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and other States, Tuesday of last week, caused serious loss of life and property. Ten deaths are reported at Swan Lake and Alra, Ark.

When you have rheumatism in ur foot or instep apply Cham-dain's Liniment and you will a quick relief. It costs but a arter. Why suffer? For sale

Heart to Heart

By EDWIN A. NYE.

THE SPENDER. A young man from Wilkesbarre, Pa., went to New York city and spent \$600 in a day and night—because he wanted to be a "millionaire for a day."

to be a "millionaire for a day."

He arrived on a special car, had "a time," according to his standards, and went home "broke." but boasting.

Silly chap!

Does he suppose millionaires have sothing to do but blow in maney on riotous living? The average rich man is too busy making more money to in-

rotous livings. The average rich man is too busy making more money to indulge in dissipation. He does not go the pace because he cannot afford it. He is seeking money, not diversion.

This young man of Wilkesbarre says he inherited the \$000.

money represents somebody's sweat and privation. But it was his, you say. Did he not have the right to spend it as he chose? Legally, yes; morally—

ed assets of a working social order. Morally he is bound to use it as a trust. Six hundred dollars. It would freed 8,000 hungry children. It would buy somebody a modest home. Instead it bought only a fool's paradise for a day. It requires no mere brains to fall into It requires no more brains to fall into an inheritance of \$600 than to fall into mud puddle.

cavenger or a rat catcher, honorable ecupations beside that of the waster. Any one can waste money.

But it takes men of sex to go into the crowd at the market place or stand bare breasted before the furnace fire or heave clay out of a ditch and get and use money rightly.

And—
No red blooded man has any right to dawdle in Turkish baths at \$25 per or play the puppet millionaire by giving five dollar tips to manicure ladies.

The smender is a drone.

The spender is a drone.

He merely eats the honey. He neither athers nor spreads the pollen. In beedom, where they do things properly, the workers sting the shirkers to death

barre—
He adds to the stigma of the spender the reputation of the braggast who beasts of his accomplishment.

LET GO!

Forgetting the things that are behind.
Paul knew humanity. He knew how
we cling to the things that are behind
and how these things hamper us. They
are like the ball and chain the convict drags about with him. We cling to old clothes. The cast-

might be to others.

And old letters. Moth eaten, yellow, they should have been burned years

ago.
And old furniture. Slippery old

And old furniture. Slippery old chairs and couches, grass cloth covered; lame, decrepit stuff that is stored away because it is old.

There may be some sentimental excuse for clinging to old clothes and letters and garments, but there is none for harboring old resentments and old prejudices, cherishing old hatreds and grievances, keeping alive old disputations, reviving old bickerings.

Let go! They are behind. Forget them.

Why drag such outworn, bygo way drag such outworn, bygone trash along with you? Many of the ills of life can be cured merely by the method of forgetting them. Why fuss and fume? You sour your disposition and put premature lines in your face. Drop the curtain! You have plenty of present day problems to keep you busy.

Dusy.

Paul says, "Forgetting the things
that are behind, let us press forward"—
Forward! That's a great word. Cut
loses from the eld troubles. They are
behind you and cannot be changed. The past is turned from us and sleeps. Do not wake it.
The future is his, with its brambles and

flowers.

Let us drop the vain things of the past. Let us cover them over with the broad mantle of forgetfulness. Let them go—and cling fast to the eternal

Face today with today, We can make it or mar it. The present is ours. The present is ours. Let us not face day with yesterday. And not only the present ours, but—

the present ours, but—
The future is ours!
Give away the old clothes and the old chairs to those who need them.
Make a bonfire of the stuff that is useless. And forget the old pains and sorrows and hatreds and misunderstandings.

KATE SHELLY. "Kate Shelly is dead."
The telegram that told of her saddened many hearts.
Kate Shelly!
For thirty-one years she has be deal heroine of the northwest a

all those years she has lived so mestly and worthly as to confirm public's good opision of her stream gentle spirit.

The story is an old one.

On the night of July 6, 1881, Hos creek, in Boome county, in., became to the stream of the stream of the shelly were aroused by the creek.

to tremble from the flood, and get to Moingons station.

