

Get Rid of Tan, Sunburn and Freckles

by using HAGANS' **Magnolia Balm.**

Clears your complexion. Stops the burning. Blooms. 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. 8th 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 is 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. 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.

English Spavin Liniment removes Hard, Soft and Calloused Lumps and Blisters from horses; also Blood Spavins, Curls, Splints, Sweeney, King Bone, Stiffes, Sprains, Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. A wonderful Bleish Cure. Sold by Graham Drug Company adv

Lord Lansdowne came very close to giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

In the meantime the British keep on fighting and not saying much about it.

You Can Cure That Backache.

Pain along the back, dizziness, headache and general languor. Get a package of Mother Gray's Australia Liniment and rub it on the back of your neck and down the spine. You will feel a relief and be able to do your work again.

If the war goes much further Turkey will not have an inch of rug to stand on.

NURSE WANTED—Female nurse or attendant for a Sanitarium for Nervous and Mental Diseases. Pay \$24.00 a month with board and laundry. Address, S. Lord, Stamford, Conn. July 18/14

This people stands oppointed by the blood of its sons to the annihilation of autocracy.

RUB-MY-TISM—Antiseptic, Relieves Rheumatism, Sprains, Neuralgia, etc.

"OUTWITTING THE HUN"



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Introductory. Pat O'Brien tells of his purpose in writing the story of his adventures.

CHAPTER II—Tells of his enlistment in the Boy Scouts, his transfer to France for active duty.

CHAPTER III—Describes his first experience in the Hun's barbed wire entanglement, and his final fight in which he was brought down by a German bullet and made a prisoner of war.

CHAPTER IV—Discovers that German soldiers have been secretly cutting a path through the wire.

CHAPTER V—He is taken to the officers' prison camp at Courtrai. There he begins planning his escape. By great success he manages to hide away two daily rations of bread.

CHAPTER VI—He confabulates a map of Germany and just half an hour later is put on a train bound for a Belgian camp in Germany. He leaps through a window while the train is traveling at a rate of 20 miles an hour.

CHAPTER VII—For nine days he crawls through Germany, hiding during the day and subsisting on raw vegetables. He covers 75 miles before reaching Luxembourg.

CHAPTER VIII—For nine days more he struggles on in a weakened condition through Luxembourg in the direction of Belgium.

CHAPTER IX—He endures terrible hardships, swims rivers while delirious from hunger, and is at last rescued by the British on the eighteenth day after jumping from a train in Belgium.

CHAPTER X—Which well on his way through Belgium he is befriended one night by a Flemish peasant, who feeds him and helps him to cross a Belgian city who will help him to get a passport.

CHAPTER XI—By mingling with Belgian peasants he reaches the Belgian city of Holland, where he hides in a house from whom he expects help.

CHAPTER XII—Huyffer forges a passport for O'Brien and promises to assist him in getting into Holland. Later Huyffer and his associates demand an extraordinary ransom for their services and O'Brien breaks with them.

CHAPTER XIII—He spends five days and nights in an unoccupied house without food except for scraps he picks up in night forays.

CHAPTER XIV—To gain confidence for the adventures to come in his attempt to get into Holland he ventures one night into a moving picture theater patronized by German soldiers.

CHAPTER XV—Some observations in a Belgian city.

CHAPTER XVI—He leaves the city in the daytime and after some half-raising adventures reaches the frontier of Holland.

CHAPTER XVII.

I leave for the Frontier. To get out of the city, it would be necessary to pass two guards. This I had learned in the course of my walks at night, having frequently traveled to the city limits with the idea of finding out just what conditions I should meet when the time came for me to leave.

A German soldier's uniform, however, no longer worried me as it had at first. I had mingled with the Huns so much in the city that I began to feel that I was really a Belgian, and I assumed the indifference that they seemed to feel.

I decided, therefore, to walk out of the city in the daytime, when the sentries would be less apt to be on the watch. It worked fine. I was not held up a moment, the sentries evidently taking me for a Belgian peasant on his way to work.

Traveling faster than I had ever done before since my escape, I was soon out in the open country, and the first Belgian I came to I approached for food. He gave me half of his lunch and we sat down on the side of the road to eat it. Of course, he tried to talk to me; but I used the old ruse of pretending I was deaf and dumb and he was quite convinced that it was so. He made various efforts to talk to me in pantomime, but I could not make out what he was getting at, and I think he must have concluded that I was not only half starved, deaf and dumb, but "looney" in the bargain.

