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with madame here."

"Ah." said Mm. Bonacieux in a tone of represent, "ah, monsieur, I had the promise of a solder and the word of a solder and the e companies have refused to y on the ground of suicide. Suit is been brought to recover.



THE THREE GUARDSMEN

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

"He took care not to do so, monsieur. On the contrary, he came up to me and said: 'It is your master that wants his liberty at this moment and not I, since he knows everything and I know nothing. They will believe he is arrested, and that will give him time. In three days I will tell them who I am, and they cannot fail to set me at liberty again.' Four conveyed him away, I don't know where—to the Bastille or Fort P Eveque. Two remained with the black men, who rummaged every place out and took all the papers. The two last mounted guard at the door during this examination. Then, when all was over, they went away, leaving the house empty and the doors open."

ouse empty and the doors open."
"And Porthos and Aramis?"

"Well, don't stir. If they co well, don't sur. It they come tell
them what has inspended. Let them
want for me at the Pomme de Pin.
Here is would be dangerous. The house
may be watched. I will run to M de
Treville to tell him all this and will
join them there."
"Very well, monsieur," said Planchet

chet.
"But you will remain, will you not?
You are not atraid?" said D'Artagnan, coming back to recommend courage to his lackey.
"Be satisfied, monateur. There is nothing I would not do to prove to monateur that I am attached to him."
"Good!" said D'Artagnan, and with sail the aventure of the lower threads.

all the swiftness of his legs, afreedy a little fatigued, however, with the exer-cise of the day and night, he directed his course toward M. de Treville's. M. de Treville was not at his hotel. OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING

IACOB A. LONG.

LONG. J. ELMER LONG

LONG & LONG, going on Drartagnan resolved to en-

deavor to get into the Louvre.

He therefore went down the Rue des Petits Augustins and come up to the quay in order to take the Pont Neuf. JOHN H. VERNON As he gained the top of the Rue Guenegand he saw two persons coming



him. One was a man and the other a woman, the lefter very much like lime. Homeleux in size and step, the former could be nobody but Arams. Besides, the woman had on that black cloak whose outline D'Artagnam could still see reflected upon the shotter of the Rue de Vaugitard and upon the door of the Rue de la Harpe.

And, still further, the man wore the uniform of a musicater.

niform of a musk

owed them.

He had not gone twenty steps before he became convinced that the woman Weekly North Carolinian \$1 was really Mme. Bonacleux and the man Aramis.

He felt himself doubly betrayed.

Mme. Bonacieux had declared to him by all that was holy that she did not know Aramis, and a quarter of an hour after having made this assertion he found her hanging on the arm of Aramis. D'Artagnan resolved to un-

Aramis. D'Artagnan resolved to unravel the mystery.

The North Carolinian and I HE
Aramis. D'Artagnan resolved to unravel the mystery.

The young man and woman perceived they were watched and redoubled their speed. D'Artagnan determined upon his course. He passed them, then returned, so as to meet them exactly before the Samaritaine, which was illuminated by a lamp which threw its light over all that part of the bridge.

"What do you want, monsiquery" de"What do you want, monsiquery" de-

light over all that part of the bridge.

"What do you want, monsieur?" demanded the musketeer, drawing back
a step. He had a foreign accent.

"It is not Aramis!" cried D'Artagnan.

"No, monsieur, it is not Aramis; and
by your exclamation I perceive you
have mistaken me for another. Allow
me, then, to pass on, since it is not
with me you have anything to do."

"You are right, monsieur, it is not

with you I have anything to do. It is

some aime. Bonacleux in an undertone.

"And now you may ruin us all."

"Afflord—madame. I ask a hundred pardons! But I love her, milord, and was jealous. You know what it is to love, milord. Pardon me, and then tell me how I can risk my life to serve your grace!"

"You are a brave young man!" said Buckingham, holding out his hand to D'Artagnan, who pressed it respectful." "You offer me your services. With the same frankness I accept them. Follow us at a distance of twenty paces to the Louvre, and if any one watches us slay him!"