She-ran a mile to the bridge, and then her lantern went out, leaving her in pitch darkness. The bridge was 400 feet long and swung fifty feet above the river. It awayed under the impact of the waters.

The heroic girl crawled on her hands and knees along the perilous structure, praying for strength. Flashes of lightning revealed the tottering bridge, and the swollen waters added terror rather than assistance.

Somehow she crossed the bridge and got to the station just in time to warn the train, dropping prostrate.

got to the station just in time to warn
the train, dropping prostrate.

In 1882 the lowe legislature voted
her a medal and \$200. The Northwestern railroad made her station
agent at Moingona for life.

Today the finest bridge on the main
line of the North-western road, over
the Des Moines river, near Moingona,
is named the Kate Shelly bridge.
She never married, and when she
died at the railroad's hospital last
month, a private car bore her body
Lome to Moingona.

And that's all.
But so long as the waters of the Des

But so long as the waters of the Des Moines river shall flow beneath the Kate Shelly bridge, the heroism of the prave Irish lass shall be told as a rial of her.

THE LOTTERY OF MARRIAGE.

Is marriage a lottery? More or less—yes. All things human are uncertain, an he uncertainty of marriage makes it a game in which there is hazard.

few prizes and many blanks; in mar-riage are a few blanks and many

prizes.

With all proper precaution sometimes one may draw an undesirable mate in the matrimonial lottery. It is impossible to foresee what may happen.

The marriage game would be less a gamble were there more knowledge and less deception in antenuptial pro-Without deliberate intention to de

ceive one another before marriage what amounts to that is often practiced by the man or the woman.

Each puts the "best foot forward." and there is poor opportunity to so the other side.

Besides— Oftentimes there is a veil of romance or of illusion between the two; and sometimes the veil is purposely drawn. Conditions being such, should it be thought a matter of special wonder

they know each other thoroughly they are really ignorant of each other's ten erament, weaknesses and tendencie The man is lured by a pretty face of figure or attractive charm; the gir takes the man mostly on faith. It speaks well for average humanity that by some happy chance such unlous should turn out well.

Young man, young woman— Build your future happiness on noth ness. You are taking a long chance when you risk your peace of mind and heart for a lifetime on good looks or

harming manners.

Marriage is a lottery because it is so

often shrouded in a mystery.

Love is often blind—too blind. ag-win or lose-some, by a marve of chance, to draw a prize and others a Yes, marriage is a lottery-more's the

TO A HOUSEWIFE. At the end of your long day you are listless and worn and tired. Small wonder. There are no union hours for you.

meal to the after supper darning. You have scarcely stopped to breathe.

Not once have you relaxed—which is a mistake.

You can learn something from the rule of the Hindoo household that the mother, as well as the children, must retire for a half hour daily into silence.

e, but you can give, say, ten mi

If you try!
You can, if you are so determined, take a few minutes, say, after the noonday meal, lie down, relax your tired muscles and overtaxed nerves. Maybe you can doze long enough to lose consciousness of your surroundings for a moment or two.

Let the dinner dishes go.
It is not necessary that you should sleep. Lie down anyway. Relax. Rest. If you will religiously observe a time aleep. Lie down anyway. Renx. Renz.
If you will religiously observe a time
when you can relax you will be surprised, after a time, how fresh you
will be when you take up your house

hold tasks. And you will not feel flabby and worn at the end of the day.

Relaxation!

It is the last word of the modern scientists. They tell us—and it is good sense—that a human being should no more go through a long day with overwrought nerves and taut muscles than a violin should be kept strung to its highest tension.

its highest tension.

Your vitality is limited.

Why exhaust it? You will live longer and be worth more to your family if you will relax betimes.

Watch an animal relax. A dog drops down, full stretched, nose on paw. He may jump up in a minute, but he has relaxed.

He may jump up in a minute, but he has meased.

Here is a human example: Judge Cole of Des Moines, Ia., is eighty-five and practicing law. He says he has lived long and actively, because every day for fifty years he has relaxed. He lies down aiways in the middle of the day—not to sleep, but just to let the veil of unconsciousness drop for a moment. Then, he says "I wake up.

