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Why Are Some Folks Human Grasshoppers?

By MOSS



THEY called him
"Freight Car
Freddy." He was
slow, but somehow
sure. He got there
in his own peculiar time and
route. Freddy was
not a hobo, but a rising young man in a class all They also called him "Freddy,

the Human Grasshopper." You never knew where to find him. Freddy was the antithesis of himself—if you can get that.

He was the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of metion. Now you see

Hyde of motion. Now you see him, as slow and deliberate as a freight car, and now you don't, as fast and elusive as a grass-hopper. It needed a magician to keep tabs on this very real hopper. It needed a magician to keep tabs on this very real Freddy.

The land of newspaper readers

has a few Freddies. One time they start on their trip through the paper and proceed slowly, stopping at every way station. The next time they jump here and there through it in a way to make the average grasshopper green with enty.

make the average grasshopper green with envy.

Be a freight car if you must, but don't be a grasshopper. Better, be neither.

The sensible newspaper reader is MODERATE. He's not a plodder or a skipper, but a PICKER.

Are you following CONSIST-ENTLY the ads. in this paper that appeal to you?

You're Billious and Costive!

Sick headache, sour stomach, bad breath, furred tongue and indigestion, mean liver and bowels clogged. Clean up to-night. Get a 25c bottle of Dr. King's New Life Pills to-day and empty the stomach and bowels of fermenting, and gassy foods and waste. A full bowel movement gives a satisfied thankful feeling—makes you feel fine. Effective, yet mild. Don't gripe. 25c at your druggists.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve for burns.

The Secret Lonesome Cove

"No, I missed the". What was the

feature, specially?"
"The suddenness of the appearance
You know, Helmund says that"—

"If you are going back to the hotel, may I take you along? I am Alexan-

say case?"
"The same. You know, Mr. Blair,
"The same balloved that you had

"Not at all. A man who has been so abused by the newspapers as 1 can stand a little plain speaking. For all that, on my word, Professor Kent, 1 had no hand in sending Ramsay on that dirty business of his."

The scientist considered him thoughtfully. "Well, I believe you," said he shortly, and got into the machine.

Chester Kent Declines a Job.

nterrogatively.

The car swerved sharply, but imme

"Certainly, chance," said the motor-ist, "What else should it be?"
"Of course," agreed Kent. "As you say."
"I said fortunate," continued the other, "because you are, I believe, the very

being entomological and perhaps criminal." "What is it?" asked Kent.

"What is it?" asked Kent.
"An inexplicable destruction of our stored woolens by the clothes moth. You may perhaps know that I am president of the Kinsella mills. We've been having a great deal of trouble this spring, and our superintendent believes that some enemy is introducing the pest into our warehouses. Will you take the case?"

"That is how far from here?"
"Fourteen miles. But you need not come there. I could return to the hotel to conclude arrangements. And I think," be added significantly; "that

"Doubtless. Are you we acquainted with this part of the country, Mr

years."
"Is there an army post near by?"

"None so far as I know."



uniform."
"Are you yourself an expert in woolen fabrics, Mr. Blair?"
"I have been."
"Could you tell from that tiny frag-

Samuel Hopkins Adams

The stranger went on at some ength. He appeared to be an inter ested rather than a learned student o the subject. As he talked, sitting or

the step of his car, from which he had descended, the other studied him, his quiet but forceful voice, his severely handsome face, with its high brows, harsh nose, and chiseled outlines, from which the eyes looked forth, thoughtful, alert, yet with the gaze of a man in paig. Presently he remarked very

"Thank you. I'll be glad of a lift. My name is Chester Kent."

- "Not the Professor Kent of the Ram-

I've always believed that you had more of a hand in Ramsay's death than I. Now, if you wish to withdraw your offer of a lift"—

"Not at all. A man who has been so hand by the beauty on the state of th

THIS meeting is a fortunate chance for me," said Blair

diately resumed the middle of the road.

er, because you are, I believe, the very man I want. There is an affair which has been troubling me a good deal. I haven't been able to look into it personally because of the serious illness of my son, who is at my place on Sundayman's creek. But it is in your line, being entemplored, and next a serious lines.

