THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL XXXVII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1912.

So Tired overwork, bu from an In-..... LIVER a a an'ar e d per cent to

ning capacity. THE LOVE OF A MAN. OR a moment the girl hesi-tated, her ungloved hauds clinched on her breast, her bloodless face tense with a strange grief, as she saw the out-stretched arms of the man whom her treachery had almost lured to his death. Then, slowly, she approached, and once more Howland held her hands clasped to him and gazed ques-tioningly down into the wild eyes that stared into his own. it can be kept in healthful actio **Tutt's Pills**

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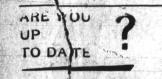
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ing his arms, her white, trighten face raised to him in pitcous appe His blood leaped through him like fire. He knew that the girl had recognized the voices-that they who were about to pass him were the mysterious ene mies against whom she had warned him. Perhaps one was the man who had attacked him on the Great North trail. His muscles grew tense. The giri could feel them straining under rigid and alert. His band fell again on his revolver. He made a step past ber, his eyes flashing, his face as set as iron. Almost sobbing, she pressed herself against his breast, holding him back ack.

"Don't-don't-don't!" she whisper He had risen and was lighting, the chimney of the lamp eđ.

They could hear the cracking of brush under the feet of those who were approaching. Suddenly the sounds ceased not twenty paces away From his arms the girl's hauds rose slowly to his shoulders, to his face, ca-ressingly, pleadingly, her beautiful eyes glowing, half with terror, half with a prayer to him.

"Don't" she breathed again, so close that her sweet breath fell warm on his face. "Don't-if you-if you care for mail" that for me!" Gently he drew her close in his arms.

"I am glad that you care." he whis pered to her softly. "You must go," she still persisted. crushing her face to his breast, kisa-ing her hair, her eyes, her mouth. "I love you." he whispered again and again.

"With you, yes." he answered. "No, no: tomorrow. You must go back to La Pas-back into the south. again. The steps were resumed, the voices died away. Then there came a pres-sure against his breast, a gentle re-sistance, and he opened his arms so that the girl drew back from bim. Her lips were smiling at him, and in that smile there was gentle accusation, the sweetness of forgreases and he could Will you promise me that?" "Perhaps." he said. "I will tell you soon." She surrendered to the deter-mination in his voice and allowed him mination in his voice and allowed him to pass out into the night with her. Swiftly she led him along a path that ran into the deep gloom of the balaam and spruce. He could hear the throb-bing of her heart and her quick, ex-cited breathing as she stopped, one of her hands clasping him nervously by the arm. sweetness of forgiveness, and he could see that with these there had come also a flush into her cheeks and a daz also a hush into her eyes. "They are gone," she said trembling-

17. "Yes: they are gone."

most came. from his lips the half breed's words, which had burned them-selves in his memory. "Perhaps you will understand when I tell you this warning is sent to you by the listle Meleese." What had Croisset mean? She drew back from him slowly, the

color fading from her cheeks, and as she saw the light in his eyes there burst from her a short, stifled cry. under "Now you understand-you stand why you must go back into the south," she almost sobhed, "Oh, I have sinned to tell you my name! But you will go, won't you? You will

deep longing to tell beg this, to take her sweet face between his hands as they stood in the gloom of the forest and to confere to her that she had be they stood in the gloom of the forest and to confess to her that she had be-come more to him than a passing vithe crushed ber hands once more to why my life is in danger here. Crois ast as he had done on the Great he could feel the through of her I didn't understand him. I don't un bosom against him. He spoke no word, and still her eyes plended with him to go. Suddenly he freed one of his hands and brushed back the thick hair from her brow and turned her face gently until what dim light cam down from the stars above glowed in the beauty of her eyes. In his own face she saw that which he had not the beauty of her eyes. In his own face she saw that which he had not dared to speak, and from her lips there came a soft little sophing cry

