News Snapshots

Of the Week

The Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Ireland was struck by the Norwegian collier Storstad in the St. Lawrence river of Father Point and sunk. Over 1,000 lives were lost. About 500 of the passengers and crew were saved. The Canadian and British governments are investigating. Captain Kendall of the Empress of Ireland and Captain Andersen of the Storstad remained unchanged. Funston's troops and the rebels took active steps to repair the railroads outside of Vera Cruz. Fellx Diaz, nephew of the ex-president, became talked of as a candidate to succeed Huerta as President of Mexico.

# AN OLD ADAGE

"A light purse is a heavy curse Sickness makes a light purse. The LIVER is the seat of nine

Give tone to the system and solid flesh to the body. Take No Substitute.

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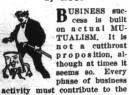
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The North Carolinian and THE ALAMANCE GLEANER will be sent for one year for Two Dollars. to do something like that! Luella thinks Tooley's covered with glory be-Cash in advance. Apply at THE GLEANER office. Graham, N. C.

# Get Together Over This Golden Rule Of Business \*

By MOSS.



activity must contribute to the WELFARE of ALL parties con-Now the most SUCCESSFUL

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merchandise and BEST VAL-UES for the money. These advertisers recognize the value of the patronage of the readers of this paper. That's why they are spending their money with us to display their news.

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### Simon Pedrick's Discovery

Ended In a Wedding

By JAMES CHANDLER

"Nothing, ma," returned Sin ng a deep sigh.

strong hand on his shoulder.

"Well," sighed Simon resignedly. " don't seem to amount to much, ma. Of course, I know that I've got the best candy store and soda business in West

Mrs. Pedrick shook the fat should

exasperated manner. "Ambitions Humph! I'd like to know what more



YOU SHAN'T STIR A STEP, SIMON," SHE FUMED.

you can expect than to be a successfu business man? I know what's the mat ter with you. Simon Pedrick. You're mooning over that sfily Luella Finch, who hasn't got eyes for anybody except that new professor at the academy. My poor boy"—her voice melting - "stop thinking about Luella Finch and all her high educated friends. There's plenty of girls in West Hollow who d jump at a chance to marry you, Simon, if you'd only perk up and go

after 'em.' Simon shrugged his shoulders "I want to do something, be some-thing-like him." he muttered moodily. "Like who? Professor Tooley?" "Yes." nedded Simon.

"What has be ever done?" challenged Mrs. Pedrick.
"He's explored, and dug up old relics,

and discovered things; once he went or a voyage to the arctic regions, and the man he was with, the head explorer he discovered new land up there, he named it after a king. Ma, I'd

cause he was with the man who discovered the new land, and,—
"And named it after a king!" snorted
Mrs. Pedrick, "And you call yourself
an American citizen. Simon Pedrick, do you know that your ancestors on both sides fought for this country's freedom—and now you're wishing you could discover an island so's to name it after a king-leastways you're envious of the man who did it.

of the min who did it."
"Ma. you'd never understand." sighed
Simon, rising and reaching for his hat.
"Nobody understands me."
With which gloomy reflection Mr.
Pedrick went out into the January twi-

A week later the little village of West Hollow was stirred to its depths by an announcement in the weekly

ewspaper.
Said the West Hollow Echo: Said the West Hollow Echo:
Our well known neighbor, Mr. Simon Pedrick, starts this morning on a very unique expedition to the polar regiofs, Mr. Pedrick, who is the proprietor of the popular Eden Confectionery Parlors, tells us that it is his intention to walk to the farthermost borders of British North America. This expedition will occupy allof a couple of years, and Mr. Pedrick expects to obtain much interesting material for a book which he will write on his return. The Eden Confectionery Parlors will in the absence of Mr. Pedrick be under the able management of William Hicks, who has had charge of the soda fountain for several years. We extend our hearty good wishes for the success of this expedition and await with interest Mr. Pedrick's forthcoming Book.

In another paragraph the Echo an-

Mr. Pedrick's forthcoming 56ok.

In another paragraph the Echo announced that its readers would be favored with weekly letters from Simon Pedrick giving an interesting account of his trip to the north country.

If the neighbors of Simon Pedrick were amazed at his action his mother was inflamed to indignation by the

was inflamed to indignation by the startling scheme.
"You shan't stir a step, Simon," she fumed vainly. "I forbid it."
"Ma," said Simon firmly, "I'm forty years old. I've always minded you and been a good son. This is the thing I want to do most of all. I can afford.

it, and the store will take care of you

ft, and the store will take care or you comfortably. Now, don't say another word, because I've made up my mind, and I'm going."

