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## Just Between Ourselves and The Lamppost

By MOSS.

THIS is a little heart to heart talk. It's meant for the business men of this territory, for those who advertise and for those who ought to.

Friend, you must make your customer buy from you MENTALLY before they purchase in ACTUALITY.

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A sprain may be cured in about one-third of the time required by the usual treatment by applying Chamberlain's Liniment and observing the directions with each bottle. For sale by all dealers. adv.

If some of us could make as much money as Sam Blythe and Jack London by quitting drink and then writing about it we'd be able to lead up every night.

## The Secret of Lonesome Cove

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Copyright, 1912, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

### SYNOPSIS

The body of an unknown woman partly handcuffed is found at Lonesome Cove. Chester Kent, a scientist, investigates the mystery.

He meets artist Sedgewick, an old friend, and Coroner Bred, who is helping to kill him. Sedgewick tells of meeting a beautiful young woman, name unknown, with whom he has fallen in love.

Kent and Sedgewick go to the inquest upon the woman's body and engage Adam Bain as Sedgewick's lawyer.

Sheriff Schlager and Coroner Bred suddenly withdraw the body from public view. Sedgewick, an Indian, accuses Sedgewick of murder.

Kent secures an embroidered silver star found on top of the cliff above Lonesome Cove the night the woman died.

He is cured to a man who was the star. He meets Alexander Blair, who acts in a suspicious manner.

Ganett Jim, thinking Sedgewick murdered the woman, tries to kill him. The fingers of Wilfrid Blair, Alexander's stepson, are found.

Wilfrid Blair has died suddenly, and Coroner Bred is helping Alexander Blair to suppress the news.

Kent and Sedgewick discover an 1830 picture, which is like the dead woman on the bench. Kent spies upon Wilfrid Blair's fingers.

Kent and Sedgewick dig up Wilfrid Blair's body and are caught at work by Sheriff Schlager and Alexander Blair.

The "body" is a bag of sand. Sedgewick tells the whereabouts of the dead woman. Sometimes I have thought that he had dim flashes of clairvoyance.

"Probably he is my man. Anyway, I shall visit him first, and if I find that his office was closed on July 5—"

"It was and for a day or two thereafter as I chance to know, because one of the occult society's secret agents was to visit him and could not get an appointment."

"Good! I shall see you, then, tomorrow, sir."

Ten o'clock of the following morning found the Harvard professor formally presenting his friend, Chester Kent, to Mrs. Wilfrid Blair at the house of the cousin with whom she was staying.

"My dear," said the old gentleman, "you may trust Professor Kent's judgment and insight as implicitly as his honor. I can give no stronger recommendation and will now take my leave."

Kent resisted successfully a wild and fearful desire to see a restraining hold upon the disappearing contents, for on the disappearing had again engulfed the scientist's soul.

"I don't know exactly how to begin," he said.

"Then I will help you," said she, becoming suddenly grave. "You are here to speak to me of some topic wholly distinct from one forbidden phrase."

"Have you lost any jewels lately, Mrs. Blair?"

The girl-widow started. "Yes. How did you know?"

"You have made no complaint or published no advertisements for them?"

"I have kept it absolutely secret. Father Blair insisted that I should do so."

"They were valuable, these jewels?"

"The rings were, intrinsically, but what I most valued was the necklace of rose topazes. They were the Grosvenor topazes."

"A family relic?"

"Not my own family. My husband's mother left them to me. They came down to her from her grandmother, Camilla Grosvenor. She was rather a famous person in her day. C. L. Elliott painted her—one of his finest portraits, I believe. And—and she was remarkable in other respects. She was a woman of great force of character and great personal attraction. I believe, though she was not exactly beautiful. When she was still under thirty she became the leader of a band of mystics and star worshippers. I believe that she became infatuated with one of them, a young German, and that there was an elopement by water. This I remember, at least—her body washed ashore on the coast not very far from Hedgerow house."

"At Lonesome Cove?"

