THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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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 on 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 or the water, if you desire if apply to the undersigned.

W. H. AUSLEY.

BLANK BOOKS

Journals, Ledgers, Day Books, Time Books, Counter Books, Tally Books, Order Books, Large Books, Small Books, Pocket Memo., Vest Pocket Memo., &c., &c.

For Sale At

The Gleaner Printing Office Graham, N. C.

Sale Of Valuable Land.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court made in a Special Proceedings wherein all the heirs-at-law and devisees of Mrs. Margaret King, late of Alamance county, were made parties, together with the Executors of her will, for the purpose of selling lands for partition, the undersigned Commissioners will, on

SATURDAY, AUG. 4, 1917,

at the court house door in Graham, offer at public sale to the highest bidder, the following valuable real property, to-wit:

In Pleasant Grove township, adjoining the lands of Sarah Eccles, Egbert Malone, Levi Jeffries and others: Beginning at a rock on South west corner of lot number one; thence S 80¼ deg W 16.30 chs to a stake; thence N 32.90 chs to pointers; thence S 88¾ deg E 16.30 chs to a stake; thence S 32.20 chs to the beginning, and containing 54 acres, more or less, it being a part of the Martha Eccles tract of land.

Terms of sale—One-third cash; one-third in six and one-third in twelve months, deferred payments to carry interest from day of sale till paid. Sale subjec to confirmation by the Clerk and title reserved till f ully paid.

This the 30th day of June, 1917.

W. B. SELLARS,
S. E. TATE,
Commissioners.

J. S. Cook, Attorney.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

It is stated that telegraphers employed by the Southern railway will send a committee to Washington to ask the company for an 18 per cent. increase in wages, a 6-hour day, with pay for overtime on Sunday.

English Spavin Linimnet removes Hard, Soft and Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses; also Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring Bone, Stifles, Sprains, Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. A wonderful Blemish Cure. Sold by Graham Drug Company adv

"The GIRL WHO HAD NO GOD"

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF "K," "THE MAN IN LOWER TEN," ETC.

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CHAPTER I.

Hilary Kingston had been shot.

Old Hilary had been a familiar figure in the village of Woffingham for years. The eccentricity of his gray derby hat, his beetling gray brows, his always fresh gray gloves, his erect, rather heavy old figure, singled him out from the mass of commuters that thronged the city trains. The gray derby was a part of old Hilary. Except on these rare occasions when he attended service at Saint Jude's he was never seen without it.

He lived on the hill above the village, with his daughter—had lived there for ten years. The hall was beautiful, but old Hilary received no visitors, returned no advances. Visitors thought this curious. The villagers, prosperous business men with smart wives, shrugged their shoulders. The man's house was his own. If he found that he could do without the town, the town could get along without him.

There was no mystery about the hall, and little curiosity. Cars going to the country club passed under the brick wall of its Italian garden. Their occupants sometimes caught a glimpse of Elinor Kingston there, reading in a rose arbor, wandering among her peonies and iris in the spring, or cutting sprays of phlox in midsummer.

The men thought her rather lovely; the women, odd, with her blond hair and dark eyes. The assistant rector of Saint Jude's, newly come to the village, met her face to face on one of his long country walks, a month or so before old Hilary's death, and could not forget her.

He led the conversation to her that night at a dinner.

"An exquisite face," he described her, "but sad, almost tragically sad."

"Blond?" The lady on his right was a Mrs. Bryant. In honor of the new assistant rector, who came of fine family and was a distinct acquisition to the village, she wore the Bryant pear-shaped pearl. She spoke rather curtly. "I should not call her exquisite—but you probably met Elinor Kingston. Her sadness is a pose, I believe; she has everything she wants."

The assistant rector was young, but very wise. So he spoke no more of Elinor until the women had left the table. Then he ventured again.

"Don't join the army of those of us who worship from afar," advised the youth who had moved up beside him. "She's the loveliest thing in this part of the country. But, except our sainted rector, no one ever gets to put a foot on the place. It's exclusiveness to the nth power, and then some. There's a lot of talk, of course, or used to be. Old Kingston brings his servants from New York, and except an elderly housekeeper, none of them speak English. They used to say around here that he was a refugee, but that's all rot. He's a stingy old dotard, afraid some handsome youth like myself will captivate the girl. That's all there is to it."