When Simon Pedrick talked like his lamented father Mrs. Pedrick knew that further opposition was useless, so she buckled on her armor of helpfulshe buckled on her armor of helpful-ness and sent her son away with plen-ty of warm clothing in his knapsack and her blessing Maging in his ears. Now that Simon had turned his face to the north and the weekly Echo printed paragraphs about his going and her neighbors marveled at this unexpected



Scientific Expedition That

"What is the matter, Simon?" asked Mrs. Pedrick, glancing over her spec tacles at her son's gloomily thoughtful countenance.

"Nothing? When you look like that?

Simon Fedrick, you tell your ma what's troubling you, right off!" she warned as she came around the table and laid a

Hollow, but it don't satisfy my-my ambitions.

mpatiently.
"Not satisfied!" she mimicked in an
"Ambitions!



bility of the ice cream parlors. What Simon Pedrick did not know was that his too abundant flesh was melting from his frame, the life in the out of doors, the hard exercise in the open air, the plain food and the long restful nights were doing their work and making Simon Pedrick into the man that nature had intended him to ecome. As the fat disappeared Simon

spirit of adventure that way

place to firm, hardened muscles and a healthy color flamed his cheeks.

"Funny, how I almost forgot what I'm going after." mused Simon as he trudged along. "Seems is if I'm just out for a walk and going right back home any minute—but maybe it'll be two years before I ever see West Hollow again. But when I do, well, may be I'll have made myself famous enough to be called professor—bey.

Simon walted awhile; then he folded up his maps and put them in his pocket. He got up and walked the floor, and it was while he was pacing thus that he paused before the long mirror set between the front windows and saw for the first time the reflection of his changed form.

Simon walted awhile; then he folded up his maps and put them in his pocket. He got up and walked the floor, that he paused before the long mirror set between the front windows and with the red of the characteristic properties.

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Simon walted awhile; then he folded up his maps and put them in his pocket. He got up and walked the floor, the first time he folded up his maps and put them in his pocket. He got up and walked the floor, the first time the reflection of his changed form. mough to be called professor—bey.

Professor Pedrick—I guess Luella

Finch wouldn't snub me then!"

Thinking about Luella Finch plunged

Simon into deep gloom once more. This was nearing the end of his fourth week of tramping, and he was well over the line into the next state. That his enterprise was ridiculous under the circumstances was a matter that the village bred man did not consider. His desire to make a name to lay at the feet of fair Luella Finch quite outdis

tanced his common sense.

Now he was approaching a small hamlet perched on the mountain side. and as the sun was declining in the west Simon began to think about sup-per and a night's lodging.

A farm wagon piled high with cord-

wood creaked from a side road, and the red mittened driver offered Simon

"I'm walking for my health." added thanks-"that is, I find it healthy to walk, while at the same time I am exploring in the-er-er-interests of sci-

"I see," said the rustic in an awed cone. "Then I reckon, as I can't be no help, I'll drive on. Good day, profes-

"Professor!" How sweet the word

rang in Simon's ear!
"Good day!" he called heartily, and then, remembering his need of supper, he ran after the wagon and inquired how far he was from the village hotel.
"About two miles—only there ain't no hotel no more," informed the farmer. "It burned down last fall after the last summer boarder went, and H! Carson, he don't reckon to build again before next spring."

"Where can I get a night's lodging?" asked Simon

asked Simon.

"Ob, I reckon Miss Lucetty Beals can accommodate you. She takes sum mer boarders, and now that there ain't no hotel no more she's been taking all the drummers and such like. It's the little white bouse up yonder on the bili—looks near by, but it's a mile and a half from here. You're welcome, pro-

There it was again-Professor Ped-

rick! What would Luella Finch say tramped over the remaining miles that led to the cozy home of Lucetta Beals. led to the cozy home of Lucetta Beals. Surrounded by resinous pines dappled with snow and with the sunshine burning against the western windows, the scene resembled a pretty Christmas card as Simon neared the front door.

A little white haired lady was tossing crumbs to a flock of gray birds hopping on the snow, and when she saw Simon and his knapsack she shook the last crumbs from her flugers and

the last crumbs from her fingers and

the last crumbs from her fingers and came to the top of the steps.

"I don't believe I know who you are," she ventured as Simon removed his hat before her.

"I'm Simon Pedrick of West Hollow. and I'm in search of a night's lodging," explained Simon, and then as a more definite introduction he produced the clipping from the West Hollow Echo describing his expedition and setting.

clipping from the West Hollow Echo describing his expedition and setting forth its purpose.