Fortunately D'Artagnan had no opportunity to give the duke this proof of his devotion, and the yoing woman and the handsome muskefeer entered the Louvre by the wicket of the Echelle without meeting with any interruption.

As for D'Artagnan, he immediately repaired to the cabaret of the Fomme de Pin, where he found Porthos and Aramis, who were waiting for him. But without giving them any explanation of the alarm and inconvenience he had caused them he told them that he had terminated the affair alone, in which he had for a moment thought he should stand in need of their assistance.

CHAPTER IX.

George Villiers, Duke of Sucklingham.

M ME. BONACIEUX and the duke entered the Louvre without difficuity. Once ensistance.

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CHAPTER IX.

George Villiers, Duke of Sucklingham. Mel BONACIEUX and the duke entered at the love of the court, the duke and the young woman kept along the wail for about twenty-divined the proposed it."

Thave no hope of penetrating sword in Bonacieux pushed a little side door, open by day, but generally closed at night. After traversing various passages she introduced a key into a lock, opened a door and pushed the duke into an apartment lighted only by a night lamp, saying: "Remain here, millord duke. Some one will come." She then went out by the save door, which she locked, so that a duke then went out by the same door, which she locked, so that the duke

then went out by the save door, which she locked, so that the duke found himself a prisoner.

Nevertheless, isolated as he was, we must say that the Duke of Buckingham did not experience an instant of fear. Brave, even rash, and enterprising, he had learned that the pretended message from Anne of Austria, upon the faith of which he had come to Paris, was a snare, and instead of regaining England he had, abusing the position in which he had been placed, declared to the queen that he would not go back again without having seen her. The queen had at first positively refused, but at length became afraid that the duke, if exasperated, would commit some rashness. She had already decided upon seeing him and urging his immediate departure when on the very evening of coming to this decision Mme. Bonacieny, who was charged with going to fetch the duke and conducting him to the Louvre, was carried off. During two days it was not known what had become of her, and everything remained in suspense. But when once free and placed in communication with Laporte matters resumed their course, and she accomplished the perilous enterprise which but for her abduction would have been executed three days earlier. have been executed three days earlier. Buckingham on being left alone walked toward a mirror. His mus-keteer's uniform became him wonder-

fully well.
At thirty-five, which was then his at thirty-live, which was then his age, he passed, with just title, for the handsomest gentleman and the most elegant cavaller of France or England. He had succeeded in gaining access several times to the beautiful and haughty Anne of Austria, consort of King Louis KIII... and making himself learned by here he acceptables to the several process.

King Louis XIII., and making himself loved by her by astonishing her. A door concealed in the tapestry opened, and a woman appeared. Buck-ingham saw this apparation in the glass. He uttered a cry. It was the

Anne of Austria was then from twenty-six to twenty-seven years of age—that is to say, she was in the full splendor of her beauty. Her carriage was that of a queen or a goddess. She was dressed in a simple robe of white satin and accompanied by Donna Estadania, the only one of her Spanish women that had not been driven from her by the jealousy of the king or by the persecutions of the cardinal.

Anne of Austria made two steps forward. Buckingham threw himself at her feet and before the queen could prevent him kissed the hem of her robe.

"Duke, you already know that it is not I who have caused you to be written to."

"Yes, yes, madame; yes, your majes—"Tes, your m Anne of Austria was then from twen-y-six to twenty-seven years of age— hat is to say, she was in the full

ten to."
"Yes, yes, madame: yes, your majesty?" cried the duke. "This voyage is not a loss since I see you."
"Yes," replied Anne, "but you know why and how I see you my lord. I see you out of pity for yourself. I see you because, insensible to all my

ufferings, you persist in remaining in

sufferings, you persist in remaining in a city where by remaining you run the risk of your own life and make me run the risk of my honor. I see you to tell you that we must never see each other again."

"Speak on, madame; speak on, queen," said Buckingham. "The sweetness of your voice covers the harshness of your words.

