THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXXVII.

Advice to the Aged.

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IMPARTING VIGOR

J_

Age brings infirmities, such as slug-gish bowels, weak kidneys and blad-der and TORPID LIVEP.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY. JANUARY 25, 1912.

NO. 50

WEBSTER'S

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State of North Car

cember, 1911. J. BRYAN GRIMES,

Sec'y of St

The dust best non a trup saw the good hady of the nonse pottering about in the garden, so he approached her on the subject of alms. "And where have 6000 Illustrations. Cos half a million dollars. Let us tell you about this m remarkable single volume

11

the subject of alms. "And where have you been, and how do you live?" she asked. "Well, ma'am, I've laven all over the world-Europic, Astar, Artica, America-and have had a most varied experience in the chase of the elusive

on the hard crust, then the pattering of dogs' feet and after that the voices of men. The sounds stopped on the trail a dosen feet away from him. With a strange thrill he recognized In the chase of the clustre ment. "Then, my man, you should have a lighterestips story to tell." "Quite right, ma'am, but 1 am esser Mally an after dinner speaker."-Spor

Crosset was suiling at him again. "Smake - and think, m'seur. It is impossible for me to tell you why you should be dead, but you ought to know

unless your memory is shorter than

INA OF CASE INTERN 1

Pestgrandial.

bild's

At the

bem. Bailitaofe

What about

In the Future. "Dear father, what is that queer thing I see so far below" "That is the earth, my little child, Where I was born, you know."

"And is the earth inhabited By any mortals now?" "A few remain, my child, 1 think, Who still pursue the plaw.

"We'll fly down there some day to see That planet out of date. But get your books together, dear. "Tis nearly half past eight. Certificate of Dissolution

"I think I hear the school bell ring, Bo now flit off to Mars And do be sure you linger not To play among the stars." -Judge's Library. o All to Whom The

Whereas it appears to my satisfact duly suthenticated record of the p ings for the voluntary dissolution by the unanimous content of all the holders. deposited in my office, th Trollawood Manufacturing Company contion of this vince, whose princin Whereas is appears to my assistantial, duy asthenticated record of like proce-ings for the voluntary dissolution there hy the unanimous consent of all the stock holders, deposited in my office, that is prolunood Manufacturing Compony, a co-portion of this wist, whose principal and holders, deposited in my office, that is issues that for Sorth Co-column of A routinevelope the spent therein and charge thereof, upon whom process may arred has complied with the requirement of Chapter 31, lavials of 100, entitled "Com-portione", proliminary to the therein and charge thereof the State of North Carro ina, do herein certify that the and compo-ration did, on the State of North Carro into, do herein certify that the aid corpo-ration did, on the state of the dissolution todders thereord, who had concounted and as toted consent in writing to the dissolution record of the proceedings aporesid are now on file in my said office a provided by law, and affice hay official sent, at had by routed and my shereof. These hore to sen my had and affice in yofficial sent, at hades the this dissolution where a file. As the Read it. "It appears strange to me that poli-tics and the drama should be so closely alided." remarked Mrs. Winks, who was casually interested in the latter

ubject. "How so?" inquired her husband, forgetting momentarily his determination to avoid all chance for argument. "Why, I notice in a London articl

in this newspaper a reference to the chanticleer of the exchequer," she explained.-Buffalo Express.

Optimism.

The wind is wild upon the barren moor, The janitor is stingy with the steam. The fun one sets upon the links is poor. But not a fly is dropping in the cream. The morning dip has ceased to be a thin. That one approaches with a look o

cheer, The robin's gone, the lark has ceased t

sing: But, goe, the buckwheat cakes are good this year! -S. E. Kiesr in Chicago Record-He.uid. LIVES OF CHRISTIAN MINISTERS

He Got It.

Too Much Grief.

Doubt.

