

GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Baptist—N. Main St.—Jas. W. Rose, Pastor. Preaching services every first and third Sundays at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.—C. B. Irwin, Superintendent.

Graham Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rev. J. P. Fruit. Preaching services every second and fourth Sundays at 11:00 a. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 10:00 a. m.—E. L. Henderson, Superintendent.

New Providence Christian Church—North Main Street, near Depot—Rev. J. G. Fruit, Pastor. Preaching every second and fourth Sunday nights at 8:00 o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.—J. A. Bayliff, Superintendent. Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting every Thursday night at 7:45 o'clock.

Friends—North of Graham Public School—Rev. Fleming Martin, Pastor. Preaching 1st, 2nd and 3rd Sundays. Sunday School every Sunday at 10:00 a. m.—James Crisco, Superintendent.

Methodist Episcopal, South—cor. Main and Maple Sts., H. E. Myers, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.—W. E. Green, Supt.

M. P. Church—N. Main Street, Rev. O. B. Williams, Pastor. Preaching first and third Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.—J. L. Amick, Supt.

Presbyterian—West Elm Street—Rev. W. M. McConnell, Pastor. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.—Lynn B. Williamson, Superintendent.

Presbyterian (Travosa Chapel)—J. W. Clegg, pastor. Preaching every second and fourth Sundays at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 3:30 p. m.—J. Harvey White, Superintendent.

Oneida—Sunday School every Sunday at 3:30 p. m.—J. V. Pomeroy, Superintendent.

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The LONE STAR RANGER

A ROMANCE OF THE BORDER. BY ZANE GREY. AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS" "RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE," ETC.



CHAPTER VIII.

Alloway slowly walked on to the porch and leaned against the rail. He answered Euechre's greeting with a nod. Then he stood there a dark, silent figure. Mrs. Bland's full voice in eager questioning had a tendency to ease the situation. Bland replied briefly to her, reporting a remarkably successful trip. Duane thought it was time to show himself. He had a feeling that Bland and Alloway would let him go for the moment. They were plainly non-committal, and Alloway seemed sullen, brooding. "Jennie," whispered Duane. "We'll keep up the deception. Any day now he'll be here."

She pressed close to him, and a barely audible "Hurry!" came breathing into his ear. "Good night, Jennie," he said, aloud. "Hope you feel better to-morrow." Then he stepped out into the moonlight and spoke. Bland returned the greeting, and though he was not amiable, he did not show resentment. "Met Jasper as I rode in," said Bland, presently. "He told me your name Bill Black mad, and there's liable to be a fight. What did you go off the handle about?"

Duane explained the incident. "So sorry I happened to be there," he went on. "It wasn't my business." "Scurry trick that 'd been," muttered Bland. "You did right. All the same, Duane, I want you to stop quarreling with my men. If you were one of us—that 'd be different. I can't keep my men from fighting. But I'm not called on to let an outsider hang around my camp and plug my customers." "I guess I'll have to be hitting the trail for somewhere," said Duane. "Why not join my band? You've got a bad start already, Duane, and if I know this border you'll never be a respectable citizen again. You're a born killer."

"I'm no gun-fighter," protested Duane. "Circumstances made me—" "No doubt," interrupted Bland, with a laugh. "Circumstances made me a rustler. You don't know yourself. You're young; you've got a temper; your father was one of the most dangerous men Texas ever had. I don't see any other career for you. Instead of going it alone—a lone wolf, as the Texans say—why not make friends with other outlaws? You'll live longer." "Boss, I've been given the boy exactly that same line of talk. An' he'd be a grand feller for the gang. I've seen Wild Bill Hickok throw a gun, an' Billy the Kid, an' Hardin's an' Chess here—all the fastest men on the border. An' with apologies to present company, I'm here to say Duane has them all skinned. His draw is different. You can't see how he does it."