"Yes. The very name of it chills me. For my husband it had an uneasy fascination. He used to talk to me about the place."

"Would you know the face of Camilla Grosvenor?"

### CHAPTER XVII.

The Master of Stars.  
"JULY 5," remarked Kent with his lids dropped over the keen gaze of his eyes. "It was the following morning that the unknown body was found on the beach near Mr. Sedgewick's house."

Marjorie Blair's face showed no comprehension. "I have heard nothing of any body," she replied.

"Did none of the talk come to your ears of a strange woman found at Lonesome Cove?"

"No. Wait, though. After the funeral one of the cousins began to speak of a mystery, and Mr. Blair shut him off."

"Your necklace was taken from that body?"

"Her eyes grew wide. 'Was she the thief?' she asked eagerly.

"The person who took the necklace from the body is the one for whom I am searching. Now, Mrs. Blair, will you tell me in a word how your husband met his death? Your father-in-law gave you to understand, did he not, that Wilfrid Blair met and quarreled with—a certain person and was killed in the encounter which followed?"

"How shall I ever free myself from the consciousness of my own part in it?" she shuddered. "Don't—don't speak of it again. I can't bear it."

"No. You don't have to. Kent assumed her. 'Let us get back to the jewels. You would be willing to make a considerable sacrifice to recover them?'"

"Anything?"

"Perhaps you've heard something of this man?"

"Drawing a newspaper page from his pocket, Kent indicated an advertisement outlined in blue pencil. It was elaborately displayed as follows:

Your Fate Is Written In The Heavens  
CONSULT THE  
Star Master  
Past, Present and Future Are Open  
Books to His Mystic Gaze—Be  
Guided Aright In

Business, Love and Health  
Thousands to Whom he has pointed  
Out the Way of the Stars Bless  
Him for His Aid.

CONSULTATION BY APPOINTMENT  
Preston Jax  
Sult 77 Mystic Block, 10 Royal Street

Mrs. Blair glanced at the announcement.

"I want you to go there with me today," said Kent.

"To that Christian? Why, Professor Kent, I thought you were a scientific man. I can't understand your motives, but I know that I can trust you. When do you wish me to go?"

"I have an appointment for us at high noon."

As the clock struck 12 Kent and Mrs. Blair passed from the broad noonday glare of the street and were ushered into the tempered darkness of a strange apartment. It was hung about with black cloths and lighted by the effulgence of an artificial half moon and several planets contrived, Kent conjectured, of inslang set into a fabric of arc lights behind them. A faint, heavy but not unpleasant odor of incense hovered in the air. The moon waxed slowly in brightness, illumining the two figures.

"Very well fixed up," whispered Kent to his companion. "The astrologer is now looking us over."

In fact, at that moment a contemptible and estimating eye was fixed upon them from a "dead" star in the farther wall. Preston Jax did not, as a rule, receive more than one client at a time. Police witnesses travel in pairs, and the starmaster was of a suspicious nature. Now, however, he beheld a gentleman clad in such apparel as never police spy nor investigating agent wore, a rather puzzling "jewelness" (the term is culled from Mr. Jax's evasive thoughts), since it appeared to be individual without being in any particular conspicuous. The visitor was obviously "light."

Quitting his peep hole, the starmaster pressed a button. Strains of music, soft and soulless, filled the air (from

the starmaster's chin worked convulsively. "The Kent that broke up the Co-ordinated Spiritism Circle?"

"Yes."

"It's all bargaining with the devil," observed Preston Jax grimly. "What's the exchange?"

"I do not believe that you are guilty of murder. Tell me the whole story plainly and straight, and I'll clear you in so far as I can believe you innocent."

For the first time the seer's chin was at peace.

"The topazes are enched under a rock near the cliff. I couldn't direct you, but I could show you."

"In time you shall. One moment. As you realize, you are under presumption of murder. Do you know the identity of the victim?"

"Of Astrea? That's all I know about her. I don't even know her last name."

"Why Astrea?"

