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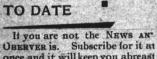
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was elected by 29 votes.

Tower of Bellaire Castle

By AGNES G. BROGAN

As I strode through the shadowy a score or more of years seemed to fall from my weary shoulders. Once more I was a care free youth, while each dimiy outlined peak and turret pointed my confident way to happi-ness. Unconsciously I pushed my cap rakishly back upon my forehead, while the lines of care which time had traced upon that brow and the fast silvering lock of hair above it were forgotten.

Here in one of the high, open spaces I paused, looking down into the valley, where tiny homes were huddled to-



"I FEARED TO SPEAK, ALMOST TO BREATHE, LEST SHE SHOULD VANISH." gether like dovecots. To these hum-ble villagers this castle, set upon a hill, had been a constant source of

in the isolated mansion as long as the oldest inhabitant could remember, and often as a lad 1 had sat at my grand-father's side as he mended his nets in the sands listening to thrilling tales of the haunted panel room. It was high in the tower, this room, and when winds howled without the dead women of the family Bellaire came back again to view the scenes of their triumph and view the scenes of their triumph and cruelty, for they had been heart wreeking damsels, these fadles all. And if one watched very closely in the light of a flickering free, my grandfather said, one night still see their facking faces reflected in the pollshed wainscoting. And sometimes when they had gone a token would be left behind—a rose perhaps, or a hit of silken scarf.

gone a token would be left behind—a rose, perhaps, or a bit of silken scarf.

I smiled now at the old folk tales. Ilingering there in the purple light, and thought sadly of the lad who had dared to mise bis eyes to the last fair daughter of Beljaire, for through all her sweet graciousness, through all the rhappy youthful years that he had been allowed to bask in her smile, she had never for one moment forgotten, this never for one moment forgotten, this proud maid of her race, that he was, after all, but a villinge lad whose place was low in the valley. I had not blam-ed her for this. She had always seem-Daily News and Observer \$7
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NEWS & OBSERVER PUB. CO

RALEIGH, N. C.

The North Carolinian and The
Alamance Gleaner will be sent for one year for Two Dollars. ed so far, so ineffably far, above

was myself—"you have promised to be my wife."

"A reckless promise," the girl returned, "much better broken than kept. I shall marry my father's choice. It is a duty I owe to my family and myself, for this man, who is good and kind and old; will make of my brother the physician be longs to be and my father need be troubled no longer concerning matters of money, while I—I may travel where I will."

So she gave me her cold little hand.

So she gave me her cold little hand, and the youth—that was I—went stumbling blindly down the hill to that lower place from whence he had come But to remain there longer was unbearable. The old grandfather realized this as I bade him goodby, and I went alone with my heartache out into the busy world. And here I met the brother of Helois. He was even now studying to be a physician, and so—the tale was told.

"It was not my fault, Paul, that she sent you away," the boy said.

sent you away," the boy said.
"I know," I answered. "You have
always been a good friend to me. Bob.
It is the women of your family alone

Inire."

Still intent upon past memories I continued my upward journey. Far above loomed the gray towers of the eastle, and suddenly from the high window gleamed a light. How often I had watched-for this light at evening, sitting before our narrow cottage door! And when it shone out a silvery putch across the sea it came to me as a silent message from her.

"It is thus I bid you good night, Paul," she had said. I smiled grimly that the recollection of her pretty fancies

The Panel In

the Wall

Strange flappening in the
Tower of Bellaire

still had power to son my neart. And what a strange trick was this which fate had played! After all the years of silence and separation to meet Bob upon a train and to recognize in the distinguished physician my bothood's old time friend. Bob himself was overloyed at the meeting.

"You have evidently been prosperous, Paul," he said, with an inclusive glance which rested approvingly upon my belongings and my person.

"Yes," I answered briefly, "I have been fortunate, and you?"

Bob's face sobered.

been fortunate, and you?

Bob's face sobered,

"As far as money goes I am not quite sure," he replied, "But I am doing good where it is sorely needed."

He smiled. "I am physician in charge to your old friends of the village, Paul."

"Married?" I questioned curtly.

"Bob's laugh rang out. "Why, no."
he replied. "I have been too busy to

think of marriage." I cleared my throat. Strange hove

difficult it was to mention her name.

"And Helois," I asked—"Helois and her busband live with you?"

Bob looked at me quickly. "Is it possible that you have not beard?" he said. "They are both dead. The old man didn't live long, and Helois died were after you went away." a year after you went away."

It was a long time before either of

can you not stop off at Bellaire upon your return and pay me a visit? It would do me a world of good, old man." So this twillight walk of mine was the utcome of his hearty invitation.