Euechre's admiring praise served to create an effective little silence. Alloway shifted uneasily on his feet, his spurs jangling faintly, and did not lift his head. Bland seemed thoughtful. "That's about the only qualification I have to make me eligible for your band," said Duane, easily. "You're good enough," replied Bland, shortly. "Will you consider the idea?" "I'll think it over. Good night." He left the group, followed by Euechre. When they reached the end of the lane, and before they had exchanged a word, Bland called Euechre back. Duane proceeded slowly along the moonlit road to the cabin and sat down under the cottonwoods to wait for Euechre. As he sat there with a foreboding of more and darker work ahead of him there was yet a strange sweetness left to him, and it lay in thought of Jennie. The pressure of her cold little hands lingered in his. He did not think of her as a woman, and he did not analyze his feelings. He just had vague, dreamy thoughts and imaginations that were intermingled in the constant and stern revolving of plans to save her.

A shuffling step roused him. Euechre's dark figure came crossing the moonlight grass under the cottonwoods. The moment the outlaw reached him Duane saw that he was laboring under great excitement. It scarcely affected Duane. He seemed to be acquiring patience, calmness, strength. "Bland kept you pretty long," he said. "Wait till I get my breath," replied Euechre. He sat silent a little while, fanning himself with a sombrero, though the night was cool, and then he went into the cabin to return presently with a lighted pipe. "Fine night," he said; and his tone forebode quietude. Duane with Euechre's faint humor. "Fine night for love-affairs, by gum!" "I'd noticed that," rejoined Duane, dryly. "Buck, listen to this here yarn. When I got back to the porch I seen Bland. Asked me some questions right back from the shoulder. I was ready for them. An' I swore the moon was green cheese. He was satisfied. Bland always trusted me, an' I liked me, too. I reckon. I hated to be black that way. But he's a hard man with bad intentions toward Jennie, an' I'd better cross him any day."

"Then he went into the house. Jennie had gone to her little room. Bland called her to come out. Then, Buck, his next move was some surprise. He deliberately threw a gun

on Kate. Yes sir, he pointed his big blue Colt right at her, an' he says: 'I've a mind to blow out your brains.' 'Go ahead,' says Kate, cool as could be. 'You lied to me,' he roars. 'Kate laughed in his face. Bland slammed the gun down an' made a grab for her. He choked her till I thought she was strangled. Alloway made him stop. She dropped down on the bed an' gasped for a while. 'Then he went in an' dragged poor Jen out. An' when I seen Bland twist her—hurt her—I had a queer hot feelin' deep down in me, an' for the only time in my life I wished I was a gun-fighter. 'Wal, Jen was whiter'n a sheet, an' her eyes were big and stary, but she had nerve. Fust time I ever seen her show any. 'Jennie,' he said, 'my wife said Duane came here to see you. I believe she's lyin'. I think she's been carryin' on with him, an' I want to know. If she's been an' you tell me the truth I'll let you go. I'll send you to Huntsville, where you can communicate with your friends. I'll give you money.' 'That must hev been a hell of a minnit for Kate Bland. If ever I seen death in a man's eye I seen it in Bland's. He loves her. That's the strange part of it. 'Has Duane been comin' here to see my wife?' Bland asked, fiercely. 'No,' said Jennie. 'He has fallen in love with you?' Kate said that. 'I don't know—he hasn't told me.' 'But you're in love with him?' 'Yes,' she said; an' Buck, if you only could have seen her! She threw up her head, an' her eyes were full of fire. Bland seemed dazed at sight of her. An' Alloway, why, that little stunk of an' a law cried right out. He was hit plumb center. He's in love with Jen. An' the look of her then was enough to make any feller quit. He jest stunk out of the room. I told you, mebbe, that he'd been tryin' to git Bland to marry Jen for him. So even a tough like Alloway can love a woman."

"An' she stamped up an' down the cabin. He sure was dyin' hard. 'Jennie,' he said, once more turnin' to her. You swear in fear of your life that you're tellin' true. Kate's not in love with Duane? She's let him come to see you? There's been nuthin' between 'em?" "No, I swear," answered Jennie; an' Bland sat down like a man licked. "Go to bed, you white-faced!" Bland chided on some word or other—a bad one, I reckon—an' he positively shook in his chair.

