THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, OCIOBER 24, 1912.

The valet de chambre introduced Felton into a closet, where Bucking-ham was finishing his toilet.

"Why did not the baron come him-

self?" asked the duke. "He desired me to tell your grace," replied Felton, "that he was prevented

by the guard he is obliged to keep at

"Yes, I know," said Buckingham. He has a prisoner." "It is of that prisoner I wish to

speak to your grace alone," replied

"Leave us, Patrick," said Bucking-

am. "My lord," said Felton, "the Baron

if he would bring or send me that or-der I would sign it."

"I ask your pardon, my lord, but does your grace know that the name of Charlotte Backson is not the true

"I cannot believe," continued Felton

"Here it is, my lord." "Give it to me," said the duke,

name of this young woman?" "Yes, sir, I do know it," replied the

ing me very strange questions?"

ton. "The circumstances are mo rious than perhaps you imagine."

took it from Felton.

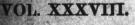
the castle.'

"He

Felton

duke

woman."



IN OLD ADACE

54575 ...

THE THREE GUARDSMEN

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

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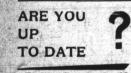
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He was armed at all points. "You began to pervert my poor Fel-ton. He was yielding to your infernal influence, but I will save him. He will never see you again. All is over," said he. "Get your clothes together. To-morrow you shall go. I had fixed the embarkation for the 24th, but I have reflected that the more promptly the af-fair takes place the more creatin it will be. Tomorrow by 12 o'clock I shall have the order for your exile signed-Buckingham." And at these, words the baron went out. If you are not the NEWS ANT **UBERVER** is. Subscribe for it at keep von a

laughter resounded through the corri-lor. The baron, attracted by the noise, in his robe de chambre, his sword un-der his arm, stood in the doorway. "Ah, ha!" said he. "Here we are, arrived at the last act of the tragedy. You see, Felton, the drama has gone through all the phases I named, but be at ease, no blood will flow." "You are mistaken, my lord; blood will flow; and may that blood full back "They will discover us!" "No; if it does not lighten they will "But they will run against the lad- ple with heat and passion. der."

"Fortunately it is too short by six bet." "A pressing message from the Lord de Winter," suid he. ... At the name of Lord de Winter, who "Fortunately it is too short by six feet." de Winter," said be. At the name of Lord de Winter, who Both remained suspended, motionless and breathiess within twenty paces of the ground, while the patroi passed be-neath them laughing and talking. "Now," said Feiton, "we are safe." Milady breathed a deep sigh and the the moment he authered the partic will flow; and may that blood fall back on those who cause it to flow!" said milady.

fainted. Felton uttered a cry and rushed Felton continued to descend. When arrived at the bottom of the ladder and he found no more support for his feet he clung with his hands. At length, arrived at the last step, he hung by his hands and touched the ground. He stooped down, picked up the bag of mouey and carried it in his arms and set off briskly in the direc-tion opposite to that which the matrice Felton continued to descend. When ward her. He was too late; she had stabbed herself. But the knife had fortunately-we ought to say skillfully -come in contact with the steel busk, which at that period, like a cuirase

which at that period, like a currass, defended the chests of the women. It had gilded down it, tearing the robe, and had penetrated slantingly between the flesh and the ribs. Milady's robe was not the less 'stain-ed with blood in a second. Felton snatched away the knifs. "See, my lord." said he in a deep, gloomy tone, "here is a woman who was under my guard and who has klli-ed herself." tion opposite to that which the patrol had taken. He soon left the path of the rounds, descended across the rocks and, when arrived on the edge of the

CHAPTER XLI.