It was all so exactly as I had left it

one and twenty years ago-the low celled hall with its great fireplace, even the cheery faces of the old housekeep-er and her husband, whom time had touched so lightly, witle Bob, with his warm welcome and old enthusiasm, seemed still the happy hearted boy. It was drawing near the hour of mid night when the telephone summoned Bob to his study, and he came back to

"I am sorry," he added regretfully, "but Martha will make you comfortable, and you will find plenty of books and cigars up in the old panel room."

The old panel room. This was where we had spent so many happy evenings together, she and I. With conflicting feelings, I made my way up the oaken stair. Firelight flickered rostly upon the shifting panels, and at the farther end of the room a softly shaded lamp threw its radiance about the reading table, leaving all else in shadow. As my eyes became accustomed to the dim light I was startlingly aware of the light I was startlingly aware of the distinct outlines of a woman's white clad figure showing against the wain scoting. For a moment my heart ham mered away in foolish fear; then feature by feature, line by line, the vision revealed its-if. It was a painted por trait of Helois, a life sized, perfect portrait, fitted cunningly into a single light carred name. Lexywheat it close. portrait, fitted cunningly into a single high carved panel, I examined it close-ly. Her wonderful dusky hair was knotted loosely at the back of her shapely head, and in its soft waves nestled a rose.

So the past came back to me polan-antly, with a reality so great, so true, that I held my arms out to her and-works her name. Then as she broad

spoke her name. Then as she brood-ed over me, calm and pltiful. I called again, "Hefols," I cried, "Helois," and I declare to you I did not sleep or dream. Neither had my morbid imag infigs imposed upon my reason. What happened is a fact—an indisputable fact. As though in answer to my yearning call, the tall picture swayed uncertainly toward me; then with charming diffidence Helols herself stepped from the oaken frame and stood before my very eyes. I fear

stood before my very eyes. I feared to speak, almost to breathe, lesi
she should vanish from me.
"Dear," I said brokenly-"dear, I
have loved you always, but never se
much as now." Helois drew back
against the panel with a stiffed sob,
and there was that in her eyes which
I had never seen there before. As I
sat helpless she glided with an almost
imprescribite movement little, that ofe imperceptible movement into that pic tured inanimate thing which bung upon the wall. Dazedly I pressed my hands against the canvas, then care fully searched each corner of the room The key was still turned in the lock as looked out, was quite deserted. Ther as I stood utterly bewildered some as I stood litterly bewindered some thing upon the floor at my feet at tracted my attention—it was a fresh rinnamon-rose. With fingers that fum bled strangely I placed the flower in my notebook. "And sometimes," grandbled strangely I placed the flower in my notebook. "And sometimes," grand-father had said, "they leave a token behind, these women of Bellaire, ar-cose, perhaps, or a bit of silken searf." My visit was to end that evening and after a delightful day spent in viewing old familiar scenes Bob was prevented at the last moment from

prevented at the last moment from accompanying me to the station. When I reached that small structure it was only to find that my train had pulled out, so I retraced my steps.

I listened to the echoing sound of the old brans knocker. And, as the great door swang open before me, there in all her winsome, living, glowing reality stood Holots. She criced out and second hours field at label of no land.

"And now," I questioned compelling

The girl's eyes fell before mine; ther she raised them bravely. "I am," she replied, "the daughter of Helois." Trying to grasp this stupendous fact I sat staring dumbly. "I am said to be like my mother, the cits continued "so like that Incl.

"I am said to be like my mother, the girl continued, "so like that Uncle Bob requested me to keep out of the way white you were here, that your short visit might not be marred by painful memories. My entrance into the panel room last night was therefore accidental. The story which uncle had told me way forcetten when

for accidental. The story which uncle had told me was forgotten when I heard your cry of distress."

"Helois.' you called, and so I came."
"You also bear her name?" I asked slowly. The girl nodded.

I leaned toward her. "I am trying to understand," I said. "but I would awear that you stepped from that picture last night—directly from out the frame."

ed in self defense

"Why are you leaving us so abrupt-ly?" she asked as her steady eyes challenged mine, and as I knew she would have the truth I answered; "I go because I love you, Helois-be-cause I dare not offer to you the bur-den of my years." And as she moved silestly away from me I knew full well the meaning of

well the meaning of despair. Late I well the meaning of despair. Lafe I sat that night in the jameled room, thinking bitter thoughts as I almlessly fingered the withered petals of a cose. Clear and distinct shone out the portrait of the last daughter of Bellaire, and, as I leaned forward secritinizing the pajuting, slowly it moved toward me as a door that is opened. Falling noiselessly back against a second panel fitted in the wall, while in its piace, still framed. wall, while in its place, still framed in the great carried border, stood He-lois. I caught my breath sharply at the wonderful resemblance, the re-

markable illusion.
"You see," she said, as though explaining i simple matter, "this secret panel of an olden time opens into my sewing room. When I move back so" she withdrew a step or two-"the paint ing returns again to its proper place. It is, after all, merely a door and the mystery no mystery at all." Heiois sank down before the fire. "Panl," she,



never so much as now.'

never so much its now."

