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An antiquated locomotive exploded in the yards of the Nation al Railways of Mexico, at Monterey, Mexico, Saturday, result ing in the death of eleven employes of the road and the serious injury of two.

Do you have that dark brown Do you have that dark brown taste in your mouth every morning when you swake? If so, you are bilious and should take two or three of those little Bloodine Liver Pills, easy to take, never sicken, weaken or gripe. 25c mailed by The Bloodine Co., Inc. Boston, Mass., Graham Drug Co.

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From the Play of the Same Name by Booth Tarkington and Harry son Browne Leon Wilson

the loose masses of her black bair.

She were a skirt of vivid red, and her

rounded arms were bare to the elbow

many rings upon her fingers, and her

At De Valette she looked and at the

longer. He turned a little. She

"Who are you?" demanded De Vo

"Men call me L'Acadienne-and oth

er things," she said. She looked again

at Raoul, and again she laughed. She

went on: "Eh, then, messieurs! A lit-

tle silver to carry on the war? Chari-

"What are you doing here, my girl?"

"Me?" she asked. "I'm a wanderer.

M'sieur L'Abbe. Today I find your vil-

lage and some soldiers. I dance for

them, Shall I dance for you, messieurs?"

Her dark eyes flew to Raoul. She

said, with mocking laugh; "Here is

one who would like it. No? His face

is so kind." She turned to him de-

"Shall I dance for you.

ty for the wounded, eh?"

O'Mara asked quickly:

priest. But upon Raoul she looked

shoes were dust laden.

lette coldly.

liberately.

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dwells on his plantation in Louisiana during the period of Andrew three men. Jackson's military career, 1815. The servants procure candles to was, with full, insolent red lips, great burn before the coffin of a dead black eyes and figure graceful and slave. II-Raoul middle aged shuous and lithe. A colored handker-consin of De Valette, comes to chief was wound turbanwise around consin of De Valette, comes to meet the beautiful 17-year-old daughter, Madeleine de Valette, who has been pledged to him in

O the ears of the three men sitting in the great, time dulled room came the space softened strains of fife and drum. They came even as Father O'Mara was protesting the safety of the woods. De Valette said:

"Hear them! The woods nor anywhere is safe with these cursed Americans about. The village is full of them today-backwoodsmen, rufliansall manner of canaille!" In response to unspoken interroga-

tion from Raoul de Valette, Father O'Mara-explained. "They're recruiting a company in

the village and hereabouts," he said, "for this everlasting second war of theirs with England. They march tonight." "They make ready, then," queried

Raoul, "for the great battle down the river under their chief, eh-how do they call that name of a barbarian?-Andrew Jackson? Eh, but they are borribly afraid, these Americans! They are hiding behind bags of sand down there above New Orleans. The English will annihilate them. Observe the impudence of that vile music. Tomorrow it will be the squeak of a mouse. Ha, how they will run! These Americans." he declared, with an air of finality, "are beasts." Father O'Mara protested:

"Ah, but we must not be bitter, not even toward Americans." "It is a virtue to hate them." declared Raoul. "Heaven loves us for

"Heaven hated us when that traitor Bonaparte sold this beautiful new France to them." De Valette, who ARE YOU ONE spoke with deep bitterness "Now they descend upon us in hordes -peasants, low born men, rascals who work with their own hands. Raoul said lightly:

"It is a curse that will pass. These Americans are cunning, but not interligent. Intelligence is a monopoly of gentlemen, and the good God knows that the Americans are not gentlemen They cannot endure. They move too fast. The English will drive them our for us. Imitate me, my cousin, and despise the Yankees lightly."