Escape.

norning of the 22d.

risoner wished to speak to him. At 6 o'clock Lord de Winter ca

He was armed at all points.

sea, whistled. A similar signal replied to him, and ed herself!" "Be at ease, Felton," said Lord de Winter; "she is not dead. Demons do

we minutes after a boat appeared; rowed by four men. The boat approached as near as it Winter: "she is not dead. Demons do not die so easily. Be at ease and go and wait for me in my chamber." At this injunction from his superior Feiton obeyed, but in going out he put the knife into his bosom. As to Lord de Winter, he contented himself with calling the woman who waited on milady, and when she was come he recommended the prisoner, who was still fainting, to her care, and left her abne with her. could to the shore, but there was not depth of water enough for it to touch, and Felton walked into the sea up to his middle, being unwilling to trust his

precious burden to anybody. "To the sloop," said Felton, "and while the boat was advancing with all the speed its four rowers could give on took some sea water and it Felt

But as, all things considered, not withstanding his suspicions, the wound enrinkled it over milady's face. She breathed a sigh and ope eyes. "Oh, saved, saved!" cried she. "Ah, might be serious, he immediately sen

thanks, Felton, thanks!" The young man pressed her off a man and horse to fetch a doctor

heart. Milady looked around her as if in A Lord de Winter had thought, milady's wound was not dan-gerous. It was, however, nec-essary to affect weakness and pain, not a very difficult task for so

"It is there," said Felton, touching "It is there," said Felton, touching the bag of money with his foot. They drew near to the sloop. "Where is it to take me to?" "Where you please after you have put me on shore at Portsmouth."

pan, not a very diment that for so finished an actress as milady. The presence of her attendant did not prevent milady from thinking. There was no longer a doubt that Fel-ton was convinced.-Felton was hers. But Lord de Winter might have susput me on shore at Portsmouth." "What are you going to do at Ports-mouth?" asked milady. "To accomplish the orders of Lord de Winter," said Felton, with a gloomy smile. "As he mistrusted me, he de-termined to guard you himself and sent me in his place to get Bucking-ham to sign the order for your trans-cortation. I have no time to lose. To in a voice that became more sharp and rough, "that your grace knows that it is to Lady de Winter this reected him. Felton himself might nov be watched. Toward 4 o'clock in the morning the portation. I have no time to lose. To

doctor arrived. He satisfied himself that the case was not serious. In the morning milady, under the pretense of not having slept well in the night and morrow is the 23d, and Buckingham sets sail tomorrow with his fleet for La Rochelle. But he will not sail." Milady started with joy. She could wanting rest, sent away the woman. She had only one day left. Lord de Winter had announced her embarka-tion for the 23d, and it was now the read to the depths of the heart of this

young man. The death of Bucking-ham was there written at full length. "Felton," cried she, "you are as great as Judas Maccabeus! If you die I will morning of the 22d. Although she had eaten nothing in the morning, the dinner was brought in at its usual time. Milady then per-ceived with terror that the uniform of die with you." "Silence!" cried Felton. "We are ar-

rived." An instant after they were on the the soldier that guarded her was changed. Then she ventured to ask what had become of Felton. She was told that he had left the castle an hour

deck of the sloop. "Captain," said Felton, "this is the erson of whom I spoke to you and whom you must convey safe and sound before on horseback. She inquired if the baron was still at the castle. The soldier replied that he was and that he had given orders to be informed if the to France." "For 1,000 pistoles," said the cap-

ter came in

ain. "I have paid you 500 of them." "That's correct," said the captain. "And here are the other 500," re-plied milady. "If you keep your word. plied milady.

Part.

arrest immediately. THE ing else of you." ham.

