# Advice to the Aged.

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S. COOK

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# THE THREE GUARDSMEN

CHAPTER XXXVI.

In the meantime milady, drunk with passion, had been tempted to throw herself into the sea that she might regain the coast, for she could not get rid of the idea that she had been insuited by D'Arisaman and threatened by Athos and had left France without having her revenge. Nine days after leaving the Charente, pale with fatigue and vexation, milady saw only the blue coast of Einisterse appear. On the very day that Planchet emburked at Portsmouth for France the messenger of his eminence entered the port.

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JOHN

about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age.

When they entered the port it was already night. The officer desired to have milady's packages pointed out to him and ordered them to be placed in the boat. When this operation was completed he invited her to descend by offering her his hand.

Milady looked at this man and hesicated.

tated.

"Who are you, sir," asked she, "who have the kindness to occupy yourself so particularly on my account?"

"You may perceive, madame, by my uniform, that I am an officer in the English navy," replied the young man.

"But is it the custom for the officers in the English navy to place themselves at the service of their female compatriots, when they land in a port of Great Britain, and carry their gallantry so far as to conduct them ashore?"

"Yes, milady, it is the custom, not

ashore?"
"Yes, milady, it is the custom, not from gallantry, but prudence, that in time of war travelers are conducted to particular hotels in order that they may remain under the surveillance of the government until perfect informa-tion be obtained relative to them."

At the expiration of five minutes they gained the land. The officer sprang out of the boat and offered his hand to milady, A carriage was in waiting.
"Is this carriage for us?" asked mi-

lady.

"Yes, madame," replied the officer.

"Very well," said milady. And she got resolutely into the carriage. The got resolutely into the carriage. The officer saw that the baggage was far-tened carefully behind the carriage, and, this operation being performed, he took his place beside milady; and

At the end of a quarter of an hour, however, surprised at the length of the journey, she lesned forward toward the window to see whither she was being conducted. Houses were no longer to be seen. Trees appeared in the darkness like great black phan-toms running after one another. "I beg you to understand, sir, I will

toms running after one another,
"I beg you to understand, sir, I will
go no further unless you tell me whither you are taking me."
This threat obtained no reply.
"Oh, but this is outrageous?" cried
milady. "Help, help, help!"
No voice replied to hers. The carriage continued to roll on with rapidity. The officer appeared a statue.
Milady reseated herself, foaming
with rage. The officer leahed forward,
looked at her in his turn and appeared
surprised to see that face but just before so beautiful distorted with passion and become aimost hideous. The
artful creature at once comprehended
that she was injuring herself by allowing him thus to read her soul. She
collected her features and in a complaining voice said:
"In the name of heaven, sir, tell me
if it is to you, if it is to your government, if it is to an enemy I am to attribute the violence that is done me?"
"No violence will be offered to you,
madame, and what happens to you is
the result of a very simple measure
which we are obliged to adopt with all
who land in England."

At length, after a journey of near an
hour, the carriage stopped before an
iron gate, which inclosed an avenue
leading to a castle severe in form,
massive and isolated. Then, as the
wheels rolled over a fine gravel, milady
could hear a vast roaring, which she at
once recognized as the noise of the sea

wheels roiled over a fine gravel, milady could hear a vast roaring, which she at once recognized as the noise of the sea dashing against some steep coast.

The carriage passed under two arched gateways and at length stopped in a large, dark, square court. After alighting with milady the officer drew from his belt a little silver whistis. He whistled three times. Immediately several meir appeared, who unharnessed the smoking horses and put the carriage into a coach house.

The officer then with calm politeness invited the lady to enter the house.

She took his arm and passed with him

the took his arm and passed with him under a low arched door, which by a vaulted passage, lighted only at the farther end, led to a stone staircase, turning round an angle of stone. They then came to a massive door, which after the introduction of a key into the lock by the young officer turned heavily

proper for a prisoner or a free man, and yet bars at the windows and outside boits at the door decided the question in favor of the prison.

"Is mine."
"I am your prisoner, then?"
"Nearly so."
Turning toward the door and seeing that the young officer was waiting for his last orders, Lord de Winter said: "I thank you. Now leave us alone, Master Felton." During the time that Lord de Winter



ful, plunged her giance into the depths of possibility. She feared that her preceding operations in England might have been discovered.

