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Novelized by PORTER EMERSON BROWNE From the Play of

the Same Name by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson

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KILL THE COUGH

lovetime! And the breath of spring and the spirit of love were never more beautifully translated into words than in this idyllic story, the combined work of three men of literary plain about the butterfly Bus would genius, Booth Tarkington, Harry Leon Wilson and Porter Emerson Browne. The play, by the first two named authors, captivated hundreds of audiences. The story, by Mr. Browne, cannot fail to captivate an entire nation. Madeleine de Valette--a heroine more beautiful, more innocent, more divinely inspired with the innate purity of a young girl's love, has never been portrayed in fiction. And in Cilbert Steele, the stalwart young American soldier in Andrew Jackson's army, is found a hero who lives up to the traditions Valette, the stern French aristocrat; of his dissolute cousin, to whom he would wed Madeleine: of Father O'Mara; of | cap of spotless white, she bent over L'Acadienne, the wandering dancer, who had a heart; of Wolf's sturdy American sharpshooters; of old time French customs in Louisiana, where the Code Napoleon yet prevails to administer justice on American soil; of war and peace, of bravery and cowardice, of love and hate, of life and death, and you will read a romance that creates a new standard in contemporaneous American fiction.



HE came through the mists of the morning, a slender in figure, fraction the morning, a slender little figure, fragile as the dew laden cobweb, delicate as the heart of a violet. Skirting the lushy edge of the bayou, she came beneath the trail old footpath that led to Valette. The little shafts of sunlight piercing the tangle of the great trees above her los themselves on the tumbled masses of her gold brown hair. There was laugh



MADELEINE DE VALETTE, "DELICATE THE HEART OF A VIOLET."

ter in her eyes and on her lips, for she

was very young and there was in her to the full the joy of living. She was late, she knew. It had been erful butterfly, a tantalizing butterfly. On wings of red and gold it had fluttered here and there, leading her far astray. It had stopped for a moment on the crimson of a japonica. Then, indeed, she had thought it hers. But even as her hand closed upon it it was gone. She had followed. Far

into the forest she had followed. And They were walting for her at bon She must be very late! For an instant the lightness left her lips and eyes. Her father would be angry, and Aunt Marguerite, for it was not in keeping with the bonor of Valette that a daugh ter of the bouse should keep waiting She would tell them that she had not meant to chase the butteray; that she had meant to keep in all its starched purity the little white dress that Aunt Marguerite and old Marie had

so carefully, so painstakingly, made curious custom, father. And the old for her; that she had meant to stro. only a little way a-down the path that led to the broad acres that had once been of Valette ore came the clutching fingers of hard theed pover; to wrench them thence. She would tell them these things; she would exthese things, that explanation, be suffi clent? She did not know Her father was a strange man, a proud man, a man reserved. She loved him much But sometimes he was strange. She did not understand. She felt far from him, very far. And Aunt Marguerite was even the shadow of her brother. And so she hurried on

In the great room of the house of Valette, a room that once had had even the splendor of the old chateau in the Norman hills, but now time worn, sunk into the duliness that marks decay, were they preparing to do their last dead slave the honor o the candles, for old Christian had been obedient, faithful-yes, even to the end of his days. And for this he was to have the honor that comes to the Valettes in their going.

It was old Louise who counted the candles now for the last slave, the slave that was dead. Stout, heavy featured, clad in rough gray gown and the leather box that lay upon the old table, taking therefrom the candles and counting them as she did so. And as she counted there came to the kind ly old face a look of worriment. At length she turned, hearing foot-

steps. Came through the door the sister of M. de Valette. Across the somber room she came, a highborn, high bred woman of sixty, a woman of delicate, pale, gentle face and slender figure. Old Louise courtesied. "You are counting the candles?" ask-

ed Mlle, de Valette. It was a question that was not a question. She went on, "My brother tolls the bell for old Christian with his own hands." The old servant shrugged her shoul-

"Who else is there to do it?" she uerled.

