THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY. MAY 4, 1916

DAY

MEMORIAL DAY

ECORATION day, day of flags,

VOL. XLII

GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY.

t-N. Main 31.-Jas. W. Preaching services every first and Third Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 8.45 a. m.-C. B. Irwin, Superin-tendert.

Graham Christian Church-N. Main Street-Rev. J. F. Truitt. Preaching services every Sec-cod and Fourth Sundays. at 11.00 a. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 10.00 a. m.-E. L. Henderson, Super-intendent.

New Providence Christian Church —North Main Street, near Depot-nev. J. G. Truitt, Pastor. Preach-ing every Second and Fourth Sun-day nights at 8.00 o'clock. —Sunday School every Sunday at 8.45 a. m.-J. A. Bayliff, Superin-tendent. — Christian Endeavor Prayer Meet-ing every Thursday night at 7.45. o'clock.

Friends-North of Graham Pub; c School-J .Robert Parker, Pas-

Mc School-J. Robert Parker, Pas-tor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. Sunday School every Sunday at 10,00 a. m. James Crisco, Superin-tendent.

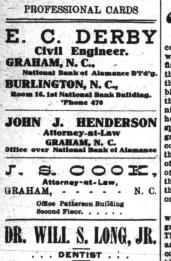
Methodist Episcopal, South-cor. Main and Maple St., H. E. Myers Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11.00 a. m. and at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 8.45 a. m.-W. B. Green, Supt.

Methodist Protestant-College St., West of Graham Public School, Rev. O. B. Williams, Pastor. Presching every First, Third and Fourth Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and every First, Third, Fourth and Pitth Sundays at 7.00 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 6.45 a. m.-J. S. Cook, Supt.

Presbyterian-Wst Elm Street-Rev. T. M. McConnell, pastor. Sunday School every Sunday at 245 a. m.-Lynn B. Williamson, Su-perintendent.

Presbyterian (Travora Chapei)-J. W. Clegg, pastor. Preaching every Second and Fourth Sundays at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 8.30 p. m.-J. Harvey White, Su-perintendent.

Oneida-Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m.-J. V. Pome-roy, Superintendent,



Graham. - - - - North Carolina OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING LACOR A. LONG J. ELMER LONG LONG & LONG. Attorneys and Counselors at Law GRAHAM. N. C.

with flowers, you saw it the night before, under the shelter of mother's JOHN H. VERNON | enfolding gingham apron. Attorney and Counselor-at-Law PONES-O ice 65J ---- Residence 337



dier be forgotten. Should there be any such, away raced Tom or John-ny, Will or Frank, or tomboy Nell, if the boys had all followed the drum

corps, to supply the lack, glad to be of

use on this day of days, and pleased with the grateful "Thank you" of the recipient. "One Memorial day, a trag-ic day that I shall never forget," said

the lady of the letter, "grandmother promised that I should help make Un-cle Henry's bouquet, an honor that

eldom fell to an eight-year-old. To-

gether Aunt Emily and I constructed

the masterpiece, a triumph in bouquet building, for the climbing rose bloomed early that year, and our scheme was

Through the city's crowded highways, Through the city's crowded highways, Márches on the color-bears: White his hair fails to his shoulders, White his hair fails to his shoulders, White as Colorado's mountains. Proud he bears aloft the standard, Proud he bears aloft the standard, Proud he bore it in the fixites: Kenesaw and Lookout Mountain, High above the clouds it floated. Heed yel young men, heed the iesson, Keep untarnished all its glory: Glory kindling first at Concord, Bpreading West to far Maiolos. Heed yel Heed ye well the lesson! Grow not up untrained for battle; Bell ye not your precious birthright For a sordid meas of pottage. Chant our epic, fellew-patriots, Firmly weld the new-come allens; Tell of Presort; Hale and Reynolds, Custer, Benchley and young Cheney. Thus will all the wars and rumors Fade away as fades the twilight, True to all our fathers died for, Firm we'll march adown the ages. -G. W. Taylor in Uncle Sam's Magand

