GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1916

GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY. Baptist-N. Main St.-Jas. W. Baptist—N. Main St.—Jas. w. Rose. Pastor.
Preaching services every first and t'nird Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and t'30 p. m.
Sunday Scanool every Sunday at 8.45 a. m.—C. B. Irwin, Superintendent.

Granam Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rev. J. F. Truit. Freaching services every Sec-and and Fourth Sundays, at 11.00

a. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 10.00 a. m. - c. L. Henderson, Super-intendent.

New Providence Christian Charc. New Frontiere Christian Church Bain Street, near Depot-Rev. J. G. Arutt, Pastor. Preach nig every Second and Fourth Sunday, mights at 8,00 o'clock.
Somer, School every Sunday at 1,00 a. n. -3. A. Bayliff, Superin-Superin ndent. Christian Endeavor Prayer Meet

School-Rev. Fleming March Preaching 1st, 2nd and 3rd San-

days.
Sunday School every Sunday at
10.00 a. m.-James Crisco, Superin-

Pastor:
Freaching every Sunday & 11.00
a. m. and at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at
1.00 a. m. W. B. Green, Supt.

al. P. Church-N. Main Street, Rev. O. B. williams, Pastor. Preaching first and third Sun days at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.-J. L. Amick, Supt.

Presbyterian-Wst Elm Street-Rev I M. McConnell, pastor. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.15 a.m.—Lynn B. Williamson, Su-

Presbyterian (Travora Chapel)— J. W. Clegg, pastor Preaching every Second and Fourth Sundays at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m.—J. Harvey White, Su-perintendent.

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

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and bound them tightly.

law in the eyes,

We had a shootin' scrape then.

my word to you. I kind of hoped he

wouldn't spot me. But he did-an'

"I recken it is. Wal I've had some

"Leave you here alone?" asked Du

foller us acrost the river a ways. You've got to think of number one in

this game."
"What would you do in my case?

asked Duane curiously:
"Wal, I reckon I'd clear out an' save

speech. First he watered the horses

filled canteens and water bag, and then tied the pack upon his own horse. That done, he lifted Stevens upon his horse, and, holding him in the saddle,

turned into the brakes, being careful

to pick out hard or grassy ground that left little signs of tracks. Just about dark he ran across a trail that Ste-vens said was a good one to take into

"Reckon we'd better keep right of

All that night Duane, gloomy and

in the dark-till I drop," continued

ens, with a laugh.

cheerfulness prevailed.

is the next wust way to croak."

Stevens as comfortable as possible

then attended to his own needs.

uses up your strength."

he wild country.

6% ZANE GREY AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS" "RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE", ETC.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—In Wellston, Texas, it becomes with Buckley Duane a case of fight or run from Cal Bain. Duane kills his man and becomes an outlaw. CHAPTER II—He meets Luke Stev-

CHAPTER III.

Late that day, a couple of hours before sunset, Duane and Stevens, hav-ing rested their horses in the shade of some measultes near the town of Mercer, saddled up and prepared to move.

"Treckon it is. Wal, I've had some "Buck, as we're lookin' fer grub, an' not trouble, I reckon you'd better hang up out here." Stevens was saying, as he mounted. "You see, towns an' sheriffs an' rangers are always lookin' fer then you clear out." new fellers gone bad. They sort of forget most of the old boys, except those as are plumb bad. Now, nobody in Mercer will take notice of me. Reckon there's been a thousand men run into the river country to become outlaws since yours truly. You jest wait acre an' be ready to ride hard. Mebbe my besettin' sin will go operatin' in spite of my good intentions. In which case there'll be—"

His pause was significant. He grinned, and his brown eyes danced with a kind of wild humor.

"Stevens, have you got any money?"

asked Duane.
"Meney!" exclaimed Luke blankly. "Say, I haven't owned a two-bit piece since—wal, fer some time." "Til furnish money for grub," re-turned Duane. "And for whisky, too,

"The furnish money for grue, re-turned Duane. "And for whisky, too, providing you hurry back here—with-out making trouble."
"Shore you're a downright good pard," declared Stevens, in admiration, as he took the money. "I give my word, Buck, an 'I'm here to say I never broke it yet. Lay low, an' look for

broke it yet. Lay low, an' look fer me back quick."

