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Take a Tip From Old Diogenes

By MOSS.

where the ancient philo



PLATO having a PLATO having a couple of thousand years ago defined man as a two legged animal without feathers, Diogenes (the chap who went around in the daytime with a lantern looking for an honest man) plucked a rooster and took it into the academy

and took it into the academy where the ancient philosophers discussed everything under the sun and said, "This is Piato's man." On which account this addition was made to the definition: "With broad, flat nails." We all admit that old Diogenes was a pretty smart Greek, with a fine sense of humor. If he lived today he wouldn't have to use his lantern among day-light newspapers to find an honest advertiser. SUCCESSFUL ADVERTISERS MUST BE HONEST. Dishonesty doesn't pay in advertising or in anything else. No daylight paper wants to have anything to do with the space buyer who deliberately tries to fool the public. But, coming back to Plato's modified man, the moral of that story is: Be exact. Be specific. Don't overlook the details. Do you watch the ads. in this paper CAREFULLY enough? Do you keep posted on the details? Do you watch the ads. in this paper CAREFULLY enough? Do you keep posted on the details? Do you watch the ads. in this paper CAREFULLY enough? Do you keep posted on the details? Do you make it your business to read them with EXACT-NESS?

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The Secret onesome Gove

Samuel Hopkins Adams

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CHAPTER XI. HE elder traced the history of the Blairs in and out of con-

centric circles of scandal—financial, political, social—and mostly untrue. Those in which the greatest portion of truth inhered dealt with the escapades of Wilfrid Blair, the only son and heir of the household, who had burned up all the paternal money he could lay hands on, writing his name in red fire across the night life of London, Paris and New York. Tiring of thus, he had come home and married a girl of nineteen, beautiful and innocent, whose parents, the elder piously opined, had sold her to the devil per Mr. Blair, agent. The girl, whose maiden name was Marjorie Dor rance—Kent's fingers went to his ear at this—had left Blair after a year of marriage, though there was no legal process, and he had returned to his haunts of the gutter until retribution overtook him in the form of tubercu-losis. His father had brought him to their place on Sundayman's creek, and there he was kept in semi-seclusion. visited from time to time by his young wife, who belped to care for him

"That's the story they tell," com-mented the elder, "but some folks has got suspicions. My own suspicions is that the young feller hasn't got no more consumption that you have, al-though he's got a man nurse. I think old Blair has got him here to keep him out of the papers.' "Publicity is not to Mr. Blair's taste

'I don't believe the old man would "I don't believe the old man would hardly stop short of murder to keep his name out of print. He's kind o' loony on the subject. Sailor Milt Smith is the feller that can tell you about the family and the place. Here

he comes up the street." He thrust his head out of the door and called. Sailor Smith, sturdy and white, entered and greeted Kent cour-

"Mr. Dennett was saying," remarked Kent, "that you know something of the history of Hedgerow house, as I

believe they call it."
"They call it!" repeated the old sailor.
"Who calls it? If you mean the Blair place, that's Hogg's haven, that is! You can't wipe out that name while there's a man living as knew the place at its worst. Old Captain Hogg built it and lived in it and died in it. devil is fryin' bacon out of old Hogg today for the things he done in tha

"How long since did he die?"

"Oh, twenty year back."

"And the house was sold soon after?"

"Stood vacant for ten years. Then
this feller Blair bought it. I don't know him, but he bought a weevily biscuit there. A bad house, it is-rotten bad!" 'What's wrong with it?"

"What's wrong with it?"
"Men's bones in the brick and women's blood in the mortar."
"Was the old boy a cannibal?" asked
Kent, amused by the sea veteran's
heroics.

"Have you ever been in the house?"
"Many's the time when it was Hogg's haven. Only once since. They do tell that the curse has come down with the house and is heavy on the new owner's

"So I've heard." The old white head wagged bodingly. "The curse of the blood," he said. "It's on all that race."