I bent over her eagerly. "The meaning is plain." I answered. "It was you whom I loved even then, Helois—you who were the fulfillment of all I had who were the last."

koped for and lost."

With a little glad cry she put out her

hands to me. Her eyes were shining-trill I fought against the sacrifice. "I am old, child." I said, "worn and

reverent with the wonder of it all-"is t possible that you can care for an id, dull fellow like me?"

Helois laughed softly, happily. "Yes.,

one, for we passed through the castle gates together. Helois and I, while be-fore us stretched a world of love and

ual labor in the manufacture of cham

The greatest depth of the sea yet discovered is 32,080 feet.

Seets, Carrots and Parenips.

Beets, currots and parsuips all contain a large percentage of sugar. Carrots and jursuips when young and ten der are very nutritions. The Marsi were a brave people of southern Italy, who, after several con-tests, yielded to the Romans about 301 B. C. During the civil wars they and

B. C. During the civil wars they and their afflier rebeifed, having demanded and been reffised the rights of Roman citizenship 91 R. C. After many suc-cesses and reverses they sued for and obtained peace and the rights they re-quired, 87 B. C. The Marsi being Socit of the Romans, this was called the So-clai war. placed in a cup and covered with a lit-tle cold water will keep for a couple of days. The water can easily be pour-ed of when the yolk is used.

Rat Pies,
In the year 1868 rat ples were frequently esten in the neighborhood of Nottingham, England. One inn made a feature of periodical rat suppers. Frank Buckland records the immunity from scurvy of those members of a polar expedition who did not disdain to partake of the cook's excellent rat

my visit. On the wild joy of tramping about the woods of Bellaire with Hebios, of bending about the woods of Bellaire with Hebios, of bending about the woods of Bellaire with Hebios, of bending about the woods of Bellaire with Hebios, of bending about the woods of Bellaire with Hebios, of bending about the woods of Bellaire with Hebios and twenty sears ago, for surely this was my own Helois radiant in her fresh young maldenbook. Surely the one long dream of my life would at last be realized. And then across my bright hopefulness came the sobering thought of one and twenty years—she herself had scarcely lived that long. So again with a heartache I prepared to leave Bellaire.

"Going tomorrow!" Boh exclaimed increditously when I announced my departure, and Helois lingered that hight to meet me on the stair. She was so alluringly lovely that I frowned in self defense.

"We have had the experience of repeated in self defense."

"Why are you leaving us so abrunts to search and the contract of the stair she will often produce heavy so and proving my sends off into space. The earth had not any sends off into spa ed instances of this kind. The cow. Sarah of Jefferson, though a pure bred Guernsey, could not be made to produce over 225 pounds of butter a year. She was bred to the prepotent sire Espanore II. and produced the helfer Bernhardt, that yielded 401 pounds butter fat in her first milking period at

two years of age.

This, with other facts derived from study of eminent sires in our own herd says the editor of Hoard's Dairyman where we have bred every member of it but one bull and two cows, convinces us that the great and preponderating influence in shaping the character of the coming cow is the sire. There follows then this conclusion: A poor sire, poor cows; a good sire, good cows. The dominant influence of the sire is seen very clearly in the breeding of grade herds. How often do we see this shown in the placing at the head



The Jersey cow has for generations been bred for a milk extremely rich in fat rather than quantity. She will produce a hundred pounds of butter from less milk than any other breed, with the possible exception of the Guernsey. The Jersey is also the most tenacious in milk. Although she is the smallest of the recognized dairy breeds, she will assimilate more feed for her weight than any other cow and return a profit for it. The fine Jersey bull shown is at the head of the Connecticut Agricultural college Jersey herd.

of a mixed lot of very medium cows a pure bred bull. The resulting helfers in nine cases out of ten show the blood of the sire, and the improvement of their milking qualities over their scrub

mothers also demonstrates it.