"Start tonight for Connecticut."

"Start tonight for Connecticut."
Chester Kent's long fingers went to
the lobe on his ear. "Give me until 3
o'clock this afternoon to consider. Can
I reach you by telephone?"
"Yes, at Hedgerow house, my place."
"That is how far from here?"

you would find the project a profitable

"Yes; I've been coming here for

"Nor any officers on special detail

Kent produced from his pocket the



hanging to it. "This may or may not be an important elew to the curious death that occurred here three days ago."
"It looks like the star from the col-lar of an officer. I should say positive-ly that it was from an army or navy uniform."

"Has it?" said Kent. "Lean up against the wall and make yourself at home. Man, you're shaking!"

MEEHAN

Mme. Henriette Caillaux, wife of the former prime minister and minister of finance of France, was placed on trial in Paris for News Snapshots

Of the Week

Of would quit if Clarence Kraft was returned to Nashville after he had been drafted by Brooklyn and farmed out to Newark. George R. Mechan of B won the championship long distance swim from the Buttery, New York city, to Sandy Hook

all wooi?"
Without replying Blair gave the steering handle a quick sweep, and the car drew up before a drug store. He took the star and was gone a few

"Not all wool," he appounded on his

marked Kent. "Why so?" "Because regulations require al

"A fairly good mixture, from the ery elementary chemical test I made. "Thank you, Mr. Blair. You've elim inated one troublesome hypothesis for me. I'll telephone you before 3

o'clock. Good day."

From the woolen manufacturer
Chester Kent went direct to the Martindale Center library, where he inter viewed the librarian.

"Do you get the agriculture depart ment publications?"

"Have you a pamphlet issued by the bureau of entomology, Helmund on The Swarm Phenomenon in Lebidop-

tera? "Yes, sir. It was inquired for only yesterday by Mr. Blair." "Ah, yes! He's quite interested in

the subject, I believe."
"It must be quite recent, then," said "We haven't seen him here for a long time until two days ago, when he came and put in a morn ing reading on insects."

"So, Mr. Alexander Blair," said Kent

addressing the last fence post on the outskirts of the town, after a thought ful walk, "that was a fatal break or your part, that mention of Helmund Amateurs who have wholly dropped subject since years back don't usually know publications issued only within three months. That casual meeting with me was well carried out, and you called it chance. A very palpably manufactured chance! But why am i manufactured chance! But why am i worth so much trouble to know? And why does Alexander Blair leave a desperately ill son to arrange an errand for me at this particular time? And is Hedgerow house, fourteen miles distant and possessing just such an electric car as a woman would use in drying round the country per in driving round the country, per

haps the place whence came Sedg-wick's sweet lady of mystery? Finally, what connection has all this with the body lying in Annalaka burying Eliciting no reply from the fence post, Kent returned to the Eyrie, call

ed up Hedgerow house and declined Early that evening Francis Sedg

wick came to the hotel,
"Mr. Kent? I'm afraid you can't see him, sir. He isn't in his room,'

The clerk hesitated. "I ought not to tell you, sir, for it's Mr. Kent's to tell you, sir, for it's Mr. Kent's strict orders not to be disturbed, but he's in his special room. Is it any-thing very important? Any new evi-dence or something of that sort?" "That is what I want Mr. Kent to

"In that case I might take the re sponsibility. But I think I had better take you to him myself."

