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After eating, persons of a bilious habit will derive great benefit by taking one of these pills. If you have been DRINKING TOO MUCH, they will promptly relieve the nausea, SICK HEADACHE and nervousness which follow, restore the appetite and remove gloomy thoughts. Elegantly sugar coated. **Do Not Substitute.**

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The news comes from Bermuda,

where Gov. Wilson is spending his vacation, that the Governor has written a letter to William J. Bryan inviting him to a conference after Mr. Wilson's return from Bermuda. The President-elect wishes to take counsel with a number of the other Democratic leaders regarding his future program.

When you have a bilious attack

give Chamberlain's Tablets a trial. They are excellent. For sale by all dealers.

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\$2,316,940 for work on North Carolina waters in estimates for the new rivers and harbors bill.

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Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. Sold by Graham Drug Co.

Player Folk Incognito

Romance That Came of a Vacation Spent on Apple Tree Farm

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"I simply want to be myself for awhile," explained Susanna Whitmore to motherly Mrs. Holden as they sat in the cool shade of the farmhouse porch. "After one has portrayed a dozen different characters during a season you can imagine the blessed relief of getting away from the atmosphere of the playhouse. Please—please do not tell anybody that I am an actress. Won't you let me be your niece from Wayback?"

Mrs. Holden smiled into the beautiful gray eyes. "Ah, my dear, you will be playing a part, then, won't you?" she asked.

"Not that way," returned Florine rather scornfully. "I can get through this way." She moved along a few steps and, bending down, crept through a pair of fallen rails into the other field. There she watched the graceful descent of Susanna with strong disapproval in her long, narrow countenance. Just then her mouth snapped open with sudden surprise.

"My gracious! she ejaculated, staring at Susanna.

"What is the matter? Not a snake—or a bug?" faltered the city girl, fidgeting tentatively of her hair and skirts.

"No—only—say, do you ever go to the moving picture shows?" demanded Florine abruptly.

"I have been to several places," Susanna's eyebrows arched with surprise. "Why?"

"You haven't been over to Riverside, then? They had a show there a few weeks ago—something about a farmer's daughter—and one of the pictures showed a girl crossing a fence just as you did now, and she did it the same way, and she looked just like you too! Funny, isn't it?"

"An extraordinary coincidence," admitted the young actress demurely. "It flashed across her now that she and her company had enacted that popular play before the film makers.

"I've got my opinion of actresses," remarked Florine as they walked slowly through the clover field.

"I've got mine, too," rejoined Susanna merrily.

"Mine isn't a very high one either. I could pick one out of a crowd any day."

"In what way?" Susanna was enjoying herself.

"In the first place, they always dye their hair yellow, and they paint their faces and wear low neck dresses all day long, with earrings and such stuff," returned Florine scornfully.

"Have you seen very many actresses?" asked Susanna sweetly. "I am sure you never could have, for your idea of stage people seem so old-fashioned somehow."

"Old-fashioned!" sniffed Florine Tanner. "That's just what George says. I asked him what he knew about it. He's only a hired man, you know, and never has had advantages."

Susanna was amused. "What did George say?" she inquired.

"Oh nothing! He merely laughed and went off whistling."

"Here comes your hired man," said Susanna as the first of the herd of Tanner's Holsteins came slowly round the turn of the path.

The girls stood aside as the cows ambled homeward, with the farm hand bringing up the rear. His straw hat was pushed back, and Susanna saw a very handsome unshorn face, with sparkling blue eyes, in strong contrast to straggling locks of jet black hair. He stopped whistling as he glimpsed the girls, and his happy, careless expression was crystallized in a look of mingled surprise and admiration as his eyes met Susanna's straight glance.

He whistled off the enormous hat as he passed them. Florine Tanner nodded condescendingly, and Susanna smiled.

"He puts on more airs than a king," commented Florine impatiently as they resumed their walk. "He wouldn't even tell father where he came from. We wouldn't have kept him, only he's such a splendid workman. Mother says he may turn out to be an impostor, and she declares that the night before he goes she's going to hide the silver spoons."

Susanna reddened. "I hardly believe he would do that sort," she said. "He doesn't look that sort."