The assistant rector, whose name was Ward, smiled perfunctorily. Instead of the gleaming table, spread with flowers and candles, with the gay colors of cordials and liqueurs, he was seeing a girl standing at the turn of a country road and gazing down into the valley and the distant village with somber eyes. . . .

Faith, hope and charity, and the greatest of these is faith. Faith in ourselves, faith in those around us, and that sublimest faith of all which trusts in something beyond. To all men is given such faith at the beginning of life, and some keep it to the end. But here and there is one who has lost it, who cannot turn his eyes up and say "Lord, Lord." Old Hilary had not kept the faith.

Years ago he had not been evil. He had gone from philosophy into unbelief, that route which all must travel. But, unlike the many, he had not come back.

He had started with socialism, but socialism must be founded on the Christ, and him he scorned. So from socialism he had drifted to anarchy. To rob the rich and give to the poor, at first. Later on, to rob the rich, to incite seditions, to arm the rebellious—oh, it was comprehensive enough, vastly wicked with that most terrible lawlessness of all, that believes itself law.

To pit his wits against the world and win—that had been old Hilary's creed. "For the oppressed" had been at first the slogan of the band he gathered around him. "Against the oppressor" it became later on. Vastly different the two. Most of human charity and kindliness lay crushed down and trampled underfoot during old Hilary's progress from Christ to Antichrist.

The band had been gathered with much care. Respectability, order, decorum—these spelled safety to old Hilary's astute mind. Most of them were younger sons of English landed families, with a sprinkling of other nationalities. Young Huff was an Australian, for instance, the son of a wealthy sheep-owner. Boroday the Russian—implicated in the bomb-throwing that destroyed the minister of war—was a nobleman. Old Hilary had got him out of Siberia during those early days when he righted what, to his crooked mind, were wrongs.

There were twelve in the band at the beginning, and for five years there were no changes. Then came the kidnapping and holding for ransom of Mackintosh the banker in Iowa, and the unexpected calling out of the state militia. The band had hidden Mackintosh in a deserted mine and three of the band went down in the shooting that followed his discovery. In the looting of Tiffany's vaults, which has never been published, a Frenchman named Dupres was killed; and only recently a tire had burst after the holding up of the car of the governor of Delaware, and their car, overturning, had crushed Jerrold, the mechanic of the band and old Hilary's chauffeur. One way and another, there were only five left: Talbot and Lethbridge the

To Pit His Wits Against the World and Win—That Had Been Old Hilary's Creed.

Englishmen, Boroday, Huff and old Hilary himself. And old Hilary's hour was almost come.

Old Hilary lived well, as he might. His foreign servants were artists. He liked good food, good wines, good books. He even had a few pictures—from the leading galleries of Europe. He hung them in the house at Woffingham, with a cynical smile.

"Safest place in the world," he said to old Henriette, who protested. "The village has never even heard of them!"

And so in this atmosphere with which he surrounded himself, of fine living and wrong thinking, of atheism raised almost to religion, of no law and no Christ, old Hilary had brought up his daughter. He had been proud of her in his way; absolutely selfish, too. She had had no other companion. He taught her his unbelief, pointing out the churchgoers, as they drove together on Sunday mornings, as slaves to a myth. Also, he taught her to hate a lie, and to give alms. Early in her life their drives together had been punctured with questions.

"But if my mother is dead, where is she?" asked Elinor on one of them.

Old Hilary had eyed her from under eyebrows that were already gray.

"She lives in the memories of those that knew and loved her."

"But I never knew her. Then for me she doesn't live! But Mademoiselle—" she checked herself. Suspicion had been dawning in old Hilary's eyes.

"Death is the end," he said tersely, and quoted Darwin and Haeckel to her. But at the end of the drive he interviewed Mademoiselle, and sent her flying to her chamber, where from under the carpet beneath her bureau, she got her rosary and wept over it.

Elinor was twenty the year her father died, a slender girl, fond of flowers, rather a dreamer. Well educated, too. Old Hilary had seen to that; she knew Malato, Haeckel, Bakunin; spoke French and Spanish—Hilary had spent much time in Central America helping the insurgents; it was he who financed the insurrection in northern Mexico—and wrote fluently the form of shorthand that her father had devised as a means of communication between the leader of the band. A keen-eyed, wistful-mouthed slip of a girl, shut off in the great house on the hill above Woffingham; living her life of big theories and small duties, calloused to robbery and violent deeds, and viewing wistfully from her windows the little children in the road below.