Buddenly the little boy who was en-tertaining the caller while bis mother was dressing to come down began to isters in the Christian Church with historical references. An was dressing to come down began to weep bitterly. "What is the matter, dearle?" sooth-ingly asked the lady. "I need just a d-dime." he sobbed. "to f-dli my bank so's I c-can open it. and mamma w-won't give it to me!"--Chicago Tribune. interesting volume-nicely printed and bound. Price per copy: cloth, \$2.00; gilt top, \$2.50. By mail 20c extra. Orders may be

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n of this old, re

12



RED, unwinking eye staring at him fixedly from out of impenetrable gloom, an ogre-tab, gleaming thing that brought life back into him with a hrill of horror, was Howland's firs

brought life back into him with a thrill of borror, was Howand's Grst-vision of returning consciousness. It was dead in front of him, on a level with his face-a ball of yellow fire that seemed to burn into his very soul. He tried to cry out, but no sound fell from his lips. He strove to move, to fight himself away, but there was no power of movement in his limbs. The eye grew larger. He saw that if was so bright it cast a halo, and the halo widened before his own staring eyes until the dense gloom about it seemed to be melting away. Then the twee, It was a lan-tern in front of him, not more than ten feet away. Consciousness flooded him, and he made another effort to.cry out, to free his arms from an invisi-ble clutch that held, him powerless. At first be thought this was the clutch of human hands. Then as the lantern in the the selent of him the there TORN GRAY LINUS. W. P. BYNUM Practice regularly in the courts of Ala DAMERON & LONG Attorneys-at.Law 8.8. W. DANGRON. 'Phone 250, Piedmont Building, Burlington, N.C. J. A DULPH LONG 'Phone 160B Holt-Nitohoison Bidg. Graham, N. O. at inst be thought this was the children of human hands. Then as the lantern light revealed more clearly the things about him and the outlines of his own DR. WILL S. LONG, JR. figure be saw that it was a rope, and be knew that it was unable to cry out because of something tight and suffocating about his mouth. The truth came to him swiftly. He

. . . DENTIST had come up to the coyote on a sledge had come up to the coyote on a sledge. "ome one had struck him. He re-membered that men had half dragged him over the cocks, and these men had bound and gagged him and left him here with the lantern staring him OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING ACOB A. LONG J. ELMER LONG in the face. But where was he? He shifted his eyes, straining to pene-trate the gloom. Ahead of him just beyond the light there was a black JOHN H. VERNON wall. He could not move his head. Attorney and Counselor-at-Law

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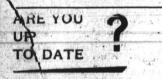
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gaze fell on the little yellow tongue of flame in the lantern globe. It was not the steady, unwinking eye of a few minutes before. There was a sputter-ing weakness about it now, and as be watched the light grew fainter and fainter. The flame was going out. A few minutes more and he would be in darkness. At first the significance of it did not come to him. Then he straightened himself with a jerk that tightened the thong about his neck un-til it choked him. Hours must have be borned out of it now. For the first time Howland realized

that it was becoming more and more difficult for him to get breath. The thing about his neck was tightening slowly, inexorably, like a hot band of steel, and suddenly, because of this tightening, he found that he had re-"This rawhide is pinching my Ad-

am's apple"-

Whatever had been about his mouth bad slipped down, and his words sound-ed hollow and choking in the rock wall. He could not move his head, but he saw where that same wall closed in on the left. He turned his gaze upward, and it ended with that same imprisoning barrier of rock. Then he looked down, and the cry of horror that rose in his throat died in a muffed groan. The light fell dimly on a sack-two of them-three-a tightly packed wall of them. He knew now what had hannened bound chamber. He tried to raise his voice in a shout though he knew how futile his loudest shrieks would be The effort choked him more. His suf fering was becoming excruciating. Sharp pains darted like redhot needles through his limbs, his back tortured him, and his head ached as thought a knife had cleft the base of his skull. The strength of his limbs was leav-He knew now what had happened. He was imprisoned in the coyote, and the sacks about him were filled with powder. He was sitting on something hard-a box-fifty pounds of dynamite. The cold sweat stood out in bends on bla fee distantiate the barrent store store ing him. He no longer felt any sensa tion in his cramped feet. He meas-ured the paralysis creeping up his legs inch by inch, driving the sharp pains before it, and then a groan of borror

his face, glistening in the lantern glow. From between his feet a thin, white, ghostly line ran out until it lost itself rose to his lips. The light had gone out. in the blackness under the lantern. As if that dying of the little yellow was the fuse, leading to the box of dy flame were the signal for his death, mamite on which he was sitting. Madly he stringded at the thongs that bound him until he sank exhaustthere came to his ears a sharp hissing sound; a spark leaped up into the blackness before his eyes, and a slow, ed against the row of powder sacks at his back. Like words of fire the last warning of Meleese burned in his creeping glow came toward him over the rock at his feet.