Mile, de Valette sald, "Le maître will play the requiem." She was counting the candles. Finishing, she exclaimed: "My good Louise, there are not enough! Old Christian was sixty-three."

Again Louise shrugged her shoulders "Here are thirty-eight." she grumbled. "That should be enough. Old Christian! He was but a black slave, after all." She shook her hen

In the year of our Lord 1815, you know, slaves, especially dead slaves, were not of much value. Candles were. Mile. de Valette, pity in her gentle heart, would have made reply, but ere opportunity was hers there had enered the room Father O'Mara, priest of the parish-a kindly man Eather O'Mara, who lived much in the out of the breastplate does not meet the doors, a strong man and rugged and man of the kind that it were good

for God to have in his labor. He spoke in a full, deep voice that echoed resonantly from the dim rafters with barely a trace of brogue, The old servant courtesied. Mile, de Valette inclined her head graciously. "You are welcome, Father O'Mara," she said. "We are preparing the can-

dles, you see. But there are not enough. Louise!" The old servant turned.

Mile. de Valette, with a light gesture. indicated where, upon the walls, tarnished sconces upheld blackened can-

"Take those," she commanded. will look through the house for oth-

She bowed to Father O'Mara, who himself bowed, and passed through the Old Louise obediently went from sconce to sconce, gathering the half burned bits of wax and wick that were to be the last earthly tribute to the dead slave. At length she came again to the table, laying the old be-

Father O'Mara took a pinch of snuff, watching her with shrewd, kindly gray

"Not enough candles?" he said at

length. The old servant shook her head, "No, father," she returned, "not unsess you can convince the master that old Christian was much younger than he said he was. Wouldn't you say, now, that he wouldn't have been more than"-she stopped, counting the new candles and the old-"forty-four?" she finished

"Much more than forty-four, Louise, said l'ather O'Mara, smiling a littée. "But what has his age to do with it? Four candles are enough for your chapel altar."

"His age has all to do with it," she "You haven't been long in this parish, father, or you would know.

He lifted his hands. "Long!" he exclaimed. "My soul! I've been priest of this parish sixteen years come Easter!"

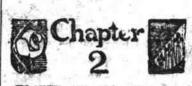
"It is seventeen years since the last death in the De Valette family. That was Mile. Madeleine's mother. She pass' to the blessed saints when Mile. Madeleine was born, the year before you came, so you do not know our ustom here of Valette, father."

"Your custom?" "The custom of the candles. In this family of Valette they call it the houor of the candles. They have that for bundreds of years. Since the time of the Emperor Charlemagne, in France bears, whenever death comes to visit one of this family candles to the number of his years, one candle for each year, were set upon the altar of Tea. chapel at the chateau in Normandy. No matter how or where on of the family died, perhaps at home, perhaps far away in battle, there were the candles upon the aitar. It is a

tales say it led to a tragedy once, But because of that do you think that the De Valettes abandoned it? Not they! The De Valettes do bot aban-

"A tragedy?" The priest was interested. He leaned forward, resting his elbows on his cassocked knees. Louise went on:

"It was a De Valette who went to the crusades, they say. He was a lover, father, and the woman he loved was his wife. He left her there a bride and very beautiful. He was a great soldier, and King Philip, in the Holy Land, made him count of all Valette, in Normandy. 'So he rode some gayly all the long journey to kiss his bride again. But as he passed by the chapel before he came to the chateau he saw by the lighted window there were candles on the altar. So he went in to count them. They were twenty. His wife, she was twen-



XIXTY years had come and had gone since the birth of M. de Valette. They had been years of joy, years of sorrow, years of wealth, years of poverty. But alike they had falled to move him from that which he was-a De Valette. A De Valette, you must know, is a De Valette, and when one has said that one has said all. And now he stood in the doorway, tall, erect, quiet, commanding, possessing in all its fullness the innate dignity mothered of birth, fathered of pride, a spare, unbend g figure dressed plainly in black, with cambric stock, collar and wristbands. His hair was gray, yet his evebrows were



ty, father. So he knew. And then he set his dagger at the armpit where shoulder piece, reaching his heart that way. Next day the candles were for

She finished. The priest sat back i his chair, folding his hands. "But that," he said, "was in the old world and hundreds of years ago." She turned a little to him.