CHAPTER II.

Once a year the association closed its books. During all of the June before old Hilary's sudden death, Elinor had been busy arranging figures, collecting data in the cryptic shorthand she knew. Then, on the first of July, Hilary gave his annual dinner.

The band, from twelve, was down to five. Boroday, the Russian, glancing around the table, shrugged his shoulders. It was the chance of the game they played, and percentages would be larger. Nevertheless there was a weight of depression over them all.

Elinor was at her father's right, simply dressed. The dinners were always a trial to her. She was palpitatingly anxious that the papers before old Hilary be in order and accurate. They were her work. The deeper significance of the meeting she was not so much ignorant of as profoundly indifferent to. If her father did a thing, it took on order, became a law.

There were present Talbot and Lethbridge, the Englishmen; Boroday, whose rescue from Siberia had made him old Hilary's henchman; and young Huff. Huff was the mechanician. He had been trained in the Bleriot works; airplanes to wireless, automobiles to automatic pistols, he knew them—all makes, all grades. If old Hilary was the brains, Huff was the hands of the band.

He sat beside Elinor, and watched her with worshiping eyes. Perhaps it was as well that old Hilary was intent on his food and on the business in hand.

The routine of the annual dinner seldom varied. Five of them then, that last dinner around the table, in evening clothes, well set up, spare, three of them young, all temperate, honorable about women—as polished, as harmless in appearance, as death-dealing, as the gleaming projectile of a twelve-inch gun!

First old Hilary went over the books. It might have been the board meeting of some respectable bank. He stood at his end of the table, and the light from the chandelier fell full on him.

"I have to report, gentlemen," he would say, "a fairly successful year." This is where it differed from a bank. The association had had no bad years. "While our expenses have been heavy, returns have been correspondingly so." And so on, careful lines of figures, outlays and returns, to the end. For old Hilary was secretary and treasurer as well as president.

This time, when he had reached the end of what was to be his last report, he paused and cleared his throat.

"Unfortunately, that is not all, gentlemen. 'Nothing can we call our own but death.' And it is my sad duty to report, this last year, the loss of three of our number. A calamitous year, gentlemen."

He might have been a trustee, lamenting the loss of valued supporters to a hospital!

Afterward, in the library, with Elinor embroidering by the fire, they cashed in. They dealt only in cash. Securities were dangerous. Once or twice Boroday had successfully negotiated with a fence in Paris, but always under old Hilary's protest.

The routine never varied. Elinor unlocked the door to a winding staircase, which led to a basement room where the steel vault stood in its cement walls. The five went down, returning shortly with the cash-boxes. The money was divided on the library table. It went by percentages. Hilary drew 20 that last year, each of the others 10—a total of 60 per cent. The 40 per cent remaining was divided, or sent as a whole, according to the sense of the meeting. Berlin got it all one year, for instance, to Boroday's disgust. Russia generally received a large proportion. The Chinese revolution; the defense of Berkhardt, who killed Ecker the pork-packer; a shipment of guns and ammunition to Central America—thus it went.

Although they preferred only money, now and then the loot included jewels. By common consent, such gems, stripped of their settings, were put aside for Elinor. They meant nothing to her. Had anyone told her that for several years her share had been greater in actual value than all the money that had fallen to her father she would not have believed it. . . .

Four days or so after the annual meeting, the rector of Saint Jude's was always asked to dinner. And although the reverend gentleman would under normal circumstances have been fishing in Canada, he never went until this function was over. For old Hilary, detesting his creed, respected the man. A certain percentage, then, of old Hilary's share went over the library table, after the dinner, to the rector.

"Use it where it will do the most good," he would say.

"The church organ—"

"Not a cent to the church organ. Buy the youngsters a playground, or—build a lying-in ward in the hospital."

Elinor's mother had died in childbirth.

The last check had been unusually generous. The rector, who had been smoking one of old Hilary's choice cigars, put it down and faced his host resolutely. It took courage.

"Mr. Kingston," he said, "the church needs men like you. Why be a Christian in the spirit and—avoid the letter?"

"Tut." Old Hilary rose and looked down at him. "I am like all gamblers. This annual check to your poor is the sop I throw to luck. That's all, sir."

And his tone closed the discussion. The word "gambler" worried the rector. He thought over it on his way down the hill to the rectory. But his poor were very poor. He cashed the check the next day. . . .