The hour, the minute, the second, had come, and MacDonald had pressbrain, "You must go tomorrow-tomor-row-or they will kill you!" And this ed the little white button that was to way in which he was to die ned before his eyes the terrisend him into eternity. He did not ery out now. He knew that the end was very near, and in its nearness he found new strength. Once he had seen a ble spectacle which he had witnessed a few hours before-the holocaust of fre, and smoke and thunder that had dis-rupted a mountain, a chaos of writh-ing, twisting fury, and in that moment man walk to his death on the scaffold, and as the condemned had spoken his last farewell, with the noose about his neck, he had marveled at the clearness of his voice, at the fearlessness of this his heart seemed to cease its beating creature in his last moment ou earth.

He closed his eyes and tried to seem himself. Was it possible that there lived men so fiendish as to condemn him to this sort of death? Why had not his enemies killed him out among the rocks? That would have been easier, quicker, less troublesome. Why did they wish to torture him? What terrible thims had he deas? Was Now he understood. Inch by inch the fuse burned toward him-a fifth of the distance, a quarter, now a third. At last it reached a balf-was shoost under his feet. Two minutes more of life. He put his whole strength ouce again in an attempt to free his hands. terrible thing had he done? Was he mad, mad, and this all a terrible night This time his attempt, was cool, steady masterful, with death 100 second away. His heart gave a sudden burst-ing leap into his throat when he feit something give. Another effort, and in the powder choked vauit there rang mare, a raving and unreal contortion of things in his brain? In this hour of death question after question raced through his bead, and he answered no one of them. He sat still for a time,



the sound more distinctly. It was the beating of picks on the rock outside. Already MacDonald's men were at work clearing the mouth of the coyote. In half an hour he would be out in the big. breathing world again. The thought brought him to his feet. The numbress was gone from his limbs and he could walk about. His first move was to strike a match and look at his watch.

look at his watch. "Half past 10!"

"Hair past 10" He spoke the words aloud, thinking of Meleese. In an hour and a haif he was to meet her on the trail. Would he be released in time to keep the tryst? How should he explain his imprisonment in the coyote so that he could leave MacDonald without further loss of time? As the sound of the picks came nearer his brain began working faster. If he could only erade explanations until morning and then explanations until morning and then reveal the whole dastardly bashness to MacDonald: There would be time then for those explanations, for the running down of his murderous assailants, and meanwhile he would be able to keep

his appointment with Meleeve He was not long in finding a way in which this scheme could be worked and, gathering up the severed ropes and rawhide, he coucealed them be tween two of the powder sacks so that those who entered the coyote would discover no signs of his terrible im-prisonment. Close to the mouth of the tunnel there was a black rent in the

wall of rock made by a bursting charge of dynamite in which he could concea himself. When the men were busy examining the broken fuse he would step out and join them. It would lool as though he had crawled through the

tunnel after them. Half an hour later a mass lled down close to his feet, and few moments after he saw a shadow human form crawling through the hole it had left. A second followed, and then a third, and the first voice he heard was that of MacDonald.

"Give us the lantern, Bucky." he call ed back, and a gleam of light shot into the black chamber. The men walked cautiously toward the fuse, and Howland saw the little superintendent fal on his knees. As quietly as a cat Howland worked himself to the en-trance and made a clatter among the rocks. It was he who responded to the voice

"What's np. MacDonald?"

He coolly joined the little group MacDonaid looked up, and when he saw the new chief bending over him his eyes stared in unbounded "Howland!" he gasped. It was all be said, but in that on

word and in the strange excitement in the superintendent's face Howland read that which made him turn quick ly to the men, giving them his command as general in chief of the

"Get ont of the coyote, boys," he said. "We won't do anything more until morning."

To MacDonald as the men went out abead of them he added in a low voice "Guard the entrance to this tunne with half a dozen of your best men to which will lead me to investigate this tomorrow. I'm going to leave you as soon as 1 get outside. Spread the report that it was simply a bad fuse Understand?