Florine laughed. "I hope you ain't going to fall in love with him." She was beginning familiarly when she caught the daily stare of Susanna's eyes. "Oh well, I was only fooling," she said lightly. But Susanna made no reply, and the walk was ended in constraint.

There came a day when she set forth to search for the nest of the blue heron, whose favorite haunt was in the thicket, marshy tangle in the willow thickets, where Tanner's brook ceased its merry chatter and became a sluggish, silently flowing stream until it emerged once more into the open meadow as noisy and sociable as ever.

Susanna had never ventured near the marsh alone, and therefore she did not know his treachery. She was looking up into a ragged poplar for the roughly constructed nest when her foot left firm ground and sank into the oozy marsh mud. She pulled out one foot only to feel the other sinking still deeper in the mire, and finally the free foot sank beside it, and she was quill helpless in the cold-grasp of the swamp. Twice she called for help in a quivering voice before the strong "halloo" of Tanner's farm hand responded.

When he saw her plight he uttered an exclamation of concern, and planting his feet on two firm hummocks, he grasped her firmly and lifted her out of danger. "I'm afraid you've spoiled

your shoes," he said ruefully, bending to wipe the mud from them with his handkerchief.

"Never mind the shoes, Mr. George," said Susanna gratefully. "How can I thank you for getting me out of that predicament? I was walking along with my eyes in the air, looking for the nest of the blue heron, when I sank in the mire."

George arose to his full height and flung his big straw hat to the ground. "Follow me and stop wherever I do and I'll guarantee to show the nest. I discovered it the other day."

Independent Susanna, who had directed things for herself the last seven years, walked manfully beside the farm hand, who drew aside a clump of willows and said, "Look here!" The blue heron sailed off his nest, dragging his ungainly legs behind him. Susanna snapped a picture of the nest with a little pocket camera, and then she walked away to the fields toward Holden's orchard.

"I suppose we may say we are acquainted," smiled George whimsically. "But I would like to start square with you, Miss Whitmore." He hesitated, and an anxious look came into his bright eyes.

"New?" Susanna asked, and the farm hand was standing on the other side now, overcome by an embarrassment she had never felt before.

"I'm not what I appear to be, Miss Whitmore. I came down here and tackled farm work in order to regain my monthly income and to prepare for a hard winter's work, but if Silas Tanner knew who I really was he wouldn't have me around the premises. As for his good wife and Miss Florine—well! He whistled ruefully and looked away toward the Tanner homestead.

"New?" Susanna asked rather late. "You haven't told yet," she hinted nervously, fearful of his confidence.

"Oh, of course I haven't! I hope you're not as narrow minded as the rest of 'em, but the fact is I'm—an actor!" He snapped out the word and expressed a grim smile as he spoke, for Susanna started violently. "I won't bite," he added kindly.

"Neither will I," flashed Susanna merrily, "and I am an actress!"

"What?" His eyes were sparkling incredulously, and he took a step forward.

"Susanna Whitmore, alias Susanna Fay."

"Not the Susanna Fay?" he asked hesitantly.

She nodded. "And you?"

"George Hinkins. Why, I've been engaged to start with you this season

CUSTOMS OF WAR

Rules That Contending Armies Are Expected to Obey.

A GRIM CODE OF ETIQUETTE.

The Enemy May Be Starved to Death or Into Yielding by Stopping His Supplies, but His Food Must Not Be Poisoned—Prisoners of War.

War—that is, warfare between civilized nations—has its code of etiquette known as the customs of war, some of which are written, others tacitly agreed to, and these rules and regulations controlling armies are supposed to regard as sacred and to obey them rigidly.

Obvious examples of fighting etiquette are the rules which protect the Red Cross flag, of the ambulance and forbid the use of explosive or within limits, expanding bullets.

Normally a general may use any means in his power to bring his foe to subjection, but there is a well-defined boundary line. A leader may cut off his enemy's food and water supplies. He may subject him to all the horrors of famine and thirst, but he must not poison his food or water.

Supposed a place is besieged and that outside the walls are wells, which the besiegers cannot effectively hold and which the besieged can reach under cover of night. The besieger would be justified in sending parties to fill up the wells with earth and stones or to destroy them by dynamite. On the other hand, to pollute the wells with poison or to throw dead animals into them would be an infamy.