"What is that to the master?" she "It is enough for him that he is a De Valette. Here are we in Louisiana. But what difference has the new world made to the De Valettes when they come here and bring their customs with them? They build our chapel yonder." She thrust her arm behind her, indicating the window through which one might see the heavy spire of stone "like the one in Normandy," close by the house. "Yes," she went on grumblingly, "they must have their chapel-even an organist. old Lemnitre, the master keeps hereone more mouth to feed! And he can do nothing in the world but play the organ. And now the master has eatd that old Christian, though he was s slave, must receive the honor of the randles because he has been a memper of the household all his life." Father O'Mara said:

"That does honor to your master's

heart." "In his place," muttered Louise, "I would rather save some for my stomach. Old Christian was sixty-three years old. Here, with these others from the sconces, I can make no more than forty-four candles. If the master makes us buy more to fill the count. there will be no more than salad to eat tomorrow."

Father O'Mara rose, wandering to "So Christian was the last slave beonging to M. de Valette?" he said.

"The very last of all the hundreds that were in other days. All are sold or dead. Ah, these few acres that the Americana have left the master! It is good that these few acres don't die." Father O'Mara opened his souffbox. Deliberately he took a little of the pungent powder and placed it to his

"The chapel bell has stopped." he hastily gathering up the candles upon the table, placed them in

the box. "Then the



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Father O'Mara turned and bent to his quiet greeting. To Louise turned "You have the candles for the chap-

el?" he asked. "Yes, Miche, all of them." "There are sixty-three?" The old servant paused hesitatingly.

She said: "Miche, I think Christian was no as old as he looked. He had to me the air of being not more than forty-

"Which means," stated M. de Valette, "that you have but forty-four candles."

"Miche," cried Louise extenuatingly "That will not do. We must have no burnt ones. Throw out those that

Louise raised her hands protesting-

"But, Miche"-"Go to the village and buy more. Take the box. See that it is filled. You know where the money is kept." She made a gesture of imploration orable. Slowly she opened the drawer in the table. She took therefrom few coins of small denomination, "It is the last," she whispered-"th very last."

He said simply: "Have the box filled." He turned from her, saying to the priest; "Father O'Mara."

The latter turned Touching the matter of masses for old Christian"- he began, but M. de Valette interrupted him. "It is in regard to another ceremon, that I wish to instruct you. One of

O'Mara seld, smiling: "I have but christenings and wedfings. I apprehend that this is not

the quick, it is, not of the dead."

"A marriage, Father O'Mara."
"Your sister, Mile Marguerite, has ended at last?" exclaimed the priest in apparent surprise "My sister has not conder

"But," cried O'Mars, "It is not you aughter—not little Madeleine!" The priest queried slowly: "Has she done with her dolls?"

"Mile, de Vallette," stated the other venly, "is seventeen. "Seventeen?" returned O'Mara light "All of that? She carries ber

"Her betrothed is here," said De Vaunbeeding. "I wish to present He turned. Through the open door he could see his sister gathe candles from the doll sconces by the

o'Mars, fist buried in hand, wa



De Valette smiled a little, his gers playing with the cover of his "An arrangement of many years,"

els are hard. Of Madeleine I never he said. "M. Raoul de Valette is my know which she is the more-a flower cousin."
"And," queried the priest slowly. or a child. Perhaps you will decide that for me when you meet her." "Madeleine adores him?" Raoul said, smiling, "I grow a little "That will be her duty when she impatient for the moment, sir." shall know him."