With that he spurred his horse and

thoughtful, attentive to the w outlaw, walked the trail and never halted. Dawn caught the fugitives at rode out of the mesquites toward the town. At that distance, about a quarter of a mile, Mercer appeared to be a cluster of low adobe houses set in a grove of cottonwoods. Pastures of affalfa were dotted by horses and a green camping site on the bank of a rocky little stream. Stevens fell a a rocky little strenm, otevens ten a dead weight into Duane's arms, and one look at the haggard face showed cattle. Duane saw a sheep herder driving in a meager flock.

Presently Stevens rode out of sight into the town. Duane waited, hoping the outlaw would make good his word. Probably not a quarter of an hour had elapsed when Duane heard the clear reports of a Winchester rifle, the clatter of rapid hoofbeats, and yells unmistakably the kind to mean danger for a man like Stevens. Duane mounted and rode to the edge of the

mesquites.

He saw a cloud of dust down the road and a bay horse running fast. Stevens apparently had not been wounded by any of the shots, for he had a steady seat in his saddle, and his riding, even at that moment, struck Duane as admirable. He carried a large pack over the pommel, and he kept looking back. The shots had censed, but the yells increased. Duane saw several men running and waving their arms. Then he spurred his horse their arms. Then he spurred his horse and got into a swift stride, so Stevens would not pass him. Presently the outlaw caught up with him. Stevens was grinning, but there was now no that danced in them. His face seemed

"Was jest comin' out of the store." "Run plumb into a rancher-who knowed me. He opened up with a rifle. Think they'll chase

They covered several miles before there were any signs of pursuit, and when horsemen did move into sight out of the cottonwoods Dunne and his mpanion steadily drew farther away.
"No hosses in that bunch to worry

somewhat to the fore, and was constantly aware of the rapid thudding of hoofs behind, as Stevens kept close to him. At sunset they reached the willow brakes and the river. Dunne's plied, doggedly. "See here, pard, you horse was winded and lashed with sweat and lather. It was not until the crossing had been accomplished that Duane halted to rest his animal. Stevens was riding up the low, sandy bank. He recled in the saddle. With an exclamation of surprise, Duane hated to feet him exclamation of surprise, Duane laped off and ran to the outlaw's side. of hoofs behind, as Stevens kept close

"You're shot?" Cried Diane.

"Wal, who said I wasn't? Would you mind givin' me a lift—on this here pack?"

Duane lifted the heavy pack down and then helped Stevens to dismount. The outlaw had a bloody foam on his lips, and he was spitting blood.

"Oh, why didn't you say so!" cried Duane. "I never thought. You seemed all right."

"Wal, Luke Stevens may be as gabby as an old woman, but sometimes he doesn't say anythin'. It wouldn't have done no good."

Duane bade him sit down, removed his shirt, and washed the blood from his breast and back. Stevens had been shot in the breast, fairly low down, and the bullet had gone clear through that heavy pack in the saddle, had the resumed presently, "You're leave the saddle, had the resumed presently, "You're leave the shade on interest until he rode up to the white men, who were lolling in the shade of a house. This place evitently had been shade of a house. This place evit dently was a store and saloon, and from the lindle shade of a house. This place evit shade of a house. This place evit dently was a store and saloon, and from the limble shade of a house. This place evit dently was a store and saloon, and from the lindle shade of a house. This place evit dently was a store and saloon, and from the lindle shade of a house. This place evit dently was a store and saloon, and from the shade of a house. This place evit dently was a store and saloon, and from the lindle shade of a house. This place evit dently was a store and saloon, and from the lindle shade of a house. This place evit dently was a store and saloon, and from the lindle shade of a house. This place evit dently was a store and saloon, and from the lindle shade of a house. This place evit dently was a store and saloon, and from the lindle shade of a house. This place evit dently was a store and saloon, and from the lindle shade of a house. This place the shade of a house. This place the shade of a house. This place the shade of a house. Shade of a house. This place the shade of a house. This place the shade of that heavy pack in the saddle, had been a feat little short of marvelous. Duane did not see how it had been possible, and he felt no hope for the outlaw. But he plugged the wounds



He Made Stevens as Comfortable as

fust shot he got me here. What do you think of this hole?"