en in ais ure, pappier than he had ever expected to be. He was con-scious of no madness in this strange. rear expected to be. He was con-scious of no markness in this strange, new joy that swept through his being like a fire. He did not stop to weigh with himself the unreasoning im-pulses that diled him. He had held Meleese in his arms, he had told her of his love, and, though she had ac-cepted it with gentle unresponsive-ness, he was thrilled by the memory of that hist, look in her eyes, which had spoken faith. confidence and per-had spoken faith. confidence and per-had become as limitless as the blue space above him. He had known her for but a few hours, and yet in that time it seemed to, him that he had lived longer than in all of the years that had gone before. She had lied to him, had divulged only a part of her identity, and yet be knew that there were reasons for these things. there were reasons for these things. Tom orrow night he would see he again, and then-What would she tell him? What

ever it was, it was to be a reward for his own love. He knew that by the half fearing tremble of ber voice, the sobbing catch of her breath, the soft glow in her eyes. Impelled by that love, would she coufide in him? And then-would he go back into the south? He laughed softly, joyfully.

Tes, he would go back into the south. He would go to the other end of the earth if she would go with him. What was the building of this railroad now to that other great thing that had come into his life? For the first time be saw duty in another light. There were others who could build the road. Success, fortune, am-bition-in the old way be had seen them-were overshadowed now by thi

love of a girl. He stor ed and lighted his pipe. The



DARE, GRINNING FACE

to readjust him, to cool his brain. The old fighting inheated brain. stincts leaped into life again. Go into the south? He asked filmself the question once more, and in the gloomy si-lence of the forest his low laugh fell again as he clenched bis hands in anticipation of what was abead of him. No, he would build the road! And in building it he would win this girl, if it was given for him to possess her.

His saner thoughts brought back his aution. He went more slowly toward he cabin, keeping in the deep shadow and stopping now and then to listen At the edge of the clearing he paused for a long time. There was no sign of life about the cabin abandoned by Gregson and Thorne. It was probable that the two men who had passed along the path had returned to the camp by another trail, and still keep-ing as much within the shadows as ssible he went to the door and en tered With his feet propped in front of the big box stove sat Jackpine.

"Any one been here, Jackpine?" "Thorne," he grunted, pointing to a paper on the table. Howland spread out the paper in the light of the lamp and read:

My Dear Howland-I forgot to tell you that our mail sledge starts for Le Pas to-morrow at noon, and as I'm planning of going down with ft I want you to get over

warehouses north of Winnipeg, a post-"Are notices north of vinifies, a post-office, a hospital," three blacksmith shops and-a shippard!" "A shippard!" szcialmed Howland in genuine surprise. "Sure, with a fifty ton ship half built and former still the for

and frozen stiff in the ice. You can finish her in the spring, and you'll find her mighty useful for bringing supplies from the bead of the Wekusko. We're deuced hard time in getting fity of 'em up from Le Pas. And, besides all built to the south and three to the north. We've got a sub-camp at each working end, but most of the m n still working end, but most of the men still prefer to come in at night." He drag-ged himself slowly and painfully to bis feet as a knock sounded at the door. "That's MacDobald, our camp super-intendent." he siplaited. "Told bim to be here at 8. He's a corker for tak-ing hold of this-"

SHIE RAN LACAD

ing hold of things." A little, wiry, red headed man hop-ped in as Thorne threw open the door. ped in as Thorne threw open the door. The moment his eyes fell on Howland The moment is eyes tell on Howing he sprang forward with outsretched hand, smiling and bobbing his head. "Howing of course" he cried. "Glad to see you! Five minutes late-awful sorry-but they're having the devil's own time over at a coyote we're going to blow this morning, and that's what kept me."

From Howland he whirled on the senior with the sudden movement of a cricket. "How's the arm. Thorne? And it there's any mercy in your corpus tell me if Jackpine's brought me the ciga-rettes from Le Pas. If he forgot them, as the mail did. Til have his life as MacTure in him seemed under er-

ure"-"He brought them." said Thorne thought it was ready to fire." "Bo it is—now. The south ridge is scheduled to go up at 10 o'clock. We'll blow up the big north mountains some time touight. It'll make a gio-rious fireworks—125 barrels of powder and four fifty-pound cases of dyna-mite—and if you can't walk that far. Thore, we'll take you up on a sledge

"Sorry, but I'll have to, Mac. I'm going south with the unall." MacDonald scemed to be the life and law of the camp, and he wondered more and more at Thorne's demeanor. He began to note that there was a strange nervousness about Thorne when they were among the men, an the selor angineer, there came over him a still deeper sense of joy. Now he was in charge it was his noad from that hour on. He was in charge-in charge of the greatest rail-road building job on earth-be, Jack Howland, who less than twenty years yot spare him? We'll be back before noon."