"Come right inside, Professor Pedrick," gurgled Miss Beals, immediately attaching the coveted title to Simon's name. "If you will put up with my poor fare for a night I shall be delighted to have you stop with me."

As Miss Lucetta Beals "poor fare" consisted of fried chicken and cream bisouits, with honey and currant jelly, as well as spice cake and wonderfully fragrant tea. Simon settled down to an evening of perfect enjoyment. After the meal had been cleared away by a capable black woman the two repaired ic the cozy sitting room, and Simon

laid out his maps now when aid two blad Jected Journey into the co'd north
And in the midst of the interesting
conversation there came the rumble of
heavy wheels as a vehicle stopped be

fore the gate. There was a loud "Whon!" and then as the vehicle de parted the sound of light footsteps on

"The station stage." explained Miss Lucetta over her shoulder as she hurried out. "Somebody wanting a night's lodging, Fexpect, Delia," to the woman in the kitchen; "put on the teakettle and get out the chicken again."

Then she darted into the front hall and Simon heard the door open and the sound of a girlish voice tifted in glad greeting. Miss Beats' shrick of surgreeting. prise was drowned in hurried whispers and finally there came the closing of another door on the opposite side of the

say for the first time the reflection of his changed form.

Simon rubbed his eyes and blinked with unbellef.

This tail, muscular, youthful looking man with the ruddy cheeks and the bright eyes could not be ...mon f'ed-

pale.

But as he looked be saw that his clothes hung loosely on his firmly knit-ted frame, his cheeks were lean and his muscles were hard. This loss of flesh might explain the reiling of vigor that possessed him nowadays. The muscles that had ached on the first days of his tramping were tireless now. He felt young— alive—and capable of almost anything.

And then his mind flew back to pretty Luella Finch and he wondered what Luella would say if she could see him now. He was soon to know, for suddenly

the door opened and Lucila Finch stood there. Her glance wandered past him to search the room, then to come back to his changed face—his meta-Simon as he declined the offer with morphosed form with incredulous eyes Simon looked at her with kindling

eyes. What was Luella doing here— Luella so fair, so desirable: Luella, whom he had believed to be far away in West Hollow? "Simon?" she whispered. "Is it real-

"Yes," said Simon, suddenly conscious that Luella was glad to see him. "What are you doing here, Lu-

and hanging her head. "Of course I hadn't the slightest idea that you were here and— Well, oh. Slmon, why did you go away and not say goodby to me?" she ended in a quavering voice. "I didn't think you cared, Luella."

aid Simon slowly, and then as the color ebbed and flowed in her fair check he stepped forward and took her unresisting hands in his. "I love you, Luella," he said softly; "I've always loved you-ever since the days when we went to school together-but I've been afraid of you too. And then when Professor Tooley came to town I heard-I thought-well. I was jealous, and so I decided to come away and try and make a name that you would be proud of. If I go back home now-and I want to, Luella, because I an't go away and leave you after this



be plain Simon Pedrick, and I did want I to be called Professor Pedrick for you sake," he ended wistfully.

Luella bugged him silently, and then she turned a melting blue eve upon him and whispered: nim and whispered:
"I shall give you a much better title
than that, Simon. Listen: Dear Simon.
Simon. dear—there! Isn't that better

than Professor Pedrick?" Miss Lucetta Beals darted ber bead into the sitting room and withdrew it

hastily.
"Delia," she whispered to the black cook, "my niece is engaged to Profes sor Pedrick!"

"I want to know!" gasped De ia.
"I have every reason to believe so
concluded Lucetta happily. To this day West Hollow folks tel about Simon Pedrick's north polar ex pedition, which suddenly ended in wedding fifty miles from its starting

place. And although Simon never at tained the honors-he craved before he was sure of Luella's love, it is 'y And although Sir ing to know that he was perfectly sat isfled to be the husband of Luella and

# **CONVICTS ON** THEIR HONOR

They Do Excellent Work In Road Building

**EXPERIMENTS SUCCESSFUL** 

The National Committee on Prison L bor Receives Reports From Various States Indicating That the Honor System Produces Good Results.