"That's the way she signed herself. She seemed to think I knew all about her without being told."

"And you played up to that belief?"

"Well, of course, I did."

"Yes, you naturally would. But if you had no name to write to how could you answer the letters?"

"Through personal advertisements. She had made out a code. She was a smart one in some ways. I can tell you."

"Have you any of the letters here?"

"Only the last one."

"Bring it to me."

Obediently as an intimidated child, the astrologer left the room, presently returning with a plain sheet of paper with handwriting on one side.

With drooping head and chin a-twitch the master of stars stood studying Mrs. Blair and Kent while they read the letter together. It was in two handwritings; the date, address and body of the letter being in a clear running character, while the signature,

as well as in concentration of thought. Marjorie Blair felt an unholly desire to laugh. She glanced at Professor Kent and to her surprise found him exhibiting every evidence of discomposure.

"Stupid of me," he muttered in apology. "Gets on one's nerves, you know. Awful and all that sort of thing. Tussling with the stars."

"Fear nothing," said Jax. "The stars respond to the master will of him who comprehends them. Madam, the date, year, month and day of your birth, if you please?"

"March 15, 1889," replied Mrs. Blair.

Propelled by an unseen force, a celestial globe mounted on a nickel-plated stand, rolled forth. The starmaster spun it with a practiced hand. Slowly and more slowly it turned until, as it came to a stop, a ray of light, mysteriously appearing, focused on a constellation.

"Yonder is your star," declared the astrologer. "See how the aural light seeks it."

"Oh, I say!" murmured he of the monocle. "Weird, you know! Quite gets on one's nerves. Quite—"

"Silence is the fitting medium of the higher stellar mysteries. Madam, your life is a pathway between happiness and grief. Loss, like a speeding comet, has crossed it here. Happiness, like the soft moon glow, has beamed upon it, and will again beam, in fuller effulgence."

With beautifully modulated intonations he proceeded, while one of his visitors regarded him with awe struck reverence, and the other waited with patience—but unimpressed, so the orator felt, by his gifts. His voice sank, by deep toned gradations into silence. The ray winked out. Then the woman spoke.

"Is it possible for your stars to guide me to an object which I have lost?"

"Nothing is hidden from the stars," declared the astrologer. "You seek jewels, madam? (Kent had let this much out, as if by accident, in the morning's conversation.)

"Yes."

"Your birth stone is the bloodstone. Unhappy, indeed, would be the one if you lost one of those gems." (He was frowning and came forward toward her almost brushing Kent.)

"But I say," cried Kent in apparently uncontrollable agitation; "your stars tell you that she had lost some jewelry? Tell me, is that how you knew?"

In his eagerness he caught at the astrologer's arm, the right one, and his long fingers, gathering in the ample folds of the gown, pressed nervously upon the wrist. Preston Jax winced away. All the excited rapidly passed from Kent's speech at once.

"The jewels which this lady has lost," he said very quietly, "are a set of unlighted topazes. I thought—in fact, I felt that you could, with or without the aid of your stars, help her to recover them."

Blackness, instant and impenetrable, was the answer to this. Kent raised his voice the merest trifle.

"Unless you wish to be arrested I advise you not to leave this place. Not by either exit."

"Arrested on what charge?" came half chokingly out of the darkness.

"Theft."

"I didn't take them."

"Murder, then."

"My God! So abject was the terror and misery in the cry that Kent felt sorry for the wretch. Then, with a certain dogged bitterness, "I don't care what you think of me. I thought—in fact, I felt that you could, with or without the aid of your stars, help her to recover them."

Blackness, instant and impenetrable, was the answer to this. Kent raised his voice the merest trifle.

## The War in Brief

SUMMARY OF THE EUROPEAN WAR FOR ONE WEEK READ AT A GLANCE

August 16—While the German forces are pushing forward through the valley of the Meuse and still more extensive operations are in progress along the Alsace-Lorraine frontier where the French and German armies are in contact, Japan has sent an ultimatum to Germany demanding the withdrawal of German warships from the Orient and the evacuation of Kiaochow, a German protectorate in China.

