

VOL. XXXVIII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1912.

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ACOB A. LONG.

FOR TORPID LIVER.

SICK HEADACHE.

into the post. silisiost deng on starva-tion. So it happened that I was like a brother to Meleese and the other a brother to steress d. and the de-three. The years passed, and the de-sile for vengeance grew in us as we became older until it was the one became older until it was the one thing that we most desired in life, even filling the gentle heart of Me-leese, whom we sent to school in Montreal when she was eleven, m'seur. It was three years later, while she was still in Montreal, that I went on one of my wandering searches to a post at the head of the Great Slave, and there, m'seur-

Croisset had risen. His long arms were stretched high, his head thrown back, his upturned face affame with a passion that was almost that of

passion that was almost that of prayer. "M'seur, I thank the great God of heaven that it was given to Jean Crois-set to meet one of those whom we had pledged our lives to find, and I slew him. It was the father, and I killed him, m'seur-killed him slowly, tell-ing him of what be had done as I chok-ed the life from him-and then, a little at a time, I let the life back into him, forcing him to tell me where I would find his son, the slayer of Meleese's fa-ther. And after that I closed on his throat until he was deed, and my dog dragged his body through 300 miles of snow that the others might look on him and know that he was deed. That

snow that the others might look on him and know that he was dead. That was six years ago, m'seur." Howiand was scarcely breathing. "And the other, the son," he whis-pered tensely-"you found him. Crois-set? You killed him?" "What would you have done, m'seur?" Howland's hands gripped those that evanded the little percel.

guarded the little parcel. "I would have killed him. Jean."

He spoke slowly, deliberately. "I would have killed him." he repeat

"I am glad of that, m'seur." Jean was unwrapping the buckskin, fold after fold of it, until at last there was revealed a roll of paper, soiled and

factor of a post keeps a reckoning of incidents as they pass, as I have heard that sea captains do on shipboard. It has been a company law for hundreds

this winter." As he spoke the half breed came to Howland's side, smoothing the first page on the table in front of him, his slim forefinger pointing to the first



reached for it. Sfunned and speech-less, cold with the horror of his death sentence, be smoothed out the nots. There were only a few words, apparently written in great baste: I have been praying for you all night If God fails to answer my prayers I wil still do as I have promised and follow

still do as I have promised and follow you. MELEESE. He heard a movement and lifted his eyes. Jean was gone. The door was swinging slowly inward. He beard the wooden bolt slip into place, and after that there was not even the sound of a moccasined foot stealing through the outer darkness.

TO BE CONTINUED.] JAPANESE TIDBITS.

Fillet of Raw Fish, Whales and Rice Locusts Among Them. One of the great food delicacies of Japan is sashimi, a fillet of raw fish served with soy and condiments. This dish, though highly recommended by both Japanese and European medica authorities, is pronounced queer or uncivilized by those not born to the cus tom of eating it.

When these critics are reminded, however, of their eating live oysters with gusto it occurs to them, says the Oriental Review, that the one is at least more artistic in appearance than the other, though both may be equally palatable and nutritious.

It is likely that very few English seconds know that the fisher folk along the Devonshire coast are accuston to eat laver, an edible seaweed, and d, and s

to eat laver, an edible seaweed, and so think it very odd that the Japanese should use certain seaweeds as an ar-ticles of diet. Ferna, burdock roots, hiy buds, lo-tus roots and bamboo sprouts are among the Japanese vegetables not en-joyed by occidental peoples, while the chrysalis of the silkworm, rice locusts, the octours, while and an alway the octopus, whales and sea slugs eaten in some parts of China and Japan are sure to shock their fine sensibili-

And yet the most civilized epicures relish snalls and frogs' legs, which are just as odd in their way as those varie-ties of animal food mentioned above. Use of mnimal rood mentioned above. Shark's fin soup, edileb birds' nest and lime cured eggs are farfamed Chinese luxuries, the last item of which is equal to the strongest animated cheese in its power over the olfactory merves.

Chicken All Right. A Camden lawyer walked into a res-taurant the other day prepared to or-der bimself a chicken dinser. The waitress approached him. He looked at her and said:

"How's chicken?" "I'm all right." she answered cheer y. "How's yourself?"-Philadelphia

COMMERCIAL POULTRY.