-

Pine

Let a choic, had an made their way move the chamber. Cries of despair re-sounded on all sides. Lord de Winter tore his hair in ago-ny. He had learned of milady's escape. had remembered the verbal caution D'Artignan had transmitted to him by he necessary had transmitted for the adminaity covered with dust and streaming with perspiration. His countenance, usually so pale, was purhis messenger, had trembled for the duke and had galloped off at full speed. The duke, however, was not dead. anu His He recovered a little. "Gentlemen," said he, "leave me

alone with Patrick and Laporte - Ab. is that you, De Winter? You sent me a strange madman this morning. See what a state he has placed me in!" "Oh, my lord," cried the baron, "I shall never console myself for it!" "And you would be quite wrong, my dear De Winter. But leave us, I pray

At the moment he entered the vestiyou." bule another man was 'entering like-wise, covered with dust and out of breath, leaving at the gate a post The baron went out sobbing with

grief. "What has she written to me?" said Buckingham feebly. Laporte broke the seal and placed the

paper before the eyes of the duke, but Buckingham in vain endeavored to make out the writing. "Read!" said he. Laporte read:

Laporte read: Milord-By that which since I have known you I have suffered by you and for you I conjure you, if you have any care for my repose, to interrupt those great arma-ments which you are preparing against France; to put an end to a war of which it is publicly said religion is the ostensible cause and of which it is generally whis-pered your love for me is the concealed and real cause. Be careful of your life, which is men-aced and which will be dear to me from the moment I am not obliged to see an enemy in you. Your affectionate ANNE

ANNE. "Have you nothing else to say to me "She charged me to tell you that she

still loved you." "Ah." said Buckingham, "my death then, will not be to her as the a stranger. Patrick, bring me the cas ket in which the diamond studs were kept and the sachet of white satin upor which her cipher is embroidered in

"Ay lord, said Felton, the Baron de Winter wrote to you the other day to request you to sign an order of embarkation relative to a young woin-an named Charlotte Backson." "Yes, sir, and I answered him that pearls. Patrick obeyed. "Here, Laporte," said Buckingham "these are the only remembrances is ever received from her, this sliver cas

ket and these letters. You will restor them to her majesty, and as a last me morial"-he looked round for some valable object—"you will add"— His eyes, darkened by death, met

"I do know it perfectly well." "And will your grace sign that ort fall, said: der without remorse?" Buckingham looked at the young

"Do you know, sir, that you are ask ingham was dead he ran to Felton, whom the soldiers still guarded on the "Reply to them, my lord," said Fel-on. "The circumstances are more se-

young man, who had regained his cool-ness and self possession, "what hast thou done?" Buckingham reflected that the young man, coming from Lord de Winter, perhaps spoke in his name"

Winter, perhaps spoke in his name." "Doubtless," said he, "the baron knows as well as myself that Lady de Winter is a very guilty woman, and i is treating her very favorably to remi her punishment to transportation. I should do justice to my lady by send be her last crime."

ing her to Tyburn. She is an infamou "My lord, Lady de Winter is an angel. You know that she is, and I demand her liberty of you." you yourself to appoint me captain. I

that is all." that is all." De Winter, quite stupefied, looked on while the soldiers bound Felton. One thing alone, however, threw a shade over the pallid brow of Felton. At evto me in this manner!" said Bucking

ery noise he heard the simple Puritan fancied he recognized the step and voice of milady coming to meet death with him.

with him. All at once he started. His eyes be-came fixed upon a point of the ses. He saw the sail of the sloop, which was directed toward the coast of France.

ed all th



MRS. STEPHEN B. AYRES

son and Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall, wives of the leading Democratic candi-dates, are honorary president and honorary vice-president respectively, and Mrs. John S. Crosby is president, has opened headquarters at 1123 Broadway.

ars. John S. Crosby is president, has opened headquarters at 1128 Broadway, New York city, in charge of the corresponding secretary, Mrs. Btephen B. Ayres, wife of Congressman Ayres of New York. The work being accomplished daily by Mrs. Ayres and her corps of ste-nographers and aids is not for the campaign moment only, but foundation building for the future of Democracy. It is the first strictly woman's ma-tional political movement to be organized in the United States and, as such, appeals to thinking women everywhere. "It has not declared for or against the question of equal suffrage nor

"It has not declared for or against the question of equal suffrage nor should it be expected to do so any more than it would discuss the questions of religion." said Mrs. Aytes from her post as "live wire" of the league. "We are simply good Democrats banded together for "the greatest good to the greatest number" of American housewives, who today are required to pay more in this country for American housewives, who today are required to pay more in this country for American goods than they would have to pay for the same goods in a foreign land." She is especially interested in the tariff on articles in constant feminine use and has developed into quite a speaker at the "housewives" meetings of the tariff committee of the national Democratic committee.