"Hogg's oldest sister was the grand mother of this young feller's mother, wasn't she?" put in Elder Dennett. "That's right. Wilfrid Blair's great

grandmother."
"And a bad 'un, too, I guess," con tinued the elder relishingly.
"Don't you say it!" cried the old sea man. "The curse of the blood was on her. Strange she was and beautiful, so my mother used to tell me, but not bad. She came in at Lonesome Cove

"Drowned at sea?" asked Kent. "They never knew. One day she was gone. The next night her body came in. They said in the country-side that she had the gift of second

sight and foretold her own death."

"Hum-m," mused Kent. "And now
the Blairs have changed the name of
the place. No wonder."

"There's one thing they haven't

"There's one thing they haven't changed, the private buryin' plot."
"Family?"
"Hogg's there, all right, an' never a parson in the countryside dared to speak to God about his soul, when they laid him there. His nephew, too, that was as black hearted as himself. But the rest of the graves has got no

"Slaves?"

"Them as he kept for his own service an' killed in his tantrums. Nobody knows how many. You can see the bend of the creek where they lie, from the road, and the old willows that lean over 'em'.

"Cheerful sort of person the late Mr.
Hogg seems to have been. Any relics
of his trade in the house?"
"Relics? You may say so! His old

"Helics? You may say so! His old pistols and compasses, guns, nautical instruments and the leaded whalebone whip that they used to say he slept with. They've got 'em hung on the walls now for ornyments. Ornyments! If they'd seen 'em as I've seen 'em, they'd sink the dummed things in a hundred fathom o' clean sea." "Sallor Smith was cabin boy on one of the old Hogg fleet one voyage," explained Elder Dennett.
"God forgive me for it!" said the old

plained Elder Dennett.

"God forgive me for it!" said the old
man. "There they hang, and with 'em
the chains and"—

"Isn't that lamp finished yet?" demanded Kent, turning sharply upon Elder Dennett.

Having paid for it, with something extra for his curtness, he led the sea-

"You were going to say and hand-cuffs, weren't you?" he inquired.
"Yhy, yes. What of that?" asked
the veteran, puzzled. Suddenly he brought his hand down with a slap on his thigh. "Where was my wits?" he cried. "Them from so n the dead woman's wrist! I knew I'd seen their like pefore! Slave manacles! They must a' come from Hogg's haven!"

"Very likely. But that suspicion had better be kept quiet at present."
"Aye, aye, sir," agreed the other.
"More devilment from the old haven? A bad house-a rotten bad house! "Yet I've a pressing desire to take a look at it." said Chester Kent musing-

ly. "Going back to Annalaka, Mr. Smith? I'll walk with you as far as the road to Mr. Sedgwick's." Freed of the veteran's company at

the turn of the road, Kent sat down the turn of the road, Kent sat down and took his ear in hand to (hink, "Miss Dorrance." he mused, "Marjo-rie Dorrance. What simpler twist for a nickname than to transform that into Marjorie Daw? Poor Sedgwick!"

At the Nook he found the object of his commiseration mournfully striving to piece together, as in a mosaic, the shattered remnants of his work. Sedg-wick brightened at his friend's aporoach.
"For heaven's sake, come out and do

me a couple of sets of tennis!" he be-sought. "I'm no sport for you, I know, particularly as my nerves are jumpy, but I need the work."

"Sorry, my boy," said Kent, "but I've got to make a more or less polite call, People named Blair. Ever know

Paris," said the artist indifferently. "What kind of a person was he?"
"An agreeable enough little beast,
but a rounder of the worst sort. Is he the man you're going to see?"
"No such luck," said Chester Kent.

"No such luck," said Chester Kent.
"I never expect to see Wilfrid Blair.
Probably I shan't even be invited to
his funeral."
"Oh! Is he dead?"
"His death is officially expected any

lay."
With which words Kent stepped out

and into his waiting car.

