

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XLIV

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1918

NO. 4

**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.**  
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**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 it apply to the undersigned.

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English Spavin Liniment removes Hard, Soft and Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses; also Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring Bone, Stiffes, Sprains, Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save \$5.00 by use of one bottle. A wonderful Bleasish Cure. Sold by Graham Drug Company adv

An economic agreement with Spain, under which General Pershing will get mules, army blankets and other materials in that country in return for cotton, oil and other commodities from the United States, has been signed in Madrid.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents. adv

Sixteen men were killed in a mine near Central Falls, Mich., when a bulkhead gave way, permitting water and quicksand to rush into the mine.

Food shipments from the northern European neutral countries to Germany have been cut 65 to 85 per cent. since last year by the operation of America's export control.

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 males 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



**The YUKON TRAIL**  
A TALE OF THE NORTH  
BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE  
Copyright, 1917, by William Macleod Raine.

**SYNOPSIS.**  
"You faced a blizzard to bring him in. Mr. Strong told me how you risked your life by carrying him through the storm—how you wouldn't give up and leave him, though you were weak and staggering yourself. He says it was a miracle you ever got through."

"I'm not heartless," said Macdonald impatiently. "Of course I did that. I had to do it. I couldn't do less."  
"Nor more," she suggested. "You may have made a hard bargain with him, but you wiped that out later."  
"That's just what I didn't do. Don't think my conscience is troubling me. I'm not such a mush-brained fool. If it had not been for you I would never have thought of it again. But you are his saviour. What I cheated him out of belongs to you—and you are my friend."

"Don't use that word about what you did, please. He wasn't a child. If you got the best of him in a bargain, I don't think father would think of it that way."  
"The difficulty was that he could not tell her the truth about her father's weakness for drink and how he had played upon it. He bridged all explanations and passed to the thing he meant to do in reparation."  
"The money I cleaned up from that claim belongs to you, Miss O'Neill. You will oblige me by taking it."  
From his pocket he took a folded paper and handed it to her. She opened it dubiously. The paper contained a typewritten statement and to it was attached a check by means of a clip. The check was made out to her and signed by Colby Macdonald. The amount it called for was \$183,481.

"Oh, I couldn't take this, Mr. Macdonald—I couldn't. It doesn't belong to me," she cried.  
"It belongs to you—and you're going to take it."  
"I wouldn't know what to do with so much."  
"The bank will take care of it for you until you decide. So that's settled." He passed definitely from the subject. "There's something else I want to say to you, Miss O'Neill."  
Some change in his voice warned her. The girl slanted a quick, wary glance at him.  
"I want to know if you'll marry me, Miss O'Neill," he said at her abruptly. Then, without giving her time to answer, he pushed on: "I'm older than you—by twenty-five years. Always I've lived on the frontiers. I've had to take the world by the throat and shake from it what I wanted. So I've grown hard and wilful. All some of the finest things of life I've missed. But with you beside me, I'm not too old to find them yet—if you'll show me the way, Sheba."

A wave of color swept into her face, but her eyes never faltered from his. "I'm not quite sure," she said in a low voice.  
"You mean—whether you love me?" she nodded. "I—admire you more than any man I ever met. You are a great man, strong and powerful—and I am so insignificant beside you. I am drawn to you—so much. But I am not sure."  
"I'm going away for two days. Perhaps when I come back you will know, Sheba. Take your time. Marriage is serious business. I want you to remember that my life has been very different from yours. You'll hear all sorts of things about me. All some of them are true. There is this difference between a man and a good woman. He fights and falls and fights again and wins. But a good woman is fiercer. She has never known the failure that drags one through slime and mud. Her goodness is born in her; she doesn't have to fight for it."  
The girl smiled a little tremulously. "Doesn't she? We're not all angels, you know."  
"I hope you're not. There will need to be a lot of the human in you to make allowances for Colby Macdonald," he replied with an answering smile.