Japan's ultimatum gives Germany until August 23 to comply with the demands. Owing to cable interruptions, however, Japan has not been able to deliver the ultimatum to Germany, and it is announced from Washington that the United States will undertake this task.

In Tokio the Japanese ultimatum has created a deep impression and the Japanese premier and foreign minister have counseled the Japanese to maintain a calm attitude.

Late dispatches report an offensive movement by the French from Leuvenville to Sarroburg but this is considered as merely an outpost affair.

The United States cruisers Tennessee and North Carolina bearing gifts for Americans in Europe, have arrived at Falmouth.

August 17—The Belgian seat of government, Brussels, has been evacuated by the Germans, who are expected soon.

A report from Berlin states that Emperor William and three of his sons have gone to the front which has occasioned great outbursts of patriotism in the German capital.

The Germans have inflicted great loss on the French in the fighting near Namur and Dinant.

The seat of the Belgian government has been moved from Brussels to Antwerp.

No reply has yet been received by Japan to her ultimatum to Germany and the sudden entry of the Island Kingdom into the European war situation is a factor which may increase the range of the conflict. The American government will observe a policy of non-interference as to conditions prevailing in the Far East.

The following statement was issued by the British official press bureau: "Any action Japan takes against Germany will not extend insofar as may be necessary to protect Japan shipping lines."

August 18—The French officially reported that the Germans had abandoned Sarroburg. The Liege forts are said still to be intact and a Brussels dispatch said the German movements toward the Belgian center seemed to be checked.

The French troops are in contact with the Germans, but there is no important engagement to report," said the French official press bureau. The French embassy at London.

A British expeditionary force numbering more than 100,000 landed at French and Belgian ports and was on its way to form a junction with its allies.

In a stirring message to the troops King George said:

"Duty is your watchword and I know duty will be nobly done."

The French commander-in-chief, General Joffre, personally reported French progress in Upper Alsace and declared French troops had occupied all the region in Lorraine, 32 miles inside the German frontier.

The former French minister of finance, Paul Doumer, who has returned from the front in Belgium, said that German warships had been destroyed by gun fire and one wrecked by dropping into a forest.

Count Okuma, the Japanese premier, declared it is Japan's intention to eliminate from China the root of German influence.

August 19—A despatch from Berlin said: "The Japanese ambassador's departure from Berlin is approaching. The police are guarding the embassy. The Japanese club is empty. All Japanese students in German universities have left." The Vossische Zeitung said, commenting on Japan's ultimatum to Germany: "One more declaration of war cannot frighten Germany and Japan's action is without importance."

A despatch from Rome to the Star said refugees from Madagburg, Germany, report that German soldiers fired on 3,000 Italians confined in the barracks there, killing seven and wounding 16 because—some of them shouted "Hurrah for Italy."

An American military expert from Belgium said: "I left Brussels today. There was a good deal of agitation there as the people thought the Germans very near and there had been fighting at Tirlemont. A good many refugees had come in from Tirlemont and Louvain."

A German monoplane was brought down by riflemen at Sterbeck, only a few miles to the east of Brussels. The pilot, an officer, had in his possession three revolvers, bombs and interesting military notes. His legs were broken by the fall, but notwithstanding his injuries, he endeavored to discharge his weapons.

In addition to numerous other good reports from Berlin is a report from the east of Brussels, that German Major probably needed the money.

Even the militants couldn't have brought about a greater smash than the one in Europe.

You haven't heard of any of the Russians in this country trying to get back home, have you?

But when those Americans now in Europe do get home, just think of the stories they will have to tell. And how they will revel in telling them.

The candidates are trying to mobilize the voters.

After they get through with their war hadn't we better send some missionaries to Europe?

## REWARDS OF VALOR

Crosses of Honor Will Be Won in the European War.

By EDWARD B. CLARK.

