAS, C. THOMPSON his own part of Russia. He was called a hermit, a miser and a poet. He had inherited from his father a high position at court. He was a chambertain to his majesty, and on account of the immense services ren-dered by the parent the emperor was



## The Perfume of the

By GASTON LEROUX, Author of "The Mystery

castle and are horrified.

CHAPTER IX.

The Creepy Luncheon and

THE day almost from the rising

clock I came down from my room

and went to the postern and entered

the room which we had styled "the

hall of council" to relieve Rouleta-

bille. f. his guard. Darzac appeared,

Hercules at once, taking his wife with

Mme. Edith had had a nervous attack.

We understood the reason at once, for

there was no doubt in the mind of

either Rouletabille or myself that Mrs.

Rance's jealousy of Mme. Darzac was

increasing every hour and that each

act of courtesy performed by the hus-band toward the former object of his

admiration was positively insupporta-

Rouletabille implored Darzac to en-

dure the situation. He assured him

that he agreed with his feeling that

the stay of himself and Mme. Darzac

must be made brief, but that the security of both depended on their re-

maining in their present quarters for

the time being. If they were to go

away Larsan would know on the mo-

ment how to overtake them and when

they expected him the least. Here

they were forewarned, they were upon

their guard, for they knew. Elsewhere

they would be at the mercy of every

person that surrounded them, for they

would not have the Fort of Hercules

to defend them. Certainly this situa-

tion could not endure very long, but

Rouletabille asked M. Darzac to wait

eight days longer, not a single one

Darzac left us, shaking his head

doubtfully. He was angrier than we

had ever seen him. Rouletabille re-

"Mme. Darzac will not leave us, and

M. Darzac will stay if she does." And

A few moments later I caught sight

of Mme. Edith. She smiled at me

coquettishly, but her gayety seemed

little forced as she jested at my

ment of saving the sweetest of wo-

husband is crazy about her!"

ed to regard the son with a

lifeent property whose hanging magnificent property and beauti-gardens, flowery terraces and beauti-ful balconies had made it known at

great deal of affection.

I cannot tell why, but I felt a sin-

gular antipathy for the prince without

ever having set eyes on him.

men from untold misery.

She cried with a sharp laugh:

She has you all under her spell."

that speech," I returned.

he started off on his rounds.

ble to his wife.

marked:

of the sun was intolerably hot,

and the hours on guard were

almost overpowering. At 9

cing that he had something

rtant to communicate. He said important to communicate. He said that he intended to quit the Fort of

CHAPTER I-Robert Darzac and Mile. Stangerson celebrate he had had the opportunity to be of their wedding quietly in a Paris gun to make the outer court of the nature. But, in her opinion, she dechurch on April 6, 1895. Among Chateau of Hercules into an exotic clared, there was nothing more beauthe few present is Rouletabille, garden. He had presented her with tiful anywhere near than the Gardens the reporter-detective, who has certain tropical plants. M. Rance of Babylon. She added mischievously, his doubts about the alleged sometimes invited the prince to dindeath of Larsan, the government ner, and always after one of these secret service official who is said functions the prince would send to distance!" to have been lost in the wreck of his hostess a wonderful palm tree from La Dordogne. Mile. Stangerson longed to Semiramis. Edith said that had married him when she was a she was interested in the young Rusmere girl, ignorant that her Jan sian because he dedicated such beau-Roussel-his then name-was no tiful verses to her. After he had reother than the notorious scoundrel | peated them in Russian he would Ballmeyer, now posing as Larsan, translate them into English, and be Rouletabille and his best had even composed them in English friend, who is relating this story, for her, and for her alone. Verses-

decide to go to the Castle of Her- the verses of a real poet-dedicated to cules at Rochers Rouges to visit Mme. Edith! The prince kept no carthe Rances together with the riage nor motorcar. He used the street cars and often did his own marnewly married Darzaes. Rouletabille is revealed as the son of the keting, attended by his servant, Ivan, who carried a basket for the provinow Mme. Darzac and Larsan. sions. Strangely enough, this avariher former husband. III-Darclousness did not seem in the least zac describes how his wife redistasteful to Mme, Edith, who ap- astonished. ceives a severe shock at seeing peared to consider it a mark of origithe face of Larsan in a mirrow at nality. And she finished by saying a railway compartment. IV, V "No one has ever set foot within his and VI-Larsan is seen outside doors. He has never even invited us The latter asked permission to open it the castle at Rochers Rouges, and to come and see his gardens. Isn't it beautifully fascinating?" Rouletabille establishes guards Mme. Edith turned away, and I finand fortifies the place against ished my guard duty. him. VII-Old Bob, a professor,