When he said good-by it was with a warm, strong handshake.  
"I'll be back in two days. Perhaps you'll have good news for me then," he suggested.  
The dark, silken lashes of her eyes lifted shyly to meet his.  
"Perhaps," she said.

During the absence of Macdonald the field agent saw less of Sheba than he had expected, and when he did see her she had an abstracted manner. He had heard Mr. Macdonald tell her of her own room a good deal, except when she took long walks into the hills back of the town. Diane had a shrewd idea that the Alaskan had put his fortune and she did not know that her cousin and Elliot were on the porch until she was close upon them. But at sight of the young man her eyes became warm and kind.

"I'm sorry I was out yesterday when you called," she told him.  
"And you were out again today. My luck isn't very good, is it?"  
He laughed pleasantly, but his heart was bitter. He believed Macdonald had won.  
"We've had such a good walk," she went off quickly. "I wish you could have heard Mr. Macdonald telling me how he had a chance to save a small Eskimo tribe during a hard winter. He carried food five hundred miles to them. It was a thrilling experience."  
"Mr. Macdonald has had a lot of very interesting experiences. You must get him to tell you about all of them," answered Gordon quietly.

The eyes of the two men met. The steel-gray ones of the older man answered the challenge of his rival with a long, steady look. There was in it answered Gordon quietly.  
Diane tapped her little foot impatiently on the floor. "Do you know many men whose pasts are good enough for their wives? Colby Macdonald is good enough for any woman alive if he loves her enough."  
"You don't know him."  
"I know him far better than you do. He is the biggest man I know, and now that he is in love with a good woman he'll rise to his chance."  
"She ought to be told the truth about Meteteese and her boy," he insisted doggedly.  
Mrs. Paget lost her temper completely. "Does the government pay you to mind other people's business, Gordon?" she snapped.  
"I wouldn't be working for the government then, but for Sheba O'Neill." "And for Gordon Elliot. You'd be doing underhand work for him too. Don't forget that. You can't do it. You're not that kind of a man. If she's going to get muckraking in the past of the man Sheba is going to marry."  
Elliot rose and looked across at the blue-ribbed mountains. His square jaw was set when he turned it back toward Diane.  
"She isn't going to marry him if I can help it," he said quietly.

He walked out of the gate and down the walk toward his hotel. A message was waiting for him there from his chief in Seattle. It called him down the river on business.  
**CHAPTER XII.**  
Genevieve Mallory Takes a Hand.  
Inside of an hour the news of the engagement of Macdonald was all over Kuskak. It was through a telephone receiver that the gossip was buzzed to Mrs. Mallory by a friend who owed her a little stab. The voice of Genevieve Mallory roused faint amusement, but as soon as she had hugged up her face fell into haggard lines. She had attained a year of her waning youth on winning the big mining man of Kuskak, together with all the money that she had been able to scrape up for the campaign outfit. Moreover, she liked him.  
Mrs. Mallory sat down in the hall beside the telephone, her fingers laced about one crossed knee. She knew that if Sheba O'Neill had not come on the scene, Macdonald would have asked her to marry him. He had been moving slowly toward her for months. They understood each other and were at ease together. Between them was a strong physical affinity.  
Then Diane Paget had brought in this slim, young cousin of hers and Colby Macdonald had been fascinated by the mysterious, raven-haired youth. Mrs. Mallory was like steel beneath the soft and indolent surface. Swiftly she mapped her plan of attack. The Alaskan could not be moved, but it might be possible to startle the girl into breaking the engagement.  
He little dreamed of the more Mrs. Mallory intended to be sure of her facts. It was like her to go to headquarters for information. She got Macdonald on the wire.  
"I've just heard something nice about you. Do tell me it's true," she said, her voice warm with sympathy.  
Macdonald laughed with almost boyish embarrassment. "It's true, I reckon."  
"I'm so glad. She's a lovely girl. The sweetest thing that ever lived. I'm sure you'll be happy. I always did think you would make a perfect husband. Of course, I'm simply green with envy of her."  
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"Am I to Congratulate Mr. Macdonald?"

something of triumph, something of scornful insolence. If this young fellow wanted war, he did not need to wait long for it.  
"Time enough for that, man. Miss O'Neill and I have the whole Arctic winter before us for stories."  
The muscles in the lean jaws of Gordon Elliot stood out like steel ropes. He turned to Sheba. "Am I to congratulate Mr. Macdonald?"  
The color in her cheeks grew warmer, but her shy glance met his fairly. "I think it is that am to be congratulated, Mr. Elliot."