"Your parish has not known the in vasion like mine," asserted De Valette darkly. "You have not seen everything you have melt away before this curse of Yankee locusts. Before the Americans came my acres stretched halfway to the river. The overseers stole, but what of that? There was plenty there. Then came the Americans, a thrice accursed family of Yanwho took up land from my bound

aries. Their overseers did not steal from them. They were their own overseers. They counted their pence. They lived like tradesmen. They made two stalks of cane grow where my overseers grew one. They undersold my crop. What could I do? That famlly grew rich, and I grew poor. They began to buy. I had to sell. Acre by acre they have absorbed my land-eaten it up. And now what have I left of all Valette? This house and the chapel yonder-that is all. You say these Americans will pass, Raoul? What, when one family alone has taken all this from me? And even that is not enough for them. Yester day I heard that this vulture—this Yankee, Roderick Steele-has taken a fancy to my poor mansion itself and intends to purchase it. Let him dare

The squeal of fife and the mutter of drum had come yet louder. Raoul rose to his feet. "Hark!" he cried. "That dirty ea



"CHARITY FOR THE WOUNDED, ME?"

sound of a woman's voice in song-a song that matched in melody the air of fife and drum and that gave it words as well; came with it the sound of dancing feet and the clinking of

He rose to his feet and went to the door, throwing it open. As he did so there dashed into the room a woman. Laughing, head held high, she pirocetted across the floor, finishing

He turned to face the woman in the doorway. The expression of mockery -the light, scornful mirth-had gone from her face now. She looked anxlous, almost haggard. He rounded on her angrily.

"You come here?" he cried. Again she was smiling-smiling nockingly. She said:

"Eh, so! You are not hard to follow M'sieur Raoul de Valette. You ride your bay horse with the one white foot all the way from your plantation. When I meet people I ask, 'You have seen a bay horse with one white foot and a very ugly little gentleman who rides him? Everybody then say, 'Yes; he went yonder.' So I come to Va-CHAPTER I-M. de Valette song and dance together, and, with a lette. Oh, so easy!" She laughed flourish of the tambourine, she stood again, the while looking at him curiously. At length she went on, "You think you could hide when you went A strange, wild, dark woman she from me?" He replied:

"I did not try. Why should I?" marry your cousin, Mile, Valette." Large gold ear ornaments she had, and

Again her mood changed; she asked, almost tremulously: "You don't care if I know that, Raoul?"

> before I left." A little cry left her lips; she sank to the floor at his "Then It is true!" she cried plaintively. "Ah, he is go-

But I wouldn't believe it." He, looking down on her, cried sharp-

kind to you?" "You'll make



HE LIFTED HER LITTLE HAND AND KISSED IT, BRUSHING IT WITH HIS LIPS.

He answered quickly:

Came from outside a hall. De Valette turned. "Do they summon me?" he demand-

ed. He started swiftly toward the door. But ere he could reach it there had walked into the room a tall man of bone and blood and sinew, clad in the dress of a woodsman. A powderhorn was slung over his shoulder, and he carried in his hand a long barreled rifle. At his heels there followed a shrinking youth of twenty-a youth with a great shock of straw colored hair and scared eyes, who carried awkwardly a gun that reached from feet to neck.

The first of the two with long strides advanced to the center of the room, surveying coolly those therein. "I'm Wolf!" be cried. His voice was deep and resonant, his manner the loose, independent swagger of those who fear not and are feared "I'm Wolf," he repeated. "I want recruits-volunteers to serve in General Jackson's army. Who'll strike one blow for liberty? Who'll join Wolf's sharpshooters? I'll promise you fighting enough within twenty-four hours." De Valette turned upon him coldfy,

haughtily. "Sconer, sir," be said grimly, "if had any dogs left in the kennels o

"So, bo!" cried Wolf, unperturbed Frenchies, are you? No one here to come and belp us lick the British?" He indicated the shrinking youth at his beels. "Here's a young recruit that I wanted to show some patriot mm to. But if that's the way it is"-He turned to his follower. "Bout face, Crawley!" he commanded "Shoulder arms! Can't force a man to volunteer. No patriots here, so of with you. Forward! March!" As they passed out the door turned. To De Valette he sald:

"Don't rile the American eagle French. It's got a sting in its tail." De Valette watched them go, and when they had passed beyond his vision he turned to L'Acadienne. "All of you," he said coidly. "There's

bothing for you here."