After departing from the Nook Kent's car rolled along beside Sunday man's creek sedately enough until it approached the wide bend, where it indulged in a bit of pathfinding across

the country, and eventually crept into the shade of a clump of bushes and bid. Its occupant emerged and went forward afoot until he came in view of Hedgerow house. At the turn of the stream he leaped a fence and made

his way to a group of willows beneath which the earth was ridged with little mounds. Professor Chester Kent was trespassing. He was invading the territory of the dead. From the seclusion of the graveyard amid the willows a fair view was af-forded of Hedgerow house. Grim as was the repute given it, it presented to the intruder an aspect of homely hospitable sweetness and quaintness Tall hollyhocks lifted their flowers t smile in at the old fashioned windows Here and there on the well kept lawn peonies glowed, crimson and white. A

great, clambering rose tree had thrown its arms around the square porch, softening the uncompromising angles into curves of leafage and bloom. Along the paths pansies laughed at the sun, and mignonette scattered its scented summons to bee and butterfly. The place was a loved place; so much Kent felt with sureness of in-

stinct. No home blooms except by love. But the house was dead. Its eyes were closed. Silence held it. The garden buzzed and flickered with vivid multicolored life, but there was no stir from the habitation of man. Had its occupants deserted it?

From the far side of the mansio

came the sound of a door opening and closing again. Moving quickly along the sumac fringed course of the creek, Kent made a detour which gave him view of a side entrance and had bareview of a side entrance and had barely time to efface himself in the shrubbery when a light wagon, with a spirited horse between the shafts, turned briskly out into the road. Kent, well sheltered, caught one brief sufficient glimpse of the occupant. It was Dr. Breed. The medical officer looked, as always, nerve beset, but there was a greedy smile on his lips.

Kent's mouth puckered. He took a deep breath of musical inspiration and

deep breath of musical inspiration and exhaled it in painful noiselessness. flattening himself amid the greenery as he saw a man emerge from the rear of Hedgerow house. The man was sansett Jim. He carried a pick and a spade and walked slowly. Presently he disappeared in the willow shaded place of mounds. The sound of his toil came, muffled, to the ears of the hidden man.

Cautiously Kent worked his way,

now in the stream, now through the heavy growth on the banks, until he gained the roadway. Once there he went forward to the front gate of Hedgerow house. Kent paused for the merest moment. His gaze rested on the heavy black door. Heavier and blacker against the woodwork a pen-dant waved languidly.

To the normal human being the gris-

ly insignium of death over a portal is provocative of anything rather than mirth. But Chester Kent, viewing the

crape on Hedgerow house, laughed as he turned to the open road. Meditation furrowed the brow of Lawyer Adam Bain. "Nobody versus Sedgwick," grumbled be. "Public opin-ion versus Sedgwick," he amended. ion versus Sedgwick," he amended.
"How's a self respecting lawyer going
to earn a fee out of that? And Len
Schlager standing over the grave of
the corpus delicti with a warrant
against searching, so to speak, in his
hand! For that matter, this Professor
Kent worries me more than the sher-

A sharp humming rose in the air and A sharp humming rose in the air and brought the idle counselor to his window, whence he beheld the prime author of his bewilderment descending from a car. A minute later the two men were sitting with their feet on one deak, a fairly good sign of mutual respect and confidence.

dozen. See pere." He drew a county map from a shelf. "Here's the place. Seven railroad stations on three dif-ferent roads within ten miles of it. Annalaka would be way out of his

reach. "Yet Gansett Jim seems to be known

"Oh, is it Blair that the Indian work for? I never knew. Closer'n a deaf mute with lockjaw, he is. Well, I exsionally is that, it's the nearest licens town.

"Lo, the poor Injun when he wants drink
Will walk ten miles as easy as you'd wink." "Do you know most of the postoffices

around here?" "There isn't but one postmaster within twenty miles that I don't call by his first name, and she's a postmistress." "Then you could probably find out by telephone where the Blair family get their mail.