When night came I looked around for a place to rest. I had decided to travel in the daytime as well as night, because I understood that it was only a few miles from the frontier, and I was naturally anxious to get there at the earliest possible moment, although I realized that there I would encounter the most hazardous part of my whole adventure. To get through the heavily guarded barbed wire and electrically charged barrier was a problem that I hated to think of, even though the hours I spent endeavoring to devise some way of outwitting the Huns were many.

It had occurred to me, for instance, that it would not be such a difficult matter to vault over the electric fence, which was only nine feet high. In college, I knew a ten-foot vault is considered a high-school boy's accomplishment, but there were two great difficulties in the way of this solution. In the first place it would be no easy matter to get a pole of the right length, weight and strength to serve the purpose. More particularly, however, the pole-vault idea seemed to me to be out of the question because of the fact that on either side of the electric fence, six feet from it, was a six-foot barbed wire barrier. To vault safely over a nine-foot electrically charged fence was one thing, but to combine with it a twelve-foot broad

without asking to pay for it, as I realized what a task it must have been for them to support themselves without eating. I gave the man a mark and then indicated that I wanted something to eat. They were just about to set themselves, apparently, and they let me partake of their meal, which consisted of a huge bowl of some kind of soup which I was unable to identify and which they served in ordinary wash basins. I don't know that they ever used the basins to wash in as well, but whether they did or not did not worry me very much. The soup was good and I enjoyed it.

All the time I was there I could see the father and the eldest son, a boy

at least fourteen feet wide, with the certain knowledge that to touch the electrically charged fence meant instant death. If you came a cropper the first time and indicated that I wanted something to eat. They were just about to set themselves, apparently, and they let me partake of their meal, which consisted of a huge bowl of some kind of soup which I was unable to identify and which they served in ordinary wash basins. I don't know that they ever used the basins to wash in as well, but whether they did or not did not worry me very much. The soup was good and I enjoyed it.

The still idea was also impracticable because of the lack of suitable timber and tools with which to construct the stilts.

It seemed to me that the best thing to do was to travel up and down the line a bit in the hope that some spot might be discovered where conditions were more favorable, although I don't know just what I expected along those lines.

It was mighty disheartening to realize that only a few feet away lay certain liberty and that the only things preventing me from reaching it were three confounded fences. I thought of my machine and wished that some that fair would get it in front of me for just one minute.

I spent the night in a clump of bushes and kept in hiding most of the next day, only going abroad for an hour or two in the middle of the day to intercept some Belgian peasant and beg for food. The Belgians in this section were naturally very much afraid of the Germans and I fared badly. In nearly every house German soldiers were quartered and it was out of the question for me to apply for food in that direction. The proximity of the border made everyone eye each other with more or less suspicion and I soon came to the conclusion that the safest thing I could do was to live on raw vegetables which I could steal from the fields at night as I had previously done.

That night I made another survey of the barrier in that vicinity, but it looked just as hopeless as it had the night before and I concluded that I only needed my time there.

I spent the night wandering north, guided by the North Star which had served me so faithfully on all my traveling. Every mile or two I would make my way carefully to the barrier to see if conditions were any better, but it seemed to be the same all along. I felt like a wild animal in a cage, with about as much chance of getting out. The section of the country in which I was now wandering was very heavily wooded and there was really no very good difficulty in keeping myself concealed, which I did all day long, striving all the time to think of some way to escape. My mind circumvented that cursed barrier.

The idea of a huge stepladder occurred to me, but I searched hour after hour in vain for lumber or fallen trees upon which I could construct one. If I could only obtain something which would enable me to reach a point about six feet in the air it would be a comparatively simple matter to jump from that point over the electric fence.

Then I thought that perhaps I could construct a simple ladder and lean it against one of the posts upon which the electric wires were strung, climbing up to a fairly large and one somewhat smaller, about fourteen feet long and six deep. In this smaller room there were two double-bedded beds, which were apparently intended to house the whole family, although how the whole twelve of them could sleep in that room will ever remain a mystery to me.

From the kitchen you could walk directly into the cow-barn, where two cows were kept, and this, as I have pointed out before, is the usual construction of the poorer Belgian houses.