"Certainly." replied Thorne. "Come ind take dinner with me at 12." Howland fancied that there was a certain tone of relief in the senior's voice, but he made no mention of it to the superintendent as they walked swiftly to the scene of the "blowout." The coyote was ready for firing when they arrived. The coyote itself-a tun-nel of fifty feet dug into the solid rock of the mountain and terminating in a chamber packed with explosives-was

closed by masses of broken rock, ram-med tight, and MacDonald showed his companion where the electric wire passed to the fuse within. "It's a confounded mystery to me why Thorne doesn't care to see this ridge blown up!" he exclaimed after they had finished the inspection. We've been at work for three months "We've been at work for three months drilling this coyote and the bigger one to the north. There are 4,000 square yards of rock to come out of there and 6,000 out of the other. Tou don't see shots like those three times in a life-time, and there'll not be another for us between here and the bay. What's the matters with Thodes"." Something has gone wrong out at the north coyote, sir, and Mr. MacDon-ald wants you just as fast as you can get out there." he said. "He sent me down for you with a sledge." "MacDonaid toid me the thing was ready for firing." said Howland, put-ting on his hat and coat. "What's the matter T."

yarus of rock to come out of there and 6,000 out of the other. You don't see shots like those three times in a life-time, and there'll not be another for us between here and the bay. What's the matter with Thorne? Without waiting for a reply Mac-Donaid walked swiftly in the direction of a ridge to the right. Already guards of a ridge to the right. Already guards had been thrown out on all sides of the mountain and their thrilling warp-through megaphones of birch bark, echoed with ominous meaning through the still wilderness, where for the time all work had ceased. On the top of the ridge baif a bundred of the work-men had atready assembled, and as Howiand and the superintendent came among them they fell back from around "Helio" from out of the gloom."

Then there came a puff, something like a cloud of dust rising skyward, but withour sound, and before its upward belching had coased a tongue of fame spurted out of its reast, and after that, perhaps two seconds later, came the explosion. There was a rumbing and a farring as if the earth waves con-WEBSTERS explosion. There was a running and a jarring, as if the earth were con-vulsed under foot Volumes of dense black smoke shot upward, shutting the mountule in an instant these rolling, twisting volumes of black smoke be-came intel and an explosion like that **NTERNATIONAL** THE MERRIAM WERSTER? came lurid, and an explosion like that of a thousand great guns rent the air. As fast as the eye could follow sheets of flame shot out of the sea of smoke field of the w climbing finites and bit he was of smoke, climbing finites until the until tongues licked the air a querter of a mile above the started wilderness. Explosion foi-lowed explosion, some of them coming in bollow, reverberating booms, others sounding as if in midsir. The heav-ens were filled with hurthing rocks; solid masses of granife ten feet square were thrown a hundred feet away; Because it is the

were thrown a hundred feet away; rocks weighing a ton were buried still farther, as if they were no more than stones flung by the hand of a giant; chunks that would have crashed from the roof to the basement of a sky-scraper dropped a third and nearly a half a mile away. For three minutes the frightful convuisions continued. Then the lurid lights died out of the null of smoke and the null inself baery fiber in him seemed unstrang. MacDonald's voice came to him-strange and weird.

"What do you think of that. How

mite-and if you can't walk that far, Thorne, we'll take you up on a sledge, Mustn't allow you to miss it!" "Sorry, but I'll buve to, Mac. I'm in him all of his oid ambition, all of

load from that bour on. He was in charge-in charge of the greatest rail-road building job on earth-he, Jack Howland, who less than twenty years ago was a barefooted, half starved urchin peddling papers in the street where he was now famous: And now what was this black thing that had come up to threaten his chances just as he had about won his great fight? He clinched his hands as he thought again of what had upond hancemend-

again of what had aiready happened the cowardly attempt on his warnings, and his blood boiled life, th ed to feve beat. That night, after he had seen Meleese, he would know what to do. But he would not be driven away as Gregson and Thorne had been driven. He was determined on that.