It is the history of kindness which alone makes the world tolerable. If it were not for that, for the effect of kind words, multiplying, spreading, making one happy through another and bringing forth benefits, some thirty, some aixty, some a thousand fold, I should be tempted to think our life a practical jest.—Robert Louis Bitvenson.

Your friend or neighbor has failed some enterprise or slipped a cog newhere or lost his job. He is hunroud to show it. Your disapproval will only add salt

An acquaintance has committed an error of which he is ashamed. He did wrong, but will you help him on or

turn him down?

Be big and help him.

By turning a deaf ear and an unsympathetic heart toward your wayward brother or sister you betray your smallness and harden your heark.

God radiates and uplifts; great souls are Godlike. Can you fancy a pittless God who sneers at the human who falls or fails? No more can a good human soul do that-

man soul do that-When all this sad world needs Is just the art of being kind. Here is where most of us miss it— falling in the minor ministries of ev-eryday sympathy. Thoughtfulness, gentleness, an encouraging smile, a word fitly spoken—the kindliness of little things is often forgotten in our

selfish heedlessness.

This is a good habit: Never let a day ut making some one hap

hard struggler or a smile to a child or an inquiry about a sick friend or a

Trifles?
Triby are expressions of love, and
ove is the greatest thing in the world. Troubles of your own? It will help to me to lay a kindly hand on the weary thoulder of sucher. A touch of kind shoulder of another. A touch of kind ness is like a rubber ball—it bounds

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough Without your woes. No path is wholly rough. Look for the places that are smooth and

And speak of these to rest the weary ear Of earth, so hurt by one continuous stra Of human discontent and grief and pain

The Tip He Gave. "Everything all right, sir?" 4sked the waiter.

The diner nodded, but still the aiter hovered near.
"Steak cooked to suit you, sir?" he

asked again presently.

Again the diner nodded.

"Potatoes the way you

Another period of silence 'Are you asking for a tip?' demand

ed the diner.
"Well, sir, of course we get tips sometimes, and I've got to go to the kitchen for another party, so"— "So you'd like a tip now to be sur-

of it? Well, I'll give you one." "Here is the tip: I have a powerful voice that I am capable of using. If anything is wrong I'll let out a roar you can hear in the kitchen. If you don't hear it you can know that I am dining in peace and comfort and not in the least regreting your absence. in the least regretting your absence for it's no fun to have to pass verba

judgment on every mouthful I eat." "But the tip?"
"That's the tip, and a mighty goo one it is toc."—Pearson's.

The Act of Sneezing. The Act of Snazzing.

There is a sensitive membrane in the upper part of the nose and fine hairs in the lower part to catch dust and prevent it from reaching this membrane. If dust or some other irritating substance does pass the hairs and reaches this reembrane it produces an irritation, and we try to get rid of it. We get rid of the cause of a mild irri-tant like mucus by blowing the nose. For a sudden/and strong irritant like snuff we need a more powerful force therefore take a long deep breath and suddenly expel it through the nose. The irritation causes a flow of mucus in the nose and a flow of tears through irritation of a duct which connects th lacrymal or tear sac with the nose. The explosive expulsion of the all through the nose carries with it the nucus and the irritant. When we have more sensitive than usual and a solution of cold air may be enough to irritate it and bring on the sneeze.—New York American.

Honey Producers, Attention!

Now is the time when colonies shou Now is the time when colonies should be given a hasty examination to de-termine which have died and which seed feeding, and many colonies that would otherwise die can be saved if at-tended to in time.

No colony should be examined or its hive opened unless the day is clear and seasonably warm and chould not be

hive opened unless the day is clear and seasonably warm and should not be left open for a longer period than is absolutely necessary, and in closing the hive great care should be exercised in replacing the packing that constituted the winter protection.

Where colonies have died the hives with their combs should be taken into

with their combs should be taken into the house, and later on these bodies and combs can be used as extracting combs with colonies that have win-tered well, or they can be used for making increase, as the bees will soon free them of dead bees and other ref-use and make them all right again.