"Jennie went then, an' Kate began to have hysterics. An' your Uncle Euechre, with his nut out of the door, an' come home. CHAPTER IX. Both men were awake early, silent with the premonition of trouble ahead, thoughtful of the fact that the time had come when the long-planned action was at hand. "Buck, the sooner the better now," Euechre finally declared, with a glint in his eye. "The more time we use up now the less surprised Bland 'll be. 'I'm ready when you are," replied Duane, quietly, and he rose from the table.

"Wal, saddle up, then," went on Euechre, gruffly. "On to them two packs I made, one for each saddle. You can't tell—mebbe either horse will be carryin' double. It's good they're both big, strong hosses. Guess that wasn't a wise move of your Uncle Euechre—bringin' in your hosses an' havin' them ready?" "Euechre, I hope you're not going to get in bad here. I'm afraid you are. Let me do the rest now," said Duane. The old outlaw eyed him sarcastically. "That 'd be terrible now, wouldn't it? If you want to know, why I'm in bad already. I didn't tell you that already called me last night. He's gettin' wise pretty quick."

"Euechre, you're going with me?" queried Duane, suddenly divining the truth. "Wal, I reckon. Either to hell or safe over the mountain! Now, Buck, you do some hard figurin' while I go an' pack my traps. It's pretty early, which is all the better." Euechre put on his sombrero, and as he went out Duane saw that he wore a gun-and-cartridge belt. It was the first time Duane had ever seen the outlaw armed.

Duane packed his few belongings in his saddle-bags, and then carried the saddles out of the corral. The hour had arrived, and he was ready. Time passed slowly. Finally he heard the shuffle of Euechre's boots on the hard path. The sound was quicker than usual. When Euechre came around the corner of the cabin Duane was not so astounded as he was concerned to see the outlaw white and shaking. Sweat dripped from him. He had a wild look. "Luck ours—so-far, Buck!" he panted. "You don't look it," replied Duane. "I'm terrible sick. Jest killed a man. Fust one I ever killed!"

"Euechre," Duane started. "Jackrabbit Benson. An' sick as I am, I'm gloriin' in it. I went nosin' round up the road. Saw Alloway goin' into Deger's. He's thick with the Degers. Reckon he's askin' questions. Anyway, I was sure glad to see him away from Bland's. An' he didn't see me. When I dropped into Benson's there wasn't nobody there but Jackrabbit an' some greasers he was startin' to work. Benson never had no use fer me. An' he-up an' said he wouldn't give a fust-bit piece for my life. I asked him why. 'You're double-crossin' the boss an' Chess,' he said. 'Jest what'd you give for your own life?' I asked him. 'He straightened up, surprised an' meenlookin'. An' I let him have it, plumb center! He stunk, an' the greasers run. I reckon I'll never sleep again. But I had to do it.' Duane asked if the shot had attracted any attention outside.

"I didn't see anybody but the greasers, an' I sure looked sharp. Comin' back I cut across through the cottonwoods past Bland's cabin plumb into the corral. An' when I inquired of his boss he said Bland had been up all night fightin' with the Senora. We're pretty lucky." "It seems so. Well, I'm going," said Duane tersely. "Lucky! I should smile! Bland's been up all night after a most draggin' ride home. He'll be fagged out this mornin', sleepy, sore, an' he won't be expectin' hell before breakfast. You'll have to kill him, an' it 'd save time to go fer your gun on sight. Might be wise, too, fer it's likely he'll do that same."

"How about the horses?" "I'll fetch them an' come along about two minnits behind you. Oute on them horses, we can ride out of camp before Alloway or anybody else gits into action. Jennie ain't much heavier'n a rabbit. That big black will carry you both."

"Buck, a last word—look out fer that Bland woman!" Duane merely nodded, and then, saying that the horses were ready, he strode away through the grove. No outlaws were in sight. He saw several Mexican herders with cattle. Blue columns of smoke curled up over some of the cabins. The pungent smell of meat and human hands and Kate still quarreling. He took quick survey of the surroundings. There was not even a Mexican in sight. Then he hurried a little. Halfway down the lane he turned his head to peer through the cottonwoods. This time he saw Euechre coming with the horses. There was an indication that the old outlaw might lose his nerve at the end. Duane had feared this.