"It's protty bad," replied Duane; and he could not look the cheerful out-I reckon any of the other gangs would better for you when you ain't goin' it alone."

Apparently that exhausted the fund of information and advice Stevens had been eager to impart. He lapsed into silence and lay with closed eyes. Meanwhile the sun rose warm; the breeze waved the mesquites; the birds came down to splash in the shallow stream; Duane dozed in a comfortable seat. By and by something roused Stevens was once more talking, but with a changed tone.

"Feller's name—was Brown," he rambled. "We fell out—over a hoss I stole from him—in Huntsville. He stole it fust. Brown's one of them sneaks—afraid of the open—he steals an pretents to be honest. Say, Buck, mebbe you'll meet Brown some day—You an' me are pards now." my hide," replied Stevens.

Duane felt inclined to doubt the outlaw's assertion. For his own part, he law's assertion. For his own part, he decided his conduct without further "I'll remember, if I ever meet him." said Duane.

That seemed to satisfy the outlaw Presently he tried to lift his head, but had not the strength. A strange shade was creeping across the bronzed "My feet are pretty heavy. Shor

you got my boots off?" Duane held them up, but was not

certain that Stevens could see them.
The outlaw closed his eyes again and
muttered incoherently. Then he fell
asleep. Toward sundown Stevens awoke, and his eyes seemed clearer Duane went to get some fresh water, thinking his comrade would surely want some. When he returned Stevens made no sign that he wanted anything. There was something bright about him, and suddenly Duane realized what it

one look at the haggard face showed Duane that the outlaw had taken his last ride. He knew it, too. Yet that law whispered.

Duane caught a hint of gladness in the voice; he traced a faint surprise "Buck, will you take off my boots?"

in the haggard face. Stevens seemed like a little child. asked, with a faint smile on his Duane buried him in a shallow ar royo and happed up a pile of stones to mark the grave. That done, he saddled his comrade's horse, hung the weapons over the pommel, and, mountlid not want to die with his boots on ing his own steed, he rode down the trail in the gathering twilight. wasn't-an' dvin' with your boots or

CHAPTER IV.

"You've a chance to—to get over this," said Duane.
"Shore. But I want to be correct about the boots—an' say, pard, if I do go over, jest you remember thet I was Two days later, about the middle of the forenoon, Duane dragged the two horses up the last ascent of an exceed-ingly rough trail and found himself on top of the Rim Rock, with a beautiful. appreciatin' your kindness."

This matter of the outlaw's boots was strange, Duane thought. He made green Jalley at his feet, the yellow, sluggish Rio Grande shining in the sun, and the great, wild mountaine barren of Mexico stretching to the tiny upon Duane. He was not a Tex

the outlaw took up the thread of his conversation where he had left off the night before. This trail splits up a ways from No wonder outlaws were safe in that wild refuge! Duane had spent the last here, an' every branch of it leads to a two days climbing the roughest and hole where you'll find men—a few, mebbe, like yourself—some like me—an' gangs of no-good hoss thieves, rustlers an' such. It's easy livin', Euck, was yet to come. From the looks of the descent he you doing here?"

I reckon, though, that you'll not find The trail proved to be the kind that it easy. You'll never mix in. You'll be a lone wolf. I seen that right off. Wal, if a man can stand the loneliness, could not be descended slowly. He kept codging rocks which his horses loosed behind him. And in a short an' if he's quick on the draw, mebbe time he reached and rode down the lone-wolfin' is the best. Shore I don't green retreat, wondering what would know. But these fellers in here will be his reception. The valley was much larger than it

be suspicious of a man who goes it. The valley was much larger than it alone. If they get a chance they'll had appeared from the high elevation. "No bosses in that bunch to worry us." called out Stevens.