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conceived in these terms: The superior of the convent of Bethune will place in the handle of the person who shall present this note to her the novice who entered the convent upon my recom-mendation and under my patronage. ANNE. box. 25c.

ed M. de Treville and permitted him to distribute leaves of absence for four

be imagined, were to our four friends. Still further, Athos obtained of M. de Treville six days instead of four and introduced into these six days two more nights, for they set out on the

two or three borses (which I care little about, as I have plenty of money) I am at Bethune, I present my letter from the queen to the superior, and I bring back the dear treasure 1 go to beek, not into Lorraine, not into Bei gium, but to Paris, where she will be much better concealed, particularly while the eardfinal is at La Rochelle Remain, theo, where you are and do not exhaust yourselves with useless fatigue. Myseif and Planchet. That is this requires." To this Ather regulation

At Eikin a norse hay down to this requires." To this Athos replied quietly: "Consider, D'Artagnan, Bethune is a city at which the cardinal has ap-punctured the animal's neck and

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His eyes, darkened by death, met with nothing but Felton's kuife. "And you will add to them this kuife," said the duke, pressing the hand, of Laporte. Then in a last convulsion he slipped off the sofa on the floor. At this moment the duke's surgeon arrived. He took the duke's hand, held At this moment the duke's surgeon arrived. He took the duke's hand, held it for an instant in his own and, letting in this letter was inclosed conceived in these terms:

"All is useless; he is dead." "Dead! Dead!" screamed Patrick. As soon as Lord de Winter saw Buck-

"Miserable wretch," said he to the

"I have avenged myself," said be. "Avenged yourself!" said the barob. "Rather say that you have served as an instrument to that accursed woman But I swear to you that this crime shall

"I don't know what you mean," re-plied Felton. "I killed the Duke of Buckingham because he twice refused

have punished him for his injustice, "Why, the man must be mad to talk

ham. "Master Felton, you will please to withdraw and place yourself under "You shall hear me to the end, my lord. You have seduced this young girl. Repair your crimes toward her, let her go free, and I will require noth-

"You will require!" said Buckinglooking at Felton with astonish

ing more excited as he spoke-"my lord, beware! All England is tired of upon his heart, which was breaking,

At the Louvre, Aug. 10, 165. The escort passed through Paris on the 23d in the night. The king thank-

days. The four first leaves granted, as may

more ngnrs, in the evening, and 24th at 5 o'clock in the evening, and ns a further kindness M. de Treville post dated the leave to the 25th in the morning. Said D'Artagnan: "In two days and by knocking up backache and pain across the hips. "In two days and by knocking up backache and pain across the hips."

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upholds Judge Ferguson. The aled and the Supreme Court reme Court holds the sale was mated at the whiskey ise, where the order was filled.

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baron went out. A storm came on about 10 o'elock. The thunder growled in the air like the passion and anger in her thoughts. All at once milady heard a tap at her win-dow, and by the help of a flash of lighthing site saw the face of a man appear behind the bars. She ran to the window and opened it. "Felton!" cried abe. "I am saved!" "Yes," said Felton, "but be silent, be-silent! I must have time to file through these bars. Only take care that I am not seen through the grating of the

not seen through the grating of the

out in there.

"Oh, it is a proof that the Lord is on our side, Feiton," replied milady. "They have closed up the grating with a

"That is well. God has made them enseless," said Felton. "Be ready at

senseless," said Felton. "Be ready at the first signal." Milady shut the window and extin-guished the lamp. At the expiration of an hour Felton tapped again. Milady opened the window. Two bars removed formed an opening large mongh for a man to pass through. "Are you ready?" asked Felton. "Yes. Must I take anything with ma".