I could not make out why the caller seemed to be so antagonistic to me, and yet I saw him staring at me as if he were afraid. I had a chance to look around the room. There were three aluminum trunks, a small chest and one somewhat smaller, about fourteen feet long and six deep. In this smaller room there were two double-bedded beds, which were apparently intended to house the whole family, although how the whole twelve of them could sleep in that room will ever remain a mystery to me.

At that time, and I suppose it is true today, about 94 per cent of the people in Belgium were wearing wooden shoes. Among the peasants I did not believe I ever saw any other kind of footwear and they are more common there than they are in Holland. The Dutch wear them more on account of a lack of leather. I was told that during the coming year practically all the peasants and poorer people in Germany, too, will adopt wooden shoes for farm work, as that is one direction in which wood can be substituted for leather without much loss.

When the young man left, I left shortly afterwards, as I was not at all comfortable about what his intentions were regarding me. For all I knew he might have gone to notify the German authorities that there was a strange man in the vicinity—more perhaps to protect his friends from suspicion of having aided me than to injure me.

At any rate, I was not going to take any chances and I got out of that neighborhood as rapidly as I could.

That night found me right on the frontier of Holland.

CHAPTER XVII.

Getting Through the Lines. Waiting until it was quite dark, I made my way carefully through a field and eventually came to the much dreaded barrier.

It was all that I had heard about it. Every foot of the border line between Belgium and Holland is protected in precisely the same manner. It is there to serve three purposes: first, to prevent the Belgians from escaping into Holland; second to keep enemies, like myself, from making their way to freedom; and third, to prevent desertions on the part of Germans themselves. One look was enough to convince any one that it probably accomplished all three objects about as well as any contrivance could, and one look was all I got of it that night for while I lay on my stomach gazing at the forbidding structure I heard the measured stride of a German sentry advancing towards me and I crawled away as fast as I possibly could, determined to spend the night somewhere in the fields and make another and more careful survey the following night.

The view I had obtained, however, was sufficient to convince me that the pole-vault idea was out of the question even if I had a pole and was a proficient pole-vaulter. The three fences covered a span of at least twelve feet and to clear the last barbed wire fence it would be necessary to vault not only at least ten feet high, but at

that ladder concealed at dusk he would see it even though, fortunately for me, it was an unusually dark night.

I pulled the ladder out of his path and lay down flat on the ground not seven feet away from his feet. He passed so close that I could have pushed the ladder out and tripped him up.

It occurred to me that I could have climbed back under the barbed wire fence and waited for the sentry to return and then felled him with a blow on the head, as he had no idea, of course, that there was anyone in the vicinity. I wouldn't have hesitated to take life, because my only thought was to get into Holland, but I thought that as long as he didn't bother me perhaps the safest thing to do was not to bother him, but to continue my efforts during his periodic absence.

His heat at this point was apparently fairly long and allowed me more time for thought than I had hoped for.

My mishap with the ladder had convinced me that my escape in that way was not feasible. The shock that I had received had unnerved me and I was afraid to risk it again, particularly as I realized that I had fared more fortunately than I could hope to again if I met with a similar mishap. There was no way of making that ladder hold and I gave up the idea of using it.

I was now right in front of this electric barrier and I studied the saw another way of getting by. If I couldn't get over it, what was the matter with getting under it?

The bottom wire was only two inches from the ground and, of course, I couldn't touch it, but my plan was to dig underneath it and then crawl through the hole in the ground.

I had only my hands to dig with, but I went at it with a will and fortunately the ground was not very hard. When I had dug about six inches, making a distance in all of eight inches from the lowest electric wire. I came to an underground wire. I knew enough about electricity to realize that this wire could not be charged, as it was in contact with the ground, but still there was not room between the live wire and this underground wire for me to crawl through, and I either had to go back or dig deep enough under this wire to crawl under it or else pull it up.

This underground wire was about as big around as a lead pencil and there was no chance of breaking it. The jack-knife I had had at the start of my travels I had long since lost and even if I had had something to hammer with, the noise would have made the method impracticable.

I went on digging. When the total distance between the live wire and the bottom of the hole I had dug was thirty inches, I took hold of the ground wire and pulled on it with all my strength.

It wouldn't budge. It was stretched taut across the narrow ditch I had dug—about fourteen inches wide—and all the tugging didn't serve to loosen it.

I was just about to give up in despair when a staple gave way in the nearest post. That enabled me to pull the wire through the ground a few inches and I renewed my efforts.

At last, after what seemed like hours of pulling, the wire gave way and I was able to crawl under it.