De Valette replied:

are to be presented to each other to-"And," persisted the priest, "she

docile? She accepts this betrothal to one she has never seen?

"Could there be any question of that?" he asked. "It is so that the demoiselies De Valette are brought up. She has always understood the ar-

The good priest shrugged his shoulders a little. He said: "Faith, I have known young ladies

"They were not ladies of this fami-

class. The first, my cousin, is to be two bottles of Foley's Kidney The good priest said no word. He third bottle put me on my feet are signals of warning, and I resumed work as conductor Take Taraxacum Comraised his eyebrows. There came within his glance an approaching figure. It



"MADELEINE ADORES SIM?"

man dressed carefully, even foppishly. with graying bair elaborately arranged and well turned calves set off with stockings of black silk. His coat was of dark, rich material, his waistcoat white with stripes of yellow, and his stock was of white silk, while his collar, frills and wristbands were of delicate cambric. With head erect.

Father O'Mara watched him closely He was wont to read men by their faces, yet here was one that puzzled him. He was worried a little, but nothing of his features might have shown.

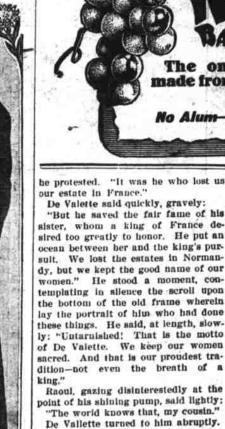
lette turned to his coustn, bowing elab-"At your command, behold me," he

De Valette turned to the priest, the "M. Raoul de Valette, I bave the

honor to present to you Father Joseph O'Mara, abbe of this parish." Raoul acknowledged the introduction with formality, the priest with dignity,

the family, I believe, sir."
"Merely the cudet," Racol returned.
"None the less of purest strain," as erted De Valette. "M. Raoul de Va-ette is the namesake of that other the wall rested a time dimmed figure of olis-"to my mind the greatest of

oul threw back his head, lifting clean limned brown, with a touch of



"Raoul." he said slowly, gravely,

you are to receive a bride whose ev

ery moment since her babyhood has

been guarded, protected and cloistered

from the world-from all knowledge of

that noisome beast, the world. She

comes to you in that white innocence

which is the immemorial heritage of

"The moment, cousin, is at hand,"

"Not quite yet," declared O'Mara.

"On her way home?" asked De

Father O'Mara shook his

"No," he returned slowly-

leve she was chasing a butterfly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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ed and one other was injured so

"I passed Madeleine an hour ago deep

the demoiselles De Valette."

Raoul said softly:

said De Valette.

in the woods,"

Valette quickly.

gray eyes twinkled.

asket."

though they shine to dazzle you, jew-

"She has never seen him? "This is M. de Valette's first visit here. He came late last night. They

De Valette smiled a little. Surely this good priest knew little of him and

of seventeen to make their own arrangements."

ly, Father O'Mara." returned De Valette quietly. "Madeleine has never even seen a young man of her own with chronic rheumatism. I used

on the Lexington, Ky., Street Railway. It gave me more relief pound now. It may was of a man of thirty-five or so, a than any medicine I had ever us- ave you a spell of fe

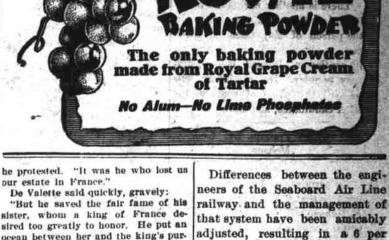


them slowly, indolently.

said. His voice was well modulated. It was a voice that, even as his face,

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neys and Counselors at Law "A jewel never taken from its GRAHAM, N. T. "Ah, not a jewel," asserted O'Mara, rising; "not a jewel, M. Raoul, for, S. COOK

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