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New Providence Christian Church New Providence Christian Church
North Main Street, near DepotRev. J. G. Truitt, Pastor. Preaching every Second and Fourth Sunday nights at 8.00 o'clock.
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Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting every Thursday night at 7.45.
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Sheridan's attempt to make a business man of his son Bibbs by starting him in the machine shop ends in Bibbs going to a sanitarium, a nervous wreck. CHAPTER II—On his return Bibbs is met at the station by bis sister Edith. CHAPTER III.

It was gray stone, with long roofs of thick green slate. An architect who loved the milder "Gothic motives" had built what he liked: it was to be see at once that he had been left unham-pered, and he had wrought a picture out of his head into a noble and ex-ultant reality. At the same time a landscape designer had played so good second, with ready-made acce of screen, approach and vista, that al-ready whatever look of newness remained upon the place was to its advantage, as showing at least one thing yet clean under the grimy sky.

Altogether, the new house was a suc cess. It was one of those architects' es which leave the owner veiled in privacy; it revealed nothing of the people who lived in it save that they were rich. In our swelling cities rich families, one after another, take title and occupy such houses as for-tunes rise and fall—they mark the high tide. It was impossible to imagine a child's toy wagon left upon s walk or driveway of the new and yet it was—as Bibbs rightly called it—"beautiful."

What the architect thought of the "Golfo di Napoli," which hung in its vast gold revel of rococo frame against the gray wood of the hall, is to be conthe white-jacketed twin of a Pullman

porter helped him to get out of his

plained. "It's splendid, don't you think? It lightens things up so. The hall was kind of gloomy before."
"No gloom now!" said Bibbs.
"This statue in the corner is pretty, too," she remarked. "Mamma and I bought that." And Bibbs turned at her direction to behold, amid a grove of tubbed palms, a "life-size," blackbearded Moor, of a plastic composition painted with unappeasable gloss and "Doe Falth" be a presented the set a hand on his shoulder, restraining him; and he lay flat again. "No," she said, bending over to kiss his cheek, "I just come for a minute, but I want to see how you seem. Edith said.—"
"Doe Falth" be even. "Don't go, mother," he said. "I'm painted with unappeasable gloss and brilliancy. Upon his chocolate head he wore a gold turban; in his hand he held a gold-tipped spear; and for the rest, he was red and yellow and black

and silver.
"Hallelujah!" was the sole comment of the returned wanderer, and Edith, saying she would "find mamma," left him blinking at the Moor. Presently, am binking at the Moor. Presently, after she had disappeared, he turned to the colored man who stood waiting, Bibbs' traveling bag in his hand. "What do you think of it?" Bibbs

"Gran!" replied the servitor. "She mighty hard to dus'. Dus' git in all 'em wrinkles. Yessuh, she mighty hard

"I expect she must be," said Bibbs, "I expect she must be," said Bibbs, his glance returning reflectively to the black full beard for a moment. "Is there a place anywhere I could he down?"

"Yessuh. We got one nem spare rooms all fix up fo' you, suh. Right

He led the way, and Bibbs followed slowly, stopping at intervals to rest, and noting a heavy increase in the staff of service since the exodus from the ."old" house. Maid and scrub-

women were at work under the paenjoying his own affectation of being parassed with care.

"Evything got look spick an' span fo' the big doin's tonight," Bibbs' guide explained, chuckling. "Yessuh, we got big doin's tonight! Big doin's!" The room to which he conducted his lagging charge was furnished in every particular like a room in a new hotel; and Bibbs found it pleasant—though, indeed, any room with a good bed would have seemed pleasant to him after his journey. He stretched himself flat immediately, and having re-plied "Not now" to the attendant's

offer to unpack the bag, closed his eyes lowered the window shades and made an exit on tiptoe, encountering the other white jacket—the harassed over-

"He mighty shaky, Mist' Jackson. Drop right down an' shet his eyes. Eyelids all black. Rich folks gotta go

same as anybody else. Anybody ast me if I change 'ith 'at ole boy—No, suh! Le'm keep 'is money; I keep my black skin an' keep out the ground!"