Don't think all the good stock is out-side your state. Distance may lend eachantment to the view until some rooster swindler does you. Then you will rage and write "i'll sue," and he will answer; "lates" Go to:" Don't assume a patronizing air That's hot air. The man of sense treats all the same without respect to wealth or name. He may be rich, he may be wise, but naught but wrong does he despise. The life he lives is for the good of all the human brether-head.

A WIDOW THAT WAITED

By M. QUAD Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.

Moses Bateman was fifty-five years farmer just outside the town of Euclid, and as he kept a hired man and as there was much housework to be done the gossips said he would marry again.

As a matter of fact, Moses came to this decision. He could hame over a dozen widows and old maids that might say yes if asked the question, but when he sat down to debit and credit them he was not at all satisfied And what was principally wrong

with the Widow Hooper was her looks. She was not a beauty. Indeed, she was not even fair looking. Moses' opinion of her appearance was, as he himself expressed it, "She is homely enough to stop a clock." When he came to the Widow Hoop-er in his thoughts he uttered a

"humph!" of contempt and yet at the same moment recalled the fact that she had asked him to bring her in a crock of butter. She lived in the town and had an income sufficient to support her. Yes, the butter must be delivered in a couple of days, and it

need a wife and I need a husband. Why should we beat around the bush, "Do you mean why shouldn't we get

married? "Just that, Moses." Moses Bateman was a plain spoken man on all subjects.

"Looky here, widow, I guess your

neart is all right, but I used to mighty sorry for Dan Hooper."
"What about?"
"Because of your looks."

"Good Lord! But what's the matte with my looks?" "You was born that way and can't help it, but to be honest with you, you are about the homeliest woman I ever saw. Now, don't get mad about it.

"And you don't want to marry me "That's about it."
"Um! Moses, I never before a man to marry me, and I never shall again. Because why? Because I am

roing to marry you." "I can't make it seem that way."
"Sorry I'm so homely, Moses, but I'm
trusting in Providence." To reach the town from the north or in the direction of Moses Bateman's farm one had to descend a long hill and cross a creek by a bridge. The Widow Hooper lived just at the foot of the hill. About a month after the widow had been turned down Mose came down the hill driving a young

ite. The widow was at her gate, and she held up her hand and said: "I'm depending on Providence, and

Providence is depending on this hill "As to how?"
"You keep right on and you'll see

Won't be any need of a breach o' prom Moses figured it out that the wido was looking for an accident to happen to him, and for the next three week he came to town behind his steady old mare. Then he got to thinking that he had been bluffed, and he harnessed up the colt one day and reached the brow of the long hill to see the Widow

Hooper at her gate far below. "She's there depending on Providence," said the man as he took a firmer hold on the lines, "but I'll show her that Providence never yet kept

frost away from string beans."

Ten seconds later the colt started on a wild run down the bill and those who happened to be looking on got numer us thrills. Moses was game. He hun seat, and he hung to the ho and but for an old cow he might have reached the foot of the hill and crossed the bridge in safety. It was the old cow that did the trick. She came wanought to have been a mile away and horse, buggy and driver struck her like

widow Hooper had waved her hand at the widower and called out; "It's Providence, Moses, and I am right here to pick up the pieces!" Moses Bateman burled right away. He wasn't dead, however, He was taken into Mrs. Hooper's house, and there he remained for several weeks. The nurs said about matrimony for a long time Then one day the widow put a hand glass in Moses' bands and said: be you'd like to take a loo

"Gee whiz, but who is this?" yell

"But—but"—
"His nose is broken, he's jost an eye
most of his teeth are gone, oue of his
ears lop and an eyebrow is gone?"
"And that's me." "That's you, and if I am ho han you are I won't say snother

wed. They were the homel in the state, but very happy.

Sporting Notes.

Harry Johnson, formerly of the O and Pennsylvania league, and Thon Carter, formerly of the Pennsylvan State league, will be on the staff umpires of the Western baset league, the coming season.

ague the coming season.