He crawled out ahead of the superin tendent, and before MacDonald had emerged from the covote he had already lost nimself in the starlit gloom of the night and was instening to his tryst with the beautiful girl, who, he

believed, would reveal to him at least a part of one of the strangest and most bolical plots that had ever orig

torn in a convulsion of grief and ter-ror that startled him. "You will go?" she subbed again and again. "You will go-you will "Goodby, be used as breaths. "There is a mistake. Croisser. 1 am "Goodby, guodby"- not the man they want to all." "Goodby, ' he series are prestee "Goodby, goodby"... He struggied to cry out as she low-ered his head back on the snow, to free his hands, to hold her with him, but he saw her face only once more bending over him, feit the warm pres-sure of her lips to his forehead, and then again he could hear her footsteps hurrying away through the forest. That Melesse hored him, thus the hud He ran his fingers through her soft

He ran his nagers through her sore hair, crushing his face close to hers. "No: I am not going, dear." he re-plied in a low, firm voke, "not after what happend toulght." She drew away from him as quickly as if he had struck her, freeing her-self even from the touch of his hands. "I heard what happened an hour "" heard what happened an hour

seif even from the fouch of his hands. "I beard what happened an hour ago." she said, her voice choking her. "I overheard them talking." She struggied hard to control herself." The the gloom she saw Howland's teeth gleaming. There was no fear in the gloom she saw Howland's teeth gleaming. There was no fear in the gleaming. There was no fear in the grown as he took her face be-tween bis hands again. "I want to take back the promise that I gave you ast night. Meleese. I want to give you a chance to warn any whom you may wish to warn. I shall not return into the south. From this hour begins the hunt for the cow-ardly devils who hare tried to marder me. Before dawn every man on the Wetusko will be in the search, and if we find them there shall be no mercy. Will you belp me, or"-She struck bis hands from her face. springing back before be had finished. He in hy trones of her teac there in the search.

Her lips grew tense and firm. Fron the death whiteness of her face the faded slowly away the look of soft pleading, the quivering lines of fear. There was a strangeness in her voice when she spoke-something of the hard determination which Howland had put in his own, and yet the tone of it lack

ed his gentleness and love. "Will you please tell me the time?" The question was almost startling. Howland held the dial of his watch to the light of the stars. "It is a quarter past midnight."

The faintest shadow of a smile pass-

ed over the girl's lips. "Are you certain that your watch t not fast?" she asked. In speechless bewilderment Howland stared at her.

"Because it will mean a great deal to "Because it will mean a great deal to you and to me if it is not a quarter past midnight," continued Meleese, a growing glow in her eyes. Suddenly she approached him and put both of her warm hands to his face, holding down his arms with her own. "Lis-ten," she whispered. "Is there noth-ing - nothing that will make you change your purpose, that will take change your purpose, that will take you back into the south-tonight?" The nearness of the sweet face, the gentle touch of the girl's hands, the soft breath of her lips, sent a madden-ing impulse through Howland to sur-

er everything to her. For an in stant he wavere

"There might be one, just one, thing that would take me away tonight." he replied, his voice trembling with the great love that thrilled him. "For you, Meleesé. I would give up every-thing-ambition, fortune, the building of this need. If i so tenties the full me of this road. If I go tonight will you go with me? Will you promise to be my wife when we reach Le Pas?' A look of ineffable tenderness came into the beautiful eyes so near to his

own. "That is impossible. You will no

love me when you know what I am what I have done"-He stopped her.

"Have you done wrong, & grea Wrong?" For a moment her ares faithered, then hésitatingly there fell from her lips: "1-don't-know. I believe f have. But it's not that--it's not that." "Do you mean that--that I have no right to tell you I here you?" he sak-ed. "Do you mean that it is

ed. "Do you mean that it is wrong for you to listen to me? I-I-took it

for you to listen to me? I-I-teok it for granted that you were a giri-that"-"No, no: it is not that!" she cried quickly, catching his meaning. "It is not wrong for you to love me." Sud-denly she saked again, "Will you please tell me what time it is-now?" He looked again. "Twenty-five minutes after mid-nicht."