Keep right on with these helfers, breeding them and their descendants to pure bred sires in the same line, with constant weeding out of the inferior ones and in a few years you have a herd of great producers at the pail. The great difficulty in this matter is that farmers and many breeders even do not value highly enough the impor-tance of the sire. In making a selec-tion by purchase the overruling consid-eration with them is not quality first "SHE WAS SO ALLURINGLY LOVELY THAT
I FROWNED IN SELF DEFENSE."
said—for she had learned to call me so
—"Paul. I have often wondered at your
meaning when you spoke that night to
the 'lady of your dreams.' 'Denr.' you
said. 'I have loved you always, but
there so much as now.'"
when I allowed the financial side of
the case to step in and influence me."

Silage For Seef Production,
For years sliage has been known to
be an economical feed in the production of meat. Not until the past few
years, however, has sliage fed beef
been recognized as superior to that produced by methods of feeding in which sliage has not been employed. In the packing centers of this country sliage fed beef now commands a premium. This is an added argument for the slio. old. My hair is turning gray."

"It is thick hair," she answered.

"Child." I asked, and my voice was

That little touch of refinement in the preparation of any food commodity which makes it sought by the consumer is a thing which the food producer can well afford to give. It requires about so much in cents to produce a pound of beef. If in the feeding that pound can be made just a little better than the average pound the added value is an added profit which usually costs little.—Kaneas Farmer.

los Water Bad For Dairy Cows. Many a hard worked dairy cow will chill and shiver this winter when she takes a draft of key water from the tank. And at the next milking time she will still be chilly and will give sees milk than if her insides had not been frozen up. It pays to give the dairy cows warmed water—that is. with the chill taken off. Winter milk production is not a natural function of the cow, but is strictly an artificial ar-rangement by man. If profits are ex-pected the cow must be humored a lit-ile. A small tank heater will pay big dividends in a dairy herd.

Effect of Dehorning a Bull.

It is a somewhat debatable question whether dehorning a bull injures his character so that it will have any effect upon his breeding powers. Some observers and careful breeders rather favor the opinion that dehorning a bull takes away from him certain traits or at least modifies them to such an extent that his breeding powers are more or less impaired. Others cannot see that dehorning has any influence upon the breeding powers of a bull. The operation is in no wise dangerous, especially if done after the fly season.—

Roasting Coffee.

Hoard's Deiryman.

Reasting Ceffee.

In Norway, where superb coffee is made, a bit of butter is added to the beans while they are reasting in the covered shovel used there for that purpose. In France as well a plece of butter the size of a walnut is put with three pounds of the coffee beans and also a dessertspoonful of powdered sugar. This brings out both davor and scent and, moreover, gives the slight caramel taste which will be remembered as a pleasing part of French coffee.

ed and Poyerty Stricken, an Example of What This Form of Charity Will Do For the City. Is vacant lot gardening profitable? Practical experience has shown with-out a doubt that this is a real charity. Helping others to help themselves one of the best movements ever in-

augurated in this country.' For seasons men and women, aged, ill or out of work, have kept the wolf from the door by nothing more than a little plot of ground that would otherwise have gone to waste.

Figures speak for themselves. The fact that ground allotted by the Philadelphia Vacant Lots Cultivation association netted about \$22,100 to 442

families during the past season shows that the work is worth while. According to James H. Dix, the superintendent, and Charles Horn, his assistant,



A VACANT LOT GARDEN.

the average profit to a family amounts to about \$50. Some have less than to about \$50. Some have less than this, but others have \$100 and even more at the close of the season. A few can supply their own tables with vegetables and still be \$50 to the good. one man at least has supported a family of five on his little patch, and when he first took charge of the garden he didn't know a thing about the work. He is Charles Bilger, old and one armed, of Philadelphia. His garden is at Wynnefield.

Bliger, succeeded, through passager.

Bilger succeeded through persever-ance. Every morning between April and September be could be found at his miniature farm about 5 o'clock in the morning, and he kept tolling contin-ually until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. He has a little shanty on the grounds, and here he prepared his food and stored his vegetables.

There is hardly anything that is in season in the vegetable line that could not be found on Bilger's patch, and he men to handle his crops. It was a fa-miliar sight at that time to see Bilger going along George's hill pushing with his one hand his wheelbarrow piled high with entables. Several times the for the fine vegetables he produces and has no trouble in getting customers

Farming was a mystery to Bilger six years ago. He lost his arm in a rail-road accident and had difficulty in securing employment. Then the garden was offered to him. This helped to keep himself, his wife, his widowed faughter and her children. The grand-shildren assist in supporting the fam-

Many other men have found their experience on these gardens to be help-ful. Several have obtained positions in ful. Several have obtained positions in the forestry reserve, while others have secured farms of their own.

This outdoor work has also proved of great benefit to the numerous mothers and children who have been engaged in it, for besides providing fresh vege tables for the table they have received plenty of good exercise, which means good health.

