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KILL THE COUGH B RONDY REPU

The Perfume of

By GASTON LEROUX,

Author of "The Mystery

friend, who is relating this story,

decide to go to the Castle of Her-

newly married Darzacs. Rouleta-

now Mme. Darzac and Larsan,

her former husband. III-Dar-

zac describes how his wife re-

a railway compartment. IV, V

and VI-Larsan is seen outside

and fortifies the place against

him. VII-Old Bob, a professor,

exhibits what he describes as "the

oldest skull in the world". VIII

and IX-Roulatabille traces Lar-

san and one Brignooles on a mys-

terious journey. At a luncheon Roulatabille and his friend real-

ize the presence of Larsan at the

castle and are horrified. X-

Rouletabille calls his friends' at-

tention to the haunting odor of

the perfume used by "the Lady

in Black," Mme. Darzac. XI-A

mysterious pistol shot is heard in

CHAPTER XI.

A Pistol Shot In the Night.

dows were open. A flash of light-

ning and a heavy clap of thunder came

time to escape being drenched by the

furious rain, which beat down like

The young woman told in excited

ones and with her hands clasped how

she had found Old Bob bending over

his desk with his head buried in his

hands. He had refused to have any-

thing to say to her. She had spoken

to him affectionately, and he had

treated her like a bear. Then, as he

had held his hands to his ears, she

had pricked one of his fingers with a

little pin set with rubles which she

used to fasten the lace scarf which

she wore in the evening. Her uncle

had turned upon her like a madman,

had snatched the little pin from her

and thrown it upon the desk. And

then he had spoken to her-"brutally,

rudely," she ejaculated. "Get out of

here and leave me alone!" he said to

her. She had turned her head for a

last look at her old uncle and had

been almost struck dumb by what she

The "oldest skull in the history of

the human race" was on the desk, and

Old Bob, a handkerchief stained with

blood in his hand, was spitting in the

skull. He had always treated it with

severe respect and had insisted that

Darzac reassured her by telling her

that what she had taken for blood

I left to hurry out to Rouletabille

and escape Mathilde's glances. What

had the Lady in Black been doing in

When I started out the thunder was

pealing loudly and the rain falling with redoubled force. It took me only one

bound to reach the postern. No Rou-

letabille was there! I found him on

the terrace B" watching the entrance

to the square tower and receiving the

I entreated him to take shelter un-

"Leave me alone!" he said impatient-

iy. "Leave me alone! This is the del-uge. How good it is! Have you ever

and a desire to roar with the thunder?

And he plunged into the darkness,

making the shadows resound with his

savage clamors. I believed this time

that he had surely gone mad. But in

my heart I knew that the unhappy lad

was breathing forth in these indistinct

articulations of frightful anguish the

was constantly trying to hinder from

his body-the misery of being the son

I turned beiplessly, and as I did so

dark form cried out;

"Where is be?"

I felt a hand seize my wrist, and a

It was Mme. Darrac, who was also

seeking Rouietabille. A new peal of thunder burst, and we heard the boy

in his mad delirium hurting wild

shouts of defance to the heavens. She heard him. She saw him. We were

frenched with water from the rain and

the breaking of the sea on the terrace.

fme. Duranc's clothing clung around her like a rag and her skirt dripped as she walked. I took the wretched wo-man's arm and held her up, for I saw

was about to fall, and that ment in the midst of that terrible

ery that burned him and which be

ng up the beart and the soul in

have, and I am roaring now."

full strength of the storm at his back.

others do the same.

was only paint.

my bedroom?

or the arch.

T was a gloomy meal enough.

