GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1916

Anyone of Them Would Have Been

Marked Man.

life. He saw that it was bad for him

to be alone. But, it appeared, lonely

months and perhaps years inevitably

must be his.

Another thing puzzled him. In the

bright light of day he could not recall

the state of mind that was his at

interest in all that he came across and so forget himself as much as pos-

sible. He had an opportunity now to

Euchre was cooking dinner.

You're goin' to be popular."

It's lonesome for women here, an' they

"I was afraid you wouldn't. Don't

"Wal I got it this way. Mebbe it's

river to buy mescal an' other drinks.

An' he run across a gang of greasers

with some gringo prisoners. I don't know, but I reckon there was some barterin', perhaps murdefin'. Any-way, Benson fetched the girl back.

She was starved an' scared half to

off and took her-bought her from

Benson. You can gamble Bland didn't

thet from notions of chivalry ite Bland's been hard on Jennie, bu

rom treating the kid shameful. Late

ennie has grown into an att-fired

vhy I wish you'd come over with me.

You'd get to see Jennie an' mebbe

Bland?' answered Euchre.
"She went over to Deger's, There's

over there in Bland's cabin. T

struck Duane

She hadn't been harmed. I

like to hear news from the towns."

women," rejoined Duane.

abruptly.

and sick.

GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Baptist-N. Main St.-Jas. W

Preaching services every first and Third Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 4.45 a. m.—C. B. Irwin, Superintendent.

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days.
Sunday School every Sunda
10.00 a. m.—James Crisco, S. pe
tendent.

Methodist Episcopal, Sout-Main and Maple St., H. E. Myc Main and Maple St., H. B. Myc Pastor.
Preaching every Sunday at 1.
a. m. and at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday 9.45 a. m.—W. B. Green, Supt.

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Presbyterian (Travora Chapei J. W. Clegg, pastor. Preaching every Second an Fourth Sundays at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday 2.30 p. m.—J. Harvey White, S. perintendent.

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contains over 200 memoirs of M isters in the Christian Chur

science. Mine never bothered me none, An' as for life, why, thet's cheap in



GEZANE GREY

"THE LIGHT OF WESTERN "RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE", ETC.



CHAPTER V.

Duane looked around him for a book or a paper, anything to read; but all the printed matter he could find consisted of a few words on cartridge boxes and an advertisement on the back of a tobacco pouch. There seemed to be nothing for him to do. He had rested; he did not want to lie down any more. He began to walk to and fro, from one end of the room to the other. And as he walked he fell into the lately acquired habit of brooding over his misfortune. Suddenly he straightened up with a

jerk. Unconsciously he had drawn his gun. Standing there with the bright, cold weapon in his hand, he looked at it in consternation. How had he come to draw it? It might have come from a subtle sense, scarcely thought of at all, of the late, close and inevitable re-lation between that weapon and him-seif. He was amazed to find that, bit-

ter as he had grown of late, the desire certainly held no bright prospects for him. Already he had begun to despair of ever getting back to his home. But to give up like a white-hearted coward, to let himself be handcuffed and jailed, to run from a drunken, brag-ging cowboy, or be shot in cold blood by some border brute who merely wanted to add another notch to his

turned to a practice he had long discontinued—the draw. It was now a stern, bitter, deadly business with him. He did not need to fire the gun, for accuracy was a gift and had beome assured. Swiftness on the draw, however, could be improved, and he set himself to acquire the limit of speed possible to any man. He stood still in his tracks; he paced the room; he sat down, lay down, put himself in



He Practiced Drawing His Gun.

awkward positions; and from every position he practiced throwing his gun-practiced it till he was hot and tired and his arm ached and his hand burned. That practice he determined to keep up every day. It was one thing, at least, that would help pass Later he went outdoors to the coole

shade of the cottonwoods. From this point he could see a good deal of the joyed such a beautiful spot. He saw a good many Mexicans, who, of course, hand and glove with Bland. Also he saw enormous flat-boats, crude of structure, moored along the banks of the river. The Rio Grande rolled sagging deep in the middle, was stretched over the wide yellow stream, and an old scow, evidently used as a ferry, lay anchored on the far shore.

