SICK HEADACHE, cause the food to assimilate and nour-ish the body, give keen appetite, DEVELOP FLESH

and solid muscle. Elegantly sugar Take No Substitute.

Indigestion Dyspepsia

ily supplied by Kodol. Kodol assits the stomach, by temporarily digesting all of the food in the stomach, so that the stomach may rest and recuperate.

Our Guarantee. Gets dollar botyou are not benefited—the drugrist will at
once return your money. Don't hesistate any
drugrist will sell you Kodol on these terms
The dollar bottle contains 2% times as much
as the 50c bottle. Kodol is prepared at the
laboratories of E. G. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Graham Drug Co.

FREE TRIP to the PACIFIC COAST



ARE YOU ONE of the many thous-SUNSET

MAGAZINE

department, whose special work it is reach of every one an opportunity to see the FAR WEST. Write for Sample Copy. 11 31 11 11 11 11

Sunset Travel Club 16 Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal.



Scientific American.

ARE YOU TO DATE

If you are not the News an OBERVER is. Subscribe for it at once and it will keep you abreast of the times.

Full Associated Press dispatches. All the news-foreign, domestic, national, state and local all the time.

Daily News and Observer \$7

per year, 3.50 for 6 mos. Weekly North Carolinian \$1 per year, 50c for 6 mos.

NEWS & OBSERVER PUB. CO., RALEIGH, N. C.

The North Carolinian and THE

ALAMANCE GLEANER will be sent for one year for Two Dollars. Cash in advance. Apply at THE GLEANER office. Graham, N. C.

Re-Sale of Valuable LAND!

THURSDAY, SEPT. 15, 1910,

hird in money down, the a secured by notes in equal and tweive months, carrying said, and this reserved until

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

softlement. This July off we can he spread and wa he spread and wa he spread and wa he spread and waterd.

Among the Apple Trees

By Clifford V. Gregory

HE girls eagerly read over the books and bulletins Mr. Pearson had lent them, and cover crops, cultivation and bor conversation. As soon as the ground was in shape in the spring they plowed it and harrowed it until it was reduced to a fairly fine condition, detainly better than anything it

had known since it was first set out. The trees blossomed freely, and the orchard with its waving sea of pink flowers was an inspiration to the girls for it held the promise of a bountiful harvest to come. As soon as the blossoms closed the girls set to work to sprny the trees. They were hard at ork one day mixing a barrel of bordeaux mixture when they were startled by the sound of an automobile coming up the driveway.

"It's Harold and Beth!" cried Mabel. "Oh, what'll we do?" She looked down at her spattered dress in dismay, "You might dive into the barrel." said Gladys ironically as she poured n another pail of water. "I'm not afraid of the Du Vals even if they

have got an automobile." The car was close upon them by this time. Harold, brought it to a stop with a jerk and leaped lightly to the ground. He lifted his hat as he advanced toward the girls and held out his hand. If he was in any way surprised at their appearance or occupation a slight lifting of the eyebrows was the only manifestation of it. Harold Du Val prided himself upon his ability to maintain his composure under the most trying circumstances. Mabel's face was red as she returned

als greeting, and she hurried over to the car to hide her confusion. Beth greeted her effusively. so glad to see you!" she cried. were out trying our new car, and I made Harry come around this way. We hardly ever see you any more

since you left school."

"We-we don't get to town very often," replied Mabel, who had not yet quite recovered from her confusion. "Never mind your dress," said Beth. quickly guessing the cause of her embarrassment. "I wish I lived in the country and could wear old clothes. But what in the world are you doing,

anyway?" The same question had evidently just occurred to Harold. "Just mixing up swill for the pigs, are you?" he inquired in his most polite accents, indicat-

Gladys laughed outright. "I'm afraid the pigs would be rather blue after a dose of that," she replied. "Well what is it, then?" persisted

Harold. "It's bordeaux mixture, if you must know. We are going to spray the ap-

ple trees to kill the bugs." "Rather hard on the bugs, I should say," Harold remarked as he leaned over to brush a speck of dust from one



GLADYS WAVED HER HANDKEBCHIEF

of his tan oxfords, "But, say, when did you start in the horticultural business, anyway?"