The woman tossed her head. Her lips curved in mocking smile. Across the room she went and even to the doorway. Yet she did not go through. De Valette, eyes from ber, thi she had gone, turned to Raput and the

"Funnh! Canallie!" he excisi discust. "Let us join my sister, gen He deft the

you'll make me ridiculous." "Haven't I loved you better than have loved any one?" He stooped, trying to lift her to be

She seized his arm, clinging to it. "Raoul!" she cried. "Raoul! You can't drive me away! For three years I have not look' at any one but you! And you-you have love' me! You cannot say you did not! You will not find any one to love you like me!" Suddenly she thrust him from her flercely. "You want to throw me away to marry a baby! Ha! I see her come into that garden outside there; I look at her well. A little white fool. You would go mad with such a child-a baby for a wife."

bitterly.
"Me-I am a bad woman, ch?" she cried. "I must not even speak of m'sleur's household-of his lady!" "Silence?" He advanced a step. She did not move.

"So!" she said. "You think that is the way to talk to me? You are mistaken, my friend."

He said more utidly ciliation: "Come! You understand I'm to be married. I've finished with all this

You'll gain nothing here." "Raoul, don't speak to me like that!" she cried pleadingly. "Won't you come back with me?

"Ah," she said brokenly, "you laugh at that! No, no! Think about me only one minute, Raoul. What can I

"Nothing. Just go away." She repeated it after him slowly,

of with you, like a good girl. My overseer shall bring you a little present when I come back."

"Start now. You'll be home tomor

"If I go now to please you," she a "some day maybe you come back to me? You'll let me believe that, Raoul?" "Believe anything you like," he an-

than Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Tes or Tablets, 35c. Ge a package today, and you'll thank us for the advice. Thompson

She turned a little. She said pit-"I make myself obey you. I am go-

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1910.

ing. You see how good I am? You see how I obey?" Slowly she turned. Slowly she crossed the room. At the door she turned

little while." And she was gone,

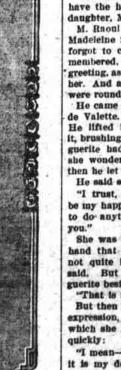
"Because you would be afraid to have me find out you ride here to "Why," he queried composedly should I be afraid of you knowing that?"

"No." he replied coolly. "I was foolish not to tell you

> ing to get marri'! They told me so!

> > "Don't do that!" She asked: "Haven't I been

IF I KNOW THAT, vourself ridiculous



Worse than that,

"Do not speak of Mile. de Valette," Her dark eyes gleamed; she laughed

He laughed.

grasped her arm, "As I told you, you will make us both ridiculous. Now,

"It is only you I want, Raoul."

There's no better Spring tonic The standard for thirty swered impatiently, "so that you go."

"Goodby," she said. "Goodby for a



ADELEINE DE VALETTE burried on and on along the long path that led from the acres that had once been of Valette. A beron, trailing long legs, rose from the marsh by the bayou's edge. She did not stop to look. Butter flies innumerable, of innumerable glo rious colors, fluttered across her path but she steeled her heart against their beguilements. She was late. She was late in meeting her betrothed. Surely that was a very grave crime indeed eyes on the floor. I much prefer that

A tiny strand of hair golden brown kissed of the sun fell from its fasten ings and, tossed by the playful fingers of the breeze, quivered about a pink cheek-a cheek made more than usually pink by exertion. She brushed is back with slender fingers, but it would not stay.

Aunt Marguerite saw her as she came through the garden gate—the gate of fallen bricks and with the heavy. clinging vines. They were waiting for her there in the great, somber roomher father, the priest, Aunt Marguerite and the betrothed whom she had never seen. She looked at him with the round. wondering, curious eyes of a little

She looked for a long moment. Then she remembered herself and courtesled profoundly, as she had been told to do. Her father came to her then and took her by the hand. He introduced her formally to the man that was to be her busband. "M. Raoul de Valette," he said, "I

have the honor to present you to my daughter. Mile. Madeleine de Valette." M. Raoul de Valette bowed grandly Madeleine in watching herself almost forgot to courtesy. But then she remembered, and so she returned his greeting, as Aunt Marguerite had taught her. And all the while her violet eyes were round with the wonder of it all. He came across to her, did M. Raoul de Valette. He took her hand in his. He lifted her little hand and kissed it, brushing it with his lips-Aunt Marguerite had told her nothing of this; she wondered what it might be for-