"Easy!"
"And perhaps what newspapers they

"H'm! Yes. I guess so." "Try it as soon as you get back."
"Back from where?" "Back from the medical officer's lace. I think he must have returned

"You want to see Tim Breed?" "No: just his records. Burial per

mits, I suppose, are a matter of public "Yes. All you've got to do is to go and ask for 'em. You won't need me."
"Regrettable as his bad taste is."
sald Kent with a solemn face, "I fear
that Dr. Breed doesn't regard me with

eads of in illuminated resolutions. "And you want me as an accelerator, ch?" smiled- the lawyer. "All right, it's the Jane Doe permit you're after, suppose."
"Which?"

that confidence and exteem which one

"Jane Doe. They buried the corpse from Lonesome Cove under that name. Unidentified dead, you know."

CHAPTER XII. Loose Ends.

OGETHER they went to the medical officer's quarters. Dr. Breed had come in fifteen minutes before. Without prelimi "I want to see that Jane Doe certificate again." nary Lawyer Bain said:

"Aren't you afraid of wearin' out the ink on it, Adam?" retorted the other with a furtive grin. "And I." said Chester Kent in his

suavest manner, "venture to trouble you to show me the certificate in the case of Wilfrid Blair." case of Wilfrid Blair."

Something like a spasm shook the
lineaments of Dr. Breed's meager face.

"Blair" he repeated. "How did you
know"— He stopped short.

"How did I know that Wilfrid Blair

a dead?" Kent finished for him. "Why there has been time enough, hasn'

The physician's hands clawed nervously at his straggling hair.
"Time enough?" he murmured. "Time enough? I'm only just back from the

Blair place myself commented Kent negligently. Then he died within two hours or "This morning," retorted the other "It's all in the certificate."

that Lawyer Bain gave him a quick look.
"All that's your business or any-body else's," said Breed, recovering bimself a bit.

"All?" inquired Kent, so significantly

"Doubtless, And I'm to be permit ted to see this document?" Breed pushed a paper across the ta-ble. "There it is. I just finished mak-ing it out."

"I see," said Kent, giving the paper a scant survey, "that the cause of death is set down as 'cardiac failure.'" "Just a trifle noncommittal, isn't it? You see, we all die of cardiac failure,



"That record's good enough for the

except those of us who fall from air law," declared the medical officer dog

gedly.
"Who was the attending physician? "I was."
"Indeed! And to what undertaker was the permit issued?"
"It was issued to the family. They
can turn it over to what undertaker

they please."
"Where is the interment to be?" "Say, looky here, Mr. Man!" cried the physician, breaking into the sud-den whining fury of bard pressed timidity. "Are you trying to learn me my business? You can go to the devil! That's what you can do!" "With your signature on my certif-

from a car. A minute later the two men were sitting with their feet on one deak, a fairly good sign of mutual respect and confidence.

"Blair?" said Lawyer Bain. "No, I thank you."

Outside in the street, Lawyer Bain "Hayee?" inquired the elder, with a timed to his client. "You didn't look at the Jane Doe paper at all."

"No. I'm not so interested in that as in the other."

"No. Might use any one of half a "Something queer about this Blair death? Not another murder?"

The town gossip shifted uneasily cate?" inquired the scientist, unmov-

miled. "No." said he positively, certainly not that." There has been a lot of scanda

about young Blair, I'm told. Perhaps they're burying him as quietly as pos-sible just to keep out of the papers." "I shouldn't consider his method of burial likely to prove particularly quiet," returned Kent. "Of course I may be wrong, but I think not. The most private way to get buried is in

public "Well, if a death was crooked I'd want no better man than Breed to help cover it. By the way, the sheriff has been away since yesterday afternoon on some business that he kept to him-

"That also may mean something. remarked Kent thoughtfully. "Now, in you'll find out about that newspaper natter I'll go on over to Sedgwick's You can get me there by telephone."

In the studio Kent found Sedgwick walking up and down with his hands behind his back and his head for-

'Why the caged ion effect?" inquir-"Why the caged non effect? inquired the scientist.
"Some one has been having a little fun with me," growled Sedgwick.
"Apparently it was one sided.