One Method of Feeding Fowls on Large Scale Described. In a recent builetin issued by the bureau of animal industry of the Unit-

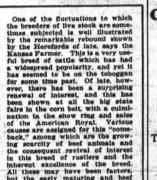
ed States department of agriculture the methods and results of feeding poul try on a large commercial scale were described. The investigation of this enhiert by Alfred E. Lee of the depart ment is believed to be the first attempt to acquire comprehensive and reliable figures on the cost of producing a und of gain in poultry.



Cotton seed may be fed to steers with good results, although the usual prac-tice now is to feed the cottonseed meal the now is to read the cottonseed meal remaining after the oil has been ex-tracted in the mills, says the Breeder's Gazette. The cotton seed has a pro-nonnced laxative effect if fed heavily. Dolnced lixinive elect a tex between the set. This may be overcome in part by cook-ing the seed. In any event the best results are obtained by feeding not over all pounds of seed daily per head with a heavy feed of corn or Kaffr orn.

In some tests cotton seed has given better results than cottonsed meal, but in more instances the reverse is true. In some Mississippi tests it was found that one pound of cottonseed meal was equal to 1.6 pounds of cot-ton seed or 1.9 pounds of cor, while one pound of cotton seed equaled 1.2 pounds of corn. Where it is desired make a large use of cotto t may be fed for ninety days to the





Interent excellence of the breed, All these may have been factors, but the early maturing and beef producing qualities are probably the most potent. The illustration shows a typical Hereford steer.

extent of eight or ten pounds daily per head without experiencing the injuri-ous effects that sometimes attend a longer period of such heavy feeding. THE SUNDAY OBSERVERlonger period of such heavy feeding. Cottonseed hulls make a good rough-age to use with it, and corn in addi-tion adds to the rapidity of gains. A product known as cold pressed cot-tonseed cake or caddo cake is made from the crushed seed uncooked and without removing the hulls. This is more bulky and coarser than cotton-seed meal, and it is claimed that the preparation without heating leaves it more digestible. It may be fed heav-ily with comparative safety and pro-duces larger gains than its composi-

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LIVES OF CHRISTIAN MINISTERS

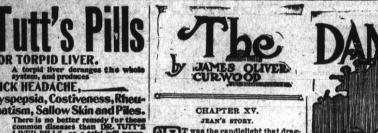
Pumpkins For Cows and Hogs. Pumpkins have been in use for feed-ing cattle and hogs for many years and are valued very highly in some com-munities. They are especially valu-able for starting bogs on a ration of corn in the full or for feeding sows and pigs. The seeds are very rich in protein and also act as a vermifuge, clearing animals of worms and putting This book, entitled as above. contains over 200 memoirs of Min isters in the Christian Church with historical references. An interesting volume-nicely printed and bound. Price per copy: cloth, \$2.00; gilt top, \$2.50. By mail 20c extra. Orders may be clearing animals of worms and putting the digestive organs in excellent consent to

P. J. KERNODLE

as good to feed pumpkins raw as cooked, or better. The character of the pumpkin is such that it must be considered as a roughage rather than as a concentrate. This is shown in the case of hogs by a trial at the New Hampshire experiment station where the before shoke were for row number. We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign

CON-

killed his



Twas the candlelight that drag-ged Howland quickly back into consciousness and pain. He knew that he was no longer in the snow. His fingers dug into damp earth as he made an effort to raise binself, and with that effort it seemed as though a redbat third bad to raise himself, and with that effort it seemed as though a reduct knife had cleft him from the top of his skull to his chest. The agony of that instant's pain drew a sharp cry from him, and he clutched both hands to his head. The fingers of Howland's right hand more sites when he draw them swart

The fingers of Howland's right hand were sticky when he drew them away from his head, and he shivered. The tongue of flame leaping out of the night, the thunderous report, the del-uge of fire that had filled his brain, all hore their meaning for him now. It had been a close call, so close that shivering chills ran up and down his spine as he struggled little by little to lift himself to his knees. His enemy's shot had grazed his head. It seemed an interminable time be-fore he could vise and stand on his feet and reach the candle. Slowly he fett his way along the wall until he came to a low, heavy door barred from the outside, and just beyond this door he found a harrow aperture cut through DAMERON & LONG | J. ADOLPH LONG 'Phone 250, Piedmont Building, Burlington, N.C. Graham, N. C. DR. WILL S. LONG, JR.