"We've just started," she answered as she filled a pail with water and boured it into the barrel. "Aren't you afraid you'll spoil your complexion?" Harold asked tensingly

as the mixture spinshed up into her She shook her head as she wiped a

spattering drop from her nose. don't know that bordeaux mixture is any worse for my complexion than talcum powder would be," she said. "You are certainly an attractive advertisement for the bordenux mixture. Harold answered.

Gladys did look charming as she stood there in her spattered dress, with her unruly hair blowing across her face-she never could keep those stray locks where they belonged-and th rose hus of her cheeks looking all the roster in contrast to the spots of lime

on her nose. "I thought you had outgrown those foolish speeches," she said reprovingly as she turned to the tank for another

backet of water. "Oh, I say?" eried Harold. "Can't you come for a little auto ride? Let the bugs enjoy life a little longer-just me," he persisted coaxingly as Giadys hesitated. The comically pleading look in his brown eyes was

"I really ought not to go," she sa "but I would like an auto ride. I guess we can go for just a little while,

can't we, Mabel?" "If we can have time to put on clear aprens and wash our faces first,"

A Story of Farm Life Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association

"Yes, we'll walt," Harold answered "though clean dresses can't make yo look any prettier than you do jus

Mabel made up a little face at him as she turned toward the house. "If you're going to talk like that I won't go," she called back over her shoulder. In a few moments they reappeared. looking as fresh and dainty as though they had never held a spray nozzle or a plow handle. By skillful maneuvering Harold relegated Beth and Mabel

to the back seat and helped Gladys up in front. "Now for a spin!" he cried as he eated himself beside her and pulled back the starting lever. The machine bounded forward. Gladys clung to the seat, her eyes shining with the exhil-

aration of the swift motion. "Isn't it glorious?" Harold cried as he increased the speed to a still faster

Mile after mile was quickly covered by the tireless machine and they were almost to town when Harold finally turned around and started back at somewhat slower pace. 'We went so fast that I was almost

lost," confessed Mabel. "That's Pear son's just ahead, isn't it?" Gladys nodded, "And there's Jeff over in the field plowing," she said. She leaned out and waved her hand-

kerchief at him. He waved his whip in dazed surprise and stood watching the automobile until it was out of sight. He paid so little attention to his plowing the rest of the afternoon that the patient horses turned to look inquiringly at him now and then as if to ask what the matter was. But Jeff was thinking, and his train of thought, though by no means comparable in speed to wat fast mail. had all the ponderous inertia of a dou-

ble bended time freight. By the time he had fluished milking he had come to a conclusion. "I'm going to do it," he said half aloud, slapping his knee. "I'll beat that stuck up Du Val yet." And he went into the house and wrote to an automobile company for prices.

But if Jeff had known the trend of the conversation in the touring car he might have been better satisfied with

everything in general and with one or two things in particular. wo things in particular.
"Who is that fellow?" inquired Har

old as they passed Jeff. "That's Jeff Pearson, one of my best friends," promptly replied Gladys. "So you like plowboys, do you?" Harold asked, with a quizzical smile. "I like any one who has ambitic enough to do something," Gladys re-"Did you ever do any work turned.

in your life?" Again Harold smiled that exasperating smile, though it was a trifle less self confident this time. "What's the use?" he inquired. "Father's got

plenty of money." "If I were a boy," the cold contempt in Gladys' voice jarred Harold out of his accustomed self assurance, "I'd be ashamed to have no ambition but to spend my father's money. You den't have to work for a living, but the very fact that you don't makes it possible for you to accomplish much

greater things." "I don't think you're hardly fair." Harold answered. "I'll probably settie down and go to work at something after awhile." "Probably!" cried Gladys. "What

are you going to do?" "Oh, I don't know," he replied. "I suppose father will find me some-

"That's it-father, father, all the time. Why don't you learn to depend on yourself a little? Why don't you go to college and learn something

and then start out for yourself and do something?" Harold gave the lever a vicious jerk by way of reply, and neither of them

said anything more until they reached "Thank you ever so much for the

ride," said Mabel as she stood leaning on the gate. "Thank you ever so much for go-

ing," replied Harold. "And you, too," be added, turning to Gladys. "And the lecture-I'm afraid thanks won't pay for that."