The first stroke of the luncheon bell exhibits what he describes as "the sounded. I hurried to my room to oldest skull in the world". VIII make a hasty tollet, but I paused in and IX-Roulatabille traces Lar- the vestibule, amazed to hear the san and one Brignooles on a mys- sound of music. Who, under the present circumstances, cared or dared to terious journey. At a luncheon Roulatabille and his friend realplay a plane in the Fort of Hercules? And, hark! Some one was singing. It ize the presence of Larsan at the was a voice at once soft and onorous singing a strange song which sounded now plaintive, now threatening.

I opened the door and found myself face to face with a young man who was standing. I heard the footsteps of Mme. Rance behind me, and the next moment she was introducing me to Prince Galitch.

The prince was of the type that one reads of in romances-"a handsome, pensive young man." His clear cut and somewhat severe expression to his face if his eyes, as mild and clear as those of a child and with an expression of perfect candor, had not told an altogether different story.

I could find nothing to say to this beautiful youth who chanted foreign poems. Mme. Edith took my arm and led me away to walk in the perfumed gardens of the outer court while we vaited for the second bell for luncheon.

Garavan as "the Garden of Babyson," | ponce at St. Petersburg Was an Idiot. Mme. Edith arose from her chair, "They seem so much more beautiful because one may only see them from a

The prince said nothing. Mme. Edith looked vexed and a moment later said suddenly:

"I'm not going to deceive you any longer, prince. I have seen your gardens. "Indeed!" inquired Galitch

"I'll tell you all about it," And she related, while the prince listened with an air of cold imperturb-

ability, the story of her visit to the Gardens of Babylon. She had come upon them inadvert ently from the rear in climbing over a hillock which separated the gardens from the mountains. She had wan dered from enchantment to enchantment, but without being in the least

The prince had scarcely time to re ply before Walter, Old Bob's servant, brought a dispatch to Rouletabille. and read aloud: Return as soon as possible. We are

waiting for you very anxiously. A mag-nificent assignment at St. Petersburg. This dispatch was signed by the editor in chief of the Epoch.

"Well, what do you say to that, M. Rouletabille?" demanded the prince. "I shall not go to St. Petersburg!" declared Rouletabille. "They will regret your decision at

the court," said the prince. "I am certain of that, and allow me to say, young man, that you are missing a wonderful opportunity."

Rouletabille opened his lips as though to answer, but closed them again. Ga-"You would have found an adventure

worthy of your skill. One may hope for everything when one has been strong enough to unmask a Larsan!" The word fell into the midst of us like a bombshell, and, as if by a comrather stern profile might have given mon impulse, we took refuge behind our smoked glasses. The silence which followed was horrible. Larsan! Why should this name which we ourselves had so often pronounced within the last forty-eight hours and which represented a danger with which we were commencing to almost feel familiar cause indefinable terror to creep through our bodies? The unbroken silence on every hand contributed to inalbabla state of homes



TWO EYES WERE FIXED UPON ME-WEIGHING UPON ME

'new trade." I answered her that she was uncharitable in her jests because she knew that all the trouble we were Those of us at the table, all wearing taking might be the means at any mogiare, were M. Stangerson, Mathilde, Old Bob, Darzac, Arthur Rance, Edith, Rouletabille, Prince Galitch and my-"Ob, surely! "The Lady in Black!" self. Rouletabille had placed himself in such a position that he could ob-"Perhaps there is a little truth in serve everything along the entire length of the fort. The servants were at their posts. Pere Jacques was at And she turned upon me that same the entrance gate, Mattoni at the poscurious look which had disturbed me tern of the gardener and the Berniers in the square tower before the door "And therefore," she continued, "I