... DENTIST Graham. - - - - North Careline OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING J. ELMER LONG found a narrow aperture cut through the decaying logs. It was a yard in length and barely wide enough for him to thrust through an arm. Three more Attorneys and Counselors at of these narrow slits in his prison walls he found before he came back again to

JOHN H. VERNON Near the table on which he replaced Attorney and Counselor-at-Law the candle was a stool, and be sat down. Carefully he went through his PONES-Office 65J --- Residence 33 pockets. His belt and revolver were gone. He had been stripped of letters and papers. Not so much as a match had been left him by his captors. " He stopped in his search and listened. Faintly there came to him the ticking

that it had contained were gone

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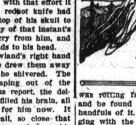
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was rotting from molsture and age. and he found that he could tear out handfuls of it. He fell to work, digging with the face eageness of an animal. At the rate the soft pulpy wood gave way he could win his free-

dom long before the earliest risers at the post were awaks. A sound stopped him-a hollow cough from out of the blackness becough from out of the blackness be-yond the dungeon wall. It was follow-ed an instant later by a gleam of light, and Howland darted quickly back to the table. He heard the slipping of a bolt outside the door. The door swung open, and a shaft of light shot into the chamber. For a space Howland was chamber. For a space Howland was blinded by it, and it was not until the bearer of the lamp had advanced half-way to the table that he recognized

his visitor as Jean Croisset. The Frenchman's face was wild and hag-gard. His eyes gleamed red and bloodshot is he stared at the engineer. "Mon Dieu, I had hoped to find you dead," he whispered huskily. He reached up to hang the big oli

lamp he carried to a hook in the log



the mountain top soon after nightfall-it was not inter than 9 o'clock when he had seen Meleese. Seven hours: Again he "ifted his hands to his head. His hair was stiff and matted with blood. It had congealed thickly on his check and neck and had soaked the top of his coat. He had bled a great "I HAD HOPED TO FIND YOU DEAD, M'SEUR." ceiling, and Howland sat amazed at the expression on his face. Either fear or pain had wrought deep lines. "I had hoped to find you dead. leal, so much that he wondered he was alive, and yet during those hours his captors had given him no assistance, had not even bound a cloth about his m'seur," he repeated. "That is why I did not bind your wound and give you water when they turned you ove to my care. I wanted you to bleed to

Did they believe that the shot had killed him, that he was already dead when they flung him into the dungeon? death. It would have been easierfor both of us." From under the table he drew forth

Or was this only one other instance o second stool and sat down opposite lowland. The two men stared at the hearle bruitshness of those who so in ently sought his life? The fighting blood rose in him with return-ing strength. If they had left him a Howland. each other over the sputtering rem nant of the candle. Before the engl neer had recovered from his aston ishment at the sudden appearance o weapon, even the small knife they had taken from his pocket, he would still make an effort to settle a last score of the man whom he believed to be safely imprisoned in the old cabin Croisset's shifting eyes fell on the mass of torn wood under the aperture. "Too late, m'seur," he said mean-There was, however, a ray of hope

in the possibility that they believed him dead. If they who had flung him into the dungeon believed this, then he was safe for several hours. No one ingly. "They are waiting up there now. It is impossible for you to esingly. cape." "That is what I thought about you."

replied Howland, forcing himself to speak coolly. "How did you manage it?". "They came up to free me soon aft-