Denton T. ("Cy") Young has sent

Boston National league base
am his signed contract for his twsecond year in major league b ty-second year in major ball. He is the oldest pi of years and service in bi

ART OF POISONING

Toxicology Made a Record In the Seventeenth Century.

SECRETS NOW HAPPILY LOST

Was In Trying to Rediscover Then That Sainte-Croix, the Accomplice of the Notorious Mme, de Brinvilliers

The basis of most poisons in the six-centh and seventeenth centuries was arsenic. It was extremely easy to pro-cure, the taste was easy to hide, and until Marsh's test was discovered about a hundred years ago its traces were difficult to discover. In the seventeenth century toxicology reached heights that it has never since attain-ed. The laboratories of the poisoners in France and Italy contained secrets

happily lost today.

The preparation of the potions used during the reigns of Louis XIII. and KIV. may be briefly described. An animal was doctored with a dose of reenle . After death the Haulds of the being composed of the virus of ar senic and the alkaloids of decomposi tion. When the animal thus killed was credited with a bodily venom the distilled liquid was a concentration of three poisons instead of two. For this the tond was the favorite sub-

were attributed by popular gossip to the effect of poison is a long one. Catherine de' Medici was a known polsoner, surrounded by poisoners, and ber two sons. Francis II. and Charles IX., were probably hurried to their end by the administration of drugs as

well as by their feeble state of bealth There are some grounds for the assertion that Louis XIII. died of polson. His mother, Marie de' Medici, was said to be the greatest polsoner of her age. The comment in Paris was that the king was well or ill as he agreed or quarreled with the queen mother. The state ministers ran desperate risks. Richelleu suffered from many curious linesses. He knew his danger and took every precaution. Mazarin's death cannot wholly be ex-plained by natural causes. The death of the sister of Charles II, of Eng-

land is also a matter of mystery.

The chief accomplice of Mme. de
Brinvilliers and perhaps actually the nstigator of many of her crimes was Gaudin de Sainte-Crois, than whom a more sinister scoundrel does not cross

and met his death before Mme. de Brinvillers herself was brought to trial. The accounts of his end are conflicting and illuminating. Accord-ing to one of them. Sainte-Croix was ing to one of them, Sainte-Croix was endeavoring to discover a poison the emanations alone of which would be able to kill. He had heard of the poisoned napkin with which the young Dauphin, elder brother of Charles VII, had wiped his face while playing at tennis and the contact of which alone was sufficient to kill. Then there was the goostp about the gloves belonging the gossip about the gloves belonging to Jeanne d'Albret, which had been prepared by one of the Italian poisoners in the train of Catherine de Medici, a crime which was never brought home to its instigators. The secret

of these poisons had been lost, and Sainte-Croix wished to find them be a punishment from beaven than an accident. At the moment when Sainte-Croix, leaning over his stove watched his fatal mixture reach its mask which covered his face and pre

Sainte-Croix fell to the ground as if struck by a thunderbolt.

After the death of Sainte-Croix Mme refuge in London and afterward in the Netherlands. Her arrest was affected most damaging testimony against her, was that of the turor, Braincourt, who had been in a mensure her unwilling accomplice. In one part of his evidence the episode must have suggested to Dumas one scene between D'Artagnan and Lady de Winter described in "Th fession of her crimes was wrung from her by the application of the torture of the water. She remained seven hours in the torture chamber and she avowed all her crimes, but denied that

she had any The trial, terture and execution of Mme. de Brinvilliers served as a useful lesson. Poison did not disappear, but its practitioners were taught to curb next century in the richest fruition i the person of that astonishing arch in

"Europe's Cinch.
"Europe holds a lot of our "Invests ber cash with us, ch?" "Not much cash. Gets most of 'er by marriage."—Washington Herald.

He who commits an injustice is ever made more wretched than he who suf-fers it.-Plato. A Milwautee man makes cows give milk by playing music for them. But who in Milwaukee wants milk?—New

York Herald. The population of Cairo, Egypt, has oubled in the past ten years, which adicates that they have the Atlant pirit even over there.-Atlanta (Ga.)

the gross debt of the metropolis is greater than that of the United States. In New York they feel that they are greater than the entire country.—El-

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mary Elizabeth Bell, five years old, of St. Louis, is said to be able to darn and crochet with remarkable skill,
Mrs. Rufus H. Sage of Chicago has given \$50,000 to Beloit college to be used as an endowment of the chair of English literature.