After the elevator had carried them to the top of its run, they mounted a flight of stairs and walked to a far

"Nobody's been in here since he took it." explained the clerk as they walked. "Turned all the furniture out Special lock on the door. Some kind of scientific experiments, I suppose. He's very quiet about it." Having reached the door, he dis

creetly tapped. No answer came. Somewhat less timidity characterized his next effort. A growl of surpass-ing savagery from within was his

"You see, Mr. Sedgwick." said the clerk. Raising his voice be called.
"Mr. Kent, I've brought""Get away and go to the devil!" cried a voice from inside in fury "What do you mean by""It's I, Kent, Sedgwick. I've got to

There was a silence of some seconds.
"What do you want?" asked Kent at length.
"You told me to come at once if any

"You'told me to come at once it anything turned up."
"So I did," sighed Kent. "Well, chase that infernal beliboy to the stairs, and I'll let you in."
With a wry face the clerk retired. Kent opened the door and his friend squeezed through into a bare room. The walls were hung and the floor was carpeted with white sheets. There was no furniture of any kind unless a carpeted with white sheets. There was no furniture of any kind unless a narrow mattress in one corner could be so reckoned.

"It's happened!" announced Sedg

"You'd stake, too, recorted the artist, his voice trembling.
"No; apper doesn't affect me that

way: Wait: Now, don't tell me yet.

If I'm to have a report it must be from
a same man, not from one in a blind
fury. Take time and cool down. What do you think of my room?

"What's the game?" asked Sedgwick, interested in spite of himself.
"It dates back to our college days.
Do you remember that queer freshman. Berwind?"

man, Berwind?"
"The mind render? Yes. The poor chap went insane afterward."
"Yes. It was a weak mind, but a singularly receptive one. You know we used to force numbers or

cards upon his consciousness by mere His method was to stand gazing at a blank wall. He said the object we were thinking of would rise before him visually against the blankness. Did you ever figure out ow he managed to do it?

"Not exactly. "For years I've kept a bare whit room in my Washington house to do my hard thinking in When your affair promised to become difficult for me I rigged up this spot. And I'm Kent produced the silver star from

his pocket and told of its discovery aid to you about Jupiter? "She didn't mention Jupiter." "No, of course not. Not by name. But what was it she said about the

"Oh, was that Jupiter? How did you "Looked last night, of course," said Kent impatiently. "There's no other planet conspicuous over the sea at

that hour from where you stood That's not important, at least not now What did she say?"
"Oh, some rot about daring to follow her star and find happiness and that

perhaps it might lead me to glory or something." "Where have my brains been?" he cried. He thrust the bit of embroidery back into his pocket. Then with

"Well, is your temper in hand?"

"For the present." "Tell me about it, then." "You remember the—the picture of the face?" said Sedgwick, with an ef-

"Nobody would easily forget it." "I've been doing another portrait from the sketches. It was on opaque glass, an experimental medium that gass, an experimental mentum that I've worked on some. Late this afternoon I went out, leaving the glass sheet, backed against a light board, on my easel. The door was locked with a heavy spring. There's no possible access by the window. Yet somebody came in and smashed

picture to fragments. If I can find that man, Kent, I'll kill him!" Kent glanced at the artist's long. strong hands. They were clinched his knees. The fingers were bloodle "I believe you would," said the scien tist, with conviction. "You mustn't you know. No luxurles at present Anything else in your place damaged?" "Not that I noticed. But I didn't

pay much attention to anything else. came here direct to find you." "That's right. Well, I'm for the Nook."

Locking his curious room after him, Kent led the way to the hotel lobby, where he stopped only long enough to send some telegrams. We sun was still a few minutes short of its setting when he and his companion emerged from the hotel. Kent at once broke

CHAPTER X.

The Invasion. UCH ruin as had been wrought in Sedgwick's studio was strict by localized. The easel lay on the floor, with its rear leg cruin. pled. Around it were scattered the fragments of the glass upon which the fragments of the glass upon which the painter had set his labor of love. A high old fashioned chair faced the wreckage. On its peak was hung a traveling cap. Lapping across the back sprawied a Norloik jacket belonging to Sedgwick. Chester Kent lifted the coat and after a swift survey let "Did you leave that there?" he asked.

"I hung it across the back of chair," answered Sedgwick. "North window closed?"

"Nothing has been changed, I tel you, except this." Sedgwick's hand, outstretched toward the destroyed por-trait, condensed itself involuntarily

into a knotty fist.
Sedgwick took the Norfolk jacket from the chair. "Why, there's a hole through it?" he exclaimed.
"Exactly. The path of the invader."
"A built."