The practice of putting convicts their honor, especially prisoners wh are at work constructing or repairing highways, has been started in several states and is meeting with much such cess, according to reports received by the national committee on prison fi bor. North Dakota, Oregon, New Jer sey, Michigan, Ohio and Colorado aramong the shites where the honor sys tem has been developed to its highes degree. Under the laws of North Da kota the board of control may emple convicts on the public tilghways, their expenses to be paid by the r counties in which they work. stipulates that the prisoners perfor their duties under the supervision skilled laborers, who act as guard but, so far as possible, the law d



clares, the convicts are to be placed on their honor. Another feature of North Dakota's prison laws is worded

as follows:
"Each short time convict worked upon said state roads shall receive a credit upon his time of ten days for each thirty days that he shall faithfully and diligently work upon said state roads, and in case of convicts serving life sentences such privileges shall be given them as in the judgment of the warden is proper, but in case that any convict fails to do faithful warden shall be proper."

Of 275 convicts who were worked

eighteen—less than 7 per cent—attempt
ed to escape, according to the report
of Preston E. Thomas, warden of the
have a cigar, but I notice he didn't ofunder the honor system in Ohio only Ohio state penitentiary. While these men were thus employed there was no smoke."

them and freedom. Of the eighteen men who broke faith, all but sever were caught and returned to the prison, so that the percentage of those who falled to serve their full sentences was only 21/2. This record, says Warden Thomas, compares favorably with

Thomas, compares favorably with trusts in the outside world. Also in Michigan, where all person convicted of drunkenness or vagrancy are sentenced to work on the roads in-stead of to jail, the practice of trusting prisoners has been found successful. Not only that, but, according to W. M. Bryant, good roads comm Michigan, the sentencing of convicts to work on the highways tends to eliminate much petty crime. It was in Colorado, under Warden Thomas J. Tynan, that the bonor system was first employed among prisoners at work on the highways, and it is in that state and Oregon that the system has been most extensively developed. Governor West of Oregon, in a statement to the national committee on prison labor concerning the honor system among prisoners at work on the roads,

said: nid:
"Our road gangs are made up of from fifteen to twenty-five men, with a free man as foreman, who lives and works with his crew. His word is law in camp, and his report as to conduct of the prisoners carries great weight with the prison officials. It is most essential, therefore, that great care be ex-ercised in the selection of these fore-men. We have had unexpected success in the operation of our road gangs. Some have been maintained as far as 300 miles from the prison, and nearly all in the hills and mountains, where every opportunity was given to escape At first we lost a number of men, due largely to the novelty of the plan and unjust newspaper criticism, which made many of them fear the abandon ment of the policy and their return to prison. There has been less newspaper criticism of late, and the public, seeing the merits of the system, is ac

cepting it as a settled policy." The Duke and the Artist.
"Random Recollections" is this story of the Duke of Connaught. The incident happened at Windsor castle. The duke was criticising a water color done by R. Caton Woodville, represent-

ing a drummer in the guards: "Look here, Mr. Woodville," he said, "you have made a mistake in the mounting of the braiding on this drummer's coat; the fringe on the side of the chest ought to run in this direc-tion," indicating the line. "I am cer-tain of it, for as a boy I wore the uniform, but I will show you what I mean," and, turning to his A. D. C. asked him to have the bugler of the castle guard sent up. The bugler came, and the duke, turning toward him, said, "Now, Mr. Woodville, I will show you what I mean." And then, as he looked critically at the boy's uniform, he exclaimed, "By Jove, Mr. Wood-ville, you are right, after all!"

Justifying His Expense.

Managers who have to pass on expense accounts will appreciate David Gibson's story about a Chicago salesman who paid \$8 excess fare to reach

"What time did you arrive in New York?" asked the employer.
"Nine-forty in the morning." "What did you do when you got in?"
"Went up to the hotel, took a bath
and ate breakfast."
"What time did you see your man?"

asked the conservator. "About 3 in the afternoon," said the

'Yes, but why have you got \$8 charged up for excess fare on the limited when you could just as well have taken

a regular train?"
"Well," said the salesman, "it looked better to be on that train."—New York

Good Advice.

Don't live beyond your income, no matter how small it is.

Don't live up to your income. Eave at least 10 per cent of it every mouth and if possible 40 per cent.

Don't let money lie idle. It is the fractions that count. Put every bit of surplus in a savings bank quickly, and every time \$100 accumulates invest it. Don't pay for show, but for value reelved.-Louisville Post.

"Now," said a newly made husband,
"I am your captain, and you must let that any convict fails to do faithful and efficient work or attempts to escape he shall forfeit all or as many of said credits as in the judgment of the warden shall be proper."

Of 275 convicts who were worked —London Telegraph.

# SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XI.—Second Quarter, For June 14, 1914.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Luke xviii, 9-14; xix 1-10-Memory Verses, 19, 10-Golden Text, Mark II, 17-Commentary Pre-pared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Perhaps there are no people more difficult to deal with or to live with than those who. like the Pharisees, pride themselves spon their own righteousness, which in the sight of God is only as filthy rags (Isa. lxiv, 6) and can In no case entitle one to enter the king dom (Matt. v. 20). The righteousn which is required by God must be abwhich is required by don must be ab-solutely perfect, an unbroken law, for "whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point be is guilty of all" (Jas. ii, 10). The law is so holy and righteous that no sinful man can keep it, and it was never intended to give life, but to prove our guilt, shut our mouths and lead us to Christ, who is God's perfect righteousness and the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.

There is no Saviour or salvation for a righteous man in the Bible—that is, for such as think themselves righteous -but only for sinners.

-but only for sinners.

In connection with the murmuring of
the Pharisees when our Lord called
Matthew or Levi, the publican, and
Levi made Him a feast in his own
house, at which a great company of
publicans and others were present, our
Lord said: "They that are whole need
not a physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, bu almes not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance" (Cuke v, 31, 82). On another occasion He said to the chief priests and elders, "Verily I say unto you that the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God bebariots go into the kingdom of God be-fore you" (Matt. xxl, 23, 31). To this day there are churchgoers and church members who, "being ignorant of God's righteousness and going about to establish their own righteousness,

have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God" (Rom. x, 3).

It is indeed a fearful thing to be satisfied with oneself and have no convic-tion of sin. In the first part of our lesson today the Pharisee did not pray to God, did not ask God for anything, did not seem to need anything, but prayed with himself and told God what a good man he was and how much good he did and how thankful he was that he was not a bad man nor even like that publican. Truly be was well satisfied with his righteous self. The publican had no goodness to prove his right-eousness, nothing good to say of him-self, but he did have a consciousness of his own sinfulness, and from his heart he said, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." In the margin of the re-vised version it is, "God be propitiated to me, the sinner." Weymouth has it, "O God, be reconciled to me, sinner that I am." The Lord Jesus Christ, who reads all hearts, the only Saviour of sinners; the only Judge of all men, said that the publican went to his home justified.

I like the definition of justification which I learned in Sunday school when I was a boy, and, if I remember cor-rectly, it read thus: "Justification is an act of God's free grace, wherein He pardoneth all our sins and accepteth us as rightcous in His sight only for the rightcousness of Christ, imputed unto us and received by faith alone." In the second part of our lesson we have a rich publican Who had a desire to see Jesus, and, though he did not seem to have the same conviction of sin as the poor publican, he, too, was welcomed and saved. He was a promweicomed and saved. He was a prominent man, chief among the publicans. He was not prominent as to his physical appearance, for he was little of stature. He was not what one might call dignified, for he ran and climbed was to see without being seen. How surprised beyond measure he must have been to see Jesus look up and to hear Him call him by name and to hear Him say, "Make haste and come down, for today I must abide at thy

house" (verse 5).

Was this something exceeding abundantly above all that Zaccheus had ever thought to come his way, or was it the Saviour's recognition of a desire which He had actually seen in the beart of this man? (Eph. iii, 20; Ezek. xi. 5; Ps. cxiv. 19.) I cannot tell, but I do know that the "handfuls of pur-pose" which the Lord drops for those who seek Him and for those who seek to serve Him are truly wonderful (Ruth ii, 15, 16). We do not wonder that Zaccheus made haste and came down and re-

ceived Him joyfully (verse 6). Any one but a Pharisee would if he only understood what it meant. According to John 1, 12, Zaccheus thus became a ii. 12, had there and then the forgive ness of his sins—freely justified, as was the other publican. There is only one salvation and one way of salvation for rich or poor. It was foreshadowed for rich or poor. It was foreshadowed in the atonement money of Israel, concerning which it was commanded, "The rich shall not give more and the poor shall not give less than half a shekel" (Ex. xxx. 11-15). That which Zaccheus said he did in verse 8 was part of the evidence that he had become a child of God, for, while no works of ourscan obtain or help to obtain salvation, the good works must tain salvation, the good works m follow as a result (Eph. II. 10; Tit. III 8). Weymouth translates: "Here and now I give. \* \* • I pledge myself to repay to him four times the amount."

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Pearl—They thought at first they
would be married in Holland. RubyAnd what changed their minds? Pearl
—Why, they heard that old shoes in Holland weighed from two to six pounds each.—Exchange.

Extremely Prosperous.

Mrs. Brown—Is your husband's business growing? Mrs. Smith—Oh, dear, yes! Why, last week his receipts were so large that he had to have a receiver appointed to take care of them!—Cleveappointed to land Leader.

# Indigestion Dŷ<sup>s</sup>pepsia

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