Duane now changed his walk to a leisurely saunter. He reached the door of the cabin. Duane distinguished what was said inside the cabin. "If you do, Bland, by Heaven I'll fix you and her!" That was panted out in Kate Bland's full voice. "Let me loose! I'm going in there, I tell you!" replied Bland, hoarsely. "No! no! I won't let you. You'll choke—the truth out of her—you'll kill her!" hissed Bland.

"Yes, I led. But she lied to save me. You needn't—murder her—for that." Bland cursed horribly. Then followed a wrestling sound of bodies in violent straining contact—the scrape of feet—the jangle of spurs—a crash of sliding table or chair, and then the cry of a woman in pain. Duane stepped into the open door, inside the room. Kate Bland lay half across a table where she had been flung, and she was trying to get to her feet. Bland's back was turned. He had opened the door into Jennie's room and his one foot across the threshold. Duane caught the girl's low, shuddering cry. Then he called out loud and clear.

With cat-like swiftness Bland wheeled, then froze on the threshold. His slight, quick as his action, caught Duane's menacing, unmistakable position. Bland's big frame filled the door. He was in a bad place to reach for his gun. But he would not have time for a step. Duane read in his eyes the desperate calculation of chances. For a fleeting instant Bland shifted his glance to his wife. Then his whole body seemed to vibrate with the swing of his arm.

"Euechre, you're nerve, all right!" cried Duane, as he dragged down the horse she was holding. "Up with you now! There! Never mind—long stirrups! Hang on somehow!" He caught his bride out of Euechre's clutching grip and leaped astride. The frightened horses jumped into a run and thundered down the lane into the road. Duane saw men running from the cabin. He heard shouts. There were no shots fired. Jennie seemed able to stay on her horse, but without stirrups she was thrown about so much that Duane rode closer and reached out to grasp her arm.

"Thus they rode through the valley to the trail that led up over the steep dark slopes of Rim Rock. As they came to climb Duane looked back. No pursuers were in sight. "Jennie, we're going to get away!" he cried, exultation for her in his voice. She was gazing horror-stricken at his breast, as in turning to look back he freed her. She uttered a cry. "Oh, Duane, your shirt's all bloody!" she faltered, pointing with trembling fingers. With her words Duane became aware of two things—the hand he instinctively placed to his breast still held his gun, and he had been shot through the breast—just enough down to give him grave apprehension of his life.

They did not stop climbing while Duane tore a scarf and made compresses, which he bound tightly over his wounds. The fresh horses made fast time up the rough trail. From open places Duane looked down. When they surmounted the steep ascent and stood on top of the Rim Rock, with no signs of pursuit down in the valley, and with the wild broken fastness before them, Duane turned to the girl and assured her that they now had every chance to escape. "But—your wound!" she faltered, with dark, troubled eyes. "I see—the blood—dripin' from your back!" "Jennie, I'll take a lot of killing," he said. Then he became silent and attended to the uneven trail. He was aware presently that he had not come into Bland's camp by this route. But that did not matter; any trail leading out beyond the Rim Rock was safe enough. What he wanted was to get far away into some wild retreat where he could hide till he recovered from his wound. So he turned off on a trail that appeared seldom traveled.

Soon after this move he became conscious of a further thickening of his senses. He felt able to hold on to his saddle for a while longer, but he was falling. Then he thought he ought to



"Kate, Let Go!"

the rifle-barrel. He had grasped it with his left hand, and he gave such a pull that he swung the crazed woman off the floor. But he could not loose her grip. She was as strong as he. "Kate! Let Go!" "Kate! Let Go!" she cried, and he did not see his gun thrust in her face, or reason had given way to such an extent to passion that she did not care. She cursed. Her husband had used the same curses, and from her lips they seemed strange, unsexed, more deadly. Like a tigress she fought him; her face no longer resembled a woman's.