The valley was an ideal retreat for | Euchre went on calling Duane's at-The variety was an ideal retreat for a cuttae went on calling Duane's attain outlaw band operating on a big! tention to other men of the band. Any scale, Pursuit scarcely need be feared over the broken trails of the Rim Rock. And the open end of the valley could be defended against almost any could be defended against almost any like nest wild record of the property of the proper

shore one consolin' fact round this was a criminal in sight of Texas law; do

here camp."

"What's that?" asked Duane,

"Plenty of good julcy beef to cat.

An' it doesn't cost a short bit." "But it costs hard rides and trouble, bad conscience, and life, too, doesn't

it?".
"I sin't shore about the bad con-

"Who is Bland?" asked Duan quickly changing the subject. do you know about him?"

"We don't know who he is or where he hails from," replied Euchre. "Thet's always been somethin' to interest the gang. He must have been a young man when he struck Texas. Now he's middle-aged. I remember how years ago he was soft-spoken an' not rough in talk or act like he is now. Bland ain't likely his right name. He knows a lot. He can doctor you, an' he's shore a knowin' feller with tools, He's the kind thet rules men. Outlaws are always ridin' in here to join his gang, an' if it hadn't been fer the gamblin' an' gun-play he'd have a thousand men around him." "How many in his gang now?"

"I reckon there's short of a hundred now. The number varies. Then Bland has several small camps up an' down the river. Also he has men back on the cattle-ranges.'

"How does he control such a big force?" asked Duane. "Especially when his band's composed of bad men. Luke Stevens said he had no use for Bland. And I heard once somewhere that Bland was a devil." "Thet's it. He is a devil. He's as hard as flint, violent in temper, never

made any friends except his righthand men, Dave Rugg an' Chess Alloway. Bland 'll shoot at a wink. He's killed a lot of fellers, an' some fer cun—these things were impossible for nothin'. The reason thet outlaws temper to fight.

In that hour he yielded only to fate and the spirit inborn in him. Hereafter this gun must be a living part of him. Right then and there he returned to a new face of him. somewhere, an' lots of gold, But he's
free with money. He gambles when

When he returned to the shack free with money. He gambles when he's not off with a shipment of cattle. He throws money around. An' the fact is there's always plenty of money where he is. Thet's what holds the gang. Dirty, bloody money!"

"It's b

fact is there's always, where he is. Thet's what holds many there he is. Thet's what holds again. Dirty, bloody money!"

"It's a wonder he hasn't been killed.
All these years on the border!" exhaimed Duane.

"The aco of spades they put over the bullet-holes in thet cowpuncher Bain wan plugged. Then there was a ranch-hole twenty miles

Euchre's reply rather chilled do it?"

Duane's interest for the moment. Such remarks always made his mind resolve Duane. round facts pertaining to himself, "Speakin' of this here swift wrist

game," went on Euchre, "there's been considerable talk in camp about your throwin' of a gun. I heard Bland say this afternoon-an' he said it seriouslike an' speculative-thet he'd never seen your equal. All the fellers who seen you meet Bosomer had somethin' to say. An' they all shut up when Bland told who an' what your dad was. 'Pears to me I once seen your dad in a gun-scrape over at Santone, years ago. Wal, I put my oar in to an' so do some of the other women an' so do some of the other women day among the fellers, an' I says: 'What ails you locoed gents? Did young Duane budge an inch when Bo came roarin' out, blood in his eye? Wasn't he cool an' quiet, steady of Hps, an' weren't his eyes readin' Bo's impolite, but I'd rather not meet any

Euchre's narrow eyes twinkled, and he gave the dough he was rolling a slap with his flour-whitened hand.

