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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 analysed 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.

W. H. AUSLEY.

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One fact that tends to facilitate the peace conference is that President Wilson and Col. House may each feel confident that the other will O. K. his ideas without delay.

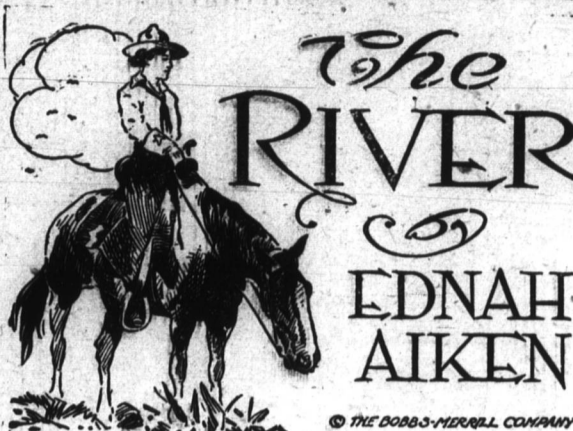
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An indulgent New York wife declines to contest the suit for divorce brought by her husband. "I have always let him have his way; why change now? Let him go ahead and get his divorce, if he wants it," says this amiable woman.

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. jul1814t

As soon as it becomes assured that food supplies are to be sent to Germany, Trotsky announces plans for an invasion by Russia.

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



THE DOGG-MERRILL COMPANY

CHAPTER I. K. K. Rickard, an engineer of the Overland Pacific, is called to the office of President Marshall in Tucson, Ariz. "Casey" is assigned to the office force; he wears "dundee" clothes, but he had received a chair of engineering in the East to go on the road as a train and his promotion had been spectacular. While waiting for Marshall, Rickard reads a report on the ravages of the Colorado Desert. The report of Thomas Hardin of the Desert Reclamation Company. Under Rickard and married Gertrude Holmes, with whom Rickard had fancied he was in love.

CHAPTER II. Marshall tells Rickard the Overland Pacific has got to step in to save the Imperial Valley and sends him to the border. Rickard declines the case he does not want to supplant Hardin, who is in love with the river; damn the expense, says Marshall.

CHAPTER III. Rickard journeys to Calexico, sees the irrigated desert and hears the engineers' story of the work. CHAPTER IV. At the hotel he meets Mr. and Mrs. Hardin and Innes Hardin, Hardin's business partner, who is married to a woman whom Rickard had known in his former life and invites him to dinner.

CHAPTER V. Rickard visits the company's offices and takes control. He finds the engineers' story of the work. CHAPTER VI. Rickard returns to his office. Hardin rages. Estrada tells Rickard of his foreboding that his work will fail. "I can't see it finished," tells him of the general situation.

CHAPTER VII. Innes is discovered in her garden. She tries to cheer up Hardin, who is furious against Rickard. CHAPTER VIII. A family luncheon of the Hardins which throws light on them. CHAPTER IX. Rickard discovers that Hardin is plotting to overthrow him. He tells them to get out of his house. CHAPTER X. The Rivals.

From the window of the adobe office building of the company, Hardin saw Rickard jump from the rear platform of the train as it slowed into the station. He noticed that the new manager carried no bag. "Wonder what he's decided to do about the headgate. He didn't waste much time out there," Hardin was fretting in his seat, his eyes on the approaching figure. Rickard passed through the room, nodding to his office force. The door of the inner office shut behind him. Hardin stared at the blank surface. He moved restlessly in his swivel chair. Did the fellow think a big thing like that could hang on while he unpacked his trunks and settled his bureau drawers? He picked up a pencil, jabbing at the paper of his report. He covered the sheet with figures—three hundred—six hundred. Six hundred feet. Whose fault that the intake had widened, doubling its width, trebling its problem? Whose but Marshall's, who had sent down one of his office clerks to see what Hardin was doing? Would't any man in his senses know that the way Mattland would distinguish himself would be by discrediting Hardin, by throwing bouquets to Marshall; praising his plan? They all go at it the same sickening way! Office clerk, Mattland had advised against the completion of the gate. Said it would cost more in time and money than Hardin's estimates. "Thanks to Mattland it did," growled Hardin, scriawling figures over the page. "By the time Mattland finished monkeying with that toy dam of his the river had widened the break from three hundred to six hundred feet. For that, they throw mud at me. Oh, it makes me sick." Hardin flung his broken pencil out of the window. Rickard re-entered the room. The question leaped from Hardin. "The headgate—are you going on with it?" Rickard looked curiously at the flushed antagonistic face of the man