"What's this on the easel?"
"What would you take it to be?"
"Let's have a closer look."
Walking across the room Kent plant-

ed himself in front of the drawing board, upon which had been fixed, by means of thumb tacks, a square of rather soft white paper, exhibiting evidence of having been crumpled up and subsequently smoothed out. On the paper was a three-quarter draw ing of a woman's head, the delicate face beneath waves of short curly hair, turned a little from the left shoulder, which was barely indicated. Setting hig useful monocle in his eye, Kent examined the work carefully. "I should take it," he pronounced at

length, "to be a sort of a second hand attempt at a portrait." You recognize it, though?" "It bears a resemblance to the face

of the corpse at Lonesome Cove. Where did that precious work of art come "Heaven knows! Ching Lung found the sketch lying on the doorstep with a cobblestone holding it down."
"It isn't a sketch."

"What would you call it, then?" "A copy. If you had used your eyes on it instead of your temper, you might have seen at once that it is a tracing. Look for yourself, now.

Taking the magnifying monocle that

Kent held out, the artist scrutinized the lines of the picture. "By Jove! You're right," said he "It's been transferred through tracing paper and touched up afterward. Rather roughly too. You can see where the copyist has borne down too hard on the lead."

What's your opinion of the likenes -- If it is the likeness which you sup-pose?" inquired Kent.
"Why, as I remember the woman

this picture is a good deal idealized. The hair and the eyes are much the same. But the lines of the face in the picture are finer. The chin and mouth are more delicate, and the whole effect softer and of a higher type.' "Do you see anything strange about

"Badly drawn; that's all."
"Just below the ear there is a sort of blankness, isn't there?" "Why, yes. It seems curiously unfinished just there."
"If you were touching it up how

the neck on the left side?

vould you correct that?" "With a slight shading just there where the neck muscle should thrown up a bit by the turn of the

"Or by introducing a large pendant earring which the copier has left out?"
"Kent, you're a wonder! That would
do it exactly. But why in the name
of all that's marvelous should the tracer of this drawing leave out the ear

"Obviously to keep the picture as near like as possible to the body on the beach."

"Then you don't think it is the wo-"Who else could it possibly be?" "Perhaps we can best find that out

by discovering who left the drawing That looks like something of a job. "Not very formidable, I think. pose we run up to the village and ask the local stationer who has bought any tracing paper there within a day or

As the demand for tracing paper i Martindale Center was small, the sta-tioner upon being called on had no diffi-culty in recalling that Elder Dennett had been in that afternoon and made

such a purchase.

"Then the must have discovere something after I left him." said Kent to Sedgwick, "for he never could have kept his secret if he'd had it then." "But what motive could be have?"

cried the artist.

"Just mischief probably. That's enough mofive for his sort." Turning to the storekeeper. Kent added. "Do you happen to know how Mr. Dennett spent the early part of this afternoon?" "I surely do, He was up to Dimmock's rummage auction, an' he got something there that tickled him like a feather. But he wouldn't let on what

"The original!" said Sedgwick.
"What does Dimmock deal in?"
"All kinds of odds and ends. scrapes the country for bankrupt sales an' has a big auction once a year. Everybody goes. You can find any thing from a plow handle to a second hand marriage certificate at his place."

"We now call on Elder Dennett, said Kent. That worthy was about closing up That worthy was about closing up-shop when they entered.
"Don't your lamp work right yet,
Professor Kent?" he inquired.
"Perfectly," responded the acientist.
"We have come to see you on another
matter, Mr. Sedgwick and I."
"First let me thank you," said Sedgwick, "for the curious work of art you
left at my place."

I got the picture?" he giggled. "I didn't find it myself till I got back from the auction.

the original here?"
"Yes." said Elder Dennett; and, going to his desk, he brought back a square of heavy bluish paper, slightly

discolored at the edges.
"That's a very good bit of drawing,"
said Sedgwick as he and Kent bent over the paper.,
"But unsigned." said his companion.
"Now, Mr. Dennett, whom do you sup-

pose this to be?"
"Why, the lady that stopped to talk
with Mr. Sedgwick and was killed in

earring in copying the picture?"
"Aw—well." explained the other in some confusion, "she didn't have no some contusion, "she dun't have no carrings on when I seen her, and it looks a lot more like without it."
"How much money would you take for this?"
"About \$5, I guess," replied the oth-

"Then why did you leave out this

er in a bold expulsion of breath,
At this moment Sedgwick, who had
been studying the picture in the light,
made a slight signal with his hand, which did not escape Kent.