The gloom of night fails early in the great northern midwinter, and it was already growing dusk when there came the sound of a voice outside Howland's

cabin, followed a moment later by cabin, followed a moment later by a loud knock at the door. At Howland's invitation the door opened, and the head and shoulders of a man appeared. Orders may be left at this office. nething has gone wr

romptly obtain U. S. and Foreign the matter?". "Bad packing, I guess, Heard him swearing about it. He's in a terrible sweat to see you."





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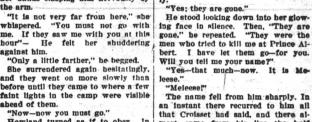
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"Now-now you must go." Howland turned as if to obey. In instant the girl was at his side. "You have not promised." she entreated. "Will you go-tomorrow?"

In the luster of the eyes that wer turned up to him in the gloom How land saw again the strange sweet pow er that had taken possession of his soul. It did not occur to him in these

moments that he had known this girl for only a few hours; that until tonight he had heard no word pass from her lips. He was conscious only that in the space of those few hours some thing had come into his life which he had never known before, and a

DAD

cigar over the chimney of the Laughing, he came toward her.

ber back against the door.

"You cannot go."

"Why?"

the arm.

against him.

ahead of them.

"Yes, surely I am going-to see you safely home." Suddenly he turned back to the lounge and belted on his revolver and holster. When he re

revolver and holster. When he re turned she barred his way defiantly

"Because"-he caught the frightene

flutter of her voice again—"because they will kill you." The low laugh that he breathed in

one word with a finality that sent a soft gladness into the deep blue eyes across from him. "I believe that you had to lie to me."

part

Elis low voice was vibrant with un-bounded faith. Other words were on his lips, but he forced them back. A part of what he might have said-a part of the strange, joyous tumuit in his beart-betrayed itself in his face, and before that betrayal the girl drew back slowly, the color fading from her

"And I believe you will not lie to me again." he said. e to her feet and fung back ber hait, looking down on him in the manner of one who had never before met this kind of man and knew not what to make of him. "No: I will not lie to you again." she replied more firmly. "Do you believe me now?" "Yes." "Then go back into the south. I have come to tell you that again tonight-to make you believe me. You should have turned back at Le Pas. If you have turned back at Le Pas. If you don't go-tomorrow"--Her voice seemed to choke ber. and she stood without finishing, leaving him to understand what she had meant to any. In an instant Howland was at her side. Once more his old, resolute fichting blood was up. Firm-ly be took her hands again, his eyes compelling her to look up at him. "If I don't go tomorrow-they will kill me," he completed, repeating the words of her note to him. "Now, if you are going to be honest with me, tell me this-who is going to kill me, and why?" her. "You will forgive me?" he begged. "I do not mena to do wrong. Only you must know why I shall not go back into the south." From her distance she saw his arms stretched like shadows toward her. Her voice was low, so fow that he

H HEYER "I BELIEVE THAT IT WAS NECESSART FOF YOU TO-LIE." what she had done. Softly be ap-proached. The gir's fur cap had failen off. Her long, shining braid was haif undone and its silken strands fell over

THE LOVE OF A MAN.

"Why did you run away from me?"

were the first words that he spoke They came from him gently, as if he had known her for a long time. He

repeated the question, bending his head until he felt the soft touch of

her hair on his lips. "Why did you run

her har on his lips. "Why did you run away from me?" She drew away from him, her eyes searching his face. "I lied to you." she breathed, her words coming to him in a whisper.""I hear.

The words caught in her throat. He

Now works and the straight in the third has been also be the straight in the thread of the straight of the str

side the table and buried her head in

her arms. As Howland saw the con

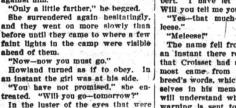
soul was fooded with a strange joy-not at this sight of her grief, but at the knowledge that she was sorry for

vulsive trembling of her sh

stared into his own.

her shoulder and glistened in the lamp glow on the table. His hand besitated

essary for me to-lie?" "Yes," said Howland. He spoke the



go-for me." tell me why. I don't understand you. I don't know why those men tried to

set told me that my warning back derstand you. It is all a mystery to me. So far as I know I have never had enemies. I never heard your nam multi Croisset spoke it. What did he mean? What do you mean? Why do you want to drive me from the Wekusko? Why is my life in danger? If

there came a soft little sobbing cry. "No. I have not promised, and I will

ous appeal.

once and it will keep you abreaor the timies.