Manifestly he had proclaimed himself

"What kid?" inquired Duane, in surwhere the content of champion and partner of Duane's, with all the pride an old man could feel in a young one whom he admired. "Wal," he resumed, presently,

'thet's your introduction to the border, An' your card was a high trump. You'll be let severely alone by real gun-fighters an' men like Bland, Alloway, Rugg, an' the bosses of the other gangs. After all, these real men are men, you know, an' onless you cross them they're no more likely to interfere with you than you are with

"The only feller who's goin' to put a close eye on you is Benson. He runs the store an' sells drinks. The gang calls him Jackrabbit Benson, because he's always got his eye peeled an' his ears cocked. "Bland's not here tonight. He left

to-day on one of his trips, takin' Allo-way an' some others. But his other Also he saw enormous flat-boats, crude of structure, moored along the banks of the river. The Rio Grande rolled away between high bluffs. A cable, sarging deep in the middle, was can shore see out of the one he's got. An' there's Hardin. You know him? He's got an outlaw gang as big as Bland's."

as Jennie now, an' I wouldn't want her here in Bland's camp." could be defended against almost any distinction, according to the record of number of men coming down the his past wild provess and his present ume up on the hill, for when he returned to the shack Euchre was busily engaged around the camp-fire.

"Wal, glad to see yeu ain't so pale about the gills as you was," he said, by the way of greeting. "Pitch in an' we'll soon have grub recommendation of the property of ad no more to say. In the afternoon Euchre set off with Duane, and soon they reached Bland's abin. Duane remembered it as the one where he had seen the pretty wo-...an watching h.m ride by. Through the open door Duane caught a glimpse of bright Mexican blankets and rugs. Euchre knocked upon the side of the "Is that you. Euchre?" asked a girl's :

CHAPTER VI.

Next morning Duane found that a moody and despondent spell had fas-tened on him, Wishing to be alone, he went out and walked a trail leading round the river bluff. He thought and thought. After a while he made out that the trouble with him probably

"Jennie, come out or let us come in. Here's the young man I was tellin' you about," Euchre said. "Come out, Jennie, an' mebbe he'll—" Euchre did not complete his sen tence. But what he said was sufficient

to bring the girl quickly. She appeared in the doorway with downcast eyes and a stain of red in her white cheek. She had a pretty, sad face and bright hair. and bright hair.
"Don't be bashful, Jennie," said
Euchre. "You an' Duane have a
chance to talk a little. Now I'll go
fetch Mrs. Bland, but I won't be hur-

ryin'."
With that Euchre went away

through the cottonwoods. "I'm glad to meet you, Miss—Miss
Jennie," said Duane. "Euchre didn't
mention your last name. He asked

me to come over to-Duane's attempt at pleasantry halted short when Jennie lifted her lashes to look at him. Some kind of a shock went through Duane. Her gray eyes were beautiful, but it had not been beauty that cut short his speech. He seemed to see a tragic struggle be-tween hope and doubt that shone in her piercing gaze. She kept looking, and Duane could not break the silence. It was no ordinary moment.

"What did you come here for?" she

asked, at last.

"Well—Euchre thought—he wanted was that he could not resign himself me to talk to you, cheer you up a bit," replied Duane, somewhat lamely. The to his fate. He cared vastly more, he discovered, for what he considered hono? and integrity than he did for

replied Duane, somewhat tamely. The earnest eyes embarrassed him. "Euchre's good. He's the only person in this awful place who's been good to me. But he's afraid of Bland. He said you were different. Who are

"Youre not a robber or rustler or nurderer or some bad man come here

twilight or dusk or in the dark night. day these visitations became to a what they really were—phantoms "No, I'm not," replied Duane, trying to smile. "I'm on the dodge. You know what that means. I got in a of his conscience. He could dismiss shooting-scrap at home and had to run off. When it blows over I hope to go back."

"Oh, I know what these outlaws the thought of them then. He could scarcely remember or believe that this strange feat of fancy or imagination had troubled him, made him sleepless

are. Yes, you're different." At length he determined to create across in all that he came across and so forget himself as much as posterior determined to create the strained gaze upon him, but hope the strained gaze upon him,

Something sweet and warm stirred see just what the outlaw's life really deep in Duane as he realized the un-



fortunate girl was experiencing a birth of trust in him. Then the glow began "It can't be. You're only—after me, too, like Bland—like all of them."

Duane's long arms went out and his

hands clasped her snoulders.

shook her.

"Look at me—straight in the eye.

There are decent men. Haven't you a father—a brother?"

"They're dead—killed by raiders.

We lived in Dimmit County. I was porch and directed his attention to porch and directed his attention to ling to stay long here in camp?"

"Yes, till I run out of money and the shook her.

"They're dead—killed by raiders.

"But I'm not disappointed," she returned, archly. "Duane, are you going to stay long here in camp?"