Elinor was in the library that sunny August day when they brought old Hilary to her. She had never seen death before, except on the streets of Mexico, and for a good many years he had been all she had—since her last governess, in fact, had been discovered secreting the rosary and had been word-scourged from the house in tears. She fainted, and wrinkled Henriette laid her on a couch.

Boroday, the Russian, had brought the body home, and now he stood, looking down at Elinor and stroking his English-cut beard.

"He expected it, Henriette," he said. "He thought it would have come sooner, in the Parker matter. I wonder—"

He glanced through the open door to the billiard room, where old Hilary's body lay on the table. He was minded, was Boroday, to wonder many things—whether, after all, old Hilary's dauntless spirit had gone out like a lamp, or if—

This white and carven thing in the next room, with stiffening hands and the gray derby at its feet, surely there was no mystery about it. This was not old Hilary; that was all. But where, then, was old Hilary? The Russian, who had been raised within the pale and on an ancient faith, and who had now lost his best friend, felt all the bitterness of his unbelief.

Elinor stirred.

"He will have to be buried," said Henriette. "The news has gone through the town. The assistant rector of the church has telephoned, and is on his way here now. What am I to do?"

"Let them bury him as they will," said Boroday. "What does it matter? he would himself have seen the humor of it."

Hilary Kingston had been shot during the daylight robbery of the Agrarian bank messenger. He was shot as an innocent bystander, and was referred to by the press as philanthropist and martyr. So much for years of caution and the annual gift to Saint Jude's.

As a matter of fact, the Agrarian affair was calamitous in several ways. It bore too close a resemblance to a St. Louis matter of several years back, in which Boroday had come under suspicion.

"Let Them Bury Him as They Will," Said Boroday.

On a Tuesday morning, the cash being more than the bank cared to have about, two hundred and ten thousand dollars was sent to the clearing house. Two clerks from the bank accompanied the messenger, who went by taxicab.

There are two direct routes to the clearing house: one along one of the great avenues, the other through the newspaper district. Here, at ten-thirty in the morning, things are rather quiet, and except for vans delivering rolls of paper, there is little traffic.

The taxicab went by this latter route. Opposite the Record office, where the presses stood, silent monsters waiting to leap, old Hilary Kingston was standing, kidgloved and wearing the gray derby hat he affected. As the taxicab bore down toward him he hailed it.

"Taxi!" he called.

The taxicab slowed down. Old Hilary, seeing it occupied, waved it off with his stick. But it had come to a full stop. There was an alleyway beside the Record building, and now three men ran out from there, and thrust revolvers through the open windows of the cab. After that it was hot work. Marshall of the bank went back with a bullet through his lung. The bank messenger fired pointblank, and missed his target; but old Hilary, gray derby and all, went down where he stood, twenty feet away. The uninjured clerk had an automatic gun, and swept a circle with it over the bag which lay at his feet. There was no getting inside that ring of death. The bandits retreated, firing as they ran, and climbed into an automobile up the street. When the reporters in the Record office wakened to the fact that there was a story under their windows, the street was clear. Only old Hilary lay dead on the pavement, with a bullet in his head.

The chauffeur of the taxicab drove madly to the hospital with Marshall, who was dying, and then to police quarters, where he gave himself up. He was released, of course. His name was Walter Huff. He was shown to be a new man, but sober and industrious, one of the best drivers in the employ of the taxicab company. It was also shown that Hilary Kingston had hailed him; Huff explained his stopping. Mr. Kingston was a regular patron; he had meant to tell him that in five minutes he would come back and pick him up.

Huff was under surveillance for three days. His conduct was impeccable.

To be continued.

NEW CHANCELLOR UPHOLDS GERMANY'S U-BOAT CAMPAIGN

Asserts That it is Lawful Measure, Justifiably Adopted to Shorten the War.

Copenhagen.—Dr. Michaelis, the new German imperial chancellor, in his address to the reichstag, declared his adhesion to Germany's submarine campaign, asserting it to be a lawful measure, justifiably adopted for shortening the war.

Dr. Michaelis opened his reichstag speech with a hearty tribute to Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, the retiring imperial chancellor, whose work, he said, history would appreciate. The chancellor declared that the war was forced upon unwilling Germany by the Russian mobilization and that the submarine warfare was also forced upon Germany by Great Britain's illegal blockade starvation war.

The faint hope that America, at the head of the neutrals, would check Great Britain's illegality was vain. Germany's final attempt to avoid the extremity by a peace offer failed and the submarine campaign was adopted, said the chancellor.