Mr. Jackson expressed the same preference. "Yessuh, he look tuh me like somebody awready laid out—"

n the corridor. It was Mrs. Sheridan

She was one of those fat, pink people who fade and contract with age like true portrait of her. Her husband and her daughter had long ago absorbed her. Edith lived all day with her mother, as daughters do; and Sheridan so held his wife to her unity with him that she had long ago become unconcious of her existence as a thing sep-

Mrs. Sheridan's manner was hurried



You Look a Great Deal Better Than

sequent; her clothes rustle more than other women's clothes; she seemed to wear too many at a time the gray wood of the hall, is to be con-jectured—perhaps he had not seen it. "Edith, did you say only eleven feet?" Bibbs panted, staring at it, as

At sight of the recumbent figure she began to close the door softly, with-drawing, but the young man had heard vercoat.

"Eleven without the frame," she exlained. "It's splendid, don't you
hink? It lightens things up so. The
all was kind of gloomy before."

"No gloom now!" said Bibbs.

drawing, but the young man nad neary
the turning of the knob and the rustiling of skirts, and he opened his eyes.
"Don't go, mother," he said. "I'm
not asleep." He swung his long legs
over the side of the bed to rise, but

"Poor Edith!" he murmured.

couldn't look at me. She-" "Nonsense!" Mrs. Sheridan, having let in the light at a window, came back to the bedside. "You look a great deal better than what you did before you went to the sanitarium, anyway. It's done you good; a body can see that right away. You need fatting up, of course, and you haven't got much

"No," he said, "I haven't much color."
"You look a great deal better than

what I expected. "Edith must have a great vocabulary!" he chuckled.
"She's too sensitive," said Mrs. Sher-

idan, "and it makes her exaggerate a little. What about your diet?"
"That's all right. They told me to

eat anything."
"That's good," she said, nodding. "They mean for you just to build up your strength. That's what they told me the last time I went to see you at he sanitarium. You look better than what you did then, and that's only a little time ago. How long was it?" "Eight months, I think:" "No, it couldn't be. I know it ain't

that long, but maybe it was longer 'n thought. And this last month or so on were gettin' along, but I told Edith to write, the weeks I couldn't, and I asked Jim, too, and they both said they would, so I suppose you've kept up pretty well on the home news."

"Oh, yes."

"What I think you need." said the other, gravely, "Is to liven up a little and take an interest in things. That's what papa was sayin' this morning, after we got your telegram; and that's what'll stimulate your appetite, too He was talkin' over his plans for

"Plans?" Bibbs, turning on his side. shielded his eyes from the light with his hand, so that he might see her better. "What--" He paused.

plans is he making for me, mother? Well, you better talk it over with him," she said, with perceptible nerv-"He better tell you himself. I don't feel as if I had any call, exactly, to go into it; and you better get to sleep now, anyway." She came and stood by the bedside once more. you must remember, Bibbs, whatever papa does is for the best. He loves his children and wants to do by all of 'em-and you'll always find

he's right in the end." ike somebody awready laid out—"

He fell silent at a rustling of skirts
which seemed to content her; and she
which seemed to content her; and she rustled to the door, turning to speak again after she had opened it. get a good nap, now, so as to be all rested up for tonight."

"You—you mean—he—" Bibbs stam mered, having begun to speak too quickly. Checking himself, he drew a long breath, then asked, quietly, "Does father expect me to come downstairs

"Well, I think he does," she an warming,' as he calls it, and he said he

thinks all our children ought to be in farewell to her father, who was oband other folks. It's just what he thinks you need—to take an interest and liven up. You don't feel too bad to come down, do you?"
"Mother?"

"Take a good look at me." he said. "Oh, see here!" she cried with brusk cheerfulness. "You're not so bad off as you think you are, Bibbs. You're on the mend, and it won't do you any harm to please your-"It isn't that," he interrupted. "Hon-

I'm only afraid it might spoil ody's appetite. Edith—" "I told you the child was too sensitive," she interrupted, in turn. "You're a plenty good-lookin' enough young man for anybody! You look like you

seit gingerly—as one might have a care against too quick or too long a pull upon a frayed elastic—and, getting to his feet, went bijnking to the window and touched the shade so that it flew up, letting in a pale sunset.