"Every time that I see you is a fresh diamond which I inclose in the casket of my heart. This is the fourth which you have let fail and I have picked up.

diamond which I inclose in the casket of my heart. This is the fourth which you have let fail and I have picked up, for in three years, madame, I have seen you only four times. The last was in the gardens of Amiens."

"Duke," said the queen, blushing, "hever name that evening,"
"Ah, that time, madame, I was able for one instant to be alone with you; that time you were about to tell me all, the isolation of your life, the griefs of your heart. You leaned upon my arm, upon this, madame! I felt as, leaning my head toward you, your beautiful hair touching my cheek—and every time that it did touch me I trem bled from head to foot—I would give all my wealth, all my fortunes, all my gloty, all the days I have to live, for such an instant, for a night like thatfor that night, madame, that night you loved me." And I keep my word. Your hand, I keep my word. You will extend you.

madame, your naud, and a uepart.

Buckingham applied his lips passionately to that beautiful hand, and then rising said:

"Within six months if I am not dead I shall have seen you again, madame;

I shall have seen you again, madame; even if I have confounded the whole world for that object, I shall have seen

you again."

In the corridor he met Mme. Bonacieux, who waited for him and who conducted him out of the Louvre.

The officers who had arrested M. The officers who had arrested M. Bonacleux conducted him to the Bastille, where he became the object of the grossest insults and the harshest treatment. He was taken before a commissary, a man of very repulsive mien, with a pointed nose, yellow and salient cheek bones, small but keen penetrating eyes.

He began by asking M. Bonacleux his name, prehames, are condition and

abode.
The accused replied that his name was Jacques Michel Bonacleux, that he was fifty-one years old, was a retired mercer and lived in the Rue des

tired mercer and lived in the Rue des Fossoyeurs, No. 14.

The commissary then, instead of con-tinuing to interrogate him, made him a long speech upon the danger there is for an obscure bourgeois to meddle with public matters, especially when they concerned M. Cardinal.

The character of M. Bonacieux was one of profound selfishness, mixed with sordid avarice, the whole sea-soned with extreme cowardice. The love with which his young wife had inspired him was a secondary senti-ment.

"But, M. le Commissaire," said he timidly. "I beg you to believe that I know and appreciate more than any-body the merit of the incomparable eminence by whom we have the honor to be governed."

must nevertheless have com

"You must nevertheless have com-mitted a crime since you are bere and are accused of high treason."
"Of high treason!" cried the terrified Bonacieux. "Of high treason! How is it possible for a poor mercer, who de-tests all Huguenots and who abnors all Spaniards, to be accused of high trea-son."

ary, looking at the accused as if his little eyes had the faculty of reading to the very depths of hearts; "M. Bonacieux, you have a wife?"
"Yes, monsieur—that is to say, I had one. She has been carried off from monsieur."

me, monsieur."
"She has been carried off?" said the commissary. "And do you know who the man is that has committed this

"Who is he?"

"Who is he?"

M. Bouncieux was in the greatest perplexity possible. Had he better dony everything or tell everything? He decided upon telling-sil.

"I suspect." said he, "a tall, dark man of lofty carriage, who has the air of a great lord. He has followed us several times, as I think, when I have waited for my wife at the wicket of the Louvre to fetch her home."

The commissary appeared to experience a little uneasiness.

"And his name?" said he.

"Oh, as to his name, I know nothing about it, but if I were ever to meet him I should know him in an instant, I will answer for it, even if he were

him I should know him in an instant, I will answer for it, even if he were among a thousand persons."

"You have answered that you should recognize him," said the commissary.

"That is all very well and enough for today. Before we proceed further some one must be informed that you know the abductor of your wife. Take way the prisoner."

away the prisoner."

"Where must we place him?" demanded a guard.