The submarines, the speaker continued, had done all and more than had been expected, and the false prophets who had predicted the end of the war at a definite time had done a disservice to the fatherland.

SUFFRAGISTS SERVING IN PRISONED PARDONED BY WILSON

Washington—Sixteen women sent to the workhouse for their part in the suffragette demonstration at the white house accepted pardons from President Wilson and were released after serving two days of their sixty day terms.

EXTRAORDINARY FIND OF RELICS IS MADE

Santa Fe, N. M.—An extraordinary find of historic pottery and relics has been made by Carl Morris, excavating Pueblo ruins at Aztec, San Juan county, with a force of twenty-five men for the American Museum of Natural History. The discovery includes sixty pieces of rare pottery, over 20,000 carved red and black stone beads, baskets matting, knives, battle axes and other stone implements and turquoise beads.

FOOD CONTROL BILL PASSED BY SENATE

ADMINISTRATION MEASURE WILL BE RE-WRITTEN THIS WEEK.

TO WILSON IN TEN DAYS

Bill Gives President Broad Authority Over Control of Foods, Feeds, Fuels, eKrosene and Gasoline.

Washington. — The administration food control bill, virtually written after five weeks' bitter contest, was passed by the Senate, eighty-one to six. Conferees from House and Senate have begun work and leaders hope the measure may be in the President's hands in ten days.

As revamped, the bill gives the President broad authority over foods, feeds and fuels, the latter, including kerosene and gasoline, provides administration by a food board of three members instead of an individual; authorizes federal fixing of coal prices, requisitioning and operation of mines, and authorizes a minimum guaranteed price of not less than $2 per bushel for wheat at primary markets. The Senate prohibition sections, prohibiting manufacture of distilled beverages during the war and directing the President to buy all distilled spirits in bond, was substituted for the House "bone dry" provision and will be one subject of difficulty in conference.

Senators voting against the bill were: France, Maryland; Hardwick, Georgia; Penrose, Pennsylvania; Reed, Missouri; Sherman, Illinois and Sutherland, West Virginia.

Many Amendments.

Scores of amendments were disposed of, but the principal features were the incorporation of the amendment authorizing the minimum wheat price, and another by Senator Pomerene's greatly broadening the government's power to handle the coal situation. The government's guarantee for wheat would be payable at all principal interior primary markets until July 1, 1919. The Senate rejected, 46 to 35, an amendment by Senator Norris to have the food board instead of Congress fix the minimum price.

The Pomerene coal amendment, incorporated by the overwhelming vote of 72 to 12, directs the President through the federal trade commission, or other agency, to fix coal prices, wholesale and retail, regulate the entire industry and, if necessary, take over and operate coal mines and fix prices of labor.

On a final vote, the Senate refused 66 to 23, to place the bill's administration in the hands of an individual. Senators understood the administration would endeavor to have the conferees substitute the original House provision for a single administrator.

Appropriation in the House bill of $150,000,000 was left unchanged by the Senate, which added an appropriation of $10,000,000 for federal purchase and sale of soda nitrates for fertilizer. Another important Senate addition to the bill provides for a joint congressional committee to supervise war expenditures. It was proposed by Senator Owen.

To Prevent Hoarding.

The Senate also added provisions against hoarding of foodstuffs and for regulation of grain exchanges, authorizing the President to close them if necessary to stop speculation in futures.

The bill limits government control virtually to the original subjects of the House measure, foods, feeds and fuels.

In lieu of the House bill's broad provisions for licensing food dealers, The Senate bill limits federal licensing to the following agencies and these only which have products in interetate cold storage and packing houses, farm implement factories, coal producers and dealers and wholesalers of designated necessities.

The House bill's provisions for federal requisitioning of necessaries is limited to the Senate redraft to food, feeds and fuels and other supplies for military purposes only. Government purchase and sale of foodstuffs, to maintain reasonable prices, also is limited by the Senate bill to fuel, wheat, flour, meal, beans and potatoes.

The House provision for authority to requisition factories generally was curtailed by the Senate to factories, packing houses, mines and other plants needed for military or other public use connected with the common defense.

Neither House or Senate draft presents the original administration proposals for government control of clothing and maximum price fixing.