"Right again. Instead of murdering, tory investigation," the whole thing as you pine to do, you've been murdered. That the picture was destroyed is merely a bit of ill fortune. That you weren't inside the coat when the bullet went through it and cut the prop from your easel is a bit of the other kind. Hang up the cont, please."

sult from the window. "At a distance of, say a quarter of a mile, that aruncommonly like a man sitting in a chair before his work. At least 1 him?" chair before his work. At least 1 him?"
should think so. And yonder thicket on the hillside," he added, looking out do for you to come there. But 1 want of the window again. "is just about that distance and seems to be the only the circus wagon man and wait until 1 snot in sight giving a straight range. spot in sight giving a straight range.

Suppose we run up there."
Sound as was his condition Sedg-wick was panting when he brought up at the spot some yards behind his long limbed leader. As the scientist had surmised, the arrangement of cost and cap in the studio presented at that dis-tance an excellent simulacrum of the rear view of a man lounging in a chair. Bidding the artist stay outside the copse." Kent entered on hands and knees and made extended exploration. After a few moments the sound of low lugubrious whistling was heard from

"Evidently you've found something," commented Scidgwick "I'm satisfied that some one fired a shot from here. The marksman-a good one-saw you, as he supposed, jerk to the shot as if with a bullet

through you and went away satisfied."
"Leaving no trace behind him," add
ed Sedgwick. No trace that is tangible. Therein Hes the evidence. "Of course you don't expect me to follow that."

"What is there to be seen there, since

you've said there are no marks?"
"The soil is very soft."
"Yes; there's a spring just back of us." "Yet there's not a footprint discerni-"I've got that part of the lesson by heart, I think."
"Use your brain on it, then. Some

one designing to make you his target has been in this thicket; been and gone has been in this thicket; been and gone and left the place trackless. That some one was a keen, soft footed woodsman. Putting it in words of one syllable, I should say he probably bad the racial instinct of the bunt. Does that flush any idea from your brain?"

"Racial instinct? Gausett Jim?" said

Sedgwick. "Exactly. If I had found tracks all

"That's more than I am," retorted Kent whistled softly. The whistle had the other. "I suppo e be's likely sume his gunnery at any time."
"Unless we can discourage him, as I

expect we can. "By having him arrested?"
"Difficulties might be put in our way. are in some sort of loose partnership in



"Footprint too small," grunted Gansett Jim.

this affair, as you know. Gansett Jim honestly thinks that you had a hand in the Lonesome Cove murder, as he believes it to be. It isn't impossible that the sheriff has subtly egged him on to kill you in revenge. You're the suspect, and if you were put out of the way every one would believe you the murderer. There would be a perfunc-

would be husbed up and the body in Annalaka churchyard would rest in peace—presumably a profitable peace for the sheriff." "Flat out, Kent, do you know who the dead woman is?"
"Flat out, I don't. But I've a shrewd

guess that I'll find out before long." "From Gansett Jim?" "No hope there. He's an Indian. What I'm going to see him about now is your safety.

"Now? Where do you expect to find bring Jim.

It was a long wait for the worried artist in the deep forest that bounded the lonely road along Hawkill beights. Ten o'clock had chimed across the bill from the distant village when he heard footsteps and at a call from Kent step-ped out into the clear, holding the lantern above him. The light showed a tern above him. The light showed a strange spectacle. Kent, watchful, keen, ready as a cat to spring, stood with his eyes fixed upon the distorted face of the half breed. Terror, rage, overmastering amazement and the soul panic of the supernatural glared the trees, and presently the musician from the blue white eyeballs of the energed leading himself by the lobe of his ear.

"Evidently you've found something,"

> "Good boy, Jim!" Chester Kent's voice at the half breed's ear was the voice of one who soothes an affrighted horse. "I didn't know whether you could stand it or not. You see, you didn't shoot Mr. Sedgwick after all." "Dunno what you mean," grunted Gansett Jim.