"In a dungeon—the first you come to, provided it be a safe one," said the commissary, with an indifference which penetrated poor Bonacieux with horror. "Mine. de Chevreuse was not a queen," murmured Anne of Austria, svercome in spite of herself by the ex-pression of so profound a passion. "You would love me, then, if you were not one? Thanks for those sweet

orror.
"Alas, sins," said he to himself, "mis fortune hangs over me! My wife must have committed some frightful crime. They believe that I am her accomplice and will punish me with her! She must have spoken; she must have con-

weak!"

Bonacieux could not close his eyes,
not because his dungeen was so very
diaagreeable, but because his uneasiness was too great to allow him to aloop.

At dawn he heard his beits drawn and sprang up with a terrified bound,

perhaps shall leave my life in it, for, although it be strange, I have for some time had a presentiment that I shall shortly dit." And the duke smiled, with a smile at once and and charming. "Ob," cried Anne of Austria, with "Oh," cried Anne of Austria, with an accent of terror, "I have had pre-sentiments likewise! I have had dreams. I dreamed that I saw you lying bleeding, wounded."
"In the left side, was it not, and with

At dawn he heard his beits drawn, and sprang up with a terrified bound, only to face the commissary.

"Your affair has become more complicated since yeaterday evening, my good man, and I advise you to tell the whole truth, for your repentance alone, can remove the anger of the cardinal."

"Why, I am ready to tell everything," cried Bonacieux, "at least all that I know, Intervogate me, I entreat you!" "Where is your wife, in the first

me? Should we have the same pre place?"
"Why, did not I tell you she had been stolen away from ms?"
"Yes, but yesterday at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, thanks to you, she escaped." sentiments if our existences were not associated by our hearts? You love me, my beautiful queen, and you will

"My wife escaped!" cried Bor "My wife escaped." cried Bonacieux.
"It is no fault of mine, I will swear."
"What business had you, then, to go
into the chamber of M. d'Artagnan,
your neighbor, with whom you had a
long conference, in the course of the
day? What was the object of that
visit?"

me, my beautiful queen, and you will weep for me?"

"Oh," cried Anne of Austria, "this is more than I can bear! In the name of heaven, duke, leave me. Go! I do not know whether I love you or do not love you, but what I know is that I will not be a perjured woman. Depart, go then, I implore you!"

"Oh. how beautiful you are thus! Oh, how I love you!" said Buckingham.

"Oh, but go, go, I implore you, and come back hereafter; come back as ambassador, come back as minister, come back surrounded with guards who will watch over you and then—then I visit?"
"To beg him to uselet me in shding my wife. I believed I had a sight to endeavor to recover her. I was deceived, as it appears, and I sik your pardon for deling so."
"And what did M. G'Arisguan re-

"And what did M. d'Artagman rephy?"

"M. d'Artagnan promised me his assistance. But I soon found out that
he was betraying me."

"Fou are imposing upon justice. M.
d'Artagnan made an agreement with
you and in virtue of that agreement
put to dight the men of the police
who had arrested your wife and has
placed her out of reach of all inquiries. Fortunately, M. d'Artagnan
is in our hands, and you shall be confronted with him."

"Ah, ma foil I sisk no better? cried
Bonacleux.

"I dreamed that I saw you lying bleed ing, wounded."

Chevreuse was less cruel than you Holland loved her, and she responded

to his love."

"Mme. de Chevreuse was not i

"Oh, milord you have ill understood

a knife?" interrupted Buckingham.

"Yes; it was so, milord."
"Would God send the same dreams
to you as to me if you did not leve

Buckingham took the casket and fell ascend time on his knees.

"You promised me you would go," "Bring in M. d'Artagnan," said the commissary to the guards. The two guards led in Athos.

"And I keep my word. Your hand, M. d'Artagnan that you have brought

"Your name?" asked the cor sary of the musketeer. "Athos," replied the musketeer. "But you said that your name

"But you said that your name was D'Artagnan."

"My guards said to me, 'You are M. d'Artagnan? I answered, 'You think so, do you?' My guards again exclaimed that they were sure I was."

