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Mrs. Brown did the same thing in her own way, of course, paying most attention to home providing and home improving.

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CHAPTER XIII. The Aid of the Stars.

HEY left the elder groaning at his door and went to look up Dimmock, the rummage man. But he was wholly unable to throw any light on the former owner of the reports in which the drawing had been tucked away. There the in-vestigation seemed to be up-against a blank wall.

"Isn't it astounding!" said Sedgwick

"Isn't it astounding!" said Sedgwick.
"Here's a portrait antedating 1830 of
a woman who has just died, young.
What was the woman I saw—a revenant in the flesh?"

"If you ask me," said Kent slowly,
"I should say, rather, an imitation."
Further he would not say, but insisted on returning to the Nook. As
they arrived the telephone bell was they arrived the telephone bell was ringing with the weary persistence of the long unanswered. To Kent's query Lawyer Bain's voice announced: "I've been trying to get you for an

"Sorry," said Kent. "Is it about the

newspapers?"
"Yes," said the lawyer. "I've got
the information." And he stated that four newspapers went regularly to Hedgerow house—the New York Star and Messenger and the Boston Eagle to Alexander Blair and the Boston Free Press to Wilfrid Blair.

Sedgwick set the Elliott sketch be side the copy and compared them for a time. Then he fell to wandering desolately about the studio. Suddenly he turned, walked over to his friend and laid a hand on his shoulder "Kent, for the love of heaven, can't you do something for me?

"You mean about the girl?" Sedgwick nodded. "I can't get my mind to stay on anything else. Even this infernal puzzle of the pictures

doesn't interest me for more than the minute. The longing for her is eating the heart out of me." "My dear Frank," said the other quietly, "if there were anything I could do, don't you think I'd be doing

it? It's a very dark tangle."
"If there were only something to
do!! fretted the artist. "It's this cursed inaction that is getting my

"If that's all," returned Kent slow "It that's all, returned seek solu-ly, "I'll give you something to do. And I fancy," he added grimly, "it will be sufficiently absorbing to take your mind from your troubles for a time at least."

"Bring it on. I'm ready."
"All in good time. Meantime I am seriously thinking, my dear young friend," said Kent solemuly, "of conlting an astrologer.

"You're crazy!" retorted Sedgwick. "I wish I were for a few bours." said Kent, with entire seriousness. "It

might help."
"Well, that's where I'll be if you don't find something for me to do soon. So come on and materialize this

romised activity." "If you regard a trip to the Martin-dale Public library as activity I can furnish that much excitement.

furnish that much excitement."
"What are you going to do there?"
"Consult the files of the newspapers and pick out a likely high class astrologer from the advertisements."
"That has a mild nutty flavor, but it

doesn't excite any profound emotion in me except concern for your sanity." "You've said that before," retorted Kent. "However, I'm not sure I shall "Then that isn't the coming adven-ture?" take you with me anyway.'

"No; nothing so mild and innocuous."
"Are you asking me to run some danger? Is it to see her?" said Sedgwick eagerly.
"Leave her out of it for the present.

There is no question of seeing her now. There's an enterprise forward which, if it fails, means the utter faming of reputation. What do you "What's the inducement?"

"The probable clearing up of the case we're on. When I come to tackle it I may find that one man could do it alone. But""Wait. You're going into it, are

you?"
"Oh, certainly!"

out me?"

"Yes."
"Why couldn't you have said so at first and saved this discussion?" cried his host. "Of course if you're in for it, so am I. But what about your reputation?'
"It's worth a good deal to me," con-

reputation?"

"It's worth a good deal to me," confessed the scientist. "And I can't deny I'm staking it all on my theory of this case. If I'm wrong—well, it's about the finis of my career."

"See here, Chet!" broke out his friend. "Do you think I'm going to let you take that kind of a chance for me?"

"It isn't for you," declared the other with irritation. "It's for myself. Can't you understand that this is my case? Do you care to run over to the library? No? Well, for the rest of the evening I can be found—no; I cannot be found, though I'll be there—in room 571."