He looked out into the lemon-colored light and smiled wanly at the next house, as Edith's grandlose phrase came to mind, "the old Vertrees coun-try mansion." It stood in a broad



Staring Full Into His Window.

to make a little knoll upon which stood a small rustic "summer house." It was almost on a level with Bibbs' window and not thirty feet away. Probably the "summer house" was pleasant and pretty in summer. But now in the thin light it was desolate, the color and the thin light it was desolate, the color are the color and the color are the color and the color are th of dust, and hung with haggard vines which had lost their leaves

Bibbs looked at it with grave sym-pathy, probably feeling some kinship with anything so dismantled; then he turned to a cheval glass beside the turned to a cheval glass beside the window and paid himself the dublous tribute of a thorough inspection. Throughout this cryptic seance his manner was profoundly impersonal, then gazed again and shook his head

again, and continued to shake it slowy, in complete disapproval. "You certainly are one horrible sight!" he said, aloud.

And at that he was instantly aware of an observer. Turning quickly, he was vouchsafed the picture of a charming lady, framed in a rustic aperture of the "summer house" and staring full into his window—straight into his eyes, too, for the infinitesimal fraction of a second before the flashingly censorious withdrawal of her own. Composedly she pulled several dead twigs from a vine, her action conveying a procla mation to the effect that she was in the summer house for the sole purpo of suchlike pruning and tending.

Having pulled enough twigs to emphasize her unconsciousness—and at the same time her disapproval—of everything in the nature of a Sheriday or belonging to a Sheridan, she de-scended the knoll with maintained door of the country mansion of the Vertreeses. An elderly lady, bon neted and clonked, opened the door and

"Are you ready, Mary? I've been What were you dolooking for you. Nothing. Just looking into one of

Sheridans' windows," said Mary Ver-trees. "I got caught at it." "Mary!" cried her mother. "Just as we were going to call! Good heavens!" "We'll go, just the same," the daugher returned. "I suppose those women would be glad to have us if we'd

burned their house to the ground. "But who saw you?" insisted Mrs. believe he's insane, or something. At least I hear they keep him in a sanitarium somewhere, and never talk about him. He was staring at himself

"How did he look?" "Like a ghost in a blue suit," said house the worst of taste." Miss Vertrees, moving toward the street and waving a white-gloved hand . "Oh, if one owned a Raphael or a

Then he looked out and caught me,"

Titian!" said Mr. Vertrees, finishing the implication, not in words, but with a wave of his hand. "Go on, Mary. None of the rest of them came in? You didn't meet Mr. Sheridan or serving them from the window of his library. "Rather tragic and altogether le. Do come on, mother, and et's get it over!" "He paused and adjusted a lump of coal in the fire delicately with the poker. "Or one of the sons?"

Mary's glance crossed his, at that, with a flash of utter comprehension.

women, but mamma inquired about the

sons thoroughly!"
"Mary!" Mrs. Vertrees protested.
"Oh, most adroitly, too!" laughed the
girl. "Only she couldn't help uncon-

iffe—you and papa gave it all to me— and it's about time I began to pay back. Unfortunately, I don't know bow to do anything—but something's

"But you needn't talk of it like that!"
insisted the mother, plaintively. "It's
not—it's not—'

"No, it's not,' said Mary. "I know

"How did they happen to ask you to dinner?" Mr. Vertrees inquired, un-easily. "Stextrawdn'ry thing!"

"Climbers' hospitality," Mary de-

fined it. "We were so very cordial and easy! It's a sort of house-warming dinner, and they talked about it and

talked about it-and then the girl got

her courage up and blurted out the in-vitation. And mamma said that you and she had promised to go to a lecture at the Emerson club tonight, but that

her daughter would be delighted to

come to the big show! So there I am, and there's Mr. Jim Sheridan—and there's the clock! Dinner's at seven-thirty!"

And she ran out of the room, scoop

ing up her fallen furs with a gesture

of flying grace as she sped.

When she came down, at twenty

minutes after seven, her father stood

in the hall, at the foot of the stairs, waiting to be her escort through the dark. He looked up and watched her

as she descended, and his gaze was

fond and proud—and profoundly dis-turbed. But she smiled and nodded gayly, and, when she reached the floor,

"At least no one could suspect me to

brown eyes were like her mother's, but

for the rest she went back to some

"I Know Exactly What You Want Me

stronger and livelier ancestor than

"Don't I look too rich to be suspect

"You look everything beautiful, lary," he said, huskily.

"And my dress?" She threw open

dor of white and silver. "Anything better at Nice next winter, do you better at Nice next winter, do you

glittering figure in the cloak again

ed?" she insisted.

night," she said. "I look rich, don't I

put a hand on his shoulder.

got to be done.

that!"

she did it!"