L'Ange Blanc-that is what she was called, m'seur-the white angel. Mon Dieu, how we loved her! Not with a wicked love, m'seur, but with some-thing very near to that which we give thing very hear to that when we give our Blessed Virgin. And our love was but a pitiful thing when compared with the love of these two, each for the other. She was beautiful, glori-ously beautiful as we know women up in the big snows; like Meleese, wh

in the big snows; like Melesse, who, was the youngest of their children. "Ours was the happlest post in all this great northland, m'seur," contin-ued Crolosset after a moment's pause, "and it was all because of this woman and the man, but mostly because of the woman. And when the little Me-lesse came-she was the first white girl heavy that any of us had ever seen-our baby that any of us had ever seen-ou love for these two became something that I fear was almost a sacrilege to our Dear Lady of God. Perhaps you cannot understand such a love, m'seur. I know that it cannot be understood down in that world which you call civ lization, for I have been there and have seen. We would have died for the little Meleese and the other Me-leese, her mother. And also, m'seur,

we would have killed our own brothers had they as much as spoken a word against them or cast at the mother even as much as a look which was not the purest. That is how we loved her sixteen years ago this winter, m'seur and that is how we love her memory still." "She is dead." uttered Howland, for

getting in these tense moments the significance Jean's story might hold for him

"Yes, she is dead, m'seur. Shall I

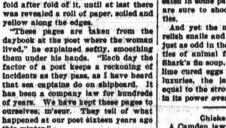
tell you how she died?" Croisset sprang to his feet, his eyes Croisset sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing, his lithe body twitching like a wolf's as he stood for an instant half leaning over the engineer. "Shall 1 tell you how she died, m'seur?" he repeated. "Sixteen years

ago, when the little Meleese was four years old and the oldest of the three sons was fourteen, a man and his boy came up from Churchill. He had let ters from the factor at the bay, and our factor and his wife opened their doors to him and to his son and gave them all that it was in their power to give.

"Mon Dieu, this man was from that glorious civilization of yours, m'seur-from that land to the south where they say that Christ's temples stand on every four corners, but he could not understand the strange God and the strange laws of our people. For months he had been away from the companionship of women, and in this great wilderness the factor's wife came into this life as the forwer blossoms in the desert. Ah, m'seur, I can see now how his wicked heart strove to accomplish the things and how he failed because the glory of our womanhood up here has come straight down from heaven. And in failing he went mad-mad with that passion of the race I have seen in Montreal, and then-ah, the great God, m'seur, do you not understand what happened next? "Croisset lifted his head, his face

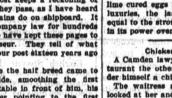
twisted in a torture that was half grief, half madness, and stared at Howland, with quivering nostrils and heaving chest. In his companion's face he saw only a dead white pallor o waiting, of half comprehension. He leaned over the table again, controlling himself by a mighty effort.

"It was at that time when most of It was at mit this wash most of us were out among the trappers, just before our big spring caribou roast, when the forest people came in with their fors, m'seur. The post was al-most deserted. Do you understand? The woman was alone in her cabin with the little Meleese, and when we came; back at night she was dead Yes, m'seur, she killed herself, leav



few lines. "They came on this day," he said, his breath close to the engineer's ear. "These are their names, m'seur-the names of the two who destroyed the paradise that our Blessed Lady gave

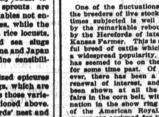
to us many years ago." In an instant Howland had read the

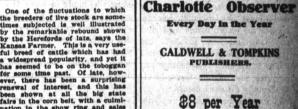


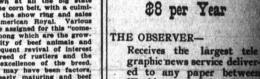
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HOWLAND STAGGERED BACE.

would come for his body until broa day and possibly not until the follow-ing night, when a grave could be dug and he could be carried out with some and he could be carried out with some secrecy. In that time, if he could es-cipe from his prison, he would be well on his way to the Wekusko. He had no doubt that Jean was still a prisoner on the mountain top. The dogs and sledge were there and both rifles were where he had concealed them. It would be a hard race-a running fight per-haps-but he would win, and after a time Melesses would come to him. time Meleese would come to him, away down at the little hotel on the Sankatchewan.

He rose to his feet, his blood grow ing warm, his eyes shining in the can-delight. The thought of the girl as she had come to him out in the night put back into him all of his old fightput back into him all of his old fight-ing strength, all of his unconquerable hope and confidence. She had follow-ed him when the dog yelped at his heels, as the first shots had been fired. She had kneit beside him in the snow as he lay bleeding at the feet of his ememics. He had heard her voice call-ing to him; had feit the thrilling touch of her arms, the terror and love of her live as the though him dying. She

lips as she thought him dying. She had given berself to him, and she would come to him-his lady of the

He went to the door and moved against it with his shoulder. It was immovable. Again be thrust his hand and arm through the first of the nar-row ventilating apertures. The wood with which his fingers came in contact

er they got you, m'seur. I am grate-ful to you for thinking of me, for if you had not told them I might have stayed there and starved like a beast

"It was Meleese," said Howland. "1 told her.'