"Money, if you have any." "Here," said milady, placing full of louis in Feiton's hands. Feiton took the bag and threw it to the foot of the wall. "Now," said he, "come!" Milady mounted upon a chair and passed the upper part of her person through the window. She saw the young officer suspended over the shyss by a ladder of rones.

ider of ropes. you confidence in me?' said "Have you co supposing he was at liberty h rejoin her in France at the of the Carmelites at Betbune. "How can you ask me such a que

"Pass your arms around my neck and

"But I shall make you lose balance, and we shall both be d

"Don't be afraid. I am a sailor." Not a second was to be lost. Milad I let herself slip out of the window ton began to descend the indee wiy step by step. Notwithstanding weight of their bodies the blast o hurricane made them wave in the

All at once Felton stopped. "Silence," said he. "I hear foo of the patrol going their round."

your iniquities. God will punish you bereafter, but I will punish you here." "Well, this is too much!" cried Buckingham

"My lord," continued Felton, becom-

ask it humbly of you, my lord," said Felton. "Sign this order for the liberation of Lady de Winter." He

held a paper to the duke. "Never! Who waits there?" cried the duke and at the same time sprang toward his sword. But Felton did not give him time to

He held the knife with whi nilady had stabbed herself open in his posom. At one bound he was upon the đuke. At that moment Patrick entered the

oom, crying: "A letter from France, my lord." Felton plunged the knife into his side

up to the handle. "Ah, traitor," cried Buckingham "thou hast killed me!" "Murder!" screamed Patrick.

Felton Walked Into the Sea Up to His Middle. Felton cast his eyes round for ment

f escape and, seeing the door free e rushed into the next chamber an instead of 500 I will give you 1,000 he rushed into the next chamber and precipitated himself toward the stair-case, but upon the first step he met Lord de Winter, who, seeing him pale, confused, livid and stained with blood, both upon his hands and face, seized bits certer. "In the meanwhile," said Felton "convey me to the little bay of — You know it was agreed you should The captain replied by ordering the accessary maneuvers, and toward 7 o'clock in the morning the little vessel cast anchor in the bay that had been

him, crying: "I knew it! I guessed it! But too late by a minute, unfortunate, unfortunate that I am!"

named. It was agreed that milady should wait for Felton till 10 o'clock. If he did not return by 10 o'clock she was to sail without him. In that case and tunate that I am!" Felton made no resistance. Lord de Winter placed him in the hands of the guards, who led him, while awaiting fresh orders, to a little terrace looking out upon the sea. And then the baron hastened to the duke. At the cry uttered by the duke and the scream of Patrick, the man whom Felton had met in the antechamber rushed into the closet. He found the ng he was at liberty he was to

CHAPTER XLII,

Took Place at Portem Aug. 23, 1628.

A song as Feiton remained in the boat which conveyed him to land he kept his face toward milady, who, standing on the Aask, followed him with her eyes. He

ed her a last time and took his

and at once perce ery. Milady had advanced her de-parture by an hour and a haif. As soon as she heard the cannon which announced the fatal event she had or-

dered the anchor to be weighed.

CHAPTER XLIII.

In France. THE first fear of the King of England, Charles I., on learn-ing of the death of the duke was that such terrible news might discourage the Rochellais. He endeavored, says Richelieu in his mem-

endeavored, says Richelieu in his mem-oirs, to conceal it from them as long as possible, closing all the ports of his kingdom and carefully keeping watch that no vessel should go out until the army which Buckingham was cetting army which Buckingham was getting together had set sail. But as he did not think of giving this

order till five hours after the event-that is to say, till 2 o'clock in the afternoon-two vessels had already left the port-the one bearing, as we know, mi-lady. As to the second vessel, we will tell hereafter whom it carried and how it set sail.