Diane took her cousin in her arms. "My dear, I wish you all the happiness in the world," she said softly.  
The Irish girl fled into the house as soon as she could, but not before making an amorous dash at the sudden "We're to be married soon, very quietly. If you are still at Kuskak we want you to be one of the few friends present, Mr. Elliot."  
Macdonald backed her invitation with a cool, cynical smile. "Miss O'Neill speaks for us both, of course, Elliot."  
The defeated man bowed. "Thanks very much. The chances are that I'll be through my business before then."  
As soon as his fiancée had gone into the house, the Scotsman left. Gordon sat down by the fire and stared straight in front of him. The suddenness of the news had brought his world tumbling about his ears. He felt that such a marriage would be an outrage against Sheba's innocence.  
Though she was sorry for his joy, Diane did not think it best to say so. Presently he came back, but he supposed you have heard that he was a squaw man."  
"That's ridiculous. Don't be absurd, Gordon."  
"It's the truth. I've seen the woman. She was pointed out to me."  
"By old Gideon Holt, likely," she flashed.  
"One could get evidence and show it to Miss O'Neill," he said aloud, to himself rather than to her.  
Diane put her point of view before him with hushed candor. "You couldn't. Nobody but me would be allowed to see the evidence. There is this scandal about the man who has been with her fairly for a woman's love."  
"You beg the question. Has he won fairly?"  
"Of course he has. Be a good sport, Gordon. Don't kick on the umpire's decision. Put the game on."  
"That's all very well. But what about her? Am I to sit quiet while she is sacrificed to a code of honor that seems to me rooted in dishonesty?"  
"She is not being sacrificed. I'm her cousin. I'm very fond of her. And I trust her with Colby Macdonald."  
"That's the truth about it. The truth about this Indian woman and let your cousin decide for herself. You can't do less, can you?"  
Mrs. Paget was distinctly annoyed. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Gordon Elliot. You take all the gossip and then you come back and tell the truth just because you want to believe the worst about Mr. Macdonald. Colby Macdonald is too big and too aggressive not to have made hundreds of enemies. His life has been threatened dozens of times. But he pays no attention to it—goes right on building up this country. Yet you'd think he had a cloven hoof to hear some people talk. I've no patience with them."

"The woman's name is Meteteese," he answered. "If you were answering a question, 'She is young and good-looking for an Indian. Her boy is four or five years old. Colmae, she call him, and he looks just like Macdonald.'"  
"People are always tracing resemblances. There's nothing to that. But suppose this Meteteese was a young girl, and it's finished—broken up and it isn't a thing to do with Sheba."  
"I don't agree with you. A man can't cut loose entirely from his past. It is a part of him—and Macdonald's past isn't good enough for Sheba O'Neill."

He had an address written upon it; for the little man pointed out to her the direction in which she must go. Since leaving Kuskak nearly two weeks before, no word had reached Gordon of Sheba. As soon as he had finished dinner at the hotel, he walked out to the Paget house and sent in his card.  
Sheba came into the hall to meet him from the living room where she had been sitting with the man she expected to marry next week. She gave a little murmur of pleasure at sight of him and held out both hands.  
"It was afraid you weren't going to get back in time. I'm so glad," she told him warmly.  
He managed to achieve a smile. "When is the great day?"  
"Next Thursday. Of course we're as busy as can be, but Diane says—"  
As a ring at the door interrupted her. Sheba stepped forward and let in an Indian woman with a little boy clinging to her hand.  
"You Miss O'Neill?" she asked.  
"Yes."  
From the folds of her shawl she drew a letter. The girl glanced at the address, then opened and read what was written. She looked up, puzzled, first at the comely, flat-footed Indian woman and afterward at the handsome little brown-faced paopoe. She turned to Gordon.  
"This letter says I am to ask this woman who is the father of her boy. What does it mean?"  
Gordon knew instantly what it meant, though he could not guess who had dealt the blow. The impulse to