"But, I tell you, M: le Commissaire," cried Bonacleux, "there is not the least doubt about the matter. M. d'Artagnan is my tenant, although he does not pay me my rent, and even better on that account ought I to know

he does not pay me my rent, and even better on that account ought I to know him. M. d'Artagnan is a young man, scarcely nineteen, and this gentleman must be thirty at least."

At this moment the door was opened quickly and a messenger, introduced by one of the gatekeepers of the Basille, gave a letter to the commissar, "Oh! unhappy woman!" cried th

ommissary. "How! what do you say? of whom do you speak? It is not of my wife, I

opel"
"On the contrary, it is of her. Your affair is becoming a pretty one."
"But," said the agitated mercer, "do "But," said the agitated mercer, "do
me the pleasure, monsieur, to tell me
how my own proper affair can become
the worse by anything my wife does
while I am in prison?"

"Because that which site does is part
of a plan concerted between you, of
an infernal plan?"

"I awent to you. M. le Commissatre.

"I swear to you, M. le Commissaire

"that you are in the profoundest error, and that if she committed any follies I renounce her, I abjure her, I

"Reconduct the prisoners to their dungeons," said the commissary, designating, by the same gesture, Athos and Bonacleux, "and let them be guarded more closely than ever."

"And yet," said Athos, with his ha-

pitual calmness, "if it be M. d'Arta do not perceive too clearly how I can take his place." They led back the mercer to the same

dungeon in which he had passed the night and left him to himself during the day. Bonacieux wept away the hours. In the evening at the moment he had made his mind up to its down he hid made his mind up to lie down upon the bed he heard steps in his corridor. These steps drew near to his dungeon, the door was thrown open, and the guards appeared.

"Follow me," said an exempt, who came behind the guards.

"Ah, my God, my God," murmured the poor mercer, "now indeed I am lost." And he followed the guards who came for him mechanically and

who came for him mechanically and

They reached Croix du Trahoir, the place where obscure criminals were executed. Bonacleux could not yet see the dreadful cross, but he felt as if it were in some sort coming to meet him When he was within twenty paces of it he heard a noise of people, and the carriage stopped. This was more than poor Bonacieux could endure, depress-ed as he was by the successive emo-tions which he had experienced. He uttered a feeble groan, which might have been taken for the last sigh of a

The Cardinal's Gold.

HE crowd was not produced by the expectation of a man who was to be hanged, but by the contemplation of a man who

was hanged.

The carriage, which had been stopped for a minute, resumed its way passed through the crowd, threaded the Rue Saint Honore, turned the Rue your father.
Edith—I know, but he doesn't seem to care for mother.—Boston Transcrip les Bons Enfans, and stopped befor



a low door. The door opened, two guards received Bonacieux in their trms; they carried him along an alley, ap a flight of stairs and deposited him

up a flight of stairs and deposited him in an antechamber upon a bench. At this moment an officer opened a door and came up to the prisoner.

"Is your name Bonacleux?" said he.

"Yes, M. l'Officer," stammered the mercer, more dead than alive, "at your service."

"Come in," said the officer.

And he moved out of the way to let the mercer paus. The latter obeyed without reply and entered the chamber, where he appeared to be expected. Standing before the chimney was a man of middle height, of a haughty, proud mien, with piercing eyes, a large brow and a thin face, which was made still longer by a royal (or imperial, as it is now called), surmounted by a pair of mustaches. Although this man was scarcely thirty-six or thirty-seven years of age, hair, mustaches and royal, all began to be gray. This man was Armand Jean Duplessis, Cardinal de Jicheliou, then an active and gallant cawalber, already weak of body, but sustained by that

moral power which made of him one of the most extraordinary men that ever existed, preparing to drive the English from the isle of Re and lay siege to La Rochelle.

At first sight nothing denoted the cardinal, and it was impossible for those who did not know his face to guess in whose presence they were.

The poor mercer remained standing at the door, while the eyes of the cardinal were fixed upon him.

"Is this that Bonacieux?" asked he after a moment of silence.

"Yes, monseigneur," replied the officer.

"That's well. Give me those papers and leave us."