"Yes, till I run out of money and "Didn't I tell you about Jennie-the girl Bland's holdin' here?"

"No. Tell me now," replied Duane.

"No. Tell me now," replied Duane.

straight, an' mebbe it ain't. Some years ago Benson made a trip over the Mister Duane, you'll help me?" "Yes, Jennie, I will. Tell me how. What must I do? Have you any plan?" "Oh no. But take me away." "I'll try," said Duane, simply. "That won't be easy, though. Are you watched

most forgotten what good men are like.

-kept prisoner?" "No. I could run off lots of times. But I was afraid. I'd only have fallen into worse hands. Euchre has told me that. Mrs. Bland heats me, half starves me, but she has kept me from her husband and those other dogs. She's been as good as that, and I'm grateful. She hasn't done it for love of me, though. She always hated me. And lately she's growing jealous. I hear her fighting with Bland about me, Then I've heard Chess Alloway try to persuade Bland to give me to him.

Duane, you must be quick if you'd "I realize that," replied he, thoughtfully. "I think my difficulty will be to fool Mrs. Bland. If she suspected me she'd have the whole gang of outlaws

eri in Bland's camp."
"I'll go, Euchre. Take me over," replied Duane. He felt Euchre's eyes upon him. The old outlaw, however, "What kind of a woman is she?" inquired Duane.

"She's-she's brazen. I've heard her with her lovers. They get drunk sometimes when Bland's away. She's got a terrible temper. She's vain. She likes flattery. Oh, you could fool her easy enough if you'd lower your-self to-to-"

Jennie bravely turned shamed eyes voice, low, hesitatingly. The tone of it, rather deep and with a note of fear, "My girl," "Yes, it's me, Jennie, Where's Mrs.

outlaw's eyes was added significance tumult in his breast. The old emotion

J. G. Rogers, Mgr. Hico Mill, Makes Statement--\$100 Reward

TO THE PUBLIC:-

Having heard on Friday, December the 8th, that a certain party had found that the flour being sent out from the Hico Milling Company did not weigh correctly at all times, we immediately went to the party responsible for the report and found that the sacks varied in weights from one-fourth to one and a half pounds. We, of course, were greatly surprised as our scales had never given us any trouble before, being Fairbanks scales. We then thought that our man who had been doing the weighing of our flour had possibly been careless in his work. So we went and told him what we had found and being so sure that he was responsible for the variation we discharged him then and there. We also told the merchants that we saw that if they found any shortage in weights of our flour to let us know, we would send and get same and replace with correctly weighed

We had planned a week's trip previous to this time and considered this matter settled. We left on Monday, De-cember 11th, for the grain sections of West Virginia, Mary-land and Pennsylvania. On returning Saturday morning, December 16th, I found that it was being noised abroad by my "friends" that my mill had been closed on account of short weights and that I had left the State to escape the law. I set about to find the source of this rumor, but as it had gained much headway during my absence, I decided to state my case through the columns of the local papers.

Upon my return I found that Mr. Hoffman, my head miller, had tested the scales and that they were out of adjustment, and that some sacks would weigh correctly and others would not. I immediately bought a new scale which recognized as the standard of the world.

Now, I have been doing business in Burlington for four-Now, I have been doing obsidess in Burnington for four-teen years, trying to build up a reputation for honesty and integrity, which is a priceless heritage to hand down to my children, and I don't believe people with whom I have been dealing will say or even think I have sought to wilfully cheat my patronage by giving them short weights. And to those who had rather believe me dishonest, I leave that to them for what pleasure they may get out of it. I wish to take this occasion to say to those responsible for the rumor that my mill was locked up and that I had left the State, that if they will come over to the plant of the Hico Mill I will show them one of the cleanest, most modern mills in the South, still manufacturing the celebrated brands, namely, Hico Best and All Wheat.

Respectfully,
J. G. ROGERS. \$100.00 reward will be paid by the Hico Milling Company for the evidence and conviction of the party who started the report relative to the mill being locked up and that I had left the State to evade the law.

-the rush of the instinct to kill! He

"Chess Alloway will kill you if Bland doesn't," went on Jennie, with her tragic eyes on Duane's. "Maybe he will," replied Duane. It "Maybe he will," replied Duane. It was difficult for him to force a smile.