Arthur Rance looked every mo-

ment in the direction of the

Lady in Black. All the win-

mad tempest, under this terrible downpour on the breast of the raging sea, CHAPTER I-Robert Darzac and Mile. Stangerson celebrate the odor so sweet and penetrating and I all at once breathed the perfumetheir wedding quietly in a Paris haunting that its fragrance has rechurch on April 6, 1895. Among mained with me ever since-the perthe few present is Rouletabille, tume of the Lady in Black. I under the reporter-detective, who has stood now how Rouletabille had rehis doubts about the alleged membered it all these years. death of Larsan, the government Yes, it was a fragrance full of sadsecret service official who is said to have been lost in the wreck of

ness-something like the perfume of an isolated flower which has been condemned to be seen by no one, but to La Dordogne. Mile. Stangerson blossom for itself all alone. A strange had married him when she was a perfume! Surely it was that, for mere girl, ignorant that her Jan had seen the Lady in Black hundreds Roussel-his then name-was no of times without noticing it, and now other than the notorious scoundrel that I had done so it was everywhere Ballmeyer, now posing as Larsan. and above all things, and I knew that the memory of it would abide with me Rouletabille and his best while life should last.

There in the night and the tempest the Lady in Black called aloud to cules at Rochers Rouges to visit Rouletabille, and he fled from us and the Rances together with the rushed farther into the night, shrieking aloud, "The perfume of the Lady bille is revealed as the son of the in Black-the perfume of the Lady in Black!"

The unhappy woman sobbed. struck with desperate hands at the ceives a severe shock at seeing door which Bernier opened to us She motioned me to enter the little the face of Larsan in a mirrow at parlor at the right, which was just outside the bedchamber of Old Bob. She took both my hands in hers and the castle at Rochers Rouges, and said in a voice which I shall never for-Rouletabille establishes guards

"You are my boy's friend. Tell him that he is not the only one who has suffered." And she added with a sob which shook her whole frame: "Why will be insist on not telling

me the truth?" I had not a word to say. What could have answered? I had breathed the

perfume of the Lady in Black. Yes: she treated me as an old friend. She told me everything that I already knew in a few sentences as piteous and as simple as a mother's love it self, and she told me other things which Rouletabille had kept a secre from me. The relationship between them had been guessed by the one as surely as by the other. Led by a sure instinct, Mme. Darzac had resolved to take means to learn who was this Rouletabille who had saved her from death and who was of the age of her own son and who resembled the lad whom she had mourned as dead. And since her arrival at Mentone a letter had reached her containing the proof that Rouletabille had lied to her in regard to his early life and had never set foot in any school at Bordeaux. Immediataly she had sought the youth and

had hurried away without replying.

"She is afraid for me," be said softly. "And 1-1 am afraid for her-only for her. And I do not know my fa-

ther. Ah, God help me!" At that moment the sound of a shot rang out on the night, followed by a cry of mortal agony. Ab, it was again the cry that I had heard two years ago in the "inexplicable gallery." Rouletabille tottered; then he bounded to the open window with a despairing

burst of anguish: "Mother, mother, mother!"

I leaped after him and threw my arms around his body, dreading what he might attempt. Quickly be turned on me, threw me off and precipitated himself wildly through corridors, apartments, stairways and courts toward the accursed tower from which had come that same death cry that we both had heard a moment ago and also two years before, when it had resounded through the "inexplicable gal-

I was still there when the door of the square tower opened, and in its frame of light there appeared the form of the Lady in Black. She was standing upright, living and unharmed in spite of that cry of death, but her pale and ghastly visage reflected a terror like that of death itself. She stretched out her arms toward the night, and the darkness cast Rouletsbille into them, and the arms of the Lady in Black closed around him, and I heard no more, only sobs and moans and again the two syllables which the night repeated over and over, "Mother,

Strange to say, I found no one in the Court of the Bold when I crossed it. No one, then, had heard the pistol shot! No one had beard the cries! Where was M. Darzac? Where was Old Bob? And the Bernjers? I saw nei-

went into Old Bob's parior. in each other's arms, repeating over little one!" And then they murmure broken sentences, phrases without end with the divine foolishness of a mother and her child. And then how they embraced each other, as though to make up for all the years they had lost! I heard him murmur, "You know mamma, it was not true that I stole! the lodge from the left, for I wished to know the meaning of the cry and of

room, which was lighted only by a had asked for an explanation, but he tiny taper. Her features were distorted with fear.