Jean dropped his head in his hands. Jean dropped his head in his hands. "I have just come from Meleose." he whispered softly. "She sends you her love, m'ssur, and tells you not to give up hope. The great God, if she only knew-if she only knew what is about to happen! No one has told her. She is a prisoner in her room, and aff-er that-after that out on the plainer that-after that out on the plainwhen she came to you and fought like one gone mad to save you-they will not give her freedom until all is over. What time is it, m'seur?"

A clammy chill passed over How-land as he read the time. "Half past 4."

"The Virgin bear me witness that wish 1 might strike ten years off my life and give you freedom." Jean breathed quickly. "I would do it this instant, m'seut. I would help you to escape if it were in any way possible. But they are in the room at the head of the stair, waiting At 6"-"At 6-what then?" urged Howland.

"My God. man. what makes you look no? What is to happen at 6?

"I have no time to lose in furthe

talk like this. m'seur." he said almost harshiy. "They know now that it was a who fought for you and for Meleese on the Great North trail. They know

"It will not be long, and I pray the Virgin to make you understand it as we people of the north understand it. It begins sixteen years ago." "I shall understand, Jean." whisper-ed Howiand. "Go on." "It was at one of the company's posts that it happened." Jean began. "and the story has to do with le m'seur, the factor, and his wife.

ing a few written words to the factor telling him what had happened.

"The man and the boy escaped on a sledge after the crime. Mon Dieu how the forest people leaped in pur-suit! It was the factor himself and his youngest boy who found them fan out on the Churchill trail. And what bent as if about to spring. Jean stoo calmiy, his white teeth a term. Then slowly be stretched out a hand. "M'seur John Howland, will you sea bappened then, m'seur? Just this: While the man fiend urged on his dogs the son fired back with a rifle, and one of his bullets went straight through what happened to the father and moth er, of the little Meleese sixteen year ago? Will you, read and understand why your life was sought on the Grea

the heart of the pursuing factor, so that in the space of one day and one night the little Meleese was made both motheriess and fatheriess by these two North trail. why you were placed of whom the devil had sent to destroy the

most beautiful thing we have ever known in this north. Ah, m'seur, you turn white! Does it bring a vision to "My God!" gasped Howland. Even Howland turned to the table and ben

over the papers that the Frenchman had hild out before him. Five minutes later he raised his head. His face was now he understood nothing of what this tragedy might mean to him-for-got everything but that he was listen-ing to the terrible tragedy that had come to the woman who was the mothas white as chalk. Deep lines had set tied about his mouth. As a sick man might, he lifted his hand and passed it gver his face and through his hair. But his eyes were afire. Involuntarily er of the girl he loved. "They escaped, m'seur." Jean's body gathered itself as if to

With a deep breath Howland ean's back. In a moment he leaned again toward Jean as he saw come into the Frenchman's even a slumbering firy that a few seconds later blazed into vengetul malignity when he drew slow-ly from an inside pottest of his cost a small parcel wrapped and tied in bott buckskin. neet attack. "I have read it," be said buskily as though the speaking of the words caused him a great effort. "I understand now. My name is John Howiand. And my father's name was John Hewiand. I understand. And you, Jean Croisset -do you believe that I am that John Howland-the John Howland, the son How は、心臓がするなな "M'seur, it makes no difference what

uckskin.

brown fingers initied the cord that se-cured it. "First year must understand what this meant to us in the north, miseur," and Jean, his hands covering the par-cel after the had missed with the cord. "We are different who live up here-different from these who live in Mont-real and beyond. With us a lifetime is not too long to spend in averging a crust wrong. It is our baser of the north, J. was fifteen then ad find been fostered by the factor and his wife since the day my mother died of the smallnox and J dragged myself you."