"All right," said Sedgwick. "You needn't fear any further intrusion. But when is our venture?"

"Tomorrow night," replied Kent, "Wilfrid Blair having officially died, as per specifications, today."

Trout are a tradition rather than a prospect in Sundayman's creek. Some, indeed, consider them a myth. Hope springs eternal in the human breest, however, and a fisherman duly equipped, might have been observed testing the upper reaches of the stream on the morning of July 10. Although his rod and tackle were of the best, his



declared war on Servia, and at once the European war crisis assumed a nest cangerous stage. It was feared that at News Snapshots Of the Week

In an day the triple alliance, Germany, Italy and Austria, would array fiself against the triple entente, Russia, England and France, in a general conflict that would rip Europe wide open, cost inlitions of lives, bring starvation and ruin upon millions of homes, plunge great nations into helpless debt and change the political map of Europe. The filiastration shows the followings and Crown Prince Alexander of Servia.

and rough, not to say, scrubby. An old slouch hat was drawn down over his forehead and staring blue glasses sheltered his eyes against the sun, which was sufficiently obscured for most tastes-by a blanket of gray cloud, promising rain

The rumble of a vehicle distracted his attention, and he looked up to observe with curiosity a carriage full of strangers pass across the bridge. The strangers were all in black. The an-gler looked away again and turned to continue his hopeful progress toward the bend. Not until he had rounded the curve did be pause for rest. He was waiting for the funeral service of

Wilfrid Blair.
Notices in the Boston and New York papers had formally designated the burial as "Private." That invaluable aid, Lawyer Adam Bain, who seemed to have his fingers on the pulse of all the county's activities, had informed Kent that telegraphic summ gone out to a few near relatives and that the relatives, together with a lergyman, were expected that morning.

For a patient hour longer Kent' questing flies explored unres nooks and corners. At the end of that time he sighted a figure coming from Hedgerow house and dodged into covert of sumac. The glass brough out clearly the features of Alexander Blair, set, stern and pale. Blair walk-ed swiftly to the willow thicket where ay Captain Hogg and his unnamed victims, looked down into the ray fresh excavation and turned away Another man, issuing from the house, joined him. From his gestures Alex-ander Blair seemed to be explaining and directing. Finally both returned

to the house.
"Handling the whole business him self," commented Kent. "I like his courage anyway."

Half an hour afterward the little funeral procession moved from the procession moved from the There was no hearse. Six men carried the coffin. They were all



He Could Hear the Faint Murmur of the Words.

strangers to Kent, and their clothes gave obvious testimony of city origin. Half a dozen other men and three women heavily velled followed. Kent thrust his glass into his pocket and lifted his rod again. By the time the clergyman had begun the service Kent was close to the obstructing fence He could hear the faint, solemn mur mur of the words. Then came the lowering of the casket. The onlooker marked the black and silver sumptuousness of it and thought of the rough hemlock box that inclosed the anony-mous body in Annalaka churchyard. And as his fly met the water he smil-

ed a little, grim, wry smile.

It was over soon. The black clad
group drifted away. One member
paused to glance with curiosity at the oughly clad angler making his way up stream, for Kent judged it wise to absent himself now, foreseeing the ad-

went of one keener eyed than the mourners, whose scrutiny he did not desire to tempt. Shortly Gansett Jim came to the grave. Hastily and carelessly he pitched in the earth, tramped it down and returned. Carriages rolled to the door of Hedgerow house and rolled away again, carrying the mourners to their train. Not until then did Kent snug up his tackle and take the road.

No sooner had he reached the hotel and changed into dry clothes than he made haste to the Nook and thus addressed Sedgwick, "Now I'm your man for that tennis match."