Rouletabille and the Lady in Black And they were there alone, clasped and over again, "Mother!" and "My the shot which I had beard. Mere Bernier was at the back of the



HE WAS BENDING OVER SOMETHING WHICH HE DRAGGED BE

"Why did be not throw himself into my arms when I opened them to him?" she mouned. "Ah, my God! If he refuses to be Larsan's son, will he never

consent to be mine?" I was almost beside myself. I kissed her hands and entreated pardon for Rouletabille. Here was the result of my friend's schemes to save her pain. Under the pretext of saving her from Larsan he had plunged a knife into her beart. I felt as though I had no wish to know any more of the story, I went out of the square tower cursing Rouletabille roundly. I went to the court to look for him, but found it de-

At the postern gate Mattoni had come to take the 10 o'clock watch, I I hastened up the rickety stairway of the new castle and quickly found myself outside his door. I opened it with out knocking. Rouletabille looked up. I told him all that I had heard and my opinion of him for his actions. didn't tell you everything, my friend," he replied coldly. "She did not tell you that she forbade me to touch that man. Do you know what

she said to me yesterday? She order ed me to go away. She would rather die than see me take issue against m inughter I hope not to hear again.

His face was not a pleasant sight to see as he uttered the words, but suddenly it seemed to be transformed.

Some one fired off a pistor?" I said "What has happened?" "I do not know," she responded.

And at that moment I beard some one open the door of the tower, and Pere Bernier stood on the three "Bernier! What has happened?"

"Ob, nothing very serious, I am giad to say. An accident without any impor-tance whatever. Darzac while placing his revolver on the stand beside his bed accidentally fired it off. Madame ed, and as the window of their room was open she thought that you and M. Rouletabille might have heard some thing and started out to tell you that it was nothing."
"Darrac has come in, then?"

"He got here almost as soon as J had left the tower, M. Sainciair. A ly after he entered his bedroom. You can guess that I had a pretty fright! I rushed to the door. Darrac opened

room as soon as I left the tower?"

"And Darsac-is be still in his room?" I turned and saw Robert Darage. Despite the gloom of the place I saw that his face was ghastly pale. He made me a sign and then said tery

some one should speak of it to you. The others perhaps have not heard the shot. It would be useless to frighten all these good people. Don't you think so? Now I have a little favor to ask of you. It is only to persuade Rouletabille to go to bed. When he is gone against the wall of the tower, the my wife will calm berself and will try to get the rest that she needs. Every one of us has need of rest-and silence." I pressed his hand with a force which attested my sentiments toward him. I was persuaded that both he and Ber-

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1910.

nier were concealing something from us—something very grave.

"It is the end!" said Darzac, wiping
Darzac re-entered his room, and I his forehead with his pocket handkerwent to find Rouistabille in the sitting chief. Then he took Toby by the briroom of Old Bob.

out. They were both so silent and tions of love and joy only a few mo-ments before, that I stood before them bille so soon under such extraordinary circumstances us these which had at-

ly. Mathilde pressed a kiss upon the lad's forebead and murmured "Good night, my darting," in a voice so sett, so sweet and at the same time so solemp that it seemed to me that it must resemble the leave taking of one who was about to die. Bouletabille without answering his mother took my arm and led me out of the tower. He was trembling like a leaf.

It was the Lady in Binck herself who closed the door of the square tower. I was sure that something strange was passing within those walls. The account of the pistol shot which had been given me satisfied me not at all. We were at that moment not far from a window in which a light was still burning and which opened upon

the sitting room of Old Bob and sloped out upon the sea. This window was ot closed, and it was this, doubtle which had permitted us to bear so distinctly in spite of the thickness the walls of the tower the pistol she and the cry of agony that had followed it. The atorm was past, but the waters were not yet appeared, and the waves broke on the rocks of the peninsula with a violence that would have rendered the approach of any vessel impossible. The thought of vessel crossed my mind, because believed for an instant that I could see the shadow of a vessel of some sort appearing or disappearing in the gloom. But what could it be?