And Mrs. Vertrees, with many mis-givings, set forth with her daughter for the gracious assault upon the new house next door.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Vertrees, having watched their Mr. Vertrees, having watched their departure with the air of a man who had something at hazard upon the expedition, turned from the window and began to pace the library thoughtfully, pending their return. He was about sixty; a small man, withered and dry and fine, a trim little sketch of the elderly dandy. His lambrequin mustache, like his smooth hair, was approaching an equally sheer whiteness; and though his clothes were old, they had shapeliness and a flavor

man for anybody! Lower been through a long spell and begunget well, and that's all there is to it."

"All right. I'll come to the party. If the rest of you can stand it. I can!"

"It'll do you good," she returned, rustling into the hall. "Now take a nap, and I'll send one o' the help to wake you in time for you to get wake you in time for you to get before dinner. You go to Bibbs!"

"The room was cheerful and hideous. Under a mantel of imitation black marble a merry little coal free beamed forth upon high and narrow "Eastlake" bookcases with long glass doors, come fortable, incongruous furniture, half a randseer engravings which Mr. and Mrs. Vertrees sometimes men-tioned to each other, after thirty years of possession, as "very fine things." They had been the first people in town to possess Landseer engravings, and there, in art, they had rested, but they still had a feeling that in all such mat-ters they were in the van.

came to mind, "the old verticated from the sheridans' by a young hedge; and it was a big, square, plain old box of a house with a giant salt-cellar stop for a cupola. Paint had been spared for a cupola first to fall down and worship Bigness. He was a true prophet ship Bigness. He was a true prophet a cupola growth, but he had a cupola first to fall down and worship Bigness. a cupola. Paint had been spared for a long time, and no one could have put on a name to the color of it, but in spite of that the place had no look of being out at heel, and the sward was as the Sheridans' own.

the sward was as true prophet of the prodigious growth, but he had a fatal gift for selling good and buying bad. He sold his inherited office building and house in town to buy lots; and the ground about it, to pay taxes on the lots. But he had to do some-thing to keep himself and his family up, so in despair he sold the lots (which went up beautifully the next year) for "traction stock" that was paying dividends; and disappeared altogether from the commercial surface at about the time James Sheridan

came out securely on top. But there came a day when three servitors of Bigness in Philadelphia took greedy counsel with four fellow worshipers from New York, and not long after that there were no more dividends for Mr. Vertrees. In fact, there was nothing for Mr. Vertrees, be cause the "traction stock" henceforth gaged his house-long ago to help "manage somehow" according to his conception of his "position in life"—one of his own old-fashioned phrases. Mr. Ver-trees had discovered, too, that there was no salary for him in all the buz zing city—he could do nothing.

It may be said that he was at the end of his string. Such times do come in all their bitterness, finally, to the

man with no trade or craft, if his feeble clutch on that slippery ghost, Property, shall fail. The windows grew black while he

paced the fan-shaped zone of firelight. But as the mantel clock struck wheez-ily six there was the rattle of an outer loor, and Mary Vertrees came rushing into the library and threw herself into deep chair by the hearth, laughing so uncontrollably that tears were in her eyes. Mrs. Vertrees followed de-

certain to agree with her, and regret papa?" She did. She had a look that wor ted it.
"Papa! Oh, oh!" And Miss Ver shipful girl friends called "regal." trees was fain to apply a handkerchief upon her eyes. "I'm so glad you made head taller than her tather she was as

Mrs. Vertrees shook her head. "I suppose I'm very dull," she said. suppose I'm very dull," gently. "I didn't see anything amus-ing. They're most ordinary, and the house is altogether in bad taste, but we anticipated that, and—" "Papa!" Mary cried, breaking can.

"They asked us to dinner!"
"What!"

"And I'm going!" she shouted, and was seized with fresh paroxysms. "Think of it! Never in their house-before; never met any of them but the daughter—and just barely met her—"
"What about you?" interrupted Mr. Vertrees, turning sharply upon his

She made a little face as if positive now that what she had eaten would not agree with her. "I couldn't!" she

"Yes, that's just—just the way shelooked when they asked her!" cried Mary, choking. "And then she-sh realized it, and tried to turn it into ough, and she didn't know how, and is ounded like—like a squeai!"