"Indeed they won't," she answered. "The only thing that will pay for that is to see it have some effect, and I guess there isn't much hope of that." "Thank you anyway, Miss icebox," he said, with his old self confident smile, as he started the machine.

"Goodby." "Goodby," answered Mabel. "Com

"And come in and see us," cried both over the back of the car.

CHAPTER IV. THE days that followed were busy ones for Gladys and Mabel. The apple blossoms faded and the petals fell, leaving tiny apples in their places. And down the rows of trees stretched smaller rows of cabbage plants-thousands of them. The girls kept the cultivator going tirelessly. The weeds had not been kept down very well the season before, and the ground was so filled with seed that it often seemed as though the cultivating only made two weeds grow where one grew before. But by dint of an inexhaustible supply of stick-to-it-ivens they kept abend, and at last the week gave up. The fight was too hot for

them, and they succumbed and allow-

his wife's inquiring look. "He got his leg broke in a runaway. Carrie wrote for me to come awhile if I could. There isn't any one they can get to do things, and with all those cows to

"Of course you must go," broke in Mrs. Sanders. "The girls and I will look after things here." "Yes; do go, papa," spoke up Gladys

"I'd like to try my hand at running this farm awhile." Mr. Sanders smiled. "Running a quarter section is a bigger proposition than running an acre," he said. "But

I guess you'll have to try it for a few days.' Mabel was picking up some windfalls one hot afternoon a couple of days after her father left to take care of his brother when a well dressed stranger drove up to the fence and

called to her. "A fine crop of apples you have here," he remarked as the approached. "a little the finest of any I've seen yet. I understand that you and your sister are the best apple growers in the

neighborhood." Mabel flushed with pleasure. "I don't know who could have told you that," she said. "This is the first crop of spples we have ever raised."

"I didn't need to be told. The orchard speaks for itself. You haven't sold them yet, have you?" he added. "Sold them?" said Mabel inquiringly Why, they won't be ready to sell for

a month yet." "You mean they won't be ready to pick for a month yet," corrected the stranger. "There's nothing to prevent your selling them now, is there?"

"N-no, I suppose not, only it seems queer to sell apples a month before they're ripe." "Not at all. Lots of business is done that way. I'll tell you what I'll do," he went on. "You have a fine lot of apples here, and if you'll agree to

let me have all that you have to sell I'll see that you get \$1.50 a barrel for "A dollar and a half a barrel isn't much for apples, is it?" said Mabe

"It is when they are as plenty a:

they are this year. Why, I'll bet there'll be 10,000 barrels in this coun-"Well," said Mabel, "I'll ask father

doubtfully.

about it when he comes home. "But I can't wait," objected the man. "By the time your father gets home I'll have contracted for all the applea I can use and you'll have to sell yours for a dollar'a barrel or less. figure a moment. Here's at least fifty

"Thirty," corrected Mabel. "Well, thirty, then. There'h about ten barrels to the tree, or \$15 worth. That will be \$450 from the whole orchard. Not bad, eh?"

Mabel opened her eyes in astonish ment, "Four hundred and fifty dollars!" she cried. "I'll"-"Oh, no, you won't, not till you tell me about it," said a voice behind her.

and she turned to see Gladys standing beside the half filled apple basket. Her "Tell her about it," said Mabel, turn-

explained his proposition Gladys smiled quizzically. "Then you'll give us \$450 for our apple crop?" she said inquiringly.

"Well, not exactly, but I'll agree to



easily be 300 barrels."
"We'll be lucky if we get haif that," Gladys broke in. "We may get twice

"You won't get 75 cents a barrel if you don't eign up a contract pretty soon," the buyer said, reddening. His "Maybe not from you," replied Gladya

but with the apple crop almost a fall ure in New York I guess we'll be able "Who said the apple crop was a failare in New York?" exciatmed

"Read it for yourself," she said. The buyer gathered up his reins, with "It'll be a cold day when you sell those apples in this county." he mid as he drove off. "Why didn't you let him have them?" eried Mabel, turning to her sister.