"And you mustn't shoot at him any nore," continued the scientist. The tone was soft as a woman's, but Sedgwick felt in it the tensity of a man ready for any extreme. Perhaps the half breed, too, felt the peril of that determination, for he hung his head. "I've brought you here to show you why. Pay good heed now. A man traveling in a wagon was met here, as he says, by a woman-you understand -who questioned him and then went on. He followed the trail through the brush and found the signs of a fight. The fight took place before the death, Here's the lantern. Take his trail from

Without a word the half breed snatched the light and plunged into a bypath. After a few minutes of swift going he pulled up short in an open copse of ash and set the lantern on the ground. Houndlike he nosed about the trodden earth. Suddenly he caught up the lantern, which had rolled from his over the place, I should have known it wasn't he. Finding nothing, I was naturally pleased."

the lantern, which had rolled from his hand, and threw its light upon Sedgwick's foot. Then he turned away.

Kent whistled softy. The well-stand.

'Not the same as the footprint, eh?" he remarked. "Footprint" too small," grunted Gan-

"How many people two?" "Three."
"Three, of course, I had forgotten the circus wagon man. He came later. But, Jim, you see it wasn't Mr. Sedg-

"What he follow for?" demanded the "What he follow for?" demanded the other savagely.

"No evil purpose. You can take his trail from the circus wagon and follow that, if you want to satisfy yourself further that he wasn't here. I'llet you have the lantern. Only, remember, now! No more shooting at the wrong man!"

The half breed made no reply.

"And you Sedwick, Here's the de-

The half breed made no reply.

"And you, Sedgwick. Here's the destroyer. Do you still want to kill "I suppose not," replied the artist "Since his design was only against "your life and not against your pic-ture," commented Kent with a smile. "Well, our night's work is done." Lift-ing the lantern, he held it in the face

made those footprints come and tell me who the body in Annalaka burying ground is. A trade for a trade. You understand?" understand?"
The eyes stared, immovable. The chin did not quiver. Reaching for the lantern, Gansett Jim, now nine of Indian to one of negro, turned away from them to the pathway. "No," he said

of the half breed. "Jim!"

As the ficker of radiance danced and disappeared in the forest Sedgwick spoke. "Well, do you consider that we've made a friend?" "No," answered Chester Kent, "but we've done what's as good. We've quashed an enmity."

Answers to the telegrams Chester Kent had dispatched arrived in the form of night letters, bringing infor-mation regarding the Blairs of Hedge-row house, not sufficient informa-tion to satisfy the seeker, however. Therefore, having digested their con-

tents at oreakrast, the scientist cast

about him to supply the deficiency.
The feet of hope led him to the shop
of Elder Ira Dennett.
Besides being an able plumber and
tinker. Elder Dennett performed, by
vocation, the pleasurable duties of unprinted journalism—that is to say, he was the semiofficial town gossip. There was joy in the plumber-tinker's heart over the visit. Unhappily it appeared that Kent was there strictly on business. He did not wish to talk of the mystery of Lonesome Cove. He wished his acetylene lamp fixed—at once, if Elder Dennett pleased. Glum was the face of the elder as

he examined the lamp, which needs very little attention. It lightens when his visitor observed:
"I've been thinking a little of getting an electric car to run about here

in. There was a neat little one in town yesterday."
"Old Blair's." replied Dennett. "I seen you in it. Know Mr. Blair long?"
"He offered me a lift into town very kindly. He was a stranger to me said Kent truthfully and with inte

to deceive. "Who did you say he was?"
"Gosh sakes! Don't you know who
Aleck Blair is?"
"Blair?" Blair?" said Kent innocently. "Is he the author of Blair's 'Studies of Neuropterae?' "
Elder Dennett snorted. "He's a millionaire, that's what he is. Ain't you

read about him in the fabric trust in-

"Oh, that Blair! Yes, I believe I Kent rawned. It was a well con-ceived bit of strategy and met with

[TO BE CONTINUED.] CONTRARY FORCES.