MEMORIAL DAYS OF PAST YEARS

44.5 ACRILEGE, we would have called it in my girihood, to have failed to give very able assistance in celebrating Memorial day," said a woman of middle age. "There was, first of all, the delight of gathering the flowers. How eagerly we watched the bushes, hoping that the lovelies blooms would open in time, or delay their coming till the great day. Peo-nies we could count on. Snowballs helped, despite their droopiness, and spirea was always to be had. We her illustrated Bible.

gasped in admiration over Miss Amy's contributions of exquisite garlands of the pliable bridal wreath, with touches of scarlet columbine, or the faint pink of wild honeysuckle clustered here and could never evolve any but we thing half so lovely. They were at once our joy and our despair."

Boys were useful when it came to wild-flower gathering, even if nicking wild-flower gathering, even if picking garden posies was not their forte. They knew where early laurel and wild were to be found and they could be trusted to bring home colum-bine, wild geranium and buttercups. For there never was a Memorial day For there never was a Memorial day with too many flowers. There was the town hall to decorate, where the veterans assembled for a brief ses-sion before the march to the ceme-tery. The G. A. R. ladies saw to that, and beautiful it was to childish eyes when, brave with bunting and odor

and the primitive taste of the grown

daughters of the household. There

must be a rosebud for the center grown in the house-for garden roses

were still sleeping, and florists were a

needless luxury in the town of gipl-

hood days—and brought to punctual perfection by much watering and sun

ning. Then in exact order of pred

dence, circle upon circle, came spice

pinks, white or pale mauve, mock or-ange, candytuft, pansies, purple and yellow, with an encircling fringe of

lilies of the valley. And around all

emphasizing the color scheme, was th

emphasizing the color scheme, was use green and rose geranium leaves or the striped slenderness of ribbon grass.

It was redolent of spicy sweetnes

and of loving care, even if it were no artistic, this Decoration day bouquet

and no debutante ever bore her ou

chids more proudly than did youthful volunteer soldier boy or tottering veteran the posy of daughter or sweet-

There was one corner just by the

First church where every extra bunch of flowers found its way. There, in charge of the minister's wife, they

Best Thing for a Billious Attack.

Best Thing for a Billious Attack. "On account of my confinement in the printing office I have for years been a chronic suffere from indigestion and liver trouble. A few weeks ago I had an attack that was so severe that I was not able to go to the case for two days. Failing to get any relief from any other treatment I took three Chamberlain's Tablets and the next day I felt like a new man," says H. C. Bailey, editor Carolina News, Chapin, S. C. Obtainable every-

1 martin and the second

heart.

simple yellow and white. But Memorial day morning brought some child-ish aliment, and when Uncle Henry, resplendent in his uniform as a capher two carefully gloved hands held a is peace everywhere in this land to-huge dewy mass of roses. Like an day. tain of volunteers, and carrying a silk flag just presented to the company, a up to the door for his flowers, he ad a weeping small girl clutching city air with sweetness and color. In a little while a small newsboy dragged himself up the step and presented a the bouguet and pushing away the sticky balsam remedy that was grand-mother's panaces for all aches. grimy transfer to the conductor. "I found it," he confided loudly to a "In an instant he was off his horse man seated near the door. Th tramped down the aisle, and climbed up on the seat next to the lady. and down on his knees, spoon in hand, coaxing me to obedience. In a frantic coaxing me to obedience. In a frantic attempt to be good I jarred his elbow, "Them flow'rs are swell," he told her in a soft, wondering tone of voice

and the contents of the tablespoon splashed down over his spotless uni-form and the shimmering red, white and blue of the banner. In the gen-eral contusion that followed, the white never saw any like 'em before." Rev-erently he touched the nearest blosom with moist, grimy fingers. The lady moved down on the seat. putting several feet of space between herself and the small intruder. and yellow pyramid got badly damaged, and all that I recall of the re-

haven of a big for poster in a raft-ered room, and a comforting grand-"Don't touch them!" she ordered crossly. Several blocks farther on she got mother, who read me to sleep out of