"Lying, yes!" grimaced the Hardin mouth to its reflection in the mirror. How many times that week had he been repulsed by a locked door, a sudden curtain of silence or a "Run away for a while. I'm trying to catch a nap." Easy now to see why Gertrude had wanted to "hold the reins" that week! She didn't need to pierce those canvas walls to know that there had been feverish activity for this dinner. A new gown would appear tonight, made secretly. An exquisite meal, and so one must comment on its elaboration. Twice Tom and she had been asked to take their lunch at the hotel. "Because of a headache!" A headache! Tom's wife could not even shop openly! Bundles had always the air of mystery, never opened before Tom or herself. She must have yards of stuff laid away, kept for sudden emergencies. "She can't help it. It's her disposition. Look at your face, Innes, you're in a bad way. What was it to her the pettiness of a woman when an accident of life had swept upon the beach beside her? Gertrude was not her kind, not the sort she would pick out for a friend. She was an oriental, one of the harem women, whose business it is in life to please one man, to keep his home soft, his comforts ready, keep him convinced, moreover, that it is the desire of his life to support her. Her self dissatisfied, often rebellious, staying by him for self-interest, not for love—ah, that was her impeachment. "Not loving."

Soberly she covered her plain bracelets with a white wait of cotton ducking. Aged leather belt and crimson tie she added self-consciously. "Where is my bloodstone pin?" Hadn't she spent an hour at least matching that particular leather belt? But he was a man, in battle. The headgate held up; it was too bad. Silent, Bodewelt, Wooster, Grant, all of them fighting mad because of the headgate at the headgate. All up in arms, at last, against Marshall, because of this cruel cut to their throats. Hardin. Her eyes glowed like yellow amp as she recalled their fervid passion.

Only one man who can save the valley, and that's Tom Hardin. Wooster had said that; but they all believed it. The loyalty of the force had not shamed of her soft woman's ears. For these were times when the questioned her brother's ability. He had a large, loose way of handling things. He was too optimistic. But those men, those engineers must know, it was probably the man's way of sweeping ahead, ignoring detail. The verdict of those field-tried men told her that the other, the careful, planning way, was the office method. Rickard, as a dinner neighbor, she had found interesting; but for great undertakings a man who would let a Gertrude Holmes Jill him, ruin his life for him! The whole story sprang at her clear from the dropped innuendo. She adjusted a barrette in her smoothly brushed hair. Slowly she walked over to the neighboring tent. Gertrude frowned at the white duck.

"You might at least have worn your blue!" "You're elegant enough for the two of us. Isn't that something new?" Gertrude said carelessly that she had had it for a long time. For she had had the material a long time. It wasn't necessary to explain to her husband's sister that it had been made up that week. She hoped that she didn't look "russed up." Would Mr. Rickard think she was attaching any importance to the simple little dress? For it was nothing to him, of course. A man of his standing, whom the great Tom Marshall ranked so high, probably dined out several times each week, with white-capped maids and candelabra! If Tom had only made the most of his opportunities. What a gambler, life to a woman!

She made a trip into her bedroom and took a reassuring survey in her mirror. The lingerie frock would look simple to a man who would never suspect it of hand-made duplicity. Her glass declared the hand-whipped medallions casual and elegant. And a long time ago, a lifetime ago, Rickard had told her that she always should wear blue, because of her eyes. Innes from the next room could hear Gertrude trying Tom to wear his Tuxedo.