He said softly: "I trust, mademoiselle, that it may be my happy fortune never in this life to do anything which shall displease

She was looking wonderingly at the hand that he had kissed, so she did said. But then she saw Aunt Marguerite beside ber. She said quickly:

"That is my wish also, mo But then she saw Aunt Marguerite's expression, and she remembered that which she had been taught. She said

"I mean-and, for my part, monsieur it is my devout wish-that you shall find me obedient to your interests, so that my conduct in all respects shall ever continue to merit your consider ate approbation."

She looked up eagerty. Aunt Mar-guerite nodded. And she knew that she had said well. But she could see Father Office. Father O'Mars saughing. She wondered why. But she had not time to

"It is my profound trust, mademol-selle," he said, "that nothing may ever very first glance into another pair of eyes-a feeling which absorbs and mar our profound accord."

This time she remembered. overpowers the whole being, a feeling which makes one soul cling to another in spite of fear or shame or death. which makes one soul lose itself in that other and find its whole universe

"That is my wish also, monsieur. She looked up at Aunt Marguerite.
"Is it all over now?" she queried. Then she almost bit her lip, for Aunt Marguerite "ssled" so suddenly, and there was on her face such an expression of horror! But Father O'Mara was before her now, his broad, sur browned hands extended to take hers.

She placed her own therein. would be to feel like that. Does it "My dear," he said, "let me be the first not of your family to wish you all the joy in the world. On my soul, come to every one?" you deserve everything that the bless ed angels do."

She queried wonderingly: "Does marriage bring all that, fa

The good priest turned to M. Raou de Valette. "Neither a jewel nor a flower, sir," be said. "We were both wrong. A

white butterfly." white butterfly."

"Oh, Father O'Mara," she cased eagerly, "I caught that big one—the one
that had red and gold on its wings—
but I let him go. That was better for
him, wasn't it?"

"To be sure it was," he returned

very seriously. Then her father came and kissed her on the forebead. He and Father O'Mara left her with M. Raoul de Valette brought ber a guerite, too, and then for himself. And they all sat down. She watched him interestedly—watched him, that is, un-til Aunt Marguerite whispered in her

"I MUCH PREFER THAT TOU KEEP THE ear, "Cast your eyes down?" And then, of course, she had to look at the you for the honor of this interview." To Aunt Marguerite he said, "Cousin At length she heard in.
Valette speak to her. He said:
"Doubliess you have been informed,
mademoiselle, that this very day your
mademoiselle, that this very day your your servant." Then, bowing again, he was gone.

They watched him depart. Then Iney watched him depart. Then Madeleins running to the great sent by the chimney, perched herself upon it. To her Aunt Marguerite turned. "My dear," she mid solicitously, "are you not faint? Shall I bring my salts?"

medemoiselie, that this very day your honored fasher will decide the date upon which I schleve the greatest felicity of my life."

She looked up artiently.

"You mean our wedding?" she usked.

Aunt Marguerite was whispering again. "Too bold?" she mid, and then, again. "Too boid?" she said, and then,
"Keep your eyes on the foor?" She
again looked down, but she didn't
know what to do, quite, about that
which she gad been too bold. Should

"What else could I mean," her betrothed was asking, "when I speak of my greatest felicity?" Again she forgot. She queried

quickly: "It will make you happy that we should marry, you mean, monsieur? She turned to Aunt Marguerite, "Isn't it strange that"- Then she steeped quite suddenly, for Aunt Marguerite had "sshed" again.

"I presume to hope," went on M. Raoul de Valette, "that you yourself by that time may regard the alliance with some favor."