A "prisoner of war" has his rights. He may be asked to give his parole—i. e., to promise not to escape—but he must not be forced to give his parole and is not to be punished for refusing to do so. A prisoner on parole who attempts to escape is liable to be shot, either when escaping or if retaken alive.

An unparoled prisoner may also be shot while in the act of escaping, but if recaptured it would be murder to shoot him, and he should not be punished for his attempt, though he may be placed in more rigorous confinement.

A prisoner may be compelled to earn his "keep" by working at his trade, if he has one, or by doing work for his captors not of a purely military nature. Thus he may be ordered to assist in draining the camp in which he is a prisoner, but it would not be fair to put him to building fortifications.

The customs of war justify the employment of spies, but under certain rules, if a soldier voluntarily turns traitor to the other side he is entitled to make use of him, but it is not honorable to tempt a soldier to betray his own side.

If he tempted a man may pretend to turn traitor and deceive the enemy with false information. On the other hand, voluntarily to go over to the other side is entitled to the same treatment as a deserter, but it is not honorable to tempt a soldier to betray his own side.

An officer or soldier, however, caught in the enemy's camp must not be treated as a spy, but as a prisoner of war, provided he is not disguised.

If a commander takes part in a charge or perpetually exposes himself to fire he must take his chance of being shot, but in big affairs it is not the "game" to detail marksmen to try to pick off your opponent's general, though every effort may be made to capture him.

When a city or town is bombardarded public buildings—unless used for defensive purposes—should be spared as far as possible. When a place is captured the victorious foe is entitled to seize art treasures, and so on, and to hold them to ransom. No injury or destruction would be the act of a vandal.

When a country is invaded the invader can compel the inhabitants to supply him with food and other supplies and to act as guides, workmen and drivers.

When a country is invaded to any recognized military force, takes up arms against an invader is liable to be shot like a dog when captured. Retaliation is sanctioned by the customs of war. It is military vengeance and takes place when an outrage committed on one side is avenged by the commission of the same on the other.

Thus an unjust execution of prisoners by the enemy may be followed by the execution of an equal number of prisoners held by the opponents, and this act of retaliation has been frequently enforced, even in recent years.—London Answers.

Don't Like Taxes.

Cases against George Washington appear here and there in old documents. No less than three times were entered against him during the year 1787 to compel him to pay taxes. The honorific clerk, commenting on these actions, remarked, "George Washington, Esq., appeareth not to like taxes."

So Inquisitive.

Memoirs after her youngest's first day at school—Now, Fritz, what did you do in school today? Fritz: Well, such curious people! First the teacher asks me what we did at home, and now you come and ask what we have done in school!—Hilgenroth's History.

A Suffering.

Mrs. Hiram O'Brien: "I'm afraid you won't do. As a matter of fact, you have worked in six or seven places during the past year. Miss Brady: Well, no! how many times has yourself had the same time? No, less. I'm thinking—Boston Transcript.

The Smile That Counts

It is easy enough to be pleasant. When life flows by like a song. But the man worth-while in the one who will smile.

When everything goes wrong. For the test of the heart is trouble. And it always comes with the years.

And the smile that is worth the praise of earth.

It is the smile that shines through tears.—H. P. Chandler.

HUSHED NIAGARA FALLS.

The Roar of its Mighty Waters Once Stilled For a Day.

Only once in history has the roar of the mighty falls of Niagara been silenced. The startling phenomenon occurred on March 31, 1848. Early on that morning people living near the falls were surprised by a strange hush, as starting in effort as would be an unexpected and tremendous explosion in an ordinarily quiet community. Many persons thought they had been afflicted with deafness, and all were oppressed by a sensation of dread.

With the coming of light the amazed people comprehended the reason for the disquieting silence. Where they were used to seeing the great falls was a bare irreflex down the face of which a few small and constantly diminishing streams trickled. Above the falls, instead of a rushing river, was only a naked channel, with insignificant brooks spilling among the rocks. All about the surrounding condition could be seen in a few minutes. Drywood from the Canadian side, along the very edge of the precipice, as far as Goat Island on the American side.