PREMIER KERENSKY HASTENS TO FRONT

London—Premier Kerensky has started for the front at the instance of the Central Committee of Soldiers' and Workmen's delegates, according to a Reuter dispatch from Petrograd

Dispatches from Galicia state that the breach in the Russian line is eight miles wide and ten miles deep.

The Bouhse Gazette says that a meeting of delegates from regiments at the front it was resolved to turn over all authority to M. Karensky.

$100—Dr. E. Detchon's Anti-Diuretic may be worth more to you—more to you than $100 if you have a child who soils the bedding from incontinence of water during sleep. Cures old and young alike. It arrests the trouble at once. $1.00. Sold by Graham Drug Company. adv.

Seven persons lost their lives by the sinking of an excursion steamer on Big Stone Lake, near Orleansville, Minn.

MARION CLEVELAND

Miss Marion Cleveland, youngest daughter of the late President Cleveland, is engaged to marry William Stanley Dell of New York City.

GERMAN ATTACKS CEASE

EFFORTS TO OVERCOME FRENCH GAINS AT VERDUN HAVE FAILED.

On the Russian Front General Korniloff's Army in East Galicia is Stubbornly Holding Back Reinforced Austro-German Armies.

After having tried ineffectually to overcome the French gains in the Verdun sector between the eastern edge of the Avocourt wood and Hill 304, the Germans have ceased their costly enterprise and are now contenting themselves with throwing shells into the positions which General Petain's men forced them to evacuate. Likewise, along the Chemin-des-Dames the violent infantry activity of the early week has ceased and artillery duels instead are taking place.

The British and the Germans continue their violent artillery duels in northern Belgium and Field Marshal Haig's forces are keeping up their harassing patrol raids on numerous sectors of the front. One of the most successful of the enterprises was carried out east of Monchy-le-Preux in the Arras sector, in which the British gained ground and took prisoners.

On the Russian front, General Korniloff's army in East Galicia is stubbornly holding back the reinforced Austro-German armies, which at various points are endeavoring to wrest from them the positions recently won in the Halicz and Kalusz sectors. In the latter region, near the village of Novica, the enemy won a vantage point from the Russians but mediately afterwards, in a counter-attack, lost it again. The Germans are violently bombarding the Russians south of Brzezany and near Halicz.

Late reports from Petrograd are to the effect that the disorders have been quelled. In Tuesday's fighting in the streets of Petrograd, six persons were killed and 238 wounded.

The weekly British admiralty statement shows that last week fourteen British ships of more than 1,600 tons, four of under 1,600 tons and eight fishing vessels were sunk by submarines or mines—a slight increase in tonnage over the previous week.

UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIERS BEST FED IN EUROPE

American Training Camp in France—By the Associated Press—The busiest of all the American troop departments these days is the quartermaster, which is working almost feverishly to perfect its system of supplying the men with all the necessities. The work has gone ahead so fast that the quartermaster already has a three months' supply of all foods within a short distance of the camp, and a constant ten days' supply here. The troops are still eating the dark French bread which is being paid for with American flour, but within three days bakeries will be established and white bread will be baked here for the soldiers. The Amerisan army will then be the only one in Europe eating white bread.

TROOP TRAIN IS WRECKED IN TEXAS

Marshall, Tex.—One American soldier, William Stonebreaker, was killed, and five other soldiers injured, only one seriously, when four coaches of a troop train turned completely over and three other cars were derailed at Shamrock, near Victoria, La., on the Texas & Pacific Railway. Railroad officials here say the train was running about twelve miles an hour when the accident occured. The cause has not yet been determined.

Relief in Six Hours

Distressing Kidney and Bladder Disease relieved in six hours by the "NEW GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." It is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidneys and back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is the remedy. Sold by Graham Drug Co. adv.

GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY

Graham Baptist Church—Rev. W. R. Davis, Pastor.
Preaching every first and third Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m. A. P. Williams Supt.
Prayer meeting every Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

Graham Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rev. J. F. Truitt.
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. Truitt, 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.—Belle Zachary, Superintendent.

Methodist Episcopal, South—cor. Main and Maple St., H. E. Myers Pastor.
Preaching every Sunday at 11.00 a. m. and at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—W. B. Green, Supt.

M. P. Church—N. Main Street, Rev. R. S. Troxler, Pastor.
Preaching first and third Sundays 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. T. M. McConnell, pastor.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—Lynn B. Williamson, Superintendent.

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, Superintendent.

Oneida—Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m.—J. V. Pomeroy, Superintendent.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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