He heard a cry from outside—a man's cry, hoarse and alarming. It made him think of loss of time. This duenna of a woman might yet block his plan. "Let go!" he whispered, and felt his lips stiff. In the grimness of that instant he relaxed his hold on the rifle-barrel. With sudden, redoubled, irresistible strength she wrenched the rifle down and discharged it. Duane felt a blow catch—a burning agony tearing through his breast. Then in a frenzied jerked so powerfully upon the rifle that he threw the woman against the wall. She fell and seemed stunned.

Duane leaped back, whirled, flew out of the door on the porch. The sharp cracking of a gun halted him. He saw Jennie holding a rifle in the hand of his boy horse. Euechre was astride the other, and he had a Colt leveled, and he was firing down the lane. Then came a single shot, heavier, and Euechre's ceased. He fell from the horse. A swift glance back showed to Duane a man coming down the lane. Chase Alloway! His gun was smoking. He broke into a run. Then in an instant he saw Duane, and tried to check his pace as he swung up his arm. But that slight pause was fatal. Duane shot, and Alloway was falling from his gun went off. His bullet whistled close to Duane and thudded into the cabin.

Duane bounded down to the horses. Jennie was trying to hold the plunging bay. Euechre lay flat on his back, dead, a bullet-hole in his shirt, his face set hard, and his hands twisted round gun and bridle. Jennie, you're nerve, all right!" cried Duane, as he dragged down the horse she was holding. "Up with you now! There! Never mind—long stirrups! Hang on somehow!"

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advise Jennie, so in case she was left alone she would have some idea of what to do.

"Jennie, I'll give out soon," he said. "No—I don't mean—that you think. Be till I drop soon. My strength's going. If I don't get into bed to the main trail, slide and rest by day. Ride at night. That trail goes to water. I believe you could get across the Nueces, where some rancher will take you in."

Duane could not get the meaning of her incoherent reply. He rode on, and soon he could not see the trail or hear his horse. He did not know whether they traveled a mile or many times that far. But he was conscious when the horse stopped, and had a vague sense of falling and feeling Jennie's arms before all became dark to him. When consciousness returned he found himself lying in a little hut of mesquite branches. It was well built and evidently some years old. Duane felt weak and had no desire to move. Where was he, anyway? A strange, intangible sense of time, distance, of something far behind weighed upon him. He thought he heard a step and listened, but he felt throbbing, and presently his eyes closed and he fell into a doze.

Awakening from this, he saw Jennie sitting beside him. In some way she seemed to have changed. When he spoke she gave a start and turned eagerly to him. "Duane!" she cried. "Hello. How're you, Jennie, and how am I?" he said, smiling a little difficult to talk. "Oh, I'm all right," she replied. "And you've come to—your wound's healed; but you've been sick. Fever, I guess. I did all I could."

Duane saw now that the difference in her was a whiteness and tightness of skin, a hollowness of eye, a look of strain. "Fever? How long have we been here?" he asked. "She took some pebbles from the crown of his sombrero and counted them. "Nine. Nine days," she answered. "Nine days!" he exclaimed, incredulously. But another look at her assured him that she meant what she said. "Bland's men didn't come along here?" "No." "Have you slept any?" "A little. Lately I couldn't keep awake."

"I should think not. You've had a time of it sitting here day and night nursing the watching the outlaws. Come, tell me all about it." "There's nothing much to tell," she replied, simply. "We must have ridden forty miles that day we got away. You bled all the time. Toward evening you lay on your horse's neck. When we came to this place you fell out of the saddle, and I thought you got well quick. It was fever that put you back. You raved a lot, and that worried me, because I couldn't stop you. Anybody trailing us could have heard you a good ways. I don't know whether I was scared most then or when you were quiet, and it was so dark and lonely an' all, all around. Every day I put a stone in your hat."