X Il. m9 N MEYER GOODST," HE HEARD BER BREATS Stupefied with horror, Howlan

That Melesse loved tim, that she had taken his bead to her arms and had kissed bim, was the one consuming thought in Howland's brain for many minutes after she had left him bound

made as a grad on the snow. That she had made no effort 10 free bim did not at first strike him as significant. He still felt the sweet, warm touch of her lips. the pressure of her arms, the amother-ing softness of her hair. It was not will be assin band consecutive

until be again beard approachin wunds that he returned ouce more t

a full consciousness of the mysterious thing that had happened. He beard first of all the creaking of a toboggan

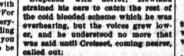
"You must be sure that you make no mistake," he heard the half breed say. "Go to the waterfall at the head

of the lake and heave down a big rock where the ice is open and the water boiling. Track up the snow with a pair of M'seer flowlaud's high heeled

boots and leave his hat tangled in the bushes. Then tell the superintendent that he stepped on the stone and thet it rolled down and toppled him into

it rolled down and toppled him into the ohasm. They could never find his body, and they, will send down for a new engineer in place of the four members.

Croisset's volce.



"Help me with the monsieur before you go, Jackpine. He is a dead weight with all those rawbides about him."

As cooly as though he were not more than a chunk of stovewood Croisset and the indian chune through the bushes, seized him by the head and feet, carried him out into the trail and laid him lengthwise on the states.

trail and laid him lengthwise on the stedge. "I hope you have not caught cold lying in the saw, m'seur," said Crois-est, bolatering up the engineer's head and shoulders and covering him with heavy furs. "We should have been back scomer, but it was impossible. Hoo-la, Woonga!" he called softly to, his lead dog. "Get up there, you wolf-bound!"

"Then the wedding wasn't altogethe As the sledge started, with Croiss running close to the leader. Howland heard the low snapping of a whip be SUCCESS ?" "No: the groom's mother cried loud "No: the pride's mother. It was con-sidered very bad trate."--Louisville Courier-Journal. hind him and another voice urging on

called out:

The Chrysanthemum. Once more it comes in glad array! Each blossom is a vision gay Which unto fancy must recail A splendid scrambled parasol. It fiaunts above the autumn scene With perfume that's a cross between A drug store and a motorcar When oil and gas commingted ars. And yet we love the sturdy grace Thay seem to bring into each place. They make a jovial, happy crowd. Where botsny laughs out aloud.

other dogs. With an effort that almost dislocated his nock be twisted himself so he could look back to him. A bun-dred yards away he discerned a second