That surely was a good enough price "Good enough if we can't get more,"

"Mr. Pearson said so. He boned over and told me about fellow. He sold his apples to him last week before he found out anything

ey?" persisted Mabel. "Why, don't you see, as soon as he

gets the price up we'll sell ours and get twice as much as we would if we sold them now. Let's go to dinner.' They stopped at the mail box on the way and found a note from Beth in-

viting them to a picule the next Sat urday "A picnic!" cried Mabel joyfully "We haven't been to a picnic this year. I'm going to do my hair to or top of my bead. Shall we wear our

white dresses or our blue skirts?" "I think you'd better wear your blue skirt," said Gladys judicially. "White dresses are such a bother to do up.

"Not going?" cried Mabel, staring at her blankly. "Why not?" "I promised papa to do the

look after things," and "Well, so did I. But we can get some one to milk for us at night, can't

care about going anyway," she said, and Mabel knew it was no use to coax her.

girls the morning of the picnic. "Gladys isn't going," explained Ma-bel as she handed her lunch basket to Harold and climbed up beside Beth. "Where is she?" asked Harold. "Let me see if I can't induce her royal high-ness to change her mind."

Harold and Beth came out after the

But Gladys was down in the back pasture salting the sheep and refused to be found so the others were forced to start off without her, much to Har-

old's dissatisfaction, Mr. Sanders had just started his fall plowing when he was called away, and he had intended to finish it when he came back. But to Gladys the long

stubble field with its one narrow streak of turned earth was a challenge, and ever since her father had left she had been longing to try her hand at the plow.

So today, after Mabel was safely ou of the way and her mother too busily engaged with her Saturday's baking to notice what was happening outside Gladys hitched the three horse team to the sulky plow and started out to the field. One of the three, a colt which Mr. Sanders was breaking for one of the neighbors, was a little skittish at first, but after a few r he settled down and pulled quietly

along with the older team. Everything went well, and Gladys was enjoying herself immensely. Then all at once, as they were coming down the east side of the field, the point of the plow unearthed a bumblebeer nest. With an angry "sipp-p-p" one of the enraged insects shot past Gladys' ear and planted its sharp sting be tween a couple of the celt's ribs.' He lashed back viciously with both hind

feet and started to run. At the same instant two or three of the bees began to jab the older hors and the whole team started on a mad run across the field, followed by a dozen of the outraged insects. As soon as they turned so as to bring the furrow wheel up on the soliderround the plow cut only a thin slice not enough to retard the speed of the frightened the lines from Gladys' bands; and she clung helplessly to the sent while the plow bounced up and down as it was jerked along over the rough

and with a quick turn that almost up set the plow headed toward home. scared out of their senses by the banging of the whiffletrees against their heels and the clatter of the plow, were promptly. running at full speed. A moment later they turned the corner of the cornfield and made straight for the barn: "As standing in the middle of the road not ten rods ahead, was Don, her little five-year-old cousin. He stood directly in the path of the frensied runs-

ways, too frightened to move.

Gladys tried to shout to Don, but the words stuck in her throat. Then she became aware of a confused shouting and saw Jeff Pearson running with all his might across the pas-The lever? She looked at the big lever curiously. What did that have to do with it? Poor little Don! He would be ground to pieces beneath the cruel hoofs of the flying horses. and it would be her fault. She shu dered and put her hand up to her eyes to shut out the awful sight. Then Jeff's cry came again, more distinct this time. "The lever! Drop

In a flash she understood. quick jerk she grasped the big lever and sent the point of the plow down into the hard road. With a sharp crack the stout whiffletrees enapped. but the shock threw the runaways to

[TO BE CONTINUED.] The Ruling Passion nething in the papers about the stion." What is it, anyway? Pa tafter a cautions giance are

Didn't Like Compa "saying that she sings like She said she saw no see

remarked the worm as the threaded the book through him "but I fear it will be the death

Crimson Clover.

USE AND IMPORTANCE.

The most urgent need of southern agriculture is the enrichment of the soil. To improve southern soils the principal additions needed are vegetable matter and nitrogen. Crimson clover adds both these to the soil on which it grows in fact, this method of improving the soil, by the growing of crimson clover, is the most generally practicable method that can be put into immediate effect by southern farmers.