of the apartments occupied by the take very great pleasure in the conversation of Prince Galitch, who is more Darracs. Prince Galitch was the first to make remark. He spoke politely to Rouletabille, mentioning the fame which the young reporter had won. This appeared to embarrass him, and he made a confused reply. The prince went on to explain that he was particularly interested in the exploits of my friend for the reason that as a subject of the czar he knew that Rouletabille would abortly be sent to Russia. But the re-porter replied that nothing had yet been decided, whereupon the prince astonished us by drawing from his pocket a journal of his own country announcing the fact that Rouletabille was soon to be in St. Petersburg. There was occurring in that city, the prince read, a series of events so inexplicable in governmental circles that the superintendent of police had decided to ask the Epoch to lend the young reporter. Rouletabille re-plied dryly that he had never in the

which were hidden Larsan's eyes!

turned away from me. I drew a long breath. Another sigh echoed my own. Was it from the breast of Ronie -was it the Lady in Black, who perhaps, had at the same time as myself

Old Bob spoke: "Prince, I do not believe that your last spinal bone goes any further back than the middle of the quarternary

in his direction. to me. I hastened to the council room, course of his short life done detective to me. I hastened to the count work and that the superintendent of where he was waiting for me.

I felt smothered. I could scarcely or key made purposely for the room

"He was there-at that table-unless we are going mad." There was a pause, and then I re-

sumed more calmly: "You know, Rouletabille, that it is quite possible that we are going mad. This phantasm of Larsan will land us all in a madhouse yet! We have been shut up here only two days, and see the state we are in!" All in a moment he seemed to grow

perfectly calm. "Let us reason it out. Do not look for Larsan in that place where he reveals himself. Seek for him everywhere else except where he hides him-

He seated himself, placed his pipe on the table, buried his face in his hands and said: "Now I have no eyes. Tell me, Sin-

clair-who is within these walls?" "There is, first of all, you and I."

"Very well." "Neither of us." I continued, "is Larsan."

"Why?" "Why?" I echoed

"Yes, why. Tell me. You must give a reason why you believe so. I acknowledge that I am not Larsan. I am sure of that, for I am Rouletabille; but, face to face with Rouletabille, tell me why you cannot be Larsan-neither you, nor Stangerson, nor M. Darzac, nor Arthur Rance, nor Old Bob, nor Prince Galitch. But we must know some good reason why each of these cannot be Larsan. Only when that is accomplished shall I be able to breathe freely behind these stone walls!"

"How about the servants?" I asked. "I am absolutely certain that none of them was absent from the Fort of Hercules when Larsan appeared Mme. Darzac and to M. Darzac at the railway station at Bourg."

"Own up, Rouletabille," I cried. that you don't trouble yourself about them because none of their eyes were behind the black spectacles." "Be quiet, please. You make me

more nervous than my mother." This phrase, uttered in vexation, struck me strangely. He resumed neditatively:

"First, Sainclair is not Larsan beause Sainclair was at Trepot with me while Larsan was at Bourg. "Second, Professor Stangerson is not

Larsan because he was on his way from Dijon to Lyons while Larsan was at Bourg. As a fact, reaching Lyons one minute before him, M. and Mme. Darzac saw him alight from the "But all the others, if it is neces-

sary to prove that they were not at Bourg at that moment, might be Larsan, for all of them might have been at Bourg."

"First, M. Darzac was there. Arthur Rance was away from home during the two days which preceded the arrival of the professor and of Darzac. He arrived at Mentone just in time to receive them (Mme. Edith herself informed me in reply to a few careless questions of mine that her husband had been absent those two days on business). Old Bob made his journey to Paris. Prince Galitch was not seen at the grottoes nor outside the Gardens of Babylon. "First, let us take Darzac."

"Rouletabille," I cried, "that is sacflege! It is stupid!"