out, her arms full of her fragrant bur-den. With halting foosteps and tearden. With halting foosteps and tear-filled eyes, she turned in at a great Parades were personal affairs in those days. Every other man in the procession was a friend, or at least an acquaintance. You knew even the distinguished gentlemen in the car riages. In the first rode the squire and the First church minister, escort ing the orator of the day, Hon. Mr. flower would have meant paradise to Brown, congressman of the district. Judge Smith and the school superinhim. I know a girl who had a very dear

friend—a friend who meant more to her than I could possibly put into words. One day, the friend died and tendent, with the editor of the Daily News, came next, and so on down the line of lesser notabilities. Cheers were loudest when the crippled, age-worn veterans rode by, in the village band-wagon, followed by Grand Army men who were still able-bodied. A goodly array they presented in that decade. More than half have gone since. Every man who could better Every man who could hobble held suddenly, as we sat quietly gazing out his place in the line till the cemetery

was reached. There was a thrill in "Margaret," she said, "something severy blue coat, in each bit of tarn-ished metal, a story in the empty sleeve, a tale of adventure in haiting step and twisted back. Bull Run and so good at advice—but go on."

Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and An-"You see, it's this way," she told me. birthday

on cheap paper, by an unknown lady, old enough to be my grandmothes. But the words, lightly written in an old-fashioned hand, fell across my heart like a ray of golden sunshine, through the grayness of the rain. "Dear Friend," read the letter, "I have been seeing your pieces in the Christian Herald for some time, and I made up my mind to write to you. Some people believe in keeping their kind words and their flowers and their love until a person is dead. But I don't. I want you to know, right now, that you've cheered me up lots of SC. * 12 that you've cheered me up lots of times, and that I like your stories and

that I like you." Now, I don't want you to think that I am disapproving of Decoration day. The world is stupid enough and mat-The world is stupic enough and mat-terof.fact enough to forget easily the heroes who lie in our cemeteries. But we should consider the iliving, too. Lei us place roses over the little green mounds, but don't let us overlook the pleading child-hands that are stretched out for their sweetness. While we honor the memory of those beautiful spirits that have passed from us, let us not forget the living, breathing It is not necessary to save all the flowers, the kind words and the kisses

until lips and hearts and minds are cold and dead.-Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in the Christian Herald. UNITY OF NATION PROVED

Great Southerner Long Ago Pointed Out How Complete Has Been Its Restoration.

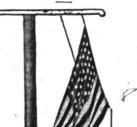
banks close. Business is shut up, and the tired workingman hangs a flag. out over his porch, and rests. Old soldiers, tottering on canes, soldiers bent and white-headed, waiting for the last "taps" to be sounded, get out their suits of blue and gray, covered with tarnished gold lace and brass buttons, and hobble to the cemetery From an address delivered by Henry Watterson at the National cemetery, Nashville, Tenn, Decoration day, 1877. We are assembled, my countrymen. to commemorate the patriotism and valor of the brave men who died to save the Union. The season brings its to lay a wreath on some comrade's

to lay a wreath on some comrade's last resting place. It is a beautiful thing to think of a nation celebrating a day—setting it apart from all others—for the pur-pose of honoring the nation's heroes. I was sitting in a trolley car when a lady entered—a woman no longer yery young, with a pale, sorrowful face. She wors expensive black, and sive black, and bloom over the many graves.

Pesce on the open seas, In all our sheltered bays and ample streams, Peace where'er our starry banner gleams, And peace in every breeze.

bury as passions with its dead; to bury them beneath a monument raised by the American people to American manhood and the American system, in order that "the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom and

the hands that pulled down that flag come willingly and lowingly to put it up again. I come with a full heart and a steady hand to salute the flag and a steady hand to salute the bag that floats above me-my flag and your flag-the flag of the free heart's hope and home-the star spangled banner of our fathers-the flag that, uplifted triumphantly over a few brave men, has never been obscured, des



THE REVEILLE

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands, And of armed men the hum; Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered Round the quick alarming drum-Saying, "Come, Freemen, come!