Duane had the same conviction, and the did not look back again. He rode want to the form of the whisky. His voice grew personnewing to the form of the world want the whisky. His voice grew personnewing to the form of the high elevation.

Mel watered, green with grass and tree, and farmed evidently by good hands, it gave Duane a considerable surprise. Herea and appeared from the high elevation. want the whisky. His voice grew per-ceptibly weaker.

"Be quiet," said Duane. "Talking woods surrounded a small adobe house. Duane saw Mexicans working in the fields and horsemen going to and fro.

Stevens was pale, and his face bore beads of sweat. The whole front of his shirt was soaked with blood."

Store a was pale, and his face bore beads of sweat. The whole front of his shirt was soaked with blood."

Store a was pale, and his face bore beads of sweat. The whole front of his shirt was soaked with blood."

Store a was pale, and his face bore beads of sweat. The whole front of his shirt was soaked with blood."

Store a was pale, and his face bore beads of sweat. Within the was all of store with and white men all of store was pale. "You're shot!" cried Diane.
"Wal, who said I wasn't? Would you dine, who hangs out in the Rim Rock ated no interest until he rode up to

These men lined up before Duane,

forward, had a forbidding face, which showed yellow eyes, an enormous nose, and a skin the color of dust, with a

"Stranger, who are you an' where in the h—l did you git thet bay hoss?" he demanded. His yellow eyes took in Stevens' horse, then the weapons hung on the saddle, and finally turned their

glinting, hard light upward to Duane.

Duane did not like the tone in which he had been addressed, and he re-mained silent. Something, leaped in-side of him and made his breast feel tight. He recognized it as that strange emotion which had shot through him often of late, and which had decided him to go out to the meeting with Bain. Only now it was different, and more powerful.

"Stranger, who are you?" asked anther man, somewhat more civilly.
"My name's Duane," replied Duane,

Duane answered briefly, and his ords were followed by a short silence,



Bosomer began to twist the ends of his beard. "Reckon he's dead, all right, or no

ently said Euchre.
"Mister Duane," began Bosomer, in

low, stinging tones, "I happ Luke Stevens' side pardner." Duane looked him over, from dusty worn-out boots to his slouchy brero. That look seemed to in

"You or anybody else can have them for all I care. I just fetched them in. But the pack is mine," replied Duane. "And, say, I befriended your Duane. "And, say, I befriended your pard. If you can't use a civil tongue you'd better cinch it."

you'd better cinch it."
"Civil? Haw, haw!" rejoined the
outlaw. "I ain't talkin' your word!
Savvy thet? An' I was Luke's pard!" With that Bosomer wheeled, and, pushing his companions aside, he stamped into the saloon, where bit Duane dismounted and threw his

"Stranger, Bosomer is shore hot-headed," said the man Euchre. He did not appear unfriendly, nor were

the others hostile. At this juncture several more out laws crowded out of the door, and the stalwart physique. His manner pro-claimed him a leader. He had a long an; in truth, Duane, did not recognize

state.
"I'm Bland," said the tall man, au-

Duane looked at Bland as he had at the others. This outlaw chief appeared to be reasonable, if he was not courteons. Duane told his stor again, this time a little more in detail
"I believe you," replied Bland a once. "Think I know when a fellow is lying."

"I reckon you're on the right trall,"
put in Euchre. "Thet about Luke
wantin' his boots took off—thet satisfles me. Luke hed a mortal dread of dyin' with his boots on. At this sally the chief and his men

"You said Duane—Buck Duane?" queried Bland. "Are you a son of that Duane who was a gun-fighter some

Never met him, and glad I didn't. said Bland, with a grim humor. "So you got in trouble and had to go on the dodge? What kind of trouble?" "Had a fight."