Early in the morning of April 1 the familiar thunder of the great cataract was again heard and has never since been silent, though similar conditions have occurred, and strong enough to begin. The winter of 1847-8 was one of extreme severity, and ice of unprecedented thickness formed on Lake Erie. When the breakup came toward the end of March a strong southeast wind was blowing, and the ice was piled into banks as large as icebergs. Drywood from the Canadian side, along the very edge of the precipice, as far as Goat Island on the American side.

Toward the night of March 30 the wind suddenly changed to the opposite direction, increased to a terrific gale and drove the ice into the entrance of Niagara river with such force that a huge dam was formed, of such thickness and solidity as to be practically impenetrable and strong enough to hold back the great mass of water pressing against it. At last, in the early morning of April 1, the ice dam gave way under the tremendous pressure of restrained water, and the falls were once again one of the scenic wonders of the world.—New York Times.

YOUR SIXTH SENSE.

The Faculty That Enables You to Preserve Your Equilibrium.

It is almost a 1,000 to 1 bet that you don't know you have a sixth sense. But you have, nevertheless. It is known as the sense of equilibrium.

The sixth sense is located in the semicircular canals of the inner ear, which sense a person is in danger of falling by losing his equilibrium. A warning message is communicated to the brain. For years physiologists have been puzzled to know the function of these canals, because it was proved definitely that they had nothing to do with the sense of hearing or the sense of feeling the position of the body. Thus they came to be considered as semicircular tubes, similar at right angles to one another and full of a clear liquid.

Scientists have discovered that these canals enable a person to tell what position he is in no matter whether he is blind or deaf. By some peculiar process not well understood they warn us when we are about to fall and give us the consciousness of being in any position assumed.

Steeplejacks and other workers on high buildings who finally lose their nerve and are afraid to go very far above the ground have lost part of their sense of equilibrium. Examinations by physicians in such instances have shown that their semicircular canals were diseased. It was largely by this means that the existence of a sixth sense was discovered.—New York World.

Crushing.

The English Judge, Parry, in his book "What the Judge Saw" tells this story of a very masterful counsel who was not afraid to put even the bench in its place sometimes. On one occasion he was arguing a case when the judge asked for his authority for a certain statement.

"Caher," counsel called out in his most rasping voice, "go into the library and bring his lordship any elementary book on common law!"

The Spider's Thread.

The thread spun by a spider is so exceedingly fine that a pound of it would be long enough to reach around the earth. It would take ten pounds of it to reach to the moon and over 3,000 pounds to stretch to the sun. But to get a thread long enough to reach the nearest star would require half a million tons.

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A SUCCESSFUL CITY MARKET

One in DuBouque, Ia., Has Room For 200 Teams.

A CREDIT TO THE COMMUNITY

The Farmers Are Allowed to Sell From 7 to 11 in the Morning, and Then Everything is Cleaned Up For Afternoon of Quiet.

Many visitors to DuBouque, Ia., are amazed at the large truck market, which covers a dozen or more blocks, representing 200 teams. On Saturdays more than 300 wagons, standing side by side, are loaded with the very best choice garden vegetables, fruits, poultry and eggs from which to select.

From 7 to 11 o'clock in the morning thousands of people visit the market. It is interesting, especially on Saturday, to see there people of refinement, people of various means, color and nationality.

The fresh garden truck offered to the public is gathered less than twelve hours previous and sold at the very lowest prices. Each gardener has a stand or possibly sells direct from the truck wagon. The vegetables are neatly arranged on the stand or wagon, as it may be. In the fall large quantities of flowers are brought in and eagerly sought after by city people. They are arranged in suitable bouquets, and while they may add the ribbon of the most wealthy, the price is within the reach of the most humble. Sometimes a whole truck wagon filled with flowers is backed up to the sidewalk, while most of the stands and wagons are decorated with them.

At 11 o'clock the market closes, and very seldom does the gardener have anything to take back home, as he usually has regular customers, such as hotels, restaurants, etc., where the surplus is readily disposed of. Should one visit the vicinity of the market in the afternoon the impression that a truck market had been carried on there during the forenoon would never be gained, so neatly is everything cleaned up and the place put in order. This market certainly is a credit to the city. It gives the public the advantage of a large variety of garden truck, fresh every day and at prices within the reach of all, than would be possible if it did not exist.