This plant is not being grown as extensively as it should be, but its culture is rapidly extending. It is an annual, making its growth between September and May; and, like all other soil-improving legumes, it is able, when properly grown, to take nitrogen from the air and add it to the soil. It possesses decided advantages

of covering and protecting the soil from washing and leaching during the winter and of furnishing a green manure for spring crops or a succulent and nutritious feed at a time when such feed is likely to be scarce. It also makes good hay if cut when just coming into full bloom; but it should never be fed after the crop has ceased flowering. The straw of crimson clover raised and threshed as a seed crop should never be used to feed stock, as the hairs in the ripe flowering heads become stiff and, when fed to horses and cattle, form hair balls in their stomachs and in-

testines. The yield of cotton, sweet potatoes, sorghum, corn, potatoes, and other crops following the plowing-under of crimson clover is much greater than where such fertilizing is not practiced.

SOIL AND INOCULATION.

Orimson clover is suited to a large range of soils and will grow well all over the State of North Carolina. It is very hardy and sixty pounds, but, due to the thrives on soil too sandy for any scarcity, the quotations now are other species of clover. It also from \$8 to \$9.50 a bushel. This grows well on loams, clays, and however, should not keep farmers humus soils. Acid soils should be from planting crimson clover-

limed. Inoculation is essential to success in growing crimson clover bushels to an acre of soil from a field where crimson clover, white There was a field of corn that hid the necessary to apply it immediately per cent. road ahead for a few rods. The team, after seeding and harrow in. Always cover the inoculating soil

amount of soil, inoculation may the road shead came in view Gladys be accomplished by the following gave an exclamation of horror. There, method: Fill a pail three-fourths full of inoculating soil, fill to the top with water, stir thoroughly, allow to settle, then pour off and use a pint of the clear water to a bushel of seed. Pour the seed on a clean floor and mix the water thoroughly with it. If no inoculating soil is available, cultures may be secured from the United States Department of Agriculture or from commercial dealers.

TIME TO SOW AND AMOUNT OF SEED TO USE.

If crimson clover is sown too early, the hot weather sometimes kills the sprouting seeds and the young plants; but if the sowing is delayed too late, the stand is sometime injured because the plants do not get a good start before the cold of winter. Seed should be sown in the Coastal Plain Region from the middle of September to the middle of October, in the Piedmont Region from the first of September to the middle of October, in the Mountain Region from the first of August

to the first of September. It may be sown to good advantage on land where cowpeas have been harvested, in cotton after the first picking, in corn and similar crops, also in the stubble of with weeds it will be necessary to plow it before planting the clover in order to get a good stand. It is is moist from a recent rain.

the best results. Forty pounds to fifteen pounds of cleaned seed.

GOOD SEED INFORTANT.

Good seed must be planted if a

good stand is to be secured. The seed deteriorates rapidly with age, and consequently fresh seed only

should be used. The fresh seed is highly polished and reddish in color, while the old seed is dull and of a reddish brown color. Dark seed hould not be purchased, as it is too old to grow. All the European countries,

with the exception of Spain and Turkey, have seed-te-ting stations varying in number from one in Italy to twenty-eight in Germany. Through the work of these stations the people have come to appreciate the importance of good seed, and as the greater part of that now used in Europe is sold on the basis of accurase tests for purity and germination the sale of low-grade seed has been great-

ly reduced. A similar condition exists in Canada, where there is a strict law governing the quality of seed sold. At present there are no Federal restrictions on the importation of low-grade and worthless seed. As a result, the United States has become the dumping ground for the poor seed of Cana-

da and Europe. The stocks of crimson clover are about exhausted all over the country. Seed dealers say that they have never known a season when stocks have been so nearly exhausted as they have been during the past year, so that almost the entire supply of home grown seed will be the crop of 1910; but there will be nothing like enough to supply the market and there will be a large importation. This imported seed may be good, but it very likely will not be; and to guard against loss of money from poor seed, and the still greater loss in the failure to obtain a crop, and the probable introduction of serious weed pests on the land, only good seed should be pur-