Bre your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming drum. "Let me of my heart take counsel:

War is not of life the sum; Who shall stay and reap the harvest When the autumn days shall come ?" But the drum Echoed, "Come!

Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-sounding drum. "But when won the coming battle, What of profit springs therefrom?

What if conquest, subjugation, Even greater ills become? But the Fum Answered, "Come!

You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-answering drum.

. "What if, 'mid the cannons' thunder, Whistling shot and bursting bomb, When my brothers fall around me, Should my heart grow cold and numb ?" But the drum Answered, "Come!

Better there in death united, than in life a recreant-Comer

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing, Some in failh, and doubting some, Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming, Said, "My chosen people, come !" Then the drum.

Lo! was dumb. For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered, "Lord, we come!" -BRET HARTE.

long ago was a ruin, but another hous

McLean's son-J. Wilmer McLean-



S OPDIERS of 1865 who revisit the town of Appomattor anear it, which Beauregard also used as headquarters, is often erroneously pointed out as the McLean house, The town of Appomattox and that the half-century which has done so much for their country has done nothing for the hamlet made famous by the great event of Lee's the that since the war has grown into a thriving town. The table in the McLean house at

Induced, the place has gone back-ward in fifty years. Its houses have failen into decay or have disappeared, and its fields have grown up to pine.

and its fields have grown up to pine. The village of Appomattox Court-house was never a considerable set-tlement. Like many another county Colonel Whittaker of Grant's staff seat in the South, it had its origin in a courthouse, a jail, a tavern, a house or two and a blacksmith shop—a cen-ter to which the inhabitants of a rural district could gome at intervals to

ter to which the inhabitants of a rurai district could come at intervals to transact legal business. A visitor to Appomattox Courthouse today-or "old Appomattox," as it is realied in that neighborhood-must be disappointed, unless he has the faculty of visualizing the momentous Major Rounds has been urging upon the war department and congress for events that took place there, and near years the desirability of converting there, in April, 1865. The court building had then stood the battlefields of Bull Run into a nu

there half a century. About 1890 it was burned. Today the square in which tional park. He also takes a keen in-terest in the future of Appomatton the old courthouse stood is covered ourthouse. On the surrender ground is now with the debris of the fire, but out of the wreckage trees have grown up as companions to those that shaded the old courthouse before the fire. dense pine growth, in which is the only important monument at Appomat-tox. It was erected by North Caro-

tox. It was erecta lina, April 9, 1905. The village that clustered around the courthouse has nearly disappeared. Four old frame structures have sur-vived fire, storm and neglect, but these Though the Appomattor Courthous are sagging and out of joint and seem soon to pass away. One or two of these houses are tenantless. The tavern, once the Appomattox hotel, is the home of a farmer and the overseer now owned by Col. George A. Armes, a new owned by Col. George A. Armes, a retired sofficer of the United States army, who lives in Washington. An-other house is occupied by a small

village of the Civil war period has practically disappeared, there is a new and thriving town called Appomattox, which is now the county seat of Appo mattox county. It is three miles from old Appemattox and is on the Nor folk & Western railroad. the barroom



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by American Press

John Redmond and Sir Edward Car-son although of opposing political faiths, have joined hands in denounc-ing the rebellion in Dublin. Redmond hopes no newspapers or public men will use the event as a political wea-will use the event as a political wea-

SLAYS BRIDE: SOON CAUGHT

Allentown Man Shoots Wife Because She Refused to Live With Him. A brutal wife murder was en-acted in Allentown, Pa, when Jonas Probst, a weaver employed at the Rexall Knitting mill, formerly a steel worker at Bethlehem, twenty. three years old, shot and killed Jennie Brobst, aged nineteen, his bride of The woman was instantly killed by two revolver bullets fired into her

breast. Brobst fied, but was caught two hours after the shooting.

A man hunt was instantly begun by Chief of Police Bernhart, all the authorities assisting. Brobst was caught by Constable

Harry Stoneback, one of the posse of searchers, who knew him by sight. Stoneback, after beating the woods for two hours, visited Michley's hotel, four miles north, when Borbst entered

Fearing a lynching, the officers hus-tled Brobst to jail by a round-about route.