This supposition appeared to her the most reasonable. It seemed that they wanted to revenge the past and not to go to meet the future. At all events, she congratulated herself upon having fallen into the hands of her brother-in-law, with whom ahe reckoned she

iaw, with whom she reckoned she could deal very easily. "You were, then, determined to come to England again? Why?" said Lord de Winter.

de Winter.

"Come for? Why, to see you," replied milady.

"What tenderness, my sister!"

"Why, am I not your nearest relation?" demanded milady, with a tone

of the most touching in

his eyes on those of milady.
"I do not comprehend, my lord,"
said she, to gain time and make her
adversary speak out. "What do you
mean to say? Is there any secret meaning concealed beneath your words?"
"Oh, no," said Lord de Winter, with

"Oh, no," said Lord de Winter, with an apparent bonhomie.
"I think it astonishing that you should be aware of my coming."
"And yet that is the most simple thing in the world, my dear sister. I am commandant of the port. We shall see each other every day."
"Am I then to remain here eternally?" demanded militay, with terror.
"Do you find yourself ill lodged, sistered."

"Do you find yourself ill lodged, sis-ter? Tell me on what footing your household was established by your first husband; and, although I am only your brother-in-iaw, I will arrange it upon a similar one."

"My first husband!" cried milady, healing at Lord de Winter with over

my first husband!" cried muser,
"My first husband!" cried muser,
sooking at Lord de Winter with eyes
almost starting from their sockets.

\*\*Acking!"

"You are joking!"

"Do I look as if I were?" asked the baron, rising and going a step back-"Or rather you insult me," continued

"Or rather you insult me," continued ahe. "Leave the room, sir, and send me a woman!"

"Women are very indiscreet, sister. Cannot I serve you as a waiting maid? By that means all our secrets would be kept in the family."

"Insolent wretch!" cried milady, and as if acted upon by a spring, she rushed toward the barou, who awaited her attack with his arms crossed, but one hand upon the hit of his sword.

"Come, come," said he, "I know you are secustomed to assassingte people.

"Come, come," said he, "I know you are accustomed to assassinate people, but I shall defend myself."
"No doubt you would," said she. "You have all the appearance of being coward enough to lift your hand against a woman."
"Perhaps I have, and I have a said of the control of th

you, I imagine."

And the baron pointed with a slow

and accusing gesture to the left shoulder of milady, which he simost touched with his fuper.

Milady uttered a deep inward shriek and retreated to a corner of the room

like a panther which draws back to take its spring.

"Oh, groan and shrick as much as you please," cried Lord de Winter, "but don't try to bite, for I warn you the thing would be to your prejudics. I have judges quite ready who will quickly dispose of a woman so shameless as, although already married, to come and marry my brother.

"Yes, I can very well understand that, after having inherited the fortune of my brother, it would be very agreeable to you to be my heir likewise, but know beforehand if you kill me or cause me to be killed my precautions are taken. Not a penny of the control of the most sweet, most affection ate and most seducing smills.

A light appeared under the door.

This light announced the reappearance of her judges, with a preparation of her judges, and most affection ate and most seducing smills.

A light appeared under the door.

This light announced the reappearance of her judges, and most affection ate and most seducing smills.

A light appeared under the door.

This light announced the reappearance of her judges, and most affectively in the door.

The boits vere drawn, the door and most appearance of her judges, and most affecti

proper for a prisoner or a free man, and yet bars it the windows and outside boils at the door decided the question in favor of the prison.

A man appeared in the opening. He
was without a hat, wore a sword and
carried a handkerchief in his hand.

The stranger advanced slowly. Milady involuntarily drew back.

"What, my brother," she cried in a
state of stupor, "is if you?"

"Yes, fair lady," replied Lord de
Will with the army, but before my departure
you hence and convey you to our colonies of the south. And be assured that
you shall be accompanied by one who
will blow your brains out at the first
attempt you may make to return to
England or to the continent."

Millady listened with an attention
that dilated her inflamed eyes.

"Yes, at present," coatinued Lord
de Winter, "you will remain in this
anyour prisoner, then?"