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and why?"

He felt a convulsive shudder pass

"I also said that I would not lie to you again. If I can not tell you the truth I will tell you sothing. It is impossible for me to say why your life to to dence?" impossible for

"But you know?" "Yes."

He seated her again in the chair beside the table and sat down opposite

ber. "Will yop tell me who you are?" She besitated, twisting her fingers pervosily in a sliken strand of her hair.

"Will you?" he persisted. "If I tell you who I am," she said at last, "you will know who is threaten-ing your life." He stared at her in astonishment.

He stared at her in astonianment. "The devil, you say!" The words stipped from his lips before he could atop them. For a second time the girl rose from her chair. "You will go?" she entrested. "You will go tomorrow?" Her hand was on the latch of the door

there came a soft little sobbing cry. "No, I have not promised, and I will not promise." he said, holding her face but you must ten me-ten me His breath was bot in her face, and so that she could not look away from him. "Forgive me for-for-doing this"- And before she could more he this that he could more he this that he could more he more softly. "Mielesse"- She made caught her for a moment close in his arms, holding her so that he feit the quick beating of her heart against his sweet lips to his own. "Meleese, won't you tell me?" Suddenly she lifted her hands to his

own, the sweep of her her and breath in his face. "This is why i will not go back." he cried softly. "It is be-cause i love you-love you".-

in his face. go back." he cried softly. "It is cause 1 love you-love you"--He caught himself, choking back the words, and as she drew away from him her eyes shoe with a glory that made him half reach out his arms to her. "You will forgive me!" he begged. "And leave you?" "Yes, and leave me." "There was the faintest tremor of the she was tayin

sob in the voice which she was trying so hard to control. His arms tighten

ed about her. "I will swear to do what is best for

Her volce was low, so low that he could hardly hear the words she spoke, but its sweetness thrilled him. "If you love me you will do this thing for me. You will go tomorrow." "And you?" "I?" He heard the tremulous quiver in her volce. "Very soon you will for-get that you have ever-seen-me." From down the path there came the mond of how yoices. Excitedly the you-and for me," he replied. "I will swear to bring barm to none whom you care to shield. But I will not promise to leave you!"

A soft glow came into the girl's eyes is she unclasped his arms and stood as she unclasped his arms and stor back from him, "I will think-think"- she whispere

"I will think-think"- she whispered quickly. "Perhaps I will tell you to-morrow night-here-if you will keep your oath and do what is best for you -and for me." "I swear it!" "Then I will meet you here-at this time-when the others are asleep. But tomorrow you will be careful-careful!- Unconsciously are half sound of low volces. Excitedly the girl ran to Howland, thrusting him back with her hands. "Go! Go!" she cried tensely. "Hur-

a silence as Howland slipped his weap-on back into its holster. Then the volces came again, very near, and at the sound of them his companion shrank close to him, her hands clutch

"Go? Go?" she cried tensely. "Hur-ry back to the cabia! Lock your door, and doo'! come out again tonight! Oh. please, if you love me, please, go"-The voices were approaching. How-land fancied that be could distinguish dark shadows between the thinned walls of the forest. He laughed softly. "I am not going to run, little girl," he whispered. "See?" He drew his revolver so that it gleamed in the light of the stas... With a frightened gasp the girl pull-ed him into the thick bushes beside the path until they stood a dozen paces from where those who were coming down the trail would pass. There was a silence as Howland slipped his wap-

-and for me."
"I swear it?"
Then I will meet you here-at this
time-when the others are asleep
but tomorrow you will be careful careful?— Unconscionaly she hait
trached her arma out to him as she
torned toward the path. "You will be
careful tomorrow. Promise me that."
Tromise."
ILke a shadow she was gone.
CHAPTER VI.
THE BLOWING OF THE COYOTE.
N. the new excitement that
his being Howland forgot his
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happy.

as early as you can in the morning. Can put you on to everything in the camp be tween 8 and 12. THORNE. A whistle of astonishment escaped Howland's fips