At the end of ten minutes' reading the cardinal was satisfied.

"You are accused of high treason,"

said he slowly.

"So I have been told already, mon-seigneur," cried Bonacieux, giving his interrogator the title he had heard the

officer give him. "but I awear to you that I know nothing about it."

The cardinal repressed a smile,
"You have conspired with your wife, with Mme, de Chevreuse and with milord Duke of Bucklugham."

lord Duke of Bucklugham."

"In fact, monseigneur, I have heard her pronounce all those names."

"And on what occasion?"

"She said that the Cardinal de Richelleu had drawn the Duke of Buck lugham to Paris to ruin him and t

ingham to Paris to ruin him add to ruin the queen."

"She said that?" cried the cardinal with violence.

"Yes, monseigneur. But I told her she was wrong to talk about such things."

"Your wife has escaped. Did you know that?"

"No, monseigneur. I learned it since I have been in prison and that from the conversation of monseur the commissary, a very good kind of man."

The cardinal repressed another smile.

"Then you are ignorant of what is become of your wife since her flight?"

"Absolutely, monseigneur. But she has most likely returned to the Louvre."

"At 1 o'clock this morning sl not returned. You must, in the firs pot returned. You must, in the first place, reveal to the cardinal all you know of your wife's relations with Mme. de Chevreuse."

"But, monseigneur, I know nothing about them; I have never seen hee?" "When you went to fetch your wife from the Louvre did you always return directly home?"

"Scarcely ever; she had business to transact with linen drapers to whose

transact with linen drapers, to whos

linen drapers?"
"Two, momerigueur. One Rue da
Vaugirard, the other Rue de la Harpe."
"Did you go into these houses with
her?"

door, as she told me. "He calls me his dear me

"Never, monseigneur; I waited at the

said the mercer to himself. "Peste! matters are going all right!"
"Do you know the numbers?"
"No. 25 is the Rue Vaugirard; 75 is

the Rue de la Harpe."
"That's well," said the cardinal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] "Bixby should be arrested for cruelty to mechanism." "Eh! What did he do?" "Hid a dictograph in the meet-ing place af an afternoon bridge club." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Edith-Yes, I am going to marry Mr Goldbag. Ethel-Why, he's old enough to be

"So Jones has become an actor?"
"Has he?" "You said so." "No, 1
didn't. I said he had gone on the
stage."—Baltimore American.

"What sort of a part has Fish in th new play?"

"An emotional one—at least for him.

He has to refuse to drink in the third He paused amid the talk he heard. Quoth he, "I shall refrain, Since he who never says a word Has nothing to explain."
—Washington Str

The Tramp-My pal says as 'ow yo

ave just give 'im sixpence one leg. The Old Lady—Yes, I did. The Tramp-Well, then, gi' me a sl lin', cos I've got' two.—Sketch.

Dink-Not as a rule, but I saw o

resterday on Eighth street that appear Gink-What was it? Dink—"Ice Cream Sodas, 5c, tor's Advice Free."—Philadelphia ord.

Bacon—I see a Frenchman is pro-posing a duel in seroplanes. Egbert— Never will do. Somebody might fall and get hurt.—Yonkers Statesman.

Wife-Can you give me a little mor housekeeping money, my dear?

Husband—Sorry, my love, but I haven't a cent left. I've been insuring against burgtary and theft.—Fliegende

When they picked out a day of rest
Why did they make it Sunday?
Why, we are always most distressed
And tirdest on a Monday.
—Cincinnati Enquire

"I have found something to live for

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"I have found something to live forsomething to fill my life, something to
becupy every waking moment."
"Yos, I know-bridge. It is a fascisating game."—Washington Heraid.
"I don't find these literary bobemiss such an original lot."
"No sparkling repartee, eh?"
"Nix. I have never even heard a
hard luck story that sounds in anywise new."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Pluto grinned.
"You gotta quit kickin' my dawg
around," he said.

One glance at Cerberus delayed the
song several ages.—New York Sun.

Catarrh,
Eczema,
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