ut a thrilling cry of triumph. His the dogs, but what there was on the sledge, or what it meant, he could not see or surmise. Mile after mile the two Trus too cordial by naif. Still i treasured it while She gave me a smile. Though it seemed to beguile. I fear 'twes a laugh. She gave me a smile. 'Twas too cordial by half. -Puck. "Let us go farther up the trail," she whispered. "I am afraid here." She led the way, passing swiftly be-yond the path that branched out to All the news-foreign, do scarcely breathing. There was no ed in the brain of man. hands were free! He reached forward to the fuse, and this time a monaing, wordless sob fell from him, faint, ter-rifying, with all the horger that might Indigestion Dyspepsia sound save the beating of his own mestic, plational, state and local all the time, Daily News and Observer \$7 CHAPTER VIT of the appointed time when THE TRYST. bis cable. Two hundred yards beyond this a tree had fallen on the edge of the trail, and, seating herself on R. Meleese motioned for him to sit down beside her. Howiand's back was to sledges continued without a stop. Croisset did not turn his head; no word fill a human soul in its inarticulate note. He could not reach the fuse be-cause of the thong about his neck. He feit for his knife. He had left it per year, 3.50 for 6 mos. Crokeset did not turn his bead; no word fell from his tips, except an occasional signal to the dogs. The trail had turned now straight into the thorth, and soon Howland could make out no sign of it, but knew only that they were twisting through the most open places in the forests, and that the places on the place they wan speed over of the appointed time when Howland came to the seclud Weekly North Carolinian \$1 2323 Futile. **WSE Kodo** per year, 50c for 6 mos. was to meet Meleese. Concealed in the deep shadows of the bushes he seated himself on the end of a failen for the rest for his knife. He had left it in his room. Sixty seconds more-forty-thirty! He could see the flery end of the fuse almost at his feet. Sud-dealy his groping fingers came in con-tact with the cold steel of his pocket "It is annoying to wait for a train the thick bashes behind them. He looked at the girl, but she had turned away her face. Soddenly she sprang from the log and stood in front of that's late." "Yes, and it is even more aunoying NEWS/& OBSERVER PUB. CO. RALEIGH. N. C. to wait for a train that was disc spruce and loaded his pipe, taking care tinued the week before."-Washington Herald. When your stomach cannot proper digest food, of itself, it needs a little satisfance-and this assistance is read ily supplied by Kodol. Kodol assist the stomach, by temporarily digesting a of the food in the stomach, so that the to light it with the flare of the match hidden in the hollow of his hands. His blood was tingling at fever heat tact with the cold steel of his pocket revolver, and with a last hope he smatched if forth, stretching down his platol arm until the minzle of the wespon was within a dozen inches of the deadly spark. At his first shot the spark lesped, but did not go out. After the second there was no longer the firsy, creeping thing on the floor, and crushing his head back against the second for an and for span minute places in the forests, and that the play of the polar lights was never over this left shoulder or his right, but al-ways in his face. They had traveled for several hours when Croiset gave a sudden shrill shout to the rearmost sledge and halt-ed his own. The dogs fell in a panting even on the snow, and while ther im. "Now," she cried; "now!" And st 62 The North Carolinian and THE that signal Howland's arms were sels-ad from behind, and in another instant he was struggling feebly in the grip of ALAMANCE GLEANER will be sent Em Luxuries. Kindly inform us. Magnates enormous, stat speople who spend a great Which is the worse. Drain on the pusse. digal son or an autoimoble? -Newark ! in his desire for vengeance for the punishment of the human fiends who in his desire for vengence for the punishment of the human fiends who had attempted to blow him to atoms, and yet at the same time there was no bitterness in him toward the grit. He was sure that she was an unwilling factor in the plot and that she was doing all in her power to save him. At the same time he began to realize that he should no longer be influenced by her pleading. He had promised—in re-turn for her confidence this night—to leave unpunished those whom she wished to shield. He would take back that promise. Before she revealed any-thing to shield. He would take back that promise. Before she revealed any-thing to shield. He would take back that promise. Before she revealed any-thing to shield. He would take back that promise. Before she revealed any-thing to shield. He would take back that promise. Before she revealed any-thing to shield. He would take back that promise. Before she revealed any-thing to shield. He would take back that promise. Before she revealed any-this the was determined to discover those who had twice sought to kill him. If was nearly midnight when he looted at his watch again. Was it possible that Meleese would not comet the coyote—of this second attempt on his life. And yet if she did— Soddenly be heard a step, a light run-ning step, and with a recognizing cry he sprang out into the stariight to meet the alin. panting, white faced forme that ran to him from between the thek walls of forest trees. "Melement" is cristing to the stariight to meet the slin. panting, white faced they did no vieweet he his bood. The girl' had betrayed him again. This time he could find no viewee her for his blood. The girl' had betrayed him seeded his lows, had allowed him ro kims her, to bold her is: his arms, while boresthe the aloweet him the second for one year for Two Dollars Mundy may rest and re Cash in advance. Apply at THE Din Burn Our Guarantee. Get a dellar bes GLEANER office. Graham, N. C. group on the snow, and while they were resting the baif breed relieved his prisoner of the soft buckskin that had been used as a gag. you are not benefited—the druggist will a not return your money. Don't hesitate an gruggist will sell you Kodol on these term The dollar bottle contains F, times as much so the SOC bottle. Kodol is prepared at the hebratories of M. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicage L SO YEARS -- - - manufact crushing his head back against the sacks, Howhand sat for many minutes as if death had in resility come to him in the moment of his deliverance. After a time, with tedious slowness, he worked a band into his trousers 135 Still Fancy Free. 5 "It will be perfectly safe for you to -Well, old man, how did you make out among the symmer girls? Tom-I'm no' photographer, but I ATENTS talk now, m'seur, and to shout as loud-by as you please," he said. "After 1 have looked into your pockets 1 will Graham Drug Co. - "HEYER 1.. pocket, where he carried a penkolfe. It took him a long time to saw through have looked into your pockets 1 win free your hands so that you can smoke. Are you comfortable?" "Comfortable-be cursed!" were the first words that fell from Howland's lips, and his blood bolled at the soci-able way in which Croisset grinned down into his face. "So you're in it too, ch? And that iving girl"pocket, where we carried a penkulic, it took him a long time to an without and this back After that he cut the rope that bound is ankies. The made an effort to rise, but no booner had be guined his feet has been the bins peralyzed limbs gave way under him and he grouped his feet his to be him and he grouped his feet his to be him and he grouped his feet his been can be been been faints. He had no this the same his life. And yet if she did— Biddenly he heard a step, a light run his life. And yet if she did— Biddenly he heard a step, a light run his life. And yet if she did— Biddenly he heard a step, a light run his black canned to the black wai above, realising only that he way be that kees would and to him group him group and the power and the dynamite, and the power dynamite could not be exploded unti-human hands came to a tiator a new hat consciourness there came to him to an sound—the ticking of another another sound—t got a lot of negatives.-Hoston Tran LADLY RE STRUGGLED AT THE THOUTH DE MAR ript. Very Serious the rawhide thong about his neck. After that he cut the rope that bound his ackes. He made an effort to rise, but no momer had be guined his feet than his peralyzed limbs gave way under him and he dropped in a beap on the floor. Very slowly the blood began finding its way through his choked verse signin, and with the change there came over him a feeting of infinite restfulness. He stretched himself out, with his face turned to the black wall above, realising only that he was comfortable. He made no effort to think-to scheme out his further de-largement. He was with the powder and the dynamite, and the powder inset was a simost sleep. In his half conscionsness there came to him but one sound-that dreadful ticking of his watch. He seemed to have lis-tened to it for hours when there arose another sound-the ticking of another watch. eart. Then there came another, al-When Science Rules the Toast. It is a very serious matter to ask for one medicine and have the wrong one given you. For this They pledged the maids of flashing ey They toasted king and crown, And each man raised the tablet high ng eye cientific American. naddening. Tick, tick, tick! It was the beating of his watch. A pasm of horror selzed him. What time was it? ed the spirits down. --Cleveland, Plain Deater. reason we urge you in buying be careful to get the genuine-The smile left Croisset's face. "Do you mean Melesse, M'sour How-land?" too, eh? And that lying gir Scientific American. A manual of the second and th Natural Philosophy BLACK-DRAUGHT "You tell a tree by its fruits. don you?" "Yea" "Then how is it that well water can make people sick?"-Baltimore Ameri "Yes." Croisset leaned down with his bla Liver Medicine Croisset issued down with his black ayes greaming fike coals. "Do you know what I would do if I was her, missur?" he said in a low voice and yet one filed with a threat which stilled the words of passion which the engineer was on the point of uttering. "Do you know what I would do? I would kill you-kill you inch by inch-torture you. That is what I would do." The repu the regulation of this old, relies ble medicine, for constipation, in digestion and liver trouble, in firm, by established. It does not imitate other medicines. It is better than others, or is would not be the fa-vorite liver powder, with a larges sale than all others combined. An Epitaph. The onig-reason I am ligre. A hunter took Meter took —Detroit Free Breek. He Must Mave Been, "Baw a Diman order S10 worth of han and dags genterday." "I've beerd that old joke." "This Ain't any joke. The man was sungry!"-Kanene City Journal. SOLD IN TOWN rould do." "For God's sake, Croisset, tell .me "For God's sake, Croisset, tell me-why-why"-Croisset had found Bowinsd's pistol and freed his hands, and the engineer stretched them out entreatingly, "I would give my life for that girl, Croisset. I told her so back there, and she came to me when I was in the amow and"- He caught himself, add-ing to what he had left incomplete. You Know What You Are Taking When you take Grove's Tas less Chill Tonic because the form that is plainly printed on ever bottle showing that it is from an Quinine in a tastless form. N Grove Tiek, tick, ticki His watch was beating at a furious rate. Was something wrong with it? Was it going too fast? He tried to count the seconds, but they raced away a may from him. When he looked again this . - Once a-Year! Christmus comes but once a year. But for that once we all pay dear. -Judge. cure, No Pay. 50e. 1.1.1.1