But he achieved one.
"Oh, better take me off at once," she much-without making love to Mrs.

"Surely, if I can. There! I see Euchre coming with a woman."

"That's her. Oh, she mustn't see

"Wait - a moment." whispered Duane, as Jennie slipped indoors.
"We've settled it. Don't forget. I'll find some way to get word to you, per-

up your courage. Remember I'll save
you somehow. We'll try strategy first.
Whatever you see or hear me do,
don't think less of me—"

Jennie checked him with a gesture

"'Oh, you needn't think he's done you
dirt. Bland's not that kind of a man.
He said: 'Kate, there's a young fellow in camp—rode in here on the
dodge. Slickest hand with a gun I've

Bland had not seen him talking to Jennie. When the outlaw's wife drew

Euchre came up on the porch and awkwardly introduced Duane to Mrs. Bland. She was young, probably not over twenty-five, and not quite so prepossessing at close range. Her eyes were large, rather prominent, and brown in color. Her mouth, too, was large, with the lips full, and she had

white teeth.

Duane took her proffered hand and remarked frankly that he was glad to Bland appeared pleased; and

and rather musical. "Mr. Duane-Buck Duane, Euchre said, didn't he?" she asked,
"Buckley," corrected Duane, "The

nickname's not my choosing." "I'm certainly glad to meet you, Buckley Duane," she said, as she took at Deger's. You know he was shot last night. He's got fever to-day,

When Bland's away I have to nurse all these shot-up boys, and it sure takes my time. Have you been waiting here slone? Didn't see that slattern girl of mine?" She gave him a sharp glance. The woman had an extraordinary play of feature, Duane thought, and unless

she was smiling was not pretty at all. "I've been alone," replied Duane, "Haven't seen anybody but a sick-looking girl with a bucket. And she ran when she saw me."
"That was Jen," said Mrs. Bland. "She's the kid we keep here, and she

Evidently the outlaw's wife liked Euchre, for her keen glance rested with amusement upon him.

old fool, and Jen has taken him in."

"Wal, seein' as you've got me fig-gered correct," replied Euchre, dryly, "I'll go in an' talk to Jennie, if I may." "Certainly. Go ahead. Jen calls you her best friend," said Mrs. Bland, amiably. "You're always fetching some Mexican stuff, and that's why, 1

When Euchre had shuffled into the house Mrs. Bland turned to Duane with curiosity and interest in her gaze.

"Bland told me about you." "What did he say?" queried Duane, in pretended alarm.
"Oh, you needn't think he's done you

He said: 'Kate, there's a young fel-low in camp—rode in here on the dodge. Slickest hand with a gun I've and a wonderful gray flash of eyes.

"Fil bless you with every drop of blood in my heart," she whispered, passionately.

It was only as she turned away into

Mrs. Bland's face underwent one of the singular changes. The smiles and flushes and glances, all that had been coquettish about her, had lent her a coquettish about her, had lent her a certain attractiveness, almost beauty and youth. But with some powerful

lead. I'm sick for somebody to talk I have no children, thank God! If I had I'd not stay here. I'm sick of this hole. I'm lonely—"

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

Genuine emotion checked, then halted the hurried speech. down and cried. Duane believed and pitted her.

"I'm sorry for you," he said. "Don't be sorry for me," she "That only makes me see the-the outlaws say about me. They're ignor-They couldn't understand me. You'll hear that Bland killed men who ran after me. But that's a lie."

"Would Bland object if I called on

you occasionally?" inquired Duane. "Ne he wouldn't. He likes me to that two or three men of his fell in got to fighting. You're not going to do that."

"I'm not going to get half drunk, that's certain," replied Duane. TO BE CONTINUED.

Jennie bravely turned shamed eyes "She's the kid we keep here, and she to meet his."

Jennie bravely turned shamed eyes "She's the kid we keep here, and she to meet his."