"Really so."

doors strong and the bars solid, be-sides which your window opens im-mediately over the sea.

"The officer who commands here in

my absence you have already see He went toward the door and called.

The young officer entered, "Now," said the baron, "look at this "Now," said the baron, "look at this woman, She is young, she is beautiful, she possesses all earthly seductions. Well, she is a monster. She will endeavor to seduce you. Perhaps she will endeavor to kill you. I have extricated you from misery. This woman is come back again into England for the purpose of conspiring against my life. I hold this serpent in my power. Well, I call upon you and say to you: Friend Felton, John, my child, guard me, and more particularly guard yourself against this woman. John Felton, I put faith in thy loyalty."

loyalty."
"My lord," said the young officer, summoning to his mild countenance all the hatred he could find in his heart; "my lord, I swear all shall be done as

"She is not to leave this chamber understand, John. She is not to correspond with any one, she is to speak to no one but you—if you will do her the honor to address a word to her. And now, madame, try to make your peace with God, for you are adjudged by

ed by this sentence. Lord de Winter went out, making a sign to Felton, who followed him, shutting the door after him and leaving milady to her

reflections. In the meanwhile the cardinal looked In the meanwhile the cardinal looked anxiously for news from England, but no news arrived. La Rochelle still held out, but it was known the Rochellais had no hope but in Buckingham.

The cardinal looked, then, with great impatience for the news from England which would announce to him that Buckingham would not come.

The question of carrying the city by sessuit, though offen debrated in the

assault, though often debated in the council of the king, had been always rejected. But an inhabitant of Rochelle who

had contrived to pass the royal lines entered the city, coming from Ports-mouth, and said he had seen a magnifi-cent fleet ready to sail within a week. This unexpected circumstance brought back Richelleu's former inquietudes and forced him in spite of himself once and forced him in spite of himself once more to turn his eyes to the other side of the sea.

During this time the royal army led

a joyous life, neither provisions nor money being wanting in the camp. All the corps rivaled one another in gayety. One day Aramis received from "his cousin" a letter, which he read to his

cousin" a letter, which he read to his three-friends. It said:

My Dear Cousin-I think I shall make up my mind to set out for Stenay, where my sister has placed our little servant in the convent of the Carmelites. This poor child is quite resigned, as she knows she cannot live elsewhere without the salvation of her soul being in danger. In the meanwhile she is not very wretched. What she most desires is a letter from her intended. I know that such sort of provisions pass with difficulty through convent gratings; but, after all, as I have given you proofs, my dear cousin. I am not unsettled in such settled in such s "Would you like to have:
skilled in such affairs, and I will take
charge of the commission. My sister
thanks you for your good and eternal remembrance. She has experienced much
inquietude, but she is now at length a
little reassured, having sent her secretary
yonder in order that nothing may happen
"Go and fetch Lord de W."
"Would you like to have:
"Go and fetch a physician
that? These gentlemen de
that? These gentlemen de
"Go and fetch Lord de W."

unexpectedly.

Adleu, my dear cousin! Let us hear
from you as often as you can—that is to
say, as often as you can with safety. I
embrace you.

MARIE MICHON. "Oh, what do I not owe you, Ara-mis?" said D'Artagnan. "Where is

Stenay, Athos?"
"Why, a few leagues from the fron-

tiers of Alsace, in Lorraine. The siege once over, we shall be able to make a tour in that direction." CHAPTER XXXVII.

First and Second Days of Captivity. ET us return to milady in prison. We shall find her still in the We shall find her still in the despairing attitude in which we left her. All her mishaps she owes to D'Artagnan without doubt. From whom can come so many disgraces heaped upon her head if not from him? He knows her brother-inlaw; he must have written to him. The first moments of her captivity were terrible. But by degrees she overcame the outbursts of her mad passion.

low myself to be carried away so,"
says she. "It is with men that my
struggle is, and I am but a woman for
them. Let us struggle like a woman,
then; my strength is in my weakness."
Then she made her face take all ex-

scious, we and tell Lorg qe winter that his prisoner has fainted."

The soldier went out to obey the orders of his officer. Feiton sat down upon the armebair, which was by chance near the door, and waited without speaking a word, without making a gesture. Milady perceived Feiton, who sat with his back toward her. She opened her eyes and sighed deeply.