Mrs. Willoughby Cumpings is the

Mrs. Willoughby Cummings is the first woman to receive the honorary degree of doctor of civil law from King's college, Windsor, Nova Scotia. Miss Eleanora Sears, whose exploits as a long distance pedestrian and avia-tor, polo player, tennis expert and all around athlete have brought her inter-

national fame, has taken up fancy skating as her latest fad. Miss Anna Peck, the mountain climber, who recently returned to this coun-try, says that she stuck a Joan of Arc Sufrage league flag on the summit of Mount Coropuna, in southern Peru, which is 21,312 feet in beight.

Frances Folsom Cleveland, widow of the late President Cleveland, has been elected a life member of the American Forestry association. President Cleve-land signed the original bill by which congress established national forests, hence the exceptional honor conferred

Three Artists.

Jacques Dore, a nephew of Gustave Dore, the illustrator of the works of Dante, Milton and other famous poets and who is himself a well known artist and explorer, has arrived in this country to execute some commissions for portraits.

Winslow Homer was once asked by his biographer, Mr. Downes, "Do you ever take any liberty in painting na ture, of modifying the color of any part?" He answered: "Never, never! When I have selected the thing care-fully I paint it exactly as it appears." James Montgomery Flagg, the New York illustrator and painter, had his first drawing published in Life at the age of fourteen. A year after he was earning \$1,200 a year from his work, and now at the age of thirty-four he is wealthy. His great gift is humor. He is equally at home in oils, and his portrait of Mark Twain, hanging in the Lotos club, is one of his best known efforts.

Train and Track.

The life of a steel rall on a mai railroad line is twelve years. The Transbalkalian railway in Rus sia was operated tast year at a loss o \$5,218,092.

In 1911 there were 133,117 new freight cars ordered by railroads of this country, the smallest of any year since 1903, with the exception of 1508. the after panic year.

The Pennsylvania railroad seems t be getting important results from a new device called the superheater, which turns "wet" into "dry" steam and increases the power of the engine. It has made it, possible on some steep

grades to do away with the "helper engine.

The Mexican Muddle. Yes, that Mexican crisis is the same old crisis, - Columbia State. Americans are beginning to wonder if, after all. Diaz didn't give Mexico

as good government as Mexico deserved.—Kansas City Times. Peace is only a dream, says Mayor Gaynor. He might have added that the Mexican brand is something of a nightmare.—New York Herald.

interesting volume-nicely print-It would be unfortunate indeed if President Madero, after deciding to employ the methods of Diaz, should find that they were patented by the originator. New Orleans Times Demsent to P. J. KERNODLE,

State Lines.

Arkansas has more mineral springs Orders may be left at this office. report, New Hampshire is

gold producing state in New England

New Hampshire in 1910 produced 28

ounces of gold and 700 fine ounce If asked to name the state that leads in the extent and value of its sea prod nets most persons would say Massa-chusetts. That answer would have been right until within a comparative ly recent period, but it is right no longer. Virginia now leads by virtue of her immensely rich oyster beds:

English Etchings.

The boy scout movement in England has a following of 253,000.

The business of the London Stock Exchange employs about 25,000 per

usually deals with 14,500,000 tetters week and 500,000 parcels. A London magistrate has decided that a shopkeeper who draws a crown by the attractiveness of his winder display is guilty of causing an ob-

Aviation.

There are fourteen cylinders in a new French neroplane motor, the largest number ever used in an internal com-bustion engine.

The record for an aeroplane flight

across the English channel from Calais to Dover is twenty-two minutes and the distance twenty-one miles. A series of experiments in France has demonstrated that the best signals to be displayed on the ground for aviators are Arabic numerals in white on a black background.

Egg Flips.

Ashe lie, N. C., claims to possess a dog, which catches hens and holds them until they lay. Why not add that the intelligent animal is himself a setter? — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Tele-

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