The gardeners have an association and elect some of the members as officers to attend to the affairs of the association. Every year, usually in August, they have a picnic, and on that day no market is held, in order to enable all the members to attend. Many valuable prizes are offered by the association for the best decorated wagon and most unique and attractive display of vegetables, flowers, etc., as well as a horseback ride in the procession that parades the principal streets of DuBouque, headed by the military band. Wagons decorated with all kinds of flowers, vegetables and fruits in the most artistic manner are exhibited on the picnic grounds after the procession. This is as large an exhibit as is generally found at most county fairs, and the procession is as interesting and as large as that of most of the circuses throughout the country. Attractions of all kinds are presented on the picnic grounds, and the day is entirely devoted to the benefit of the gardeners.

GET RID OF WEEDS.

A Good Remedy Can Be Made at Home With Arsenic and Soda.

The thousands of persons who own suburban homes and live in them during the whole year or for the summer months only have a hard time freeing the walks from unsightly weeds. They might try this remedy with success:

Boil two pounds of arsenic and four pounds of soda in six gallons of water. To every gallon of the boiling mixture add three gallons of cold water and sprinkle it over the walks while it is warm. Do not put it on after the walks have been wet by the rain or by the hose. Use it when they are very dry and dusty.

Great Aid to a Town.

One of the liveliest commercial cities in the state of Kansas is at Arkansas City. It is results that count, and the club seems to be getting results. There is nothing so beneficial to a town, be it large or small, as a harmonious working together of its business men for the whole good of the place.

Youthful Heberness.

Because he had been a naughty little boy—a very naughty little boy—was sent to bed without any pudding. But in the evening, when his brothers and sisters all were fast asleep, he crept downstairs, a fearful little white robed figure, and, going into the library, said to his mother:

"Mummy, you told me never to go to sleep till I'd made peace with my enemies. So I've come down to forgive you and satisfy for being so rude to me at dinner tonight."



"MY GRACIOUS" SHE EJACULATED, STARRING AT SUSANNA.



"YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME," SHE HINTED NEUTRALLY.

"In 'What the World Says.' He smiled dizzily down into her gray eyes, and the thought of them ever since that first day had been in her with Florine. 'Isn't it wonderful that two out of all the world should have met here incognito?'"

Susanna laughed deeply. She was thinking of what Mrs. Holden had said to her that first day.

She looked at the orchard and the look of black and red, and he was still standing there by the bare stumps and, and to both of them it seemed that some sweet happiness was framed in either end of that green vista formed by the ranks of old apple trees.

The Eccentric Chemist.

The Cavendish home estate, Clapham, takes its name from the home of the eccentric chemist, the Hon. Henry Cavendish, whose famous experiment for the determination of the earth's density, made in his Clapham garden, gained him the title of "the man who weighed the earth." Cavendish, who left over a million sterling on his death, in 1810, lived all alone at Cavendish House, carrying his crazy for solitude to such an extent that, as Lord Brougham tells us, he refused to let himself be seen even by his servants and "used to order his dinner daily by a note left on the hall table, whence the house-keeper might take it."—London Mail.

Meant Nothing Personal.

"When you try to help other people such puzzling things happen," said a pretty young charities investigator to a newspaper man, and from her subsequent remarks he gathered that what did happen was this: The well-meaning girl was trying to find out why the poor man was idle. "Can't you find work?" she ventured sympathetically. "Sure, miss, any day I want it." "Well, why aren't you working today, then, instead of sitting in the house doing nothing?" "I didn't feel good today," she answered. "I was in bed, and when I got up I was so weak, I couldn't stand still, and the workman passes to listen, the vibrations being felt over a large area. It has no tongue, but the end of a wooden beam, suspended horizontally in a platform, swings forcibly against the brass mass. There are only two larger bells in the world, that of Hinkins Min, in Burma, and one at Moscow.

A Famous Olive Tree.

St. Torquatus, the apostle of Cadiz, lived in the first Christian century and planted an olive tree before the church dedicated to him in Cadiz. This tree is always in full bloom on the feast day of Torquatus, May 15.

WHY OWN

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

THE MERRIAM WEBSTER

Because it is a NEW ORIGINATOR, covering every field of the world's thought, action and culture. The only new unabridged dictionary in many years.

Because it defines over 400,000 words; many new words, before suggested, before used, before known.