"My girl, I'd do worse than that to get you away from here," he said, bluntly, "But—Duane," she faltered, and again she put out the appealing hand. "Bland will kill you."

d some-of the was trying to still a rising strange tumult in his breast. The old emotion "Incance" the properties of the was trying to still a rising strange tumult in his breast. The old emotion "Incance" the properties of the was trying to still a rising strange tumult in his breast. The old emotion "She kid we keep here, and she sure hardly pays.her keep. Did Euchre tardly pays. "About five years ago when we were living in Garbutt, N. Y., I doctored two of my children. Mrs. Hugh Cook, Scottsville, N. Y., Says. "About five years ago when w Cough Medicine for Children.

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Cotton Mill Property

For Sale! Under and by virtue of the au-thority given the undersigned by an order of the Superior court of Alamance county, duly and regu-harly made and entered in a pro-ceeding therein pending entitled, "C. F. Albright, who sues on be-part of numbers and other greatures.

ceeding therein pending entitled, C. P. Albright, who sales on behalf of nimbert and other creditors, vs. Holt-Granite manufacturing Company," the undersigned whiself of the premises of said, Holt-Granite manufacturing Company, immediately in front of the office building, in the village of naw River, Mamance county, North Carolina, on

SATURDAY, DEC. 30, 1916.

at twelve o'clock, noon, the follow-ing property, to-wit: A tract or parcel of land containng about one nundred and fanty acres, upon which are tactory buildings, tenement nouses, a router min, store bandings, and other buildings, cotton manufacturing er buildings, cotton manufacturing countries, and air that propercy going to make up the manufacturing plant of the Holt-trante Manufacturing Company, and many described in a deed of trust executed by the Holt-drante Manufacturing Company to the undersigned 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

tain information concerning said

property by applying to the un-dersigned or its attorneys. 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 County, and as trustee under said deed of trust, and will be sold at public outery 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 saie provides that reports shall be maile thereof within five days after maxing said sale.

Terms of sale, CASH.

VIGINIA TRUST CO.,

Receiver and Trustee.

John W. Graham,

John W. Granam, Hillsboro, N. C.

E. S. Parker, Jr., Granam, N. C., Attys.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Süperior 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 Snoe, et als. the undersigned administrator will, on

SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1916, It was only as she turned away into the room that Duane saw she was lame and that she wore, Mexican sandals over bare feet.

He sat down upon a bench on the porch and directed his attention to the approaching couple. The trees of the grove were thick enough for him to make reasonably sure that Mrs. Stard head not seen him talking to

cortain attractiveness, almost beauty and youth. But with some powerful emotion she changed and instantly became a woman of discontent. Duan imagined, of deep, violent nature.

"Til tell you, Duane," she said, earnoidle woman, Duane. I'm an outlaw's wife, and I hate him and the life I have to lead. I'm sike for somebody to talk more or less.

Terms of sale CASH.

Land Sale!

By virtue of the authority of an order of Alamance Superior Court, duly and regularly entered, the undersigned will sell at public putch; to the best bidder, for cash, on

SATURDAY, DEC. 30, 1916,

immediately in front of the office building of the Holt-Granite Manufacturing Company, in the village of Haw River, Alamance company, North Carolina, at 12 o'clock, noon, the following property, to-win and in Haw River township, Alamance country, North Carolina, adjoining the lands of John Voorthees. Cora Manufacturing Company and others and bounded as follows:

Beginning at a rock, corner with C. P. Albright, running thence 8 18% day E & the 2 C. Beginning at a rock, corner with C. F. As-right, running thence 8 18½ deg W 4 chs 50 ks &s to a rock; thence 8 74½ deg W 4 chs 50 ks on a rock; thence 8 10 deg W 5 ch. to a rock on John Trolinger's line; thence N 10 deg W 6 chs 5 ks to a rock; thence N 74½ deg K 4 chs 7 ks to a rock; thence N 65½ deg E 4 chs 10 ks to the beginning, and containing 4.78 crts, more.or less. Terms of sale, cash, and all bids subject to confirmation by the Superior Court of Ala-mance county.

confirmation by the cap...
mance county,
YIRGINIA TRUST CO.. Receiver.
John W. Grabam, Hillsboro, N. C.,
E. S. Parker, Jr., Graham, N. C.,
Attorneys.

Nervous Women.

When the nervousness is caused by constipation, as is often the case, you will get quick relief by taking Chamberlain's Tablets. These tablets also improve the digestion. Obtainable everywhere.