"Five dollars is a big price for a rough pencil sketch," said the scien-tist. "I'd have to know more of the picture to pay that for it. Where did you find it? "In this book. I bought the book at Dimmock's rummage auction." He produced a decrepit, loosely bound edition of the Massachusetts Agricultural

Reports. "The picture was stuck in between the leaves."
"No name in the book," said Kent.
"The flyleaf is gone. But here's the date of publication--1830."

"That would be just about right," said Sedgwick, with lively interest. "Right for what?" demanded Dennett.
Before there was time for reply Kent

had pressed a five dollar bill into his

hand, with the words:

"You've made a trade."
"Wait," protested the elder. But the sketch was already in Sedgwick's pos-

session.
"It's an Elliott," said that gentle-man. "I'm sure of it. I've seen his sketches before, though they're very rare, and there's an unmistakable touch about his pencil work."
"In that case," said Kent survely,
"Mr. Dennett will be gratified to know

that he has sold for \$5 an article worth fifty times that." [TO BE CONTINUED.]

OIL UPON THE WATERS. Its Action In Calming the Billows of

Literally as well as figuratively, to pour oil upon the troubled waters is to calm them to a degree. This has been known from time immemorial, although its scientific explanation is not any too familiar even at the pres ent day. The secret of the phenom non lies in the fact that oil is extrem ly viscous—that is to say, it is of a ropy consistency, sticky and adhesive, and can be spread out into a very thin

but comparatively strong sheet.

In lubricating a bearing, for instance, it forms a tenuous film between the metals and so protects them from the wear of direct contact with each other. Oil is lighter than water and when poured upon it remains upon the sur-face. As the surface tension of water s stronger than that of oil, the oil is mmediately drawn out over the water in a very thin body, forming a sort of blanket, which presents a consider-able resistance to the motions of the element beneath. The water waves still roll almost as high as before, but they are unable to break into ripples, so that the stormy sea, when oil cov-ered, presents a surface of huge undu-

lations, but smooth ones. Ships are able to ride such wave with comparative case. It is the waves that break that present the real dan-ger to the mariner.—Boston Herald.

OUTER SPACE.

Showing How Far It Is From Being Empty of Matter. "When we speak of outer space, the space between star and star, as being empty of matter, it is rather interesting to see exactly what we mean," says writer. "We know from observation on the planets that light, in its passage across space to our earth, suffers hard-ly any absorption, and from this fact we can deduce conclusions respecting the density of such matter as exists in

outer space.
"If the degree of rarefaction in outer "It the degree of rarefaction in outer space is, for example, in the neighborhood of the one hundred millionth part of an atmosphere, then the appearance of Jupiter, for instance, would be as it our atmosphere had twice its present opacity. So that such matter as exists must be in a much more rarefled state. But, after all, these terms are only comparative. only comparative.

pose our atmosphere were al the visible universe as far as the Milky way. Then its rarefaction would be such that it would be quite impossible, by any optical means, to detect the presence of any matter. Nevertheless, there would be about 5,000 molecules per cubic centimeter through

Treeless Falkland Islands

There are no trees in the Falkland islands, consequently the country presents a bleak appearance. In the autumn the long grass, turning someautum the long grass, turning some-what grayish, imparts a disagreeable and monotonous aspect to the hillside. On the return of spring the ranchers used to have a glorious time of it in literally setting the camp on fire. This was done by simply striking a match on the saddle pommel and casting it into the midst of the withered grass. No coaxing was needed, as the mate-rial was withered and dry as theder. rial was withered and dry as tinder. Presently the mountain side would be fringed with one long line of raging flames and curling amoke. Thus was the pasture renewed. Although no trees grow in these islands, there is ample evidence of the land having once been thickly wooded.—Chambers' Journal.