The war is over. It is for us to that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth." The Union is, indeed, restored when



men, has never been obscured, des-tined by the God of the universe to waft on its ample folds the eternal song of freedom to all mankind, em-blem of the power on earth which is destined to exceed that on which it was said that the sun never went down

BURLINGTON, N. C.

Dr. J. J. Barefoot

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P. J. KERNODLE. 1012 E. Marshall St. Richmond, Va. Orders may be left at this office.

There is only one proper sort of bouquet for village Memorial day, and sorry would one woman be should she see it superseded by anything modern. An up-to-date florist would be horrified at its make-up and bewail its lack of grace; an artist might take it as a horrible example of crudity of color scheme. But to many, the stiff, tightly-tied bunch of posies, con-ical, or bullet-shaped, or flattened into a parti-colored disk, means mingled pathos and pleasure. To the making of these nosegays went all the patience

the end of the company, the last man of all in the procession, one girl knew, there came inevitably German Charlie, there and in the procession one girl knew, there came inevitably German Charlie, there came inevitably German Charlie, there are the statement in the transformation of th together for ten years. I had earned five dollars-it seemed more personal that way-and I was going to buy general utility man in the newspape flowers for her grave. I was just on office, so bent and crippled by wounds and rheumatic pains that his treacher-ous legs could not be relied on to keep time to the martial strains of the band. eyes were large and black and her But he plodded along, eyes shining checks were perfectly hollow. I asked her what was the matter, and she said she was hungry. Hungry? She was under his service hat brim, a posy in his button hole, a loyal veteran of the Union army he had enlisted in when starving! And so were the three chila boyish immigrant, proud to the core of his uniform and his right to wear it. dren that belonged to her! Well, I told her that I would find some work for her today, and then I gave her all the money I had. It was only after German Charlie has gone, and so have most of the men who marched with him; and so, alas, has some of she had left me that I rem the spirit they kept alive.

at hand

DECORATION DAY

Flags and the band and marching-

ining line

Alice's flowers—I can't get them now. Do you think that she'll mind—very much?"

"Mind?" I groped blindly for words. "Mind? Of course not! She would be glad and thankful if she only

Fings and the band and internation Of faithful veteran feet, Fathers, young men and children With voices shrill and sweet; And Lincoln's spirit marching in evo Do you think so too, friends of mine? And sencoirs sput marching in every shining line, And Lincoir's peace and freedom lit with the smille divine? Banners that proudly wave, May green upon the meadows And on the solder's grave; The boys in blue are sames cheath the likacs on their sod. But their souls are free forever with Lin-coin and with God! Flags and the band and marching-And she drum-best's steady throb, Pipe in above, O robin, To drown a suddem sob! The laurel wreath for herose dead! And a cheer for all the brave One day this week I felt rather blue and unhappy. It was a dark, gloom day, with a biting wind coming around the bleak corners and a heavy rain that fell drenchingly to the groundthat tell drenchingly to the ground-a steady downpour of big splashing drops. Somehow the world inside my office seemed very lonely and gray. I had a headache, my work had been going badly and I was rather discouraged. When the mail came in--a big ackage of letters to be open not much cheered. But my special guardian ungel was on duty that day

to cheer for all the brave march with Lincoln's soul today to liberate and save! -Martha Gilbert Dickinson Blanchi. When 1 cut the first envelope, I found a plain little letter, written in pencil To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Whooping Cough.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinne Tableta. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents. Speaking of the presidency, where is Perpetual Candidate Gene Debs? That perpetual favorite son, Albert B. Cummins, has been heard from. When my daughter had whoop-one time that she had hemorrhage of the lungs. I was terribly alarm-ed about her condition. Seeing of the lungs. I was terribly alarm-ed about her condition. Seeing to bottle and it relieved the cough at once. Before she had finished two bottles of this remedy she was entirely well," writes Mrs. S. F. Grimes, Crooksville, Ohio. Ob-tainable everywhere.