"Fight? Do you mean gun-play?" questioned Bland. He seemed eager, curious, speculative.
"Yes. It ended in gun-play. I'm

sorry to say," answered Duane. "Guess I needn't ask the son of Duane if he killed his man," went on Duane it he knied his ham, well on Bland, ironically. "Well, I'm sorry you bucked against trouble in my-camp. But, as R is, I gness you'd be

wise to make yourself scarce."
"Do you mean I'm politely told to
move on?" asked Duane, quietly.
"Not exactly that," said Bland, as if
irritated. "If this isn't a free place there isn't one on earth. Every man is "No. I don't."
"Well, even it you did, I imagine that

wouldn't stop Bosemer. He's an ugly fellow, Merely for your own sake, I advise you to hit the traff." returned Duane. Even as he spoke he felt that he did not know himself.

Bosomer appeared at the door, push-ing men who tried to detain him, and as he jumped clear of a last reaching

stand alone. When Bosomer saw Duane standing motionless and watch-ful, a strange change passed quickly in him. He halted in his tracks, and as he did that the men who had fol-lowed him out piled over one another in their hurry to get to one side.

Duane saw all the swift action, fel intuitively the menning of it, and in Bosomer's sudden change of front. The outlaw was keen, and be had expected a shrinking, or at least a frightened on Duane knew he was net ther. He felt like iron, and yet thril after thrill ran through him. The out after thrill ran through him. The out-law had come out to kill him. And now, though somewhat checked by the stand of a stranger, he still meant to kill. But he did not speak a word

ment, his eyes pale and steady, his right hand like a claw.

That instant gave Dunne a power to read in his enemy's eyes the thought that preceded action. But Duane did not want to kill another man. Still, he would have to fight, and he decided to cripple Bosomer. When Bosomer's to cripple Bosomer. When Bosomer's hand moved Duane's gun was spouting fire. Two shots only-both from Duane's gun-and the ontiaw fell with dust, trying to reach the gun with his His comrades, however seeing that Duane would not kill un-less forced, closed in upon Bosomer and prevented any further madness or

Of the outlaws present Euchre ap a small adobe shack. He fied the horses in an open shed and removed their saddles. Then, gathering up Ste vens' weapons, he invited his visitor to enter the house. It had two rooms—windows without

coverings-bare floors. One room con bridies; the other a stone freplace, rude table and bench, two bunks, a box cupboard, and various blackened "Make yourself to home as long a you want to stay," said Euclire. "
slot't rich in this world's goods, but

own what's here, an' you're welcome "Thanks. I'll stay awhile and rest chre gave him a keen glance.

"Go ahead an' rest. I'll take you horses to grass," Euchre left Duane alone in the house. Duane relaxed then, and me-chanically he wiped the sweat from his face. He was laboring under some kind of a spell or shock which did no pass off quickly. When it had worn away he took off his coat and helt and made himself comfortable on the blan-kets. And he had a thought that, if he rested or slept, what differen would it make on the morrow? No

rest, no sleep could change the gray outlook of the future. He felt glad when Euchre came bushing in, and for the first time he took notice of the out-

Euchre was old in years. little hair he had was gray, his face clean shaven and full of wrinkles; his eyes were half shut from long gazing through the sun and dust. He stooped But his thin face denoted strength

and endurance still unimpaired.
"Hev a drink or a smoke?" he asked.
Duane shook his head. He had not been unfamiliar with whisky, and he had used tobacco moderately since he was sixteen. But now, strangely, he felt a disgust at the idea of stimulants He did not understand clearly what he felt. There was that vague idea of something wild in his blood, something that made him fear himself.

Euchre wagged his old head sympa thetically. "Reckon you feel a little sick. When it comes to shootin', I run

What's your age?"

"I'm twenty-three," replied Duane Euchre showed surprise. "You're only a boy! I thought you thirty anyways. Buck, I heard what you told Bland, an' puttin' thet with my own figgerin', I reckon you're no criminal yet. Throwin' a gun in self-defensethet ain't no crime!'