"Isn't one due enough for you?" growled her surly lord. Innes recognized the mood and shrank from the ordeal ahead. It was the mood of the Hardin in the rough, the son of his frontier mother, the fruit of old Jesper Olden's grape smiddy had been the redoubtable for the widest roughs, the fiercest cattlemen in Missouri. "I'd let him see you know what's what, even if we do live like gipsies." The answer to that was another growl. Innes could hear him dragging out the process, grumbling over each detail. That confounded laundry had torn his shirt. He hadn't a decent collar to his name. Where was his black string tie? If Gertrude would keep

"Of course," she did not give her husband time to speak. She meant afterward! She was planning to give something a bit novel in his honor. She refused to see the glare from the man in his outgrown dinner coat. She did not glance toward the sister. What did Mr. Rickard think about a progressive ride? "It sounds very entertaining, but what do you do?" There was a loud guffaw from Tom. With deepened color Gertrude told her. A drive, changing partners, so he could meet all the guests. "I think it will surprise you to find so many nice people here; it certainly did me. One doesn't expect to find congenial people in a new country like this."

Rickard remembered that he had to get back to his hotel. He had letters to write. It had been a splendid day. And what a wonderful home she had made out of a sand-baked lot, out of a tent! He spoke of the roses and the morning glories. His eyes fell on the open piano, the reading table with the current magazines. Now he couldn't understand why they ever went to that hotel! Gertrude's eyes were shining as deep pools of water on which the sun plays. She looked almost infantile as she stood by the two tall men, her head perched birdlike. "Good-by! and I hope you'll come again!" Of course he'd come again!

"And you will let me know when you return, so that I may set the date for my party?" Innes did not get his answer. She had been observing that he was not taller than her brother. He looked taller. He was lean, and Tom was growing stocky. She wished he would not slouch so, his hands in his pockets! In Tucson, before she knew that she must dislike Rickard, she had had an impression of virile distinction, of grace, a suggestion of mastered muscles. He had known that it was her brother he was supplanting—did he get any satisfaction from the fact that it was the husband of the woman who had jilted him? Anyway, she did not like him. She could never forgive a hurt that was done to her own. She was a Hardin.

"Innes! Mr. Rickard said good night!" She gave him the tips of her cool, browned fingers. Her eyes did not meet his. "We are simple folk here, Mr. Rickard," she announced, as they took their places around the pretty table. That was her only allusion to deficiencies, but it covered her noisome movements around the board between courses, filled up the gaps when she tucked her head into a kitchen or primitive ice chest, and set the key for the homeliness of the meal itself. The dinner was a triumph of apparent duplicity. Only Innes could guess he time consumed in the perfection of detail, details dear to the hostess's heart. The almonds she had blanched, if course, herself; the grapes she had salted them. The cheese straws were her own. She did not make the mistake of stringing out endless courses. An improvised buffet near at hand made the serving a triumph.

Rickard praised each dish; openly she was admiring her achievement. Innes remembered the story Gertrude had told her in dots and dashes, the story of the old rivalry, glanced covertly at Tom sulking at the head of his own table. "Dear, honest old bear!" "Innes!" cried Mrs. Hardin. "She's started at me. She had been here for his effort to include her in the conversation." "Mr. Rickard asked you if you like it here?" "Thank you—why, of course!" Her answer sounded pert to herself.

Her sister-in-law hastened to add that she remembered the story Gertrude had told her in dots and dashes, the story of the old rivalry, glanced covertly at Tom sulking at the head of his own table. "Dear, honest old bear!" "Innes!" cried Mrs. Hardin. "She's started at me. She had been here for his effort to include her in the conversation." "Mr. Rickard asked you if you like it here?" "Thank you—why, of course!" Her answer sounded pert to herself.

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SPRIT OF OLD GERMAN SHOWN IN MARKED MANNER

Berlin—General Hoffman, real victor at Tannenberg, and General von Lettow-Verbeck are forming a new volunteer corps as a division of guards to preserve order at home, and protect the frontiers of the empire.

Before the Bismarck statue in Keonigsplatz, the national union of German officers, with the imperial colors at the head of which was a band of officers playing the Kaiser hymn, formally made an oath of allegiance in the form of a resolution regarding the frontiers of the empire founded by the "Iron Chancellor."