spare her pain was stronger in him than the desire that she should know the truth.  
"Send her away," he urged. "Don't ask any questions. She has been sent to hurt you."  
A fawnlike fear flashed into the startled eyes. "To hurt me?"  
"I am afraid so."  
"But—why? I have done nobody any harm." She seemed to hold even her breathing in suspense.  
"Perhaps some of Macdonald's enemies," he suggested.  
And at that there came a star-dash into the soft eyes and a lifted tilt of the chin cut fine as a cameo. She turned promptly to the Indian woman.  
"What is it that you have to tell me about this boy's father?"  
Meteteese began to speak. At the first mention of Macdonald's name Sheba's eyes dilated. Her smile, her sweet, glad pleasure at Gordon's arrival.

To be continued.

gave every community time to prepare for the big bond sale, and he strongly advocated popular demonstrations of patriotism on the day of the opening of the loan and second year of war. After starting the date of the campaign opening, the secretary continued:  
"April 4 will forever be a consecrated day in American history, and it seems peculiarly appropriate that the opening of the second year of our participation in this war for the honor and rights of America and the freedom of the world should be celebrated with a nation-wide drive for another liberty loan."  
"The campaign should begin with great demonstrations of patriotism in every city, town and hamlet in the country that will truly express the spirit of aroused America."  
**MAY LEAVE TASK TO THE JAPANESE ALONE**  
To Take Steps to Combat German Aggression in Siberia.  
Washington.—Indications now point to an agreement between the entente powers and America to confide to Japan alone the task of taking such measures as may be necessary to combat German aggression and influence in Siberia and to protect the military interests of Great Britain and France at Vladivostok. No final conclusion has been reached, however, and it was said in high official quarters that conditions were changing so rapidly and so many new factors were entering into the problem that it would be unsafe to predict overnight what the issue might be.  
Exchanges are proceeding rapidly between the entente governments and Washington and the matter was considered at a cabinet meeting. It is understood that the state department is being slowly but steadily influenced to accept the view which seems to obtain in Great Britain and France and possibly in Italy. That is, that a single power with an efficient army and navy within easy reach of Siberia and not otherwise employed, and acting in conformity with a general agreement might be better able to deal with the situation than any international force, such as was at first contemplated.



"What Does It Mean?"

**GENERAL BIDDLE MAY BE SENT ABROAD**  
Washington.—Numerous changes in the personnel of the general staff of the army are expected to follow the arrival here of Major General Eyster C. March, who landed at an Atlantic port, returning from France, to assume his duties as acting chief of staff. Officers General March may have laid in this regard, but it has been assumed that he will draw to his aid men in whom he has confidence.  
**PEACE NEGOTIATIONS PROBABLY BROKEN OFF**  
London.—A message received by the bolshevik government in Petrograd from Brist-Litovak ordering a train under military guard to meet the Russian delegates at Hroshastis, was considered by the government as probably signifying that the peace negotiations have been broken off, according to a wireless communication received here from Petrograd.  
**BELGIAN PEOPLE DEIFYING THEIR GERMAN MASTERS**  
In Protesting Against an Effort to Separate Flanders.  
Washington.—How the Belgian people are defying their German military might in protesting against the effort to separate Flanders from the rest of Belgium and the deportation of judges who sought to interfere, is described in an official dispatch received at the Belgian legation.  
General von Falkenhausein, the military governor general, in a letter to the court of cassation, which suspended its sittings as a protest against the arrest of the judges of the court of appeal, has given notice that the action of the judges in instituting proceedings against the so-called activists who set up the separate Flanders government, was regarded as an act of hostility to the occupying power.  
The dispatch adds:  
"The movement of protest by the Belgian people against the intrigues of the activists has taken on larger proportions. The voluntary suspension of all judiciary activity, as a protest against the outrage committed against the court of appeals of Brussels, has caused a tremendous impression even upon the German authorities. New lists of communal councils and of important personalities who have made protests continue to reach Havre, being brought nightly by devoted patriots who have passed through the electrified frontier wires in spite of redoubled vigilance on the part of the Germans."