Howland's itps. Jackpine had haif opened the door, and for a moment the engineer caught a glimpse of his dark, grinning face

a glimpee of his dark, grinning face looking back over his abouider. He hesitated, as if about to speak, and then with a mouthful of his inimitable ebuckles, he went out. After bolting the door Howland lighted a small table lamp, entered the sleeping room and prepared for bed "Got to have a little sleep no matter if things are going off like a Fourth of July celebration," he grumbled and rolled between the sheets. In spite of his old habit of rising with the breaking of dawn it was Jack-pine who awakened him a few bours later. The camp was hardly satif, when he followed the Indian down

when he followed the Indian down among the log cabins to Thorne's quar-ters. The senior engineer was already "Borry to hustle you so, Howland,

be greeted, "but i've got to go down with the mail. Just between you and me i don't believe the camp doctor is much on his joh. I've got a decord bad shoulder and a worse arm, and I'm going down to a good surgeon sh fast as I can." For an hour after breakfast the two

A touch of this button, a flash along A rouce of this button, a fash along the wire and the fuse is struck. Their four or five minutes and up goes a mountain that has stood here since the world began. Ian't it giorious?" He straightened himself and took off his hat. "Mr. Howland, will you press the button?"

a big, flat bowlder on which was sta-tioned the electric battery. MacDon-ald's face was flushed and his eyes d like dragon files as he po

"God, but I can't understand why Thorne doesn't care to see this!" he said again. "Think of it, man-7,500 ounds of powder and 200 of dyn

STER

"That's MacDonald, sir. You'll find him right up there near that second light, where the corote opens up. He's grilling the life out of ball a dozen men in the chamber, where he found the dynamite on top of the powder in-"All right!" called back Howland

"All right!" called back Howland, starting up among the rocks. Hardly had be taken a dozen steps when a dark object shot out behind him and fell with crushing force on his bead. With a groaning cry he fell forward on his face. For a few moments he was conscious of voices about him. He knew that he was being ifted in the arms of men and that after a time they were carrying him so that his feet dragged on the ground. After that he seemed to be sinking down-down-down-until he lost all sense of existence in a choos of inky black-of existence in a chaos of inky black

[TO AS CONTINUED.] - 1

Everywhere Peril, There's peril in a dry, broom There's peril in the dust: There's peril in the old weil, With bucket red with rust There's peril in the drinking cup There's peril in the air: The specialists they warn us There's peril everywhere. Some peril, like a nightmare. king cup; Bome peril, me a news-ls ever fore our eyes-There's peril in the fright caused By peril shouting guys. —Kansas City Star.

Alles Sames Melica "Well, Wun Lung." says the custom-er, "I suppose that you are going back to China of help organize the new re-

"No," suavely replies the laundry-man; "I wait until the new republic is organized, then I go back and organ-ize a laundry trust."-Chicago Evening

The Has and the Are. The Has and the Are. I'd rather be, a could be . If I could be is a maybe, With a chance of touching par. I'd rather be a has been Than a might have been by far, For a might have been by far, But a has was once in are. —Ladles' Home Journal. When your stomach cannot prop figues food, of itself, it needs a f assistance and this assistance is r ily supplied by Kodol. Kodol assis stomach, by temporarily digestin of the food in the stomach, so that h may rest and re-

Our Guarantee. Out and the reason of the second se

Graham Drug Co.



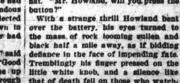
BLACK-DRAUGH Liver Medicin

The reputation of this oid, relia-e medicine, for constipation, in-gration and liver trouble, is imm-established. It does not imitate ber medicines. It is better than here, or it would not be the far-rite liver provder, with a larger le that all others combined SOLD IN TOWN

You Know What You Are Takin

When you take Grove's Ti-less Chill Tonic because the fo-uls is plainly printed on ev-bottle showing that fu is Iron Quinine in a tastless form, cure, No Pay. 50c.

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definance in the face of impending fate. Tremblingly his finger pressed on the little white knob, and a allence like that of death fell on those who watch-

in at a single interior and detain and

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WHEYER

9.

AN EXPLOSION LIES THAT OF A THOU GREAT GUNS BENT THE AIR.

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