Just as the procession was passing the British embassy, General Ludendorff turned the corner from Vaterden Linden. Some one recognized him and in an instant he was surrounded and there were wild cheers. Ludendorff was obviously perturbed by the demonstration, which in the present mood of suspicion against him entertained by many can do him no good service.

NAMES OF 5,500 SOLDIERS SO FAR LISTED AS MISSING

Washington—General Pershing reported to the war department there are still 5,500 officers and men of the expeditionary forces listed as missing. This total compares with the British official figures of 161,000 missing, and the French 230,000.

BERLIN GOVERNMENT PROTEST ANENT LUDENDORFF INCIDENT

Berlin—The government has protested to army officers against the demonstration they gave for General Ludendorff on the ground that it has given opponents an opportunity to assert that everything is the same in Germany as under the former emperor. If Ludendorff asked for a tribunal to hear his case, the government, it is announced, would grant his request and would of that it was composed of impartial persons.

AUSTRALIA FIRMLY OPPOSED TO JAPANESE AMENDMENT

Paris—William M. Hughes, the premier of Australia, made the statement to the Associated Press that he was unalterably in opposition to the proposed Japanese racial equality amendment to the covenant of the league of nations or to any form of it, however mild.

GERMAN OBJECTIONS MAY BE DISREGARDED BY THE ALLIES

Paris—The Temps says that the allied and associated governments seem to have decided to disregard the German objections concerning Danzig and to land, by force if necessary, Polish troops at this Baltic seaport.

BUILDING ACTIVITIES IN SOUTH SHOW IMPROVEMENT

Washington—The reports to the department of labor from its field agents this week show a decided improvement in building and construction activities. "A decidedly optimistic tone is found in reports during the last 10 days." The southeastern states show great improvement in construction with New York city leading with the south next. It will be some days before the south is back to normal.

Graham Church Directory

- Graham Baptist Church—Rev. L. U. Weston, Pastor. Freshening every first and third Sundays at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 8:45 a. m. W. L. Ward, Supt. Prayer meeting every Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. Graham Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rev. F. C. Lester. Freshening 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. Freshening every Second and Fourth Sundays at 8:00 o'clock. 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. Ferman, Pastor. Freshening every 2d and 3rd Sundays at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 8:45 a. m.—Belle Schary, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Methodist Episcopal, South—Main and Map Streets, Rev. J. R. Edwards, Pastor. Freshening every 7th Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and at 7:00 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 8:45 a. m.—W. B. Green, Supt. M. P. Church—N. Main Street, Rev. R. S. Troxler, Pastor. Freshening 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. Sunday School every Sunday at 8:45 a. m.—Lynn B. Williamson, Superintendent. Presbyterian (Travosa Chapel)—J. W. Clagg, pastor. Freshening every Second and Fourth Sundays at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.—J. Harvey White, Superintendent.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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In addition to being an editor and a statesman, Mr. Wilson likely to become a pretty g. man. Here again comes that advice on foods saying nuts are sources of fat. He can tell that to the squirrels. That admonition, "Keep away from Europe" certainly would be needlessly addressed to us. Keeping away from Europe is one of the easiest things we do.

BUY WAR SAVING STAMPS



Her Eyes Did Not Meet His.

meet his; she would not meet that laughing scrutiny. "Good night, Mr. Rickard," "pantpuuo sq o,l

LEAGUE DISCUSSION CAUSED NO DELAY

DELIBERATIONS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN HELD AT NIGHT OR DURING ODD HOURS. PRESIDENT IS WELL SATISFIED The Revised Covenant is Practically Finished and is in Hands of Committee for Final Drafting.

PRESIDENT IS WELL SATISFIED

President Wilson, who has virtually been silent since his return to Paris, believes the time is opportune for a statement which will lay apprehension over the delay and show the revision of the covenant of the league of nations had proceeded at night sessions, without any interruption to the other main questions.

"In view of the very surprising impression which seems to exist in some quarters that it is the discussions of the committee on the league of nations that are delaying the final formulation of peace, I am very glad to take the opportunity of reporting that the conclusion of this commission was the first to be laid before the plenary conference.