The usual price of crimson clover is from \$3 to \$4 a bushel of only make them more carefu. to

secure good seed. That there is a great difference in the quality of seed sold in the ing with the seed three or four State is shown by the analysis made at the North Carolina Department of Agriculture. The LIVES OF CHRISTIAN MINISTERS In a moment more the hores had clover, or red clover has recently tests ranged ... purity from 30 per grown successfully. If there is cent. to 984 per cent., and in geran abundance of soil, it is only mination from 21 per cent. to 80

> It is urged that farmers plant crimson clover this fall, and that they have the seed tested before If there is only a limited purchasing it. As it takes from seven to ten days for a report to be made on a test, the seed should be sent in good time. Half an ounce is enough.

All samples sent for testing should be addressed to the Seed Laboratory, Department of Agriculture, Raleigh, N. C., and should be accompanied by the following imformation: Name and address of seller, price, quantity offered for sale, and address of

SEED WILL BE TESTED FOR ANY FARMER FREE OF CHARGE. Approved: O. I. TILLMAN W. A. GRAHAM, Commissioner.

Col. Wharton J. Green Dead.

Col. Wharton J. Green, a distinguished citizen, died Saturday 6th inst., at his home near Fay etteville, after a brief illness. Twenty-five years ago he was prominent in public affairs in North Carolina and served two terms as a member of Congress from his district.

Col. Green was born in Flori-

da, in 1831, of distinguished an-

cestry, and was by profession a lawyer, for a time practicing his profession in Washington. At the outbreak of the war he entered the Confederate army as a private. Later he organized a regi grain fields, and in any land lay- ment, of which he was elected ing out. If the land is overrun colonel. He lived for a time in Warren county but had been a resident of Cumberland since 1880. His second wife, who surwell to sow the seed while the soil vives him with two daughters of the first marriage, was the widor From twelve to twenty pounds of Hon. David Davis, a Senat d cleaned seed should be planted from Illinois, who was ele to the acre; fifteen perhaps gives presiding officer of the Senate of seed in the rough is equivalent ceeded to the presidency on the death of President Garfield. Col. Green was a cultured

Do You Get Up

With a Lame Back? Kidney Trouble Makes You M



winary passage, corrects tastility hold water and scalding pain in passage or bad effects following use of liquor, or beer, and overcomes that unpless necessity of being connelled to go a through the day, and to get up in times during the night.

Swamp-Root is not recommended everything but if you have kidney, to bladder trouble, it will be found the remedy you need. It has been to ighly tested in private practice, and or oved so successful that a special rangement has been made by which readers of this paper, who have no ready tried it, may have a sample by sent free by mail, also a book to more about Swamp-Root, and how findoutif you have kidney.

When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to the Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The regula and one-dollar size bottles as

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

and one-dollar size bottles any mist all draggists. Don't make any mist but remember the name, Swamp-Ro Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the dress, Binghamton, M. Y., on every bot

DAMERON & LONG

Attorneys-at-Law S. W. DAMERON, | J. ADOLPH LONG Pleament Building, Burlington, N.C. France, N.C. Graham, N.C.

DR. WILL S. LONG, JR. ... DENTIST . . .

Graham, North Caroling OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING

J. BLMER LONG. LONG & LONG,

GRAHAM, N. T. S. COOK Attornoy-at-Lew,

Attorneys and Counselors at Lav

Office Patterson Building

GRAHAM. . . . N. C.

form Gray Bywun. W. P. Bywuw, Ju BYNUM & BWNUM, Attorneys and Counselors at Law GARENBBORO, N U.

This book, entitled as above, contains over 200 memoirs of Ministers in the Christian Church with historical references. An interesting volume-nicely printed and bound. Price per copy: eloth, \$2.00; gilt top, \$2.50. By

mail 20c extra. Orders may be P. J. KERNODLE, 1012 E. Marshall St., Bichmond, Va.

sent to

KILL THE COUCH AND CURE THE LUNCS

OR HONEY RESURDS

Orders may be left at this office.

Why send off for 1 Job Printing? We es save you money on a Stationery. Cards, Posters, etc.,