Churchill way John Howland son." With a sharp cry be sprang to Lis feet, overturning the stool, facing Croisset, his hands clinched, his body



FORTABLE POULTRY PERDING BATTERY. [Photograph by United States departs of agriculture.]

four tiers of two coops each, and h eighty springers or sixty-four hens. It is 2 feet 7½ inches wide and 5 feet 9 igh. The slats in the fro one and seven eighths inches apart and each set of sints, which is eight and each set of math, which is eight sho one-quarter inches which is eight sho buttons, so that it can be easily re-moved and a set of slats which are closer together of farther shart may be quickly inserted. As the size of the be quickly interted. As the size of the chickens' heads vary considerabily dur-ing the season this changeable front is of value. The dropping pans are one and three-quarter inches below the floors, which are made of heavy, square mesh wire, and have roost boards 2 inches wide by three quarters of an inch thick by 2 feet 6 inches long.

The bottom of the first floor is six inches from the ground, and it is fifeen inches from the wire flo top of each coop, making each tier. in cluding the dropping pans, sixteen and

three-quirters of an inch deep. The battery rolls on four wheels, two double pivot wheels in front and two wheels connected by a bar in the rear. The sliding doors on the sides are fitted I believe now. I have but one other thing to tell you here and one thing to give to you." replied Jean. "These who have tried to kill you are the with hooks which fasten into eyes of the battery. The whole battery is made of furring, 1% by % inches, covered three brothers. Meleese is their sis of turing, 1% by % incluse, covered with two inch mesh wire and laths. The feeding troughs are three and one-half incluse across the top, inside mean-urement, and three inches from the top edge to the bottom, outside mean-grement. These troughs are held in place with bent wires, which are flori-ited with bent wires of the trought ter. Ours is a strange country, m'seur, governed since the beginning of our time by laws which we have made our governed since the beginning of our time by laws which we have made our-selves. To those who are waiting above no torture is too great for you. They have condemned you to death. This morning, exactly as the minute hand of your watch counts off the boug of 6, you will bashot to death through one 'ot these holes in the dimgeon place with bent wires, which are flexi-ble, so that they give if the troughs hit any obstacle, thus preventing breakage. A wire partition divides the battery into two equal parts. A similar battery is used for feeding tur-leys except that it contains three tiers instead of four, and the slats in front are two and five-sights faches apart. of 6, you will be snot to users one of these holes in the dungson walls. And this this note from Me-lesse-is the last thing I have to give you." He dropped a folded bit of paper on the table. Mechanically Howland

kins, one lot receiving in addition milk and the other milk and comment. The first lot made a daily gain per pig of 1.12 pounds, while the latted made a gain of 2.26 pounds, -F. G. King. Indiana Experiment Station.

Experiments have shown that it is

to feed corn in addition.

Silage For Beef Cattle. We fitted a bunch of cattle for our public sale last winter by feeding prin cipally sliage in an open yard, says an lowa feeder in the Breeder's Gazette. They had a little corn and cob meal mixed in with the sliage and timothy

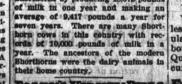
hay for roughage, but did not see the inside of a barn until they went to the sale ring. We have never fitted a bunch of cattle that were in as good condition as these were and in as good condition as these were and in as good bloom. A great many good feeders were at the sale and were anxious to know how these cuttle were fed. as they remarked that they were in as fine condition for pathle sale as any these back mean.

Go to Alamance Pharmacy and buy a bottle of B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm. It will purify and enrich your blood and build up your weakened, broken down ay tem. B. B. B. is guaranteed cure all blood disea numors, such as Rheumatism. Hog Notes. With cheap corn and other grains any man who could buy a few pize and faish them for market could make a little profit, but it requires skill and Ulcers, Eating Sores, Catarrh.

ability to grow pigs and fatten them on sixty cent corn and make a rea-sonable profit. If you have never tried rape raise a small field next spring. It is very popular with the hogs and does them

popular with the hors and does them a world of good. Do not be stingy in the use of clean straw for bedding, but do not use long, heary straw in the bed of the farrowing sow, as sometimes very young pigs get tangled up in it and dis.

The Milking Sherthern. Rose of Glenside has helped to main-tain the reputation of the milking Shorthorns by producing 18,075 pounds of milk in one year and making an average of 9,417 pounds a year for successful to the state of the state



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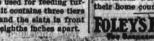
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