Washington—Some of the soldiers of England, France and Germany in the present war unquestionably will win the crosses of honor which are the most coveted decorations which governments give for acts of conspicuous personal gallantry in the face of the enemy.

To Americans perhaps the French Cross of the Legion of Honor and the Victoria Cross of England are more familiarly known than are the decorations given by Germany. In the United States we have the Congressional Medal of Honor which is given by congress for individual deeds of daring in the field. The intrinsic value of any of these badges is about one cent, and yet for the privilege of wearing them soldiers seem always ready to tread Gray's "paths of glory."

French decoration was first granted under Napoleon in the early part of the present century; the Victoria Cross was instituted during the Crimean war and the American medal of honor was first struck off to reward acts of heroism performed during the Civil war. The French cross may be won by civilians; the English and American crosses are given only upon the breasts of soldiers and sailors. In the armies of all three nations officer and private, peasant and prince, have equal chances of wearing that which is the most striking exhibition of heroism have been shown by men whose shoulders bore no insignia of rank.

One English publication states that with perhaps one exception the bravest thing ever done by a British soldier was the act of a drummer boy.

That drummer boy, if living, is now a man seventy-two years old, and for 57 years of that time he has been wearing the Victoria Cross, and has the right to write V. C. after his name. This boy in the year 1857, amid a shower of shot and shells, fastened bags of gunpowder on the gates of Delhi. He carried death in his arms that day and met it in other forms all along his way. Others helped him and were killed; he lived and wore the cross.

It was another British drummer boy who, while acting as a field bugler for Lord Napier of Magdala in the Abyssinian war, let the general's side and dashed first into the stronghold of "Theodore the Tyrant."

It would seem that by common consent the British authorities give the palm for surpassing bravery to a private named Kavanagh, who succeeded in reaching Colin Campbell's column and by telling of the dire need of Lucknow spurred that officer to its relief. Lucknow was besieged and the garrison was starving. The little band of devoted men, with the women and children who were cooped up at the residency, expected soon to be at the mercy of 60,000 Sepoys.

The commandant called for a volunteer who would disguise himself as a Sepoy, mingle with the enemy and watch his chance, escape to carry the news of the garrison's straits to Lord Colin Campbell. The commandant said that the service almost certainly meant death. Many men volunteered. Kanavagh was chosen because he knew the language of the Sepoys. He stained his skin, changed his costume and reached the enemy's camp. Breaking away from the immediate besiegers he made straight to the garrison. On the way he fell in with many bands of the enemy. He slept with them, marched with them and ate with them, escaping suspicion, as it were, by a miracle. Finally leaving the last of them behind, he went into the jungle and dared starvation and waiting for days. He reached the English outposts and being mistaken for an enemy was shot at and almost killed.

Kavanagh told his story to General Campbell and the relief of Lucknow followed.

A despatch to the Reuter Telegraph Company from Ghent said it is rumored that the Germans are marching towards France by the way of Oudenarde, a town 14 miles southwest of Ghent.

A Central News dispatch from Amsterdam said a large detachment of German cavalry suffered virtually annihilation in the suburbs of Malines, Belgium, Friday afternoon. They were met suddenly by a squad of Belgians in motor cars armed with machine guns. Most of the Germans were killed. A handful surrendered and were made prisoners.

The official information bureau announced that an artillery attack upon Namur by the Germans was now in progress.

A Central News dispatch from Ostend, Belgium, said that 150 Belgian reservists from the United States reached Ostend.

An English and a German cavalry brigade had a sharp fight on the battlefield at Waterloo.

August 22—The emperor of Japan declared war on Germany. This action was taken at the expiration of the time limit of Japan's ultimatum to Germany demanding the surrender of Kiaochow. The Japanese government has ordered the beginning of operations on land and sea.

But when those Americans now in Europe do get home, just think of the stories they will have to tell. And how they will revel in telling them.

The candidates are trying to mobilize the voters.

After they get through with their war hadn't we better send some missionaries to Europe?

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