At this sign Feiton turned round. "Ah, you have awakened again, madame!" he said, "Then I have nothing more to do here. If you want anything you can ring."

"Oh, how I have suffered!" said milady.

"Oh how I have suffered!" said mi-lady.
Felton rose.
"You will be served thus, madame, three times a day," said he, "in the morning at 9 o'clock, in the day at 1 o'clock and in the evening at 8. If that does not suit you you can point out what other hours you prefer."
"But am I to remain always alone?"
"A woman of the neighborhood has been sent for."
"I thank you, sir," replied the pris-

"I thank you, sir," replied the prisoner humbly.

Felton made a slight bow and directed his steps toward the door. At the moment he was about to go out Lord de Winter appeared.

"Well, what's going on here?" said he in a jeering voice, "Is this dead woman come to life again already? Felton, my lad, did you not perceive that the first act was being performed of a comedy? Has she not yet seduced of a comedy? Has she not yet seduced of a comedy? Has she not yet seduced

of a comedy? Has she not yet seduced you, you heart of stone?"
"No, my lord," replied the impassible young man.
Lord de Winter passed his arm through that of Felton and led him out, laughing.
"I am lost!" murmured she when they were gone. "I am lost! I am in the power of men upon whom I can have no more influence than upon statues of bronze or granite. It is, however, impossible that this should end as they have decreed!"
Milady sat down to table, ate of

Milady sat down to table, ate of several dishes, drank a little wine and felt all her resolution return. She be-lleved Felton was, everything consid-ered, the more vulnerable of her two

persecutors.

In the morning, when they entered milady's chamber, she was still in bed, although she had slept well. Felton remained in the corridor. He brought with him the woman of whom he had



Parena "But am I to remain always alone?" spoken the evening before and who had just arrived. This woman entered and, approaching milady's bed, offered

her services.
"I am in a fever," said milady "I

"Go and fetch a physician!" said mi-lady. "What could be the good of that? These gentlemen declared yes-terday that my illness was a comedy."

She gave so much vehemence, such prevailing eloquence to this exclama revailing eloquence to this exclamation, that Felton in spite of himself

advanced some steps into the room,
"He is come," thought milady. She
turned her beautiful head round upon
her pillow, she burst into tears and uttered heartbreaking sobs.

Felton surveyed her for an instant

ing that the crisis threatened to be prolonged, he went out. The woman followed him, and Lord de Winter did not appear.
"I fancy I begin to see my way,"

murmured milady.

Two hours passed away.

"Now it is time that the maiady should be over," said she. In the morning when the woman and Felton came they had brought her breakfast. Now she thought they could not be long before they came to clear the table and that Felton would then

appeared, and, without observing whether she had or had not touched whether she had or had not touched her repast, he made a sign that the ta-ble should be carried out of the room. Felton remained behind. He held a book in his hand. Milady reclined in an armchair near the chimney, beautiful, pale and re-signed.

more attentively at the officer. He was a Purlian. She had one of those sud-den inspirations which people of genius alone have in great crises. This reply, ready arranged, presented itself to her



dain. "I, sir; my mass." Lord de Winter knows very well that I am not of his religion, and this is a snare he wishes to lay for me!"
"And of what religion are you, then,

madame?" asked Felton, astonished "I will tell it," cried milady, with a feigned exultation, "on the day when I shall have suffered sufficiently for my faith! I am in the hands of mine enemies," continued she. "Well, let my God save me or let me perlsh for my God! That is the reply I beg you to make to Lord de Winter. And as to this book, you may carry it back and make use of it yourself."

Felton made no reply, took the book and retired pensively.

Lord de Winter came toward 5 o'clock

in the evening.
"It appears," said the baron, "we have made a little apostasy."
"Explain yourself, my lord," replied

ike that best," replied Lord de Winter, "Oh, you need not avow your re-ligious indifference, my lord! Your de-baucheries and crimes would gain cred-

"What! You talk of debaucheries?

Either I misunderstand you or you are pretty impudent!" pretty impudent!"
"You only speak thus because you know you are listened to, sir," coldly replied milady, "and you wish to interest your jailers and your hangmen against no."