"I know it! But why?" "Because," I exclaimed, almost beside myself, "Larsan is a gentus, we are aware; he might be able to deceive a detective, a journalist, a re-porter, and even a Rouletabille; he might even deceive a friend under some circumstances, I admit. But he could never deceive a daughter so far that she would take him for her father. That ought to reassure you as to M. Stangerson. Nor would be deceive a woman to the point of tak-ing him for her betrothed. And, my friend, Mathilde Stangerson knew M. Darzac and threw herself into his arms at the railway station." "And she knew Larsan, too," added

Rouletabille coldly. "I prefer rather to bestow, for the sake of supposition, a personality on M. Robert Darzac which I have never expected to fasten upon him in order to base my argument against the pos-sibility a little more solidly. If Robert Darzac were Larsan, Larsan would not have appeared on several occa-sions to Mathilde Stangerson, for it is the apparition of Larsan that has created a gulf between Mathilde Stanger-

son and Robert Darsac." "Pshaw!" I cried. "Of what use are such vain reasonings when one saly to open his eyes?"

"Upon whom?" he saked bitterly. "Prince Galitch-the prince from the Black Lands."

"Prince Galitch is a nibilist, and 1 am not troubled over him in the least degree. Bernier's wife told me she knows one of three old women whom Mme. Edith saw in his grounds. I have made an investigation. She is the mother of one of the three men hanged at Kasan for the attempted assault nation of the emperor. I have seen the photograph of the poor wretches. The other two old women are the other two mothers."

"And Old Bob?" I asked. "No, dear boy, no?" scoffed Rouleta-bille, aimost angrity. "Not he either. You have noticed that he wears a wig, I suppose. Well, I assure you that when my father wears a wig it will

CHAPTER X.

His Agony From the Perfume of the Lady in Black.

beautiful rose between her pretty gers. I followed Rouletabille, who saw on his way to make his inspection of the square tower. I found him quite caim and entirely master of him-self—and also entirely the master of the manner in which he looked at everything around him! Nothing es-caped him. And the square tower, the abode of the Lady in Black, was the object of his constant surveillance. When M. and Mms. Darrane ware not in their apartment, the only key which opened the door was in the keeping of the Berniers, and it was a special kind.

within the last twenty-four hours in a place which no one but Rouletabille knew. He had let no one into the secret.

Rouletabille wished that the watch might be kept also upon the rooms of Old Bob, but the latter swore that be would not be treated like a prisoner, and he said that on no account would be give up the privilege of going and coming to his own rooms when he saw fit without asking the keys from the lodge keepers.

Mme, Edith had said, with her lips pressed together in a narrow little "But. M. Rouletabille, my uncle doesn't think that any one is coming to carry bim away!"

Rouletabille, after asking after the health of Mere Bernier, who was gathering up potatoes and putting them in a bag, requested Pere Bernier to open the door of the Darzacs' room. This was the first time that I had

entered the apartment. The atmosphere was almost freezing. The large room, furnished with simplicity, contained a bed and a toilet table placed at one of the two openings in the wall around which there had formerly been loopholes. The two windows were fitted with bars of iron between which one could scarcely pass one's arm. Opposite in the angle of the tower was a panel. It would have been impossible for any one to hide in this chamber unless behind this panel. And the Berniers had received orders to look every time they visited the room both behind the panel and lu the closet where Darzac ung his clothes.

When we passed into the sleeping room of Mme. Darzac we were absolutely certain that we had left nothing behind us of which we did not

Mme. Darzac's room was smaller than than that of her husband. But it was bright and well lighted from the way that the windows were placed. As soon as we set foot over the threshold I saw Rouletabille turn pale, and he turned to me and said; "Sainclair, do you perceive the perfume of the Lady in Black?"

I did not. I perceived nothing at all. Rouletabille, after having looked under the bed, gave the signal for departure and motioned us from the room. He lingered for a moment, but no longer. Beruler locked the door with the tiny key, which he put in his inside pocket and tightly buttoned his coat over it. We made the tour of the corridors and also that of Old Bob's apartment, which consisted of a bedroom and sitting room, as easy to examine and as incapable of hiding

any one as those of the Darzacs. In short and in fact, nothing escaped Rouletabille, and when we had made the rounds of the square tower we had left no one behind us save M. and Mme. Bernier. One would have said, too, that there could have been no human being in the apartment of the Darracs before Bernier, a few minutes later, opened the door to Darsac bimself. as I am now about to re-