"I suppose," said Mrs. Vertrees, much injured, "that Mary will have an uproarious time at my funeral. Sh Mary jumped up instantly and kissed

her; then she went to the mantel and

leaning an elbow upon it, gazed thoughtfully at the buckle of her shoe, twinkling in the firelight. "They didn't notice anything," she said. "Be far as they were concerned, there dark velvet cloak, showing a splen-mamma, it was one of the finest coughs dor of white and silver. "Anything you ever coughed."
"Who were 'they'?" asked her father.

"Whom did you see?"

pride at the Landseers.

"Only the mother and daughter." Mary answered. "Mrs. Sheridan is dumpy and rustly; and Miss Sheridan "You can do anything, Mary." is pretty and pushing-dresses by the There was a curious humility in his one, and something more—a signififashion magazines and talks about New York people that have their pic tures in 'em. She tutors the mother cance not veiled and yet abysmally apologetic. It was as if he suggested but not very successfully-partly be nething to her and begged her forcause her own foundation is too flimsy and partly, because she began too late

And upon that, for the moment, she They've got an enormous Moor of painted plaster or something in the hall, and the girl evidently thought it came as serious as he. She lifted her hand from his shoulder and then set it back more firmly, so that he should was to her credit that she selected it! eel the reassurance of its pressure. "Don't worry," she said, in a low voice and gravely. "I know exactly what you want me to do." thought oil-paintings in a privat

TO BE CONTINUED

Lesson III .- Third Quarter, For July 16, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES. Magnolia He turned instantly away, but she had

Text of the Lesson, Acts xvii, 22-34 Memory Verses, 22, 23—Golden Text Acts xvii, 28—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

While Paul waited at Athens for the

sciously turning to look at me-when coming of Silas and Timothy he was "Mary Vertrees!"
"Never mind, mamma! Mrs. Sheridan and Miss Sheridan neither of so stirred by the idolatry which he saw that not only in the synagogue did he talk to the Jews, but daffy in them could help unconsciously turning to look at me—speculatively—at the same time! They all three kept looking at me and talking about the oldest son, Mr. James Sheridan, Jr. Mrs. Sheridan said his father is very anxious the property of the same time. the market place he preached Jesus and the resurrection to all who would listen to him. And as they delighted in any new thing, this was certainly the newest they ever heard, and they desired to hear more. So they brought ious 'to get Jim to marry and settle him to a public place where he could tell them more fully of this, to them, down,' and she assured me that 'Jim is right cultivated.' Another of the sons, youngest one, they didn't seem to connew doctrine (verses 16-21), thought of the dead coming again was too much for them, and while these were some who believed others mocked, even as they do to this sider quite one of themselves, some The other brother is the middle one, Roscoe; he's the one that owns the new house across the street, where that young black sheep of the Lamborns, Robert, goes so often. Papa—" She day (verses 32-34). The newest thing only (verses 32-34). The newest tung to this very day is the old, old story of salvation by the sacrifice of the Lamb of God, as told so vigorously by Rev. William Sunday and others, but as strenuously opposed as in the long ago by the enemies of Cirist." Seembly trivial will see the salvation of the salvation stepped nearer to him so that he had to trouble deep within her own, but she kept their surface merry with laughter. ingly intelligent men still scoff at the ingly intelligent men still score at the resurrection of the body and the thought of a body of flesh and bones without blood. Ministers everywhere do not believe that the kingdom cannot come till Christ comes again, but speak of it as now here, to be advanced over everywhere the state. "Papa, Bibbs is the youngest one's name, and Bibbs—to the best of our in-formation—is a lunatic. Roscoe is married. Papa, does it have to be "Mary!" Mrs. Vertrees cried, sharply. "You're outrageous! That's a perfectly horrible way of talking!" or extended, and the truths of last week's lesson in reference to His com ing for and with His saints are sin "Well, I'm close to twenty-four." "Well, I'm close to twenty-four,"
said Mary, turning to her. "I haven't
been able to like anybody yet that's
asked me to marry him, and maybe I
never shall. Until a year or so ago I've
had everything I ever wanted in my

ply ridicaled. But there are some who believe God.