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retary, is not there. It was a broadfronted brick house with a covered porch across the front, with the

part of the state.

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trance in the middle and a hallway through the center. The house was torn down in 1892

It was proposed to reconstruct it at the World's Fair in Chicago, but after the demolition of the house the plan was carried no further, presumably for lack of funds. The piles of brick. and lumber that had been the house are rotting in the garden. There has been some talk of a particult inere may building the house on its old site. An interesting personal story goes with the history of the Surrender

house. It was the home of William McLean, who had moved to Appoint tox from the vicinity of Bull Run, to avoid the scenes of war that destroyed the peace and safety of his family in 1861

McLean was a farmer, then living in a frame house near Manassas on the road leading to Blackburns Ford; or Bull Run. July 18 the first fighting between the troops of Gen. Irwin Mc-Dowell and Gen. G. T. Beauregard took place at that ford, and General Beaure gard took up his headquarters in the McLean house. A shell from a Union battery struck the house.

After the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, McLean and his family moved to upper Fauquier county. He next moved to Lunenburg county. War followed him. Then, declaring that he would

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1 1 1 1 1 1 H. Y

etc. Save \$50 by use of one bot tle. A wonderful Blemish Cure Sold by Graham Drug Company adv

the town which today is called Ap farmer who has not dwelt long in that WON'T FREE FILIPINOS pomattor When the old court building was de-The Surrender house, the McLean

FULLY PROTECTED

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PRAIL

louse Votes Against Plan to Liberate house, in which General Grant and his staff met Lee and his military sec-built at Appomattox station. Them in Four Years. Sitting as a committee of the whole

the house voted, 193 to 151, to elimin bill, authorizing the president to grant independence to the islands in four

years. This was accepted as meaning de

feat for the section on a final vote. On the eighteenth anniversary of the battle of Manila bay the Philippine independence bill was taken up in the house by unanimous consent. There was no resort to a special rule. The debate began under an agree-ment between Democrats and Republicans for eight.hours, providing that at the conclusion of the general debate the Clarke amandment for independ ence within four years should be taken up for a vote first of all.

Defending the Clarke amendment, Representative Jones, author of the bill, declared that the choice presented to the senate was between a vague, indefinite, meaningless and almost inconcelvable proposition and an honest effort to redeem the solemn promises of the Democratic party.

BABY DROWNS IN WELL

Rope Breaks With Rescuer and He is Almost Killed.

Almost Killed, Beulah, seventeen months old, daughter of John Hoch, was drown-ed in a well at the home of her par-ents in Allentown, Pa., and Charles Schulden e schulet Schelden, a neighbor, narrowly escaped the same fate in his efforts to rescue the child.

Schelden was lowered into the well and was being raised to the surface with the child when the rope broke. By the time the rescuers got another rope and brought Schelden and the little girl to the surface, the latter was dead and Schelden was in such an exhausted condition that it was several hours before he was re tated.

Devepment of the German and Itch relieved in 20 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. Sold by Graham Drug Co, Mexican crisis at the same time indicates good team work for the German spies in our midst. German spies in our midst,

and me ain't that sort." How Mrs. Harrod Got Rid of Her

stomach Trouble. "I suffered with stomach trouble for years and tried everything I heard of, but the only relief I got was temporary until last Spring I saw Chamberlain's Tablets adver-vertised and procured a bottle of them at our drug store. I got im-mediate relief from that dreadful heaviness after eating and from pain in the stomach," writes Mrs. Linda Harrod, Fort Wayne, Ind. Obtainable everywhere.

Wasn't That Sort.

Experience does not show that the strength of the domestic affections is

impaired by the long separations un avoidably incident to war. On one oc-casion a private soldier said to Gen-eral Thomas: "General, I want to go

"How long is it since you have seen her?" asked the general.

"Three months," replied Thomas

"Why, I haven't seen my wife for three

"That may be so," admitted the sol-

ier. "but, you see, general, my wife

bome and see my wife."

"Over three months."

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