We stood there motioniess for m than five minutes before we beard a sigh—a group, deep as an expiration like a moan of agony; a heavy sol soul-which reached our ears from that window and brought the sweat of terror to our brows. And then termittent sobbings of the sea.

And suddenly the light in the win-

dow went out. My friend and I grasped each other's hand as if instinctively commanding to remain motionless and silent. Some one was dying there in that tower!

Some one whom they had hidden Why? And who? Some one who was neither M. Darsac nor Mme. Darsac nor Pere Bernier nor Mére Hernier nor -almost beyond the shadow of a doubt -Old Bob; some one who could have been in the tower.

CHAPTER XIL

The Quivering Body In the

EANING seningt the p our section atretched to that window shrough a there had come to us sigh of agony, we listened. Ross letabilie pointed out the window of the own room in the new castle, which was than the ray which told of the vigil of Old Bob in the becoment of the round tower and the light at the gardener's postern where light at the gardener's postern where lintioni was section.

I had scarcely time to steel back to
Rouletabilie before we distinctly beard
the door of the square tower moving

coftly upon his bingss. As I attempted to lean farther out of my corner and see farther down into the court Rouletabilic pushed me back and allowed only his own head to look over the wall. But I looked over his head, and

this is what I now:

Pirst, Pere Bernier, perfectly recognizable in spite of the darkmen, who came out of the fower. In the middle of the court he paused, looked up at the side where our windows were and made a signal, which we interpreted as a sign that all was well. To whom was this signal addressed? Resistabilic leaned still farther over, but he quickly retreated, pushing me back with him.

When we dared to look out in the court again no one was there. But in a few moments we again behelf. Pere Bernier. And then we heard something which climbed under the arch of the gardener's pecture, and Pere Bernier reappeared with the black and softly rolling form of a carriage healds him. We could see that it was the little English cart, drawn by Toby, Arthur Rance's pony.

Pere Bernier, reaching at length the oubliette, raised again his face toward our windows and then, still helding Toby by the bridle, came to the door of the square lower. Lawing the lists acanings before the door, he me.

seized with a fit of trembling when shoot his frame like a test.

Pere Becnier responsed. He cross-ed the court alone and returned to the postern. A heautiful moon had arisen, which stretched its radians serves the court. The two persons who came out of the tower and apprenched that they riage appeared so surptiend that they

about our little accident. It is not which I lack!" He was bending over something which he dragged before him and then raised in his arms as though it were a heavy burden and tried to slip under the long seat of the cart. Rouletabille's teeth were chattering. To move this sack Darzac was making the greatest efforts. Leaning

> Lady in Black watched him without offering any assistance. And suddenly, at the moment that M. Darsac had succeeded in leading the sack into the eart, Mathilde pronounced these words in a voice shaken with horror:

"It is moving!" "It is the end!" said Darzac, wiping dle and started off, making a sign to But upon the threshold of the apart-ment I joetled against the Lady in Black, but she, still lean-ing against the wall, as though she Black and her son, who were passing bad been placed there for some pun-

tahment, made no signal in reply. Darwere an expression so unexpected to sac seemed to us to be quite caim. His me, who had overheard their exclama-figure straightened up; his step grew firm. One might almost say that his manner was that of an honest man without saying a word or making a who has done his duty. Still, with the movement. The extremity which in-duced Mme, Darzac to leave Rouista- with his carriage at the postern of the gardener, and the Lady in Black went back into the square tower.

After this Bernier came up to the postern and crossed the court, directng his way again toward the square tower. When he was not more than two meters from the door, which was closed. Rouletabille glided softly from the corner of the parapet and stepped between the door and the figure of Ber nier, who was struck with terror. He put his hands upon the shoulders of the conclerge.