Kent played as he worked, with con-

central at and tenacity, backlag up technical skill. Against his dogged at-tack Sedgwick's characteristically more brilliant game was unavailing, the the contest was not so uneven but that both were sweating hard as at the conclusion of the third set they sought a breathing space on the terraced bank "That's certainly a good nerve seda

tive," said the artist, breathing hard, "and not such rotten tennis for two-aged relics of better days like our-

"Not so bad by any means," agreed his opponent cheerfully, "If you had stuck to lobbing I think you'd have had me in the second set. Wonder had me in the second set. Wonder-how our spectator enjoyed it?" he add-ed, lowering his voice. "Don't be abrupt about it, but just take a look at that lilac copse on the crest of the

"Can't see any one there," said Sedgwick. "No more can I. Look at the bird on that young willow. You can see for yourself it's trying to impart some in

formation. "I see a grasshopper sparrow in a state of some nervousness. But grass-

hopper sparrows are always fidgety."
"This particular one has reason to
be. She has a nest in that lilac patch. A few minutes ago she went toward it with a worm in her beak, hastily dropped the worm and came out in a great state of mind; hence I judge there is some intruder near her home."

"Any guess who it is?"
"Why, it might be Gansett Jim," replied Kent in a louder voice. "Though it's rather stupid of him to pick out a bird inhabited bush as a hiding place." The lilac bush shook a little, and Gansett Jim came forth.

"He went to Carr's Junction," said the half breed curtly. "You found his trail?" asked Kent. The other nodded. "This morning," e said.

"Find anything else?"
"No. I kill him if I get him!" He turned and vanished over the rise of ground back of the court. "Now what does that mean?" de-

manded Sedgwick in amazement.

"That is Gansett Jim's apology for suspecting you," explained Kent. "He is our ally now, and this is his first information. What a marvelous thing the bulldog strain in a race is! Nobody but an Ifidian would have kept to an almost hopeless trail as he has

"The trail of the real murderer?" cried Sedgwick,

Kent shook his head. "You're still obsessed with dublous evidence," he remarked. "Let me see your time-

Having studied the schedules that the artist produced for him, he nodded consideringly. "Boston it is, then," he said. "As I thought. Sedgwick, I'm off for two or three days of travel—if we get through this night without dis-

CHAPTER XIV.

Digging.

IGHT came on tu murk and mist. As the clouds gathered thicker, Chester Kent's face thock on a more and more satisfied expression. Sedgwick, on the contrary, gloomed sorely at the suspense. From time to time Kent thrust a hand out of the window.

Shortly after miduight there was a splutter of ratio on the roof.

"The time has come for action," said Kent. "Be thankful. Get on your coat." Sedgwick brightened at once, "Right-

Sedgwick brightened at once. "Rightof" be said. "Get your lamps lighted
and I'll be with you."
"No lights. Ours is a deep, dark,
desperate, devillsh, dime novel design.
Got a spade and a pick? If you
haven't a pick, two spades will do. In
fact, they'll be better."

Sedgwick's heart froze. He visioned
the wet soil of Annalaka burying
ground, heaped above a loose hasped
pine loos.

pine box.
"Good God: Is it that?" he muttered. He went out into the dark. tered. He went out into the dark, presently returning with the tools. Kent took them out and disposed them

Kent took them out and disposed them in the car.

"Get in," he directed.

"If we had to do this. Kent." said Sedgwick, shuddering in his seat, "why haven't we done it before?"

The other turned on the power.
"You're on the wrong track, as usual," he remarked. "It couldn't be done before."

Kent como rees as companion's revolt at the unuttered word and supplied it for him. "Grave robbery? It is."

"Where? "In a private burying ground on the Blairs "Wilfrid Blair's grave? When was the funeral?"

the funeral?"
"This morning. I was among those present, though I don't think my name will be mentioned in the papers."
"Why should you have been there?"
"Oh set the days to mules whether?" "Oh, set it down to vulgar curiosity,

said Kent. "Probably you'd say the same if I asked you the motive for this present expedition. I suppose you fully appreciate the chance we are taking?"
Didn't I tell you that it was rather more than a life and death risk?"