nore about himself. "Huh," replied the old man. "I've seen hundreds of boys come in on the dodge. Most of them, though, was no good. An' thet kind don't last long This river country has been an' is the refuge fer criminals from all over the states. I've hunked with bank cash sss on the Texas border. Fellers like Bland are exceptions. He's no Texan—you seen thet. The gang he rules here come from all over, an rules here come from an one, they're tough cusses, you can bet on thet. They live fat an' easy. If it wasn't fer the fightin' among themselves, they'd shere grow populous. The Rim Rock is no place for a peaceable, decent feller. I heard you tell Bland you wouldn't like to join his gang. Thet'll not make him take a likin' to you. Have you any money?" "Not much," replied Duane. "When the money's gone how will

you live? There sin't any work a de-cent feller could do. You can't herd with greasers. Why, Bland's men would shoot at you in the fields.
What'll you do, son?"
"God knows," replied Duane, hope-lessly. "I'll make my money last as long as possible—then starve."
"Wal, I'm pretty pore, but you'll

never starve while I got anythin'.

nething human and kind and eager which he had seen in Stevens. Duane's estigate of outlaws had lacked this quality. He had not accorded them any virtues. To him, as to the outside world, they had been merely vicious men without one redeeming feature.

"I'm much obliged to you, Euchre replied Duane. "But of course I won't live with anyone unless I can pay my

"Have it any way you like, my son." said Euchre, good-humoredly. "You make a fire, an' I'll set about gettin' grub. I'm a sour-dough, Buck. Thet man doesn't live who can beat my bread,"

"How do you ever pack supplies in here?" asked Duane, thinking of the almost inaccessible nature of the val-

"Some comes across from Mexico, an' the rest down the river. That river trip is a bird. It's more'n five hundred miles to any supply point. Blaud has mozos, greaser boatmen. Sometimes, tob, he gets supplies in from down-river. You see, Bland sells from down-river. You see, Bland sells thousands of cattle in Cuba. An' all this stock has to go down by boat to meet the ships."
"Where on earth are the cattle driven down to the river?" asked

Duane.
"Thet's not my secret," replied Euchre shortly. "Fact is, I don't know.
I've rustled cattle for Bland, but he never sent me through the Rim Rock with them."

Duane experienced a sort of pleasure in the realization that interest had been stirred in him. He was curious about Bland and his gang, and glad to have something to think about. For every once in a while he had a sens tion that was almost like a pang. He wanted to forget. In the next hour he did forget, and enjoyed helping in the preparation and eating of the meal. Euchre, after washing and hanging up the several utensils, put on his hat and turned to go out.

"Come along or stay here, as you vant," he said to Duane.

"I'll stay," rejoined Duane slowly.
The old outlaw left the room and
rudged away, whistling cheerfully. TO BE CONTINUED.

LAND OF THE LONG LEAF PINE

Short Paragraphs of State News That Have Been Condensed for Buey People of the State.

Gaston county is to have an afl-time

Gastonia would have a municinal Christmas tree

A new bridge is being built across

Ha Hodges, aged 5, of Spray, Alexander county has just

\$150,000 worth of road bonds L. A. Allen of South Carolina wa killed when two freight trains collide

Machinery has been bought for an additional 20,000 spindles for the mill at Maysworth, Mecklenburg county.

Rowland McEntire of Big Lick, Stanly county, is 107 years old, and claims to be the oldest voter in the

Union county was awarded a flag

by the State Democratic Committee for showing the largest Democratic gain in the recent election. With not over half a crop of sweet potatoes in Catawba county and the rest of the sweet potato area, accord-ing to producers, the price of this del-

The half million dollar extract plan being erected at Morganton by A. M Kistler, in connection with the tan nery, awaits only the turning on of the electric current, which will prob

ably be ready in a few days.

icacy will go soaring along towards

Building activity in Albemarle is more pronounced than it has been since the Eureopean war began, and it is conservatively estimated that there is around a half million dollars' worth of buildings now under constru-tion in the town.

An orphanage for the Free Will Baptists will soon be established at Middlesex, on the Norfolk Southern

Middlesex, on the Norfolk Southern railroad, midway between Wilson and Raleigh. Forty acres of land has been donated by Rev. B. B. Deans on which the building, to cost \$10,000 will be erected at an early date.

Seats are being rapidly engaged now by members-elect of the 1917 general assembly to convene January 3, Probably the biggest legislative problems to be worked out will be the general acts that must be passed to put into operation the constitutional amendments for the local control of municipal and county affairs and the appointment of emergency judges.