"In eight days you will be where you ought to be, and my task will be com-pleted," said De Winter.

ought to be, and my task will be com-pleted," said De Winter.

"Infamous task! Impious task!" cried milady, with the exuitation of a victim provoking the judge.

"Come, come, calm yourself, Mme. Puritan, or I'll remove you to a dun-geon," And Lord de Winter retired.

Felton was behind the door and had not lost one word of this scene. Milady had guessed as much.

and guessed as much,
Silence was re-established, two hours
passed away, milady's supper was
prought in, and she was found deeply engaged in saying her prayers aloud, prayers which she had learned of an old servant of her second husband's, a most austere Puritan. Felton made a sign that she should not be disturbed.

Milady knew she might be watched,
so she continued her prayers to the
end. Then with her pure, harmonious and powerful voice, she began the psalm then in greatest favor with the

Puritans:

But the day of our liberation Will come, just and powerful Sire! This verse, into which the terrible sachantress threw her whole soul, com-pleted the trouble which had seized the heart of the young officer. He opened

the door quickly, and milady saw him the door quickly, and milady saw him appear, pale as usual, but with his syes inflamed.

"Why do you sing thus and with such a voice?" said he.

"I crave your pardon, sir," said my lady with mildness. "I forgot that my songs are out of place in this mansion."

"Yes, yes," said he; "you disturb-

was not aware of the incoherence of his words, while milady was reading with her lynx's eyes the very depths f his heart.
"I will be silent then," said milady,

casting down her eyes.

"No, no, madame," said Felton; "only do not sing so loudly, particularly at night." And at these words Felton, feeling that he could not long maintain his severity toward his prisoner, rushed

# MAKE YOUR BACK YARD BEAUTIFUI

Suggestion For Transforming the Rear of Homes.

THE LESSON OF ONE WOMAN.

How Yard In Back of the House of Mrs. Dennison In Scranton, Pa., Is Utilized In All Sepsons of the Year

There is a study to contrasts to back yards, and it demonstrates what may be accomplished by the expendi-ture of some effort and a little skill in floriculture. Anybody with a back yard, no matter how lilliputian in size or how steep, may have a pretty little ower or vegetable garden. In many large towns and cities there has long beautifying of that traditional eveappear to think all kinds of rubbist



A BACE YARD GARDEN IN THE TENEMEN

Flowers and vegetables in the back yards keep the young folks-and the pider ones, too out of mischlet and a housewife who has to care for a few plants has not much time for gossip ing and conferring with gossipy neigh bors over the rear fence. Aside from baving this highly beneficial effect, a yard full of nice things is most in oil and gives them something more to think about than the ordinary aday matters of prosaic life

During an investigation of towns and cities for the betterment of back yards one that was a pleasure to the eye and a credit to the city of Scranton, Pa., was the rear yard of Mrs. F. E. Dennison. There is quite a plot of ground in the rear of her house which was a sight to make the spirit rise up and rebel when she first saw it. The

was a sight to make the spirit rise up and rebel when she first saw it. There were old in cans and boots, and weeds sprouted in much confusion. But she soon changed all this.

The Achsean League.

The Achsean league was formed by the twelve towns of Achaea for mutual profection against foreign aggression. It was broken up by Alexander the Great, but reorganized B. C. 280 and again dissolved B. C. 147. The second of these leagues comprised all the leading cities of the Peloponnesus and, indeed, most of the cities and states of Greece. It was this league which contended with the Romans for the independence of Greece; but, its troops being defeated by Metellus at Scarphaea and by Mummius near Cornith, the league was dissolved, and all Greece submitted to the Roman domination.

Returned Thoughts.

"Do thoughts that come to you in the long ago ever return?" asked the originator of silly questions.

"Not unless I inclose stamps," an swered the literary party. — Chicago

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Risings and Bumps,
Bone Pains,
Pimples, Old Sores,
Scrofula or Kernels,
Suppurating Sores, Boils, Canada Sores,
Suppurating Sores, Boils, Canada Sores, Sor

buncles. B. B. B. cures all the blood troubles by killing poison humor and expelling from the system. B. B. B. is only blood remedy that can this—therefore it cures and hall sores when all else falls, per large bottle, with direction home cure. Sample free continues and the statement of the sta