Something cold touched Sedgwick's hand in the darkness. His fingers closed around a flask. "No; no Dutch courage for me. Where is this place?" "On Sundayman's creek, some fourteen miles from the Nook as the motorcar flies."

"Fourteen miles," repeated Sedgwick musingly, following a train of thought that suddenly glowed, a beacon light of hope. "And these Blairs have with the dead woman of the Cove, the woman who wore her the Cove, the woman wno wore ner jewels." His fingers gripped and sank into Kent's hard fibered arm. "Chet, for the love of heaven tell me! Is she one of these Blairs?"
"No, nonsense, Sedgwick," returned the other sternly. "You're to act—yes, and think—under orders till the night's job is done."

job is done." There was silence for nearly half an

hour, while the car slipped, ghostlike, along the wet roadway. Presently it turned aside and stopped. "Footwork now," said Kent. "Take the spades and follow." He himself, leading the way, carried

a coil of rope on his shoulders. For what Sedgwick reckoned to be half a mile they wallowed across soaked meadows, until the whisper of rain upon water came to his ears.

"Keep close," directed his guide and preceded him down a steep bank.

The stream was soon forded. Emerging on the farther side they scramble up the other bank into a thicker dark-ness, where Sedgwick, colliding with a gnarled tree trunk, stood lost and waiting. A tiny bar of light appeared It came to a rest upon a fresh garish ridge of earth, all pasty and yellow in the rain, and abruptly died.

"Too dangerous to use the lantern." murmured Kent. "Take the pear end and dig."

training. The heavy soil flew stendily and fast. Soon they were waist deep Kent in a low voice bade his fellow

rest. At the end of three minutes Sedgwick was groping for his spade "I've got to go on, Chet." he gasped. "The

"It's just as well," assented his com mander. "The clouds are breaking, worse luck. And some one might possibly be up and about in the house

slience and idieness are too much for

with a thud which ran up his arm to his heart, Kent's iron struck upon wood. Both men stood frozen into attitudes of attention. No sound came from the house. "Easy now," warned Kent, after he

judged it safe to continue. "I thought that Jim dug deeper than that. Spade it out gently. And feel for the han-dles."

dles."
"I've got one," whispered Sedgwick,
"Climb out, then, and pass me down
the rope."
As Sedgwick gained the earth's level,

the moon, salling from behind a cloud, poured a flood of radiance between the tree trunks. Kent's face as he raise t from the grave, stretching out his and for the cord, was ghastly, but his lips smiled encouragement.
"All right! One minute, now, and we're safe."

we're safe."
"Bafe!" repeated the other. "With
that opened grave! I shall never feel
safe again."
From between the earthen walls keut's voice came, muffiled. "Safe as a church," he averred, "from the min-ute that we have the coffin. Take this end of the rope. Got it? Now this one. It's fast fore and aft. Here I

come."

With a leap he clambered out of the excavation. He took one end of the rope from Sedgwick's hand. "All ready to haul?" he inquired in matter of fact

"Wait. What are we going to do with this-this thing?" demanded his colaborer. "We can never get it to

the car."

A low chuckle sounded from the shrubbery back of them. The resurrectionists stood, stricken.
"An owi," whispered Sedgwick at finished here."

"An owi," whispered Sedgwick at finished here."

gency, "Haul!"
Up came the heavy casket, bumping

and grating. Even through the rope Sedgwick felt with horror the tum-bling of the helpless sodden body with-in. With a powerful effort Kent swung his end up on the mound. The lanters flashed. By its gleam Sedgwick saw Kent striving to force his spade edge under the codin lid to pry it loose. The chuckle sounded again. "That's enough." said a beavy voice

with a suggestion of mirthful appreci

Sheriff Len Schlager stepped from behind a tree. He held a revolver or Kent. Sedgwick made a swift motion and the muzzle swung accurately on

nim. "Steady, Frank," warned Kent anxlously.
"I'm steady enough," returned the other. "What a fool I was not to bring a gun!"