Considerable advance will be asked in state prohibition regulations and there will be sharp contests as to these issues.

The Baptist convention closed its 86th session at Elizabeth City. Under the head of the general topic of social service the orphanage, prohibition and Telips of the control of the service to the seed the control of the service to the see

service the orphanage, prohibtion and ministerial relief was discussed. Also liquor advertisements in the public prints and the transportation of liquor by public carriers. The adopted report on temperance recommended that Baptists press for national prohibition. Superintendent Kesler of the Thomas ville orphanage was directed to pre-

Is It Getting Common? A little boy was taught the Lord's Prayer and found it much to his taste. For a few days he kept repeating it with great faithfulness, and then announced to his mother in great dis gust: "I heard another fellow say that prayer today, mother. First thing we know it's going to get all around town."—Exchange.

Cough Medicine for Children. Mrs. Hugh Cook, Scottsville, N. Y., says, "About five years ago when we were living in Garbutt, N. Y., I doctored two of my children suffering from colds Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Chamberhain's Cough Remedy and found it just as represented in every way. It promptly checked their coughing and cured their colds quicker than anything I ever used." Obtainable everywhere. adv.

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SAMPLE FREE LYON MFG. CO., 40 So. 5th St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Cotton Mill Property For Sale!

Under and by virtue of the authority given the undersigned by an order of the Superior Coart of Alamance councy, duly and regu-larly made and entered in a proarry made and entered in a proceeding therein pending entitled, "C. P. Albright, who bues on behalf of himsel and other creditors, vs. Holt-Grante Manufacturing Companys" the undersigned war sell on the premises of said, Hott-Grante Manufacturing Company, immediately in front of the office building, in the village of hiaw River, Alamance county, North Carolina. on dina, on

SATURDAY, DEC. 30, 1916, at twelve o'clock, noon, the follow-

at twelve o'clock, noon, the following property, to-wit:
A tract or parcel of land containing about one nundred and tartyacres, upon winch are factory
buildings, tenement nouses, a rouler mil, store bandings, and other buildings, cotton manufacturing
equipmant, and all that property
going to make up the manufacturing to make up the manufacturing to make up the Manufacturing to Company, and using
described in a deed of trust executed by the Hoit-dramite Manufacturing Company to the underfacturing Company to the underfacturing Company to the under-signed as trustee, and bearing date

signed as trustee, and bearing date of July 1st, 1911.

This deed of trust is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Alamance county, and parties desiring to investigate this property will find full description in this deed of trust and can octain information concerning (said property by applying to the undersigned or its attorneys.

This property will be offered by the undersigned both as Receiver of said Superior Court of Alamance

the undersigned both as Receiver of said Superior Court of Alamance Councy, and as trustee under said deed of trust, and will be sold at public outcry to the best bidder, and will be sold as one property.

This sale is made subject to be confirmed by Alamance Superior Court, and the order of sale provides that reports shall be made thereof within five days after magning said sale.

Aerms of sale, CASH.

VIRGINIA TRUST CO.,

Receiver and Trustee.

John W. Graham,

John W. Graham,

Hillsboro, N. C. E. S. Parker, Jr., Graham, N. C., Attys:

Land Sale! Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Alamance county, made in the special proceeding entitled the Piedmont Trust Company, as administrator of Miss Fannie Albright, deceased, vs Mrs. Martha Inompson, John Thompson, Sallie Shoe, et als the undersigned administrator will, on

SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1916.

This November 23, 1916.
THE PIEDMONT TRUST CO.,
Administrator

Sale of Real Estate Under Trust Deed.

one o'elock p. m., at the court house door Alamahoe county, is Graham, N. C., offer rast at public suction to the highest dider for cash a certain tract or parce. of land tools townshi, Alamance county, state North Carolina, soffning the lands of D. Elder, Jesse Vaughn, isase Snarpe, St. sail Church and others, and bounded as follows:

M. Eider, Jesse Vaugas, Traul Church and Church and Church and there, and bounded as followed the state of th