It was almost 5 o'clock when, leaving Bernier in his corridor in front of the door of the Darzacs' room, Rouletabille and myself found ourselves

At that moment we climbed to the platform of the ancient tower at B". We seated ourselves upon the parapet. At that moment we noticed upon the edge of the Barma Grande the disturbed and wrathful countenance of Old Bob. His shadow was the only

dark thing about. By what prodigious anachronism it was that this modern scholar with his coat and hat in the height of fashion should be moving about, grotesque and ghoulish, in front of this cavern 300,000 years old formed by the ardent lava to serve as the first roof for the first family in the first days of the world! We could see him brandishing his skull as he had done at the table, and we could hear him laugh, laugh, laugh. It tore our ears and our bearts.

Our attention was drawn to Darzac, who was coming through the postern of the gardener. He did not see us. He was not laughing! Rouletabille felt the deepest pity for him, for he saw that he was at the end of his endurance. In the afternoon he had said to my friend, who now repeated the words to me: "Eight days is too much! I do not believe that I can bear this torment for eight days!" We followed him with our eyes to

the door of the square tower. We could see from his looks that be could endure no more. Well, M. Darzac a little after this gave me cause to experience the most frightful thrill of ter ror which could freeze human bones. Darzac went straight to the square tower, where, of course, he found Bernier, who opened the door for him. As Bernier had been keeping constant guard before the door of the room, as he had kept the key in his pocket and as we had proved by our investigation that the place was empty when we had left it we had established the fact that when Darmsc entered his room there could be no one else there. And

At the moment that we saw Darrac go to his room we heard a clock strike 5. Rouletabille and I remained chatting upon the platform of the tower B for another hour. Suddenly my friend struck me a little tap on the shoulder and exciaimed, "For my part I think"- And then, without completing the sentence, he started for the square tower. I followed him. He thought of Mere Bernier's bag of

this is the truth.

potatoes which he emptied out on the white floor of the room to the great amasement of the good woman; then, satisfied with this act, which evidently corresponded to the state of his mind, he returned with me, while behind us we could hear Pere Bernier laughing as he picked up the potatoes.

As we reached the court we saw the

face of Mme. Darsac appearing for a moment at the window of the room occupied by her father on the first story The best had become insupportable.

storm, and we believed that it would begin to lighten immediately and re-

We turned to the door of M. Darsac's room. Bernier was smoking his pipe in the corridor, sitting astride a chair.

"He nasn't stirred since ne went in," Bernier replied.

We knocked. We heard the heavy bolt drawn from the inside. (These bolts can only be used by the person within the room.)

Darzac was writing letters when we entered. He had been seated beside a little reading table facing the door. Now mark well all our movements Rouletabille complained that the letter which he held in his hand confirmed the telegram which he had received in the morning and pressed him to return to Paris. His paper insisted upon his proceeding at once to Russia.

Darzac read indifferently the two of three letters which we had brought him and put them in his pocket. I now held out to Rouletabille a letter which I had received. It was from my friend in Paris, who, after having given me some important details regarding the departure of Brignolles, informed me that the latter had left his address for mall to be forwarded to Sospel, the Hotel des Alps. This was extremely interesting, and Darzac and Rouletabille were greatly excited over it. We decided to go to Sospel as soon as it could be arranged, and we went out of the room. The door not closed.

I have mentioned that Mme. Darzac was not in her own room.

Then the three of us went out of the square tower, leaving Pere Bernier in his corridor like the good watchdog that he never ceased to be until the last day of his life.

It was about half past 6 o'clock when, in emerging from the square tower, we went to pay a visit to Old Bob in the round tower, Rouletabille Darzac and l. As soon as we entered the low basement Darrac uttered an exclamation of surprise at seeing the destruction which had been wrought upon a wash drawing upon which he had been working and which represented the plan for a great scaling ladder for the Fort of Hercules of the kind which had existed in the fifteenth century. This drawing had been gashed with a knife and paint had been smeared over it. He endeavored in vain to obtain some explanation from Old Bob.