"Oh, no," contradicted the scientist. "Of what use is my gun? We're in the light, and he is in the shadow." "So you've got a gun on you, eh?" remarked the sheriff, his chuckle deep-

"I didn't say so." "No, but you gave you!"
Hands up, please. Both of you."
Four hands went up in the air.
Kent's face, in the light, was very downcast, but from the far corner of

his mouth came the faintest ghost of a whistled melody—all in a minor key. It died away on the night air and the musician spoke in rapid French. "Attention! La ruse gagne. Quandje lui donnerai le coup de pied, battez-le

("Listen! A trick wins. When kick him, strike him to the ground.")
"What's that gibberish?" demands

Schlager.
"Very well," said Sedgwick quickly, in the tone of one who accepts instruc-tions. "I'll be still enough. Go ahead and do the talking."

"Better both keep still," advised the deceived sheriff. "Anything you say can be used against you at the trial. And the penalty for body snatching is twenty years in this state."
"Yes, but what constitut
snatching?" murmured Kent. constitutes bod

"You do, I guess," retorted the hu-morous sheriff. "Steady with those hands. Which pocket, please, profes

sor?"
"Right hand coat if you want my money." answered the scientist su lenly. "Nothing like that," laughed the of-

ficer. "Your gun will do at present."
"I haven't got any gun."
"I hear you say it! Remember, mine is pointed at your stomach."
"Correct place," approved Kent, quietly shifting his weight to his left foot. 'It's the seat of human courage. Well!' as Schlager tapped pocket after pock-

as Schlager tapped pocket after pock-et without result, "you can't say i didn't warn you. Now, Frank!" With the word there was a sharp spat as the heel of Kent's heavy boot. flying up in the kick of his own de-vising, caught the sheriff full on the wrist, breaking the bones and sending the revolver a spin into the darkness. As instantly Sedgwick struck, swing-ing full armed, and Schlager went ing full armed, and Schlager wen lown, half stunned.

"Pin him, Frank," ordered Kent in low tone.

But Sedgwick needed no directions now that resolute action was the or-der of the moment. His elbow was already pressed into the sheriff's bull neck. Schlager lay still, moaning a

neck. Schlager lay still, moaning a little.

"Good work, my boy," approved Kent, who had retrieved the revolver.

"Who clubbed me?" groaned the fallen man. "I didn't see no third feller. And what good's it going to do you anyway? There you are, and there's the robbed grave. Exaggerated by assault on an officer of the law," he added technically.

saut on an omeer of the law," he added detentically.

"That is right, too, Kent," added Sedgwick, with shaking voice. "What-ever we do, I don't see but what we are disgraced and ruined."

"Unless," suggested Kent, with mild toned malice, "we rid ourselves of the only witness to the affair."

A little case issued from the thick only witness to the affair."

A little gasp lasued from the thick lips of Len Schlager. But he spoke with courage and not without a certain dignity. "You got me," be admitted quietly. "If it's killin', why, I guess

"Not so sure about the duty, Schla-"Not so sure about the duty, Schla-ger," said Kent, with a change of tone, "But your life is safe enough in any event. Pity you're such a grafter, for you've got your decent points. Let him up, Sedgwick."

Relieved of his assailant's weight.

Schlager undertook to rise, set his hand on the ground and collapsed with

"I s'pose you know I'll have to arrest you, just the same?"
"Don't bluff," retorted the other care-

"Don't bluff," retorted the other carelessly. "It wastes time. Steady! Here comes the rest of the party."

Across the moonlit lawn moved briskly the spare, alert figure of the owner of Hedgerow house. His hand grasped a long barreled pistol. He made straight for the grove of graves. Within five yards of the willows he stopped, because a voice from behind one of them had suggested to him that he do so.