"Come with me!" he commanded. "It will be a great misfortune if you don't tell the truth," muttered Rouletabille. "But if you conceal nothing the trouble may not be so great. Come this way."

And he drew him, clasping him by the fist, toward the new chateau, I following. I saw that a great change had come over Rouletabille. He was completely his old self again.

Bernier walked in front of us, his head bent, looking like an accused man who is being led on his way to trial. And when we reached Rouletabille's room the young reporter bade Bernier sit down facing us. I lighted the lamp. "Well, Bernier, how did they kill him? Bernier shook his bead.

"I have sworn to may nothing, and will say nothing, monsiour. And, upon my word of honor, I know nothing." "All right," went on Rouletabille unncernedly. "Tell me what you don't know, for if you do not tell me what you don't know, Bernier, I will be remonaible for nothing, no matter what

Then he paused and went on. was be-in the square tower?"

"Where-in Old Bob's bedroom?" "No." Becnier shook his head. "Hidden in your rooms?" Beguier shook his head vehe

Well, where was he then? He could sertainly not have been in the apartsents of M. and Mme. Darzacl

"What! You acknowledge that he was in the apartment of M. and Mme. Dar sac! Who, then, gained him entrance to that apartment? No one but yourself—you, the only person who had the key when the Darsacs were not there!" "M. Rouletabille, do you accuse me of being an accomplice of Larsan?" "I forbid you to pronounce that name!" shouted the reporter. "You

know very well that Larsan is dead and has been dead for months!"
"For months!" echoed Bernier ironic ally. "Yes, that is true. I was wrong to forget it.

"Listen to me, Bernier. I know that you are a brave man, and I respect you. It is not your good faith that I am questioning, but I am censuring your negligence."
"My negligence!" Bernier, as paie as

his face had been, flushed crimson.
"My negligence! I have not budged from my lodge, not even from the corrider. I have always worn the key in my beeast pocket, and I swear to you that no one entered that room, no one at all, after you were there at a o'clock, except M. and Mms. Darras "What?" recisimed Rouletabilie.

you want use to believe that this inthat the man was killed in M. Dar-"I do not. I can swear to you that he was there."

"Yes. But how could be have been?
That is what I sak you, Bernier. And
you are the only one who can answer.
M. Dursac never took the key with
him when he left the room, and no one could have got into the room to hide

That is the mystery, monsiour.
That is what puzzles M. Darsac more
than all the rest. But I have only
been able to answer him as I have answered you. There is the mystery."
"When you left the room with M.
Darsac, M. Bainclair and myself did
you lock the door immediately?"

"When did you open it after that?" "Not at all."

"In front of the door of my lodge watching the door of the apartment My wife and I took our disner in that

"Why, because if he had done so, ny wife, who was in the lodge, must have seen him. No one has entered that room except M. Darzac at I o'clock and you two at 6, and no person got in between the time that M. Darrac went out and the time when he came in at night with Mme. Darzac. He was like you-he didn't want to be lieve me. I swore it to him upon the corpse that lay before us!"

Where was the corpse?" "In M. Darzac's bedroom." "It was really a dend body?" "Oh, he was breathing still-I heard

"Then it was not a corpse, Pere Ber-

"Where was the difference? He had bullet in his heast." He told us that he was going to his

odge, feeling drowsy, when he and Mere Bernier beard a commotion in the apartment of M. Darzac. The furniture was being thrown about and blows rained on the walls. They heard the voice of Mme. Dar-