**CALLS 5,192 NORTH CAROLINA NEGROES SOON**  
Washington, D. C.—The war department is preparing to call out 5,192 North Carolina negroes. This will wind up the first draft lists for the state, as the quota was 15,974, and 10,782 have already been called. North Carolina negroes will be sent to camps north of the Mason-Dixon line. The failure to call the negroes heretofore was due to the fact that camps had no been selected.

**TWO LIEUTENANTS ARE DECORATED FOR BRAVERY**  
Premier Clemenceau, who spent a day on the American front northwest of Toul decorated two lieutenants, two sergeants and two privates with the Croix de Guerre with the palm for heroism which they displayed in the recent German raid in this sector. One of the lieutenants comes from Brooklyn and the other from Charleston, S. C. Both men went out into No-Man's-Land in broad daylight and got a German prisoner.

**THIRD LIBERTY LOAN APRIL 6**  
ON FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNITED STATES ENTRY INTO THE WAR.  
FOR THREE OR FOUR WEEKS  
How Large The Loan Will Be Depends Upon Fate of War Finance Bill in Congress.  
Washington.—On April 6, the first anniversary of the United States entry into the war, the third liberty loan will open. There will be a campaign of three or four weeks.  
In announcing the date, Secretary McAdoo said the amount of the loan the interest rate and other features such as convertibility of bonds of previous issues, maturity and terms of payment, are yet to be determined, and that new legislation will be necessary before plans can be completed.  
The fact that the amount of the loan is dependent on further legislation indicates that it will be far more than \$3,600,000,000, the remainder of the authorized but unissued bonds, and the fact that certificates of indebtedness now being sold in anticipation of loan bear 4 1/2 per cent interest, affords some indication of the interest rate.  
The large loan shall be depends largely, however, on the fate of the pending war finance bill carrying an appropriation of a half-billion dollars and action on the railroad bill, with its appropriation of a similar amount.  
Although Mr. McAdoo made no specific announcement, it is now taken for granted in official circles that there will be but one more loan before June 30, the end of the fiscal year.  
The statement concerning the date of the campaign was made at this time, Secretary McAdoo explained to

**GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY**  
Graham Baptist Church—Rev. L. U. Weston, 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. W. I. Ward, Supt. Prayer meeting every Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.  
Graham Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rev. F. C. Lester. Preaching services every Second and Fourth Sundays at 11:00 a. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.—W. R. Harden, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.  
New Providence Christian Church—North Main Street, near Depot—Rev. F. C. Lester, 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. John M. Fernan, Pastor. Preaching 1st, 2nd and 3rd Sundays at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.—Belle Zachary, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.  
Methodist Episcopal, South—E. E. Erhart, 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 7 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.—J. L. Amick, Supt.  
Presbyterian—Wet Elm Street—Rev. T. 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 1:30 p. m.—Harvey White, Superintendent.

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**JOHN J. HENDERSON**  
Attorney-at-Law  
GRAHAM, N. C.  
Office over National Bank of Alamance

**J. S. COOK,**  
Attorney-at-Law, N. C.  
Office Patterson Building Second Floor.

**DR. WILL S. LONG, JR.**  
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Graham, N. C. North Carolina  
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Representative Claude Kitchin and Mrs. Kitchin were shaken up and bruised and Mrs. Thomas Kelly, wife of the former representative from Connecticut was seriously injured in an automobile accident in Washington Friday night. The machine in which they were riding was struck by a street car.  
Break your Cold or LaGrippe with few doses of 666.