"I also am armed," the voice added nenacingly.
Hesitancy flickered in Mr. Blair's set jaw, he came on.

set Jaw, he came on.
"Two men of courage to deal with
in a single night. That's all out of
proportion," commented the voice with
a slight laugh. "Mr. Blair, I really
should disting seen." ould dislike shooting you."
"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Blair.

"What are you doing on my prop-erty at this hour?"

"Digging." "Ah!" It was bardly an exclama "Ah!" It was hardly an exclamation; rather, it was a contained commentary. Mr. Biair had noted the exhumed casket. "You might better
have taken my offer," he continued
after a pause of some seconds. "I
think, sir, you have dug the grave of
your own career."

"That remains to be seen."
"Schluger! Are you there?"

"Schlager! Are you there?"
"Yes, Mr. Blair. They've broken my
wrist and got my gun."
"Who are they?"
"Francis Sedgwick is the other, at your service." answered the owner of

An extraordinary convulsion of rage distorted the set features of the elderly man.
"You!" he cried. "Haven't you done

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Mortal Malady. The lawyer who was trying to break a will argued his case at length before the judge and referred to the dead man time as the deceased, only be sunced it "the diseased." This got on the judge's nerves, particularly as the attorney took occasion to refer to "the diseased" an unnecessarily great number of times.

"See here," the judge said testily at last. "You keep saying this man was

diseased. Was be?"

diseased. Was ne?
"Your hone," said the lawyer pompously, "he was."
"Diseased: Diseased of what?"
"Your hone," replied the lawyer succinctly, "diseased of death, sir."—Pop-They All Do. An enthusiastic citizen, on the verge

of a trip to Europe, was rejoicing over

the fact and descanting on the pleasures to come. "How delightful it will be," said he to his wife, "to tread the bounding billow and inhale the invigorating oxygen of the sea! The sea! The undless sea! I long to see it! To breathe in great draughts of life giving air, I shall want to stand every moment of the voyage on the prow of the

steamer with my mouth open"-"You probably will, dear," interrupted his wife encouragingly, "that's the way all ocean travelers do."—Philadelphia

Ledger. Inventor of the Aeropiane.

It would be next to impossible to say who invented the aeropiane. Positions of paramount importance in the art of flying belong to Professor Samuel P. Langley, M. Ader and Sir Hiram Max-im. They were certainly among the first to boost the art. The first to make a heavier than air machine that actually flew with a man were the brothers Orville and Wilbur Wright of Dayton, O. Until the latter part of 1906 the Wright brothers were the only men in the world who could fly From 1903 to 1906 the Wrights ma 160 flights, averaging a mile each, one flight, that of Oct. 5, 1905, being twen-ty-four miles and lasting thirty-eight The Woman's Tonic

Won in Spite of Hie Lawyer.

A once well known attorney used to tell a good story on himself. He had and advised him to plead guilty. His mind of the court a fixed idea that if a prisoner plends guilty he does so be-cause he has no attorney the judge asked him why he made that plea.
"Because my lawyer told me to."

minutes.-New York American.

"Did he give you any reason for it?"
"Yes. He told me I would have no show before this judge."
The court flared up and ordered a plea of not guilty to be entered, and change.

Bathing in Lapland.

The Lapp equivalent to a Turkish bath is a novel and rather pleasant exbath is a novel and rather pleasant ex-perience. You get into a Jow, rudely erected tent, open at the top. Inside the tent are half a dozen big stones raised about two feet from the ground under which a fire is lighted. When the stones have become sufficiently heated cold water is poured over them —just before you enter the tent—and the tent is thus filled with an intensely bot vapor. You stay in the tent about five minutes, during which time you are whipped with light twigs by a couple of Lapps; then you come out and roll in the snow, after which you dress as quickly as possible.—Ex-change.

"Put a couple of large handkerchiefs into my grip, dear," he said to his wife. "The old gentleman promised to leave me \$20,000 and I want to shed some appropriaté tears."
"But suppose when the will is read," said the wife, "you find he hasm't left you anything."
"In that case," replied he, "you had better put in three."—Detroit Free Press.

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