tac shouting "Help, help!" This was the cry that we, too, had heard in the new chateau. Pere Bernier rushed to the door of M. Darzac's room and beat against it. He heard the labored breathing of two men, and he recognized the voice of Larsan when he heard the words, "With this blow I shall have your life!" Then he heard Darzac, who called his wife to his aid in a voice almost stifled, as though be were gagged. "Mathilde, Mathilde!" Evidently he and Larsan must have been engaged in a life and death struggle when suddenly the pistol shot had saved him. One would have thought that Mme. Darzac, who had then uttered a cry, had been mortally wounded. Why did she not admit him to help her husband? Finally the door was opened. The room was dark. It was Mme. Darrac who had opened

the door, and Bernier could distinguish through the gloom the form of M. Darsac leaning over something which the concierge knew was a dying man. Bernier had called to his wife to bring light, but Mme. Darzac had cried: No, no! No light, no light! And, above all, be sure that he knows nothing!" And immediately she had rushed to the door of the tower, calling out: "He is coming, he is coming!

I hear him! Open the door, Pere Bernier! I must go and meet him!" And Pere Bernier had opened the door, the while she kept on moaning: "Hide yourselves! Go in! Don't let him know anything!" Pere Bernier went on:

"You came like a waterspout, M. touletabille. And she drew you into Old Bob's sitting room. You saw nothing. I stayed with M. Darsac. The rattle in the throat of the man on the floor had ceased. Darzac, still bending over him, said to me, 'Get a sack, Bernier-a sack and a stone-and we will throw him into the sea, and o one will ever hear his voice again! "Then," Bernier went on, "I thought of my sack of potatoes. My wife had gathered them up and put them back n the sack after you had emptied them out. I emptied the bag again and brought it to him. We made as little oise as possible. Moving very quietly, we had slipped the body, which I said to Darsac: 'Let me beg of you not to throw it into the water. It is not deep enough to hide it.' 'What shall we do, then? inquired M. Darsac. I answered, 'Heaven help us, I don't know, monsieur!' And I went out of the room and found you in the lodge, M. Bainclair. And then you went for M. Rouletabilie at the request of M. Darzac, who had come out of his own spartment. As for my wife, she was almost swooning with terror when she suddenly saw that both M. Darzac and myself were covered with blood. See, messieurs, my hands are red! Pray heaven, it doesn't bring us misfortune! But we have done our duty. Oh, he was a miserable wretch! Why should they hide the facts? Isn't it an honor to have killed Larsan? Mme. Darzac promised me a fortune if I would keep stience. What do I care for that? Why should she have feared? I asked her when we thought that you had gone to bed and that we three were all alone in the square tower with our corpse. I said to her: Tell every one that you have killed him! All the world will praise you!' She answered: 'There has been too much scandal already, Bernier, and as much as it depends on me to do and as much as is possible I will hide this new horror forever! It would

kill my father!" Bernier turned toward the door, showing us his bands. "I must rid myself of the blood of the accursed pig!" he said dryly.

Rouletabille stopped him.

"And what was M. Darzac saying all this time? What was his opinion?" "He repeated: 'What Mme. Darsac says is right. She must be obeyed." His shirt was torn, and he had a slight wound in his throat, but it did not seem to bother him at all, and indeed there was only one thing in which he seemed interested, and that was a to how the miserable wretch had got into his rooms. I told him what I have told you—that he could not have entered without my seeing him."

"And the body? Where was it?"

"It is to the seesing room of M.

"It lay to the sleeping room of "And how was it decided that I

"I can't say as to that for certain

but their resolution was taken, for Mme. Darsac said to me; Bernier, 1 am going to ask of you one last serv-ice-get the English cart and harness Toby to it. If you wake Walter and he asks for explanations say to him. "It is for M. Darsac, who must be at Castelar at 4 o'clock in the morni to see the tournament in the Alpa." Mms. Darrac said also, 'If you meet M. Rouletabille say nothing to him and do nothing that may attract his attention.' Now you know as much

"Well." I said when we were alone Larsen is dead?"
"Yes," answered Rouletabille.

"You fear so! Why?" "Because the death of Larsan, who is carried out dead from a place which he never entered dead or alive, terri-des me more than his life itself?"

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