Town Boom Philosophy.

If you are a kicker and see the sh ows of failure in everything that is proposed to help the town, for heaven's take go into some secluded canyon and proposed to help the town, for heaven's sake go into some secluded canyon and tick your own shadow on the clay bank and give the men who are work-

bank and give the men who are working to build up the toyn a chance. One
leng faced, hollow eyed, whining, carping chronic kicker can do more to keep
away business and capital from a town
than all the drafts, short crops, chinch
bugs, cyclones and blizzards combined.

—White Hall (III.) Register. On one occasion General Lee, while making an observation, stepped to a somewhat exposed position to secure a better view and thus stood for a moment at personal risk when General Gracie, who was in the party, quietly stepped before General Lee without obscuring his view and remained thus covering the body of his superior until the fieldglass was lowered and the

Not many people have any idea as to the enormous amount of heat that the sun sends off into space. The earth gets only a very small portion of it. The head of a pin placed twenty feet away from an electric. light gets in proportion to the light on the surrounding walls of a room about what the earth gets of the sun's light and heat radiated into space. Yet that portion the earth does get is great enough to cause great structures to move.

In fact, all stone or metal buildings are constantly changing their positions

are constantly changing their positions under the hot rays of the sun. The great dome of the capitol building at Washington is the largest surface of Washington is the largest surface of cast iron in the world, and the effect of the continuous heat of a hot summer day can best be appreciated, says Harper's Weekly, when it is known that this mammeth mass really sways back and forth under the scorching rays until the top feather in the cap of the statue of Freedom describes an ellipse the diameter of which on a hot day raying from four in eight inches.

varies from four to eight inches The giant plinth base of the dome resting on the roof of the old sand stone building, measures 136 feet on a side. The greatest diameter of the round dome is 125 feet, while the whole iron structure is 218 feet high from the old capitol's roof to the base of Freedom on the apex. The cast iron covering this surface is made in thin sheets, offering a good conductor for the heat, which swells even the bolts and beams of the inside before the sun has made its circuit.

has made its circuit.
The southern side of the dome suffers most from the heat, being exposed longer to the sun, which passes
south of the zenith while on 'its journey from the east to the west. If the ney from the east to the west. If the metal were exposed to a constant heating the result of the continuation of such expansion as that received on very hot days might prove disastrous, but as it is little if any permanent injury is done, sluce the iron returns regularly to its normal position as the cool night comes on.

But what seems more remarkable is the fact that murble is also changed in volume so perceptibly by the sunlight

volume so perceptibly by the sunlight that the mammoth shaft of the Wash ington monument sways back and, forth in the sun on a hot day. The outer surface being of hard marble the expansion is much greater than it would be had granite instead of marble been used. On a hot summer day the sharp aluminium aper that crowns the obelisk points to a position at least four inches north of normal, but al-ways returns to its proper position in the cool of the night.

From the extreme top of the mon ment inside a long pipe line runs per-pendicularly to the bottom, leading to a small closet behind the elevator. This contains a long pendulum, whose This contains a long pendulum, whose bob hangs in a vessel of mercury, which prevents its oscillation. Two stationary transits with highly magnifying lenses are focussed directly upon the suspended wire, and through these each quiver of the monument is detected, being magnified on a fine scale graduated to thousandths of an inch.

Every morning at 10 o'clock a state-

inch.

Every morning at 10 o'clock a statement of this plummet line is taken and reported to the war department, and it was by this means that the effect which the sun's rays have on the huge white shaft was discovered. This plumb hop of course was placed in decades, it has settled only a slight fraction of an inch in one corner.

This seems extraordinary when it is realized that its weight of 81,720 ton rests on a foundation only 126½ fee square and 38 feet deep from a heigh almost fifteen times that of the depth amost afteen times that of the depin. The whole rests on the sandy bank of the Potomac river, with the enormous pressure of, five tons to the square foot. Not only does the sun's bear sway the big obelisk, but at times when a stiff winter gale was blowing it has been reported as much as twinches out of plumb.

Misery Ahead, wife.
"Well, what now?" be muttered.

"You know Miss Green never sing without ber music?" "Yes." "Well, she's brought her music."

The Point of View. "Say, pa, what is the difference be tween a visit and a visitation?" Fonce Parent—A visit, my boy, is when you go to see your Grandmother Jones and a visitation is when your Grand mother Jones comes to see us.-Net York Times.

These Boys,
Howard - Hasu't Bachelor waitersther long before choosing a wife
Coward-Bless you, no! He's only bac marrying income since be was sixty

A proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men. Mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.

Why Tears Flow.

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