Old Dances in Old Times.
In Edward Scott's "Dancing In All
Ages" are some curious details about
the dances of old England.

"Never mind the process. Have you the dances of old England.

"Joan Sanderson" was a "jolly dance" in Mr. Scott's definition, for before it was ended each lady had kissed all the gentlemen twice, and each man had been equally enterprising. Mary Stuart danced the "Volta," though "not so high and so disposedly" as Elizabeth. In King Charles 'time people danced "Teschware" it "Charles". ple danced "Trenchmore," the "Cush ion Dance," "Omnium Gatherum" and "Holte cum Tolte." "All In a Garden Green," "Gathering

of Peascods," "Lumps of Pudding,"
"Under and Over," "The Bath," "The
Slaughter House" and "Have at Thy
Coat, Old Woman," are dances not quite so old.

Gardening. God Almightie first Planted a Gar-den, and indeed it is the Purest of Human pleasures. It is the Greatest R ent to the Spirits of Man: with freshment to the Spirits of Man; with-out which Buildings and Palaces are but Grosse Handyworks: And a man shall ever see that when Ages grow to Civility and Elegancle, Men come to Build Stately sooner than to Garden Finely; As if Gardening were the Greater Perfection.—Bacon.

The Demagogue Defined.
"Father," said a small boy, "what is a demagogue?"
"A demagogue, my son, is a man who can rock the boat himself and at the same time persuade everybody that there's a terrible storm at sea."-Wom-

Regular Invitation.

Judge—How did you come to enter
the premises? Prisoner—Well, your
honor, it was 2 o'clock in the morning,
with the kitchen window wide open,
no cops about—blowed if you wouldn't
a-climbed in yourself.—Boston Transerrit

How's Your Sight?

By MOSS.



Success is based on good eyesight.
The faculty of observation is one of your most prized possessions. Don't waste it. Don't limp along through life in a daze with your eyes half closed—as many do, unfortunately. tunately. Stupidity crawls along with

eyes that see not. He who sees enjoys most in life.
Seeing is profitable. One way
it is profitable is in actually seeing what you look at when you glance at the advertisements in-serted in this paper by the busi-ness men of this community. KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!

The Unchanging Past.

This is the reason why the past has such magical power. The beauty of its motionless and silent pictures is like the enchanted purity of late actumn, when the leaves, though one breath would make them fall, still glow against the sky in golden glory. glow against the sky in goden glory.

The past does not change nor strive.

Like Duncan, after life's fitful fever,
it sleeps well. What was eager and
grasping, what was petty and transitory has faded away. The things that
were beautiful and eternal shine out of were beautiful and eternal snine out of it like stars in the night. Its beauty to a soul not worthy of it is unendur able, but to a soul which has conquer ed fate the past is the key of religion —Bertrand Russell.

Not Up to Expectation. When Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood paid a visit to his native village habitants turned out to welcome him. Among the crowd was a woman who impattently asked her neighbors where "the 'ero' was.
"That's him," replied one of them, pointing out Sir Evelyn's rather spare,

"What, 'im." exclaimed the woman.
"'Im kill all them Zulus! Why, even
my old man could clout 'im."—London FORMING HABITS.

FORMING HABITS.

Be careful about how you form habits. Some young people never consider habit forming. They form none but accidental and unconscious habits. They know so little that they think they could change any habit they have in a day. Yet in reality they are binding themselves in chains of iron and making a free and happy life impossible for themselves later on.

Advantage of Credit. "My big sister has a beau." "So's mine, but I don't like him. "Know what my sister 'd do if didn't like her beau?'

"She'd send him back and get h changed, 'cause we've got a charge ac-count at the store he comes from."— Newark Star.

MAN'S TRIALS.

MAN'S IRIALS.

Men think God is destroying them because he is tuning them. The violinist acrews up the key until the tense cord sounds the concert pitch, but it is not to break it, but to use it tunefully, that he stretches the string upon the musical rack.—Beecher.

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

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