I was just about to give up in despair when a staple gave way in the nearest post. That enabled me to pull the wire through the ground a few inches and I renewed my efforts.

At last, after what seemed like hours of pulling, the wire gave way and I was able to crawl under it.

I was just about to give up in despair when a staple gave way in the nearest post. That enabled me to pull the wire through the ground a few inches and I renewed my efforts.

At last, after what seemed like hours of pulling, the wire gave way and I was able to crawl under it.

I was just about to give up in despair when a staple gave way in the nearest post. That enabled me to pull the wire through the ground a few inches and I renewed my efforts.

At last, after what seemed like hours of pulling, the wire gave way and I was able to crawl under it.

I was just about to give up in despair when a staple gave way in the nearest post. That enabled me to pull the wire through the ground a few inches and I renewed my efforts.

At last, after what seemed like hours of pulling, the wire gave way and I was able to crawl under it.

I was just about to give up in despair when a staple gave way in the nearest post. That enabled me to pull the wire through the ground a few inches and I renewed my efforts.

At last, after what seemed like hours of pulling, the wire gave way and I was able to crawl under it.

I was just about to give up in despair when a staple gave way in the nearest post. That enabled me to pull the wire through the ground a few inches and I renewed my efforts.

At last, after what seemed like hours of pulling, the wire gave way and I was able to crawl under it.

I was just about to give up in despair when a staple gave way in the nearest post. That enabled me to pull the wire through the ground a few inches and I renewed my efforts.

At last, after what seemed like hours of pulling, the wire gave way and I was able to crawl under it.

I was just about to give up in despair when a staple gave way in the nearest post. That enabled me to pull the wire through the ground a few inches and I renewed my efforts.

At last, after what seemed like hours of pulling, the wire gave way and I was able to crawl under it.

I was just about to give up in despair when a staple gave way in the nearest post. That enabled me to pull the wire through the ground a few inches and I renewed my efforts.

At last, after what seemed like hours of pulling, the wire gave way and I was able to crawl under it.

I was just about to give up in despair when a staple gave way in the nearest post. That enabled me to pull the wire through the ground a few inches and I renewed my efforts.

At last, after what seemed like hours of pulling, the wire gave way and I was able to crawl under it.

I was just about to give up in despair when a staple gave way in the nearest post. That enabled me to pull the wire through the ground a few inches and I renewed my efforts.

At last, after what seemed like hours of pulling, the wire gave way and I was able to crawl under it.

GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY

Graham Baptist Church—Rev. J. U. Weston, Pastor. Preaching every first and third Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 8.45 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 10.00 a. m.—W. R. Harden, Superintendent.

New Providence Christian Church—North Main Street, near Depot—Rev. F. C. Lester, Pastor. Preaching every Second and Fourth Sundays at 11.00 a. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 8.45 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. Fernald, Pastor. Preaching 1st, 2nd and 3rd Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 8.45 a. m.—Belle Zachary, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7.30 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal, South—Main and Mary Streets, Rev. D. R. Erhardt, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11.00 a. m. and at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 8.45 a. m.—W. H. 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 8.45 a. m.—J. L. Amick, Supt.

Presbyterian—West Elm Street, Rev. T. M. McConnell, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11.00 a. m.—Lyns 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 8.30 p. m.—J. Harvey White, Superintendent.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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

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

DR. WILL S. LONG, JR., DENTIST, 200 North Carolina Street. Office in Simmons Building.

ACOB A. LONG, J. KIMBER LONG, **LONG & LONG**, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, GRAHAM, N. C.

JOHN H. VERNON, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law, POKES—Office 654—Residence 327 BURLINGTON, N. C.

Went a new stomach? IT'S YOURS—USE "DIGESTIN". Nature's restorative and safe substitute to quick relief from stomach ills: Heartburn, Dizziness, Acid Mouth, Loss Appetite, Sleeplessness, etc. Known, trusted and tried by thousands the whole land over.

Hayes Drug Company, GRAHAM, N. C.

LIVES OF CHRISTIAN MINISTERS. This book, entitled as above, contains over 200 memoirs of Ministers in the Christian Church with historical references. An interesting volume—nicely printed and bound. Price per copy, cloth, \$2.00; gilt, \$2.50. By mail 20c extra. Orders may be sent to P. J. KERNDLER, 1012 E. Marshall St., Richmond, Va. Orders may be left at this office.

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.