"Jennie, you saved my life," said Duane. "I don't know. Maybe. I did all I knew how to do," she replied. "You saved mine—more than my life." "Their eyes met in a long gaze, and then their hands in a close clasp. "Jennie, we're going to get away," he said, with gladness. "I'll be well in a few days. You don't know how strong I am. We'll hide by day and travel by night. I can get you across the river." "And then?" she asked. "Well, I find some honest rancher," she said, then she persisted. "Why?" he asked slowly. "That's as far as my thoughts ever got. It was pretty hard, I tell you, to assure myself so much. It means your safety. You'll tell your story. You'll be sent to some village or town and taken care of until a relative or friend is notified."

"And you?" she inquired in a strange voice. "I'm kept silent." "What will you do?" she went on. "Jennie, I'll go back to the brakes. I daren't show my face among respectable people. I'm an outlaw." "You won't go back among these terrible men? You, with your gentleness and sweetness—all that's good about you? Oh, Duane, don't—don't go!"

"I can't go back to the outlaws, at least not Bland's band. No, I'll go home. I'll love-wolf it, as they say on the border. Never mind about me, Jennie." TO BE CONTINUED.

A splendidly equipped new roller-mill has just been completed near Morganton, to replace the Henderson Mill, which was swept away by the flood in July. Durham's increase in population within the past year is officially estimated at 1,602, and the city proper is now credited with 26,661 inhabitants. The people of Elerbe, and environs have put up \$25,000 for the establishment of the Elerbe Knitting Mills, which will begin operation as soon as the buildings can be completed and the machinery installed. The debate between Wake Forest and Randolph-Macon College will be held in Raleigh Easter Monday night at the Academy of Music. Wake Forest will defend the negative side of the question. "Resolved, That our Federal Constitution should be amended as to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors," while the Virginians will uphold the affirmative side of the question.

Hampton Terrace Hotel, in North Augusta, S. C., was destroyed by fire Sunday with a loss estimated at \$600,000. The building, a frame structure of 300 rooms, burned rapidly. Crossed wires was believed to have started the blaze. The hotel was to have opened for the season this week.

Get Rid of Tan, Sunburn and Freckles by using HAGAN'S Magnolia Balm. Acts instantly. Stops the burning. Clears your complexion of Tan and Blemishes. You cannot know how good it is until you try it. Thousands of women say it is best of all beautifiers and heals Sunburn quickest. Don't be without it a day longer. Get a bottle now. At your Druggist or by mail direct. 75 cents for either color, White. Pink. Rose-Red. SAMPLE FREE. LYON MFG. CO., 40 So. 5th St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

EUREKA Spring Water FROM EUREKA SPRING, Graham, N. C. A valuable mineral spring has been discovered by W. H. Ausley in his place in Graham. It was noticed that it brought health to the users of the water, and upon being analyzed it was found to be a water strong in mineral properties and good for stomach and blood troubles. Physicians who have seen the analysis and what it does, recommend its use. Analysis and testimonials will be furnished upon request. Why buy expensive mineral waters from a distance, when there is a good water recommended by physicians right at home? For further information and the water, if you desire it apply to the undersigned. W. H. AUSLEY.

Sale of Valuable Land. Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Alamance County, made in the special proceeding entitled John K. Hoffman, Administrator of Daniel Heck, deceased, petitioner against C. W. Keck and others, respondents, the same being No. 100 upon the Special Proceedings Docket of said Court, the undersigned commissioners will on MONDAY, JANUARY 22, 1917, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the court house door, in Graham, N. C., offer for sale to the highest bidder the following tract of land: Being one tract containing seventeen acres, more or less, situated on the south side of the old Salisbury road, just east of the Alamance Battle Ground; bounded on the west by Mike Shaffer, on the east and south by J. C. Kinney and C. W. Keck, and fronting on the Salisbury road, and being the home place of the late Daniel Heck, on which is situate a dwelling and out-houses. The above described tract of land will be sold upon the following terms, to-wit: Cash in advance on day of sale, one-third to be paid in four months, and the remaining one-third to be paid in eight months from the date of sale, deferred payments to bear interest at six per cent. per annum and the deed to said property to be made upon the payment of the full purchase price or said land; and the said purchaser may pay the entire purchase price on day of sale and get deed to said property. This December 15, 1916. J. R. HOFFMAN, J. H. VERNON, Commissioners.

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