The people of Athens were very superstitious, or, as in the R. V., margin, religious, and seemed to worship all the gots they had ever heard of, and lest they might have omitted one they had an altar with the inscription, "To the thknown god," and this gave Paul his topic. It is one of the saddest truths of the ages and even of our own time that the true God is largely un-known. "Israel doth not know," "They know not the thoughts of the Lord," "Unsit thou not known me. Philip?"
"O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee" (Isa. I. 3; Mic. Iv. 2; John xiv. 9; xvii. 25). God ean be known only in Jesus Christ, and there fore all who will not receive Jesus Christ as God do not know the true God. Speaking to gentlies, Paul began at the beginning and told them of Him who created all things and who there fore needed nothing from the creatures whom He had made, as only in Him do all live and move and have their being, and He giveth to all life and breath and all things (verses 22-28). It must have been humiliating to these proud and wise Greeks to be told that they were of the same blood as other nations and that God their Creator had

It is another great truth, and but lit tle considered, that when the Most High, the possessor of heaven and earth, divided to the nations their in heritance He did it with reference to the children of Israel, although they were not then in existence (Gen. v. 25 both historically and geographically, large is the great center. That, how ver, was not a truth for the people Athens just then, for Paul desired t lead them to the true God and to re who had some to the world which He had made, but was unknown in it and the judge of all mankinel; and not only was the judge appointed, but also the day, which we learn elsewhere would are passing since Christ was crucified and ending with a resurrection (John

hey were (verse 26).

the just and unjust, but a thousand years shall intervene between the two (Acts xxiv, 15; Rev. xx, 5, 6). All who the just and unjust, but a thousand years shall intervene between the two (Acts xxiv, 15; (Rev xx, 5, 6). All who have ever fived shall come into judg ment before the same Judge, but not all at the same time. All who truly receive the Lord Jesus can say, "I am crucified with Christ" (Gai fl. 20, and have passed from death to tire and shall not come into judgment for sin Glohn v. 20. But all such must appear before the judgment seat of Christ, where only saved people shall appear, to have their works approved appear, to have their works approved appear, to have their works approved appear to feet and shall not come into judgment for the feet and shall not come into judgment for sin Glohn v. 20. But all such must appear before the judgment seat of Christ, where only saved people shall appear, to have their works approved appear, to have their works approved or disapproved, to be rewarded or suf places in His kingdom (Hom. xiv. 10; II Cor. v. 10). Then we shall come with Him to judge the living nations, according to Matt. xxv. 31, with Joel lil. 1, 2; Zech. xiv. and set up 10. kingdom. The rest of the dead who bread it was because of their hunger did not rise in the first resurrection and condition that he stole. His story shall be judged at the great white rang of the truth and judge Garman. throne after the thousand years (Rev. xx. 11-15). In the face of such plain statements I cannot understand how any who read their Bibles with ordinary carefulness can think or speak of the visible state. all people that have ever lived standing before the great white throne. only need to allow the thoughts of God to displace our thoughts.

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Selected as Publicity Director of



Robert W. Wolley, director of the Julied States mint, has been selected to take charge of the publicity bursau of the Democratic national committee, lie had charge of the campaign four vars ago when President Wilson first an for president.

Reading Will Tag Children. Reading boys and girls ill with whooping cough are to be tagged when placed them on the earth just where aken into public places. This is to varn others liable to "catch" the d's

council, acting as a board of health, passed a resolution compelling chil-dren ill with the disease and taken to public places to wear a label on their

tleeves.

The officials say that because children afflicted with whooping cought are "commonly supposed to have it nine weeks coming and nine weeks to their homes under quarantine re-strictions. Thus they are to be al-lowed out of doors privileges if tagged,

High Meat Prices to Continue. High meat prices probably will con-tinue indefinitely.

This is the conclusion of the depart-

ment of agriculture as set forth in an exhaustive report on the situation. High meat prices prevail through the world. One reason for this is the ousand years as one day (II Pet. iii. fact that production has failed to kee This whole age through which we pace with the increased consumption While holding out little or no hope for a reduction in meat prices in the near future, the report says there will Is spoken of as an hour, and a day, and no neceptable year clohn v. 25; H Corv. 22; Luke iv. 19. The next thousand probably be a gradual growth and exyears is also called an hour, beginning pansion in the world's production of and ending with a resurrection John beef, mutton and pork, which may not equal the rate of increase may not equal the rate of increase the first and united by the meat-eating population.

According to the report of the budepartment of health in Harrisburg, Pa., the fatalities during the month of April were 10,412. The births in that period were 19,092.

"Sparkler" Fatal to Girl Rosa Defalco, seven years, of Johns town, Pa., is dead of burns received ler" against her dress late Tuesday. The little one's clothing ignited and she died.

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