This time she remembered. With eyes on the floor, she said:

"I am confident that a mutual felicity, monsieur, can be only the result of our alliance. I have been carefully instructed so that I understand quite well that not only the excellence of a daughter's character, but her happiness also, consists in obedience to her He said, smiling:

"Yet my own present happiness does not spring from obedience." "How is that?" she asked quickly, then yet more quickly, "Oh, I forgot!"

"Forgot what?" he asked, again amiling. "To keep my eyes on the floor," she returned naively.

He laughed. "My dear cousin," he said, "I hope you will not keep your

you keep them on me." It was Aunt Marguerite who this time rebuked M. Raoul de Valette. "Monsieur!" she cried.

to Aunt Marguerite. "Dear lady," he said, "permit me It will basten the acquaintance. I might even presume to look forward to a time when she will like to look at me. When one likes to look at a certain nerson one likes that person.

"Oh, how true that is!" cried Made | runy and a bit sicepuy.

leine, clapping her hands a little. "I

gravely. "May I ask at whom you

"At my father," she answered, all in

a breath, "and at Aunt Marguerite, of

course, and Father O'Mara, and-and

old Louise and sometimes at myself."

"I presume you speak of another

Aunt Marguerite again warned him.

"No; let him!" besought Madeleine.

"Of a feeling that sometimes comes

in one instant, it may be with the

Aunt Marguerite half rose protest

"Indeed, indeed, monsieur," she be

"Oh, but Aunt Marguerite, do lis

ten!" And then, half to be betrothed, half to berself: "How strange it

Madeleine was quiet for a moment

"It must have come to you, mon-

Aunt Marguerite was again militant.

"But it must have!" persisted Made-

"My cousin is right," said M. Raoul

de Valette calmly. "My presence here

best, taking Madeleine's hand. "Ma-

indeleine turned on her round, won-

Why, no, aunt," she replied. "Why

"But you ought to be," asserted Auni Margnerite. "It is not quite maidenly

on this occasion is proof of it."

"My niece!" she cried in protest.

gan, but Madeleine interrupted.

"Perhaps not to every one."

He replied, smiling:

"To me some time?"

then she cried suddenly:

sieur! You have known it?

leine. "How would be know?"

"That is my bope."

"Ah!" exclaimed M. Raoul de Valette

love the people I like to look at."

like to look, mademoiselle?"

He said lightly:

"Monsieur!" she cried.

He continued evenly:

feeling."

ingly.

M. Raoul de Valette rose. He turned



not to be. The excitement of this is terview"-

Madeleine said musingly: "It was exciting, wasn't it-trying to remember all the things you told me? Aunt Marguerite shook her head a

little dubiously. "He was very daring," she com mented. "The next interview must be less agitating." Madeleine had sunk back among the

Women to work in Alamance coun cushions. She said at length thought-

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[TO BE CONTINUED.] Just What He Wanted. "These are the very latest style," said the clerk who was showing paje mas to the precisely dressed man "The intest style is what I want," remarked the man as he opened hi purse. "I seldom get to bed until after UP

midnight."-Brooklyn Life. Watch for the Comet.

like him sometime next to my father

Louise. I suppose I ought to after

awhile. He was very interesting when

he spoke of that"- She turned on

her elbow and looked at her aunt.

"Such topics," returned Aunt Mar-

guerite shortly, "are not for the young."

"It was indelicate of him to mention

Madeleine was silent for a momen

"He is quite an old gentleman, isn't

Her aunt went to her, bending over

slender limbs out upon the great seat.

One delicate little arm was thrown

above her head. She yawned. She

"M. Raoul de Valette is quite an old

gentleman"-she yawned again-"isn't

and smoothing her tumbled hair.

tired. You walked too far."

And by and by she slept.

waid sleepily:

At length she said slowly, drowsily:

"But M. Raoul isn't young."

that way he said?"

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"I think Cousin Raoul is very nice and interesting. But I'm not agitated, Aunt Marguerite. I think I shall like him very much. Perhaps I shall and you and Father O'Mara and old "Aunt Marguerite, did you ever feel

This time of the year are signals of warning. Take Taraxacum Compound now. It may "Child," she said gently. "you are dred. You walked too far."

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