Rear of a Moving Train. Replying to the question, "Supp use an overdrawn illustration, that a railroad train was going forward at the rate of 100 miles per minute and a gun was fired from the rear of the train in the opposite direction. If the velocity of the bullet as it left the gun would also have been 100 miles pe minute had the gun been discharge by a person standing on solid grou would the bullet leave the gun at all. and if so at what rate of speed?" Ed

Problem of a Bullet Fired From th

American says:
"The bullet would leave the muzzle of the gun with a speed of 100 miles per minute; the force of the explosive in the gun is the cause of the motion of the bullet, not that of the train. At the exact end of one minute the rear of the train and the bullet would be 200 miles apart. Before the gun is fired the bullet is moving with the train; at time of firing the bullet is at rest during an infinitesimal of time or a differential of time. The time in between the stopping of the motion of the bullet with the train and beginning of motion from the train and beginning of motion from the train is mathematically called a consecutive state and is such an important element of human knowledge that the highest branch of mathematics, the differential calculus, only is able to completely explore its wonderful properties." wonderful properties."

KAFFIR "BOY" SERVANTS.

They Bathe and Oil Themselves an Then Don Filthy Clothes.

Most of the "domestic" work in South Africa is done by the Kaffirs,

who are called "boys," no matter what their age may be. When the Kaffir boys come from the krais no one ever uses their native names. As soon as they are brought into contact with the whites they take a "white" name. This produces results not lacking in the elements of humor.

numor.

Among the house boys "Knife," Among the house boys "Knife,"
"Fork" and "Spoon" are common
names. "Table," "Chair," "Carriage,"
"Watch" and "Matchbox" are others
more infrequently used. There is of
record one boy who took the utilitarian name of "Ham and Eggs."

The Kaffirs are very fond of rice when they learn to eat it among the whites, and one stable boy thought he had found the finest name in the in "Rice." In some respects the Kaffirs are the cleanest people in the world. They are forever scrubbing themselves in hot water and anointing themselves with oil afterward. But the habit does not extend to their clothes. They take an elaborate bath and then

clothes that never saw the washtub.

Washington Star.

Old Book Advertisement.
The advertising of children's books does not seem to have advanced in in-genuity since the time of old John Newbery. Here is a specimen of his Newbery. Here is a specimen of his art from the Morning Chronicle in December, 1707; "This day was published 'Nurse Truciove's New Year's Gift, of the Book of Books For Children, adorned with cuts and designed as a present for every little boy who would become a great man and ride upon a fine horse and to every little girl who would become a great woman and ride in a lord mayor's gilt coach. Printed in a tord mayor's git coach. Frinted for the author, who has ordered these books to be given gratis to all little boys and girls at the Bible and Sun in St. Paul's churchyard, they paying for the binding, which is only twopence each book."—London Chronicle.

Strict About Guns.

Any one who handles a gun in Germany is held to more strict accountability than in America. A member of a bunting party in Prussian Saxony asked permission of a comrade to examine his gun. The owner handed it over, and while the man was examining it the gun was discharged, instantly killing a young woman standing near by. The owner of the gun was sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

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Our Guarantee, det a dollar be great are not benefited—the test Hodol sees return your money. Don't healiste a druggist will sell you Kodol on these tern the dollar bottle contains 7% times as mue as the 50s bottle. Kodol is prepared at it beleastere of E. C. DeWits & Do. Othica

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Freckled Girls

amine his gun. The owner handed it over, and while the man was examining it the gun was discharged, instantly killing a young woman standing near by. The owner of the gun was sentenced to one year's imprisonment, while the man who was handling the gun has to serve only a six months' term. The court held that the owner was criminally negligent in not withdrawing the cartridge. The man who held the weapon was treated more leniently because he was an inexperienced hunter.

Itch relieved in 20 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. Sold by Graham Drug Co.

Itch relieved in 20 minutes by Gill. JAM DRUG COMPANY.