it set sail. During all this time nothing fresh oc-curred in the camp at La Rochelle; only the king, who grew weary, resolv-ed to go incognito and spend the fes-tival of St. Louis at St. Germain's, and asked the cardinal to order him an es-cort of twenty musketeers only. M. de Treville fixed upon our four friends

It must be admitted that their impa-tience to return toward Parls and for cause the danger which Mme. Bona-cleux would run of meeting at the con-vent of Bethune with milady. Aramis, therefore, had written immediately to the seamstress at Tours to obtain from the queen authority for Mme. Bona-cleux to leave the convent and to ré-tire aither into Lorraine or Belgium A week after Aramis received the fol-

A week after Arams . A week after Arams . Iowing letter: My Dear Cousin-With this you will ceive the order from my sister to v draw our little servant from the con of Bethune, the air of which you does not agree with her. My sister you this order with great pleasure, ff is very partial to the little girl, to she intends to be more serviceable I salute you. MARIE MICT

MARIE MICHON.

only to deal with four men, D'Arta it died of blood poison. gman, I would glow you to go alone. You have to do with that woman. Fortunes In Fact

You have to do with that woman. We will go." On the evening of the 25th as they grain was dismounting at the lun of the Golden Candlestick to drink a grass of whe a horseman came out of the Golden Candlestick to drink a grass of whe a horseman came out of the a lorseman came out of the a lorse is leaf of the saying "her face is her fortune," saying "her face is her fortune," sub ti i's never said where pimples, skin eruptions, blotches, or other blow is back of thein , all, and shows the need of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They promote health and beauty. Try them. 25 cents at Graham Drug Co. Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston, has been sued by a local florist for the recovery of \$3,525.98 charged for flowers alleged to have been pur-

ly over his eyes. D'Artagnan, who had his eyes fixed

or, but was stopped by his ed that flowers purchased on 285

"Where are you going to now in this fashion?" cried Athos.

my evil genius, he who accompanied the horrible woman when I met her for the first time! To horse, gentle-

men, to horse!" Let us pursue him. We shall overtake him!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sumptuary Laws,

the doo friends.

Sumptuary Laws. Sumptuary laws are not of modern. origin. Lycurgus, the celebrated lawgiver of Sparta, instituted such laws B. C., and even earlier than the Spar-tan laws were those of the Jews established by Moses. Sumptury laws were plentiful in ancient Rome, and when the wealth and luxury of the Empire were at their height they were as thick as daisies in the summir meadows. In moders times sumptury

laws have been frequent in England and were not suppressed until 1850.

"What are the principal activities of the official position our friend occu-ples?" "Those involved in holding or to it." replied Senator Sorghum.

Comes now the "noiseless motorboat," "Twould be an improvement, too, if some one when the thing's affoat Would invent a noiseless crew.

Multing?

Fortunes In Faces

flowers alleged to have been pur-

chased in ten years between 1901 upon this man, became very pale and enabed in ten years between 1901 let his glass fall. Then he ran toward and 1911. In the suit it is declar-

> occasions are not paid for. The amount of the bill is said to be

"It is her" cried Athos. "Let \$3,224.63, on which the mayor is me overtake him. That cursed man, icredited with \$583.50, while the credited with \$583.50, while the

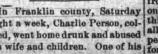
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The four young men heard the news a quarter of an hour after M. de Tre-ville, for they were the first to whom he communicated it. It must be admitted that their impa-

tire either into Lorraine, or Belg

sainted her a last time and took has course toward the city. He entered Portamouth about 8 o'clock in the morning. The whole population was on foot. Drums were beating in the streets and in the port. The troops about to be embarked were marching toward the ses. Feiton arrived at the palace of the

rushed into the closet. He found the duke recliming upon a sofa with his hand pressed upon the wound. "Laporte," stid the duke in a faint voice, "Laporte, do you come from voice, "Laporte, do you come from her?" "Yes, mousicur," replied the faithful cloak bearer of Anne of Austria, "but