As Old Bob seemed to be in a churlish humor, we left him-that is, Rouletabille and myself did. M. Darzae remained gazing at his spoiled drawing, but thinking, doubtless, of altogether different things. As we went out we raised our eves

to the sky, which was rapidly becom ing covered with great black clouds. The tempest was near at hand. "I am going to lie down in my room, I said. "I can't stand any more of

this. Perhaps it may be cooler there

with all the windows open." Rouletabille followed me into the new castle. Suddenly, as we reached the first landing of our winding stair case, he stopped me:

"Ab," he said in a low voice, "she is

there-the Lady in Black! Can't you smell the perfume?" And he hid himself behind a door, notioning me to continue without wait-

ing for him. What was my amazement in opening

face to face with Mathilde! She uttered a low cry and disappeared in the shadew, gliding away like a surprised bird. She swept down the steps like a ghost. She soon gained the ground floor, and I saw below me the face of Rouletabille, who, leaning over the rail of the first landing, looked at her too.

He mounted the steps to my side. "Oh, my God!" he cried. "What did I tell you!" He seemed to be in the greatest agi-

tation. "This thing must be ended in twentyfour hours or I shall no longer have strength to act."

He threw himself into a chair as if exhausted. "I can't breathe!" he moaned. He tore his collar away from his throat. "Water!" he entreated. "I want the water from the heavens! I must have it!" And he waved his hands loward the dark skies.

For ten minutes be remained stretched out in the chair, thinking. What surprised me was that he asked no question or uttered no conjecture as to what the Lady in Black had been seeking in my room. I would not have known how to answer if he had done so. At length he rose and went to take the guard at the postern.

He would not even come in to dinper and sent word to have some soup brought out to him. The dinner was served to la Louve at 8:30. Darzac. who came to the table from Old Bob's workroom, said that the latter refused to dine also. Mme. Edith, fearing that her uncle might be ill, went immediately to the round tower.

The Lady in Black came in on the arm of her father. She cast on me a look of sorrowful reproach which disturbed me greatly. Her eyes seemed pever to wander from me.

CONTINUED.

A Mean Revenge.

The Monday ministers' meeting has yielded a new story. A clergyman in order to avoid unnecessary calls withdrew his name from the telephone book. Soon a lumber merchant with a similar name complained that the calls came to him. The clergyman regretted his inability to do anything in the matter. The next parishioner who called up the lumberman was requested to go to another climate and not "interrupt my sermon."

The clergyman's name is now printed in the book.—New York Post.

Answered.
Captain Jerome while visiting Colonel Higginson took a Derringer from the table and asked, "This thing loaded?" But before the colonel could reply the wespon was discharged, the bullet tenring away one of the fingers of the visitor.

The colonel, who is widely known on account of his extreme politeness, bow-ed gracefully and rejoined, "Not now, my dear captain."-Argonaut.

not break it. Old Lawyer (with some disgust)—The next time there is a will to be drawn I'll do it.—New York Sun. Often The Kidneys Are

Weakened by Over-Work Onhealthy Kidneys Hake Impure Blood,



Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for much sickness and suffering, therefore, if kidney trouble is permitted to continue, serious results are most likely to follow. Your other organs may need attention, but your kidneys most, because they do most and should have attention first. Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

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CASTORIA



At noon we seated ourselves at the sis. Where had Old Bob's gayety vanished? And why did all the others sit so silent and so motionless behind their smoked glasses on account of the sun's dark glasses? All at once I turned my hend and looked behind me. Then I understood, more by instinct than anything else, that I was the object of a common psychical attraction. Some one was looking at me. Two eyes were fixed upon me-weighing upon me. I could not see the eyes, and I did not know from where the glance fixed upon me came, but it was there. I knew it-and it was his giance. But there was no ope behind me, nor at the right, nor the left, nor in front, ex-cept the people who were seated at the table, motionless, behind their dark glasses. And then—then I knew that Larsan's eyes were glaring at me from behind a pair of those glasses—ah, the dark glasses—the dark glasses behind And then, all at once, the sensation

d. The eyes doubtless were ed the weight of those piercing

And all the black spectacles turned

on waking next morning. Mms. Edith was walking in the court, chatting carelessly with Roule-tabille and twisting the stem of a