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Manila Bulletin: President Wilson says the American soldiers war because he asked them to. Tut, tut, we had always been under the impression that they went to war because the kaiser dared tnem to.

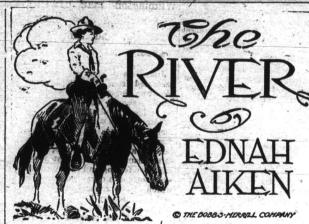
You Can Cure That Backache

and roots. As a regulator i Mothe: Gray's Australian y Druggists or sent by mail for sent free. Address, The o., Le hov. N. Y

Cold, damp, poorly lighted and ventilated poultry quarters favor the spread of such diseases as Such contagious disease as these are difficult and some times impossible to control unless given attention in the early stages. Wherever preventive measures fail, separate sick birds from the flock as soon as there is evidence se and then obtain expert advice to effect a cure.

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

Columbia State: The Bolshe-viki have turned a church into a theater. In their set it was prob ably the only way to fill it.



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER III-Rickard journeys Calexico, sees the irrigated desert learns much about Hardin and his w

CHAPTER

VI-Rickard attends

meeting of the directors and asserts his authority. Hardin rages. Estrada tells Rickard of his foreboding that his work will fall. "I can't see it finished."

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—Hardin discovers the Rickard is planning a levee to prote Calexico and puts him down as incorpetent. Gerty thinks her lord jealous.

CHAPTER XI.

The Fighting Chance.

"Casey's back, sping!" announced Wooster at mess one evening. By that time the feeling against "Marshall's man" was agtively hostile. There had been a smudge of slumbering fires be-

Fanned by much talk during his ab-sence, it had burst into active blaze. They were ready to show their resent-

ment against the man who had sup-

son who returns suddenly into a room,

hushing an active babel of tongues.

he knew what he would find, ample reasons why! He was not given the satisfaction of locating any particular act of disobediene. The men pre-sented a blank wall of politeness, rea-

hurry for that." Rickard was

The chief pretended to accept the

reason; else it were a case of chang-ing horses in midstream. What he

had seen at the Heading, his peep at the exposed valley, his gleaning of the river's history had convinced him

that in haste and concentration lay

ngineers, the seasoned desert sol-llers. He needed them, must win

their confidence if he could. If not, they must save the valley anyway! The imperturbable front of Silent, his

easier to control the snapping terrier

of a Wooster. He had told Silent dis

tinctly to gather his men and rush the levee. A good soldier had made a bet-ter guess than his, and had stopped

the casual work at Black Butte, or had found Indians! Thoughtfully

Rickard followed that last suggestion

He gathered all the recruits he

needed that morning. The Indians, lazy Cocopahs, crept out of their huts to earn a few of the silver dollars held

out to them by the new white boss

A few Mexican laborers were bribed

to toss up earth to the west of the town. Estrada, at his request, put a squad of his road force at the service

squad of his road force at the of the manager. He could not spars

The railroad had already started

the line projected by Hardin to Mar-shall the year before, a spur aeross the desert, dipping into Mexico be-tween the lenn, restless sandhills, from Calexico to Yuma. The Mexican

government had agreed to pay five

thousand dollars a mile were the road

was keping his men on the jump to

fill the contract, to make his nation

pay the price. The completion of the

lies, men, could be rushed through to

In spite of his haunting sense of ultimate failure the growing belief in the omnipotence of the Great Yellow

ent help to the valley; sup-

ompleted at a certain period. Estrada

across the ditch into Mexicali.

big stare, exasperated

fore Rickard had left the

lowers of the Little Corporal.

Estrada's work was as intense as though he were hastening a sure vic-tory. The dauntless spirit of the elder Estrada pushed the track over the hot sands where he, must dance at times to keep his feet from burning. Many of the rails they laid at night.

"Rickard's gone hog-wild," Hardin told his family the next morning. "Building a levee between the towns! The man's off his head."

"There isn't any danger?" Gerty's anxiety made the deep blue eyes look under Rickard and had married Gerty 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 break. Rickard declines be-cause he does not want to supplant Har-din, but is won over. "Stop the river; damn the expense," says Marshall.

Innes looked up for Tom's answer. His face was ugly with passion.

"Danger! It's a bluff, a big show of activity here because he's buffa-loed; he doesn't know how to tackle the job out there." It had begun to look that way to

searms much about Hardin and his work. CHAPER IV.—At the hotel he meets Mr. and Mrs. Hardin and Innes Hardin, Hardin's half sister. Disappointed in her busband and an incorrigible coquette, Mrs. Hardin's state neap for her former lover and invites him to dinner. CHAPTER V.—Rickard visits the company's offices and takes control. He finds the engineers loyal to Hardin and hostile to him. Estrada, a Maxican, son of the "Father of the Imperial Valley," tells bim of the general situation.

CHAPTER VI.—Rickard attends a ore than one. It was talked at Coulter's store; in the outer office of the D. R. company where the engi-neers foregathered; among the chair tilters who idled in front of the Desert hotel. "The man does not know how to tackle his job!" A levee, and the gate held up! What protection to the towns would be that toy levee if the river should return on one of its spectacular sprees? A levee, and the ntake itself not guarded? He was whispered of as incompetent; one of Marshall's clerks. He was given a short time to blow himself out. A ookman, a theorist.

"As well put sentinels a few miles from prison and leave the jall doors This was Wooster's gibe. All saw the Colorado as a marauder at large. "And a little heap of sand stacked up to scare it off! It's a

Mrs. Hardin found it difficult to meet with diplomacy the confidences which inevitably came her way. As Hardin's wife she was expected to en-joy the universal censure the new man was acquiring. Gerty's light touches too slight for championship, passed as a sweet charity. Her own those days was trying. She di yet know her diplomatic lesson.

Apparently unaware of the talk Rickard spent the greater part of his time superintending the levee. He could trust no one else to do it, no planted Hardin, their Napoleon, if it cost them their places. By this time the cause of the desert was as com-pelling to these hardy soldiers as were the lily banners of France to the folone unless it were Estrada, who was rushing his steel rails through to the front and was needed there Rickard was not expected. He had been gone less than a week. The ef-fect of his return was that of a per-

Things were moving under his constant goading. The extra pay was showing results. He should be at the Heading now, he kept telling himself, but he was convinced that the instant he turned his back, the work on the levee would stop; and all the reasons excellent! Some emergency would be scated a blank wall of pointenessonable and ineffectual. Silent explained briefly that he had not been able to collect enough men. Most of the force was busy in the No. 6 district, trying to push the shattered Wistaria through by a new route before that year's crops were entirely ruined. That's Grant's Heading; the saudd, "He was fretting to be at work, to the solution of the was fretting to be at work, to the solution of the was fretting to be at work, to the solution of t cooked up to warrant the withdrawal of the hands. Chafe as he might at the situation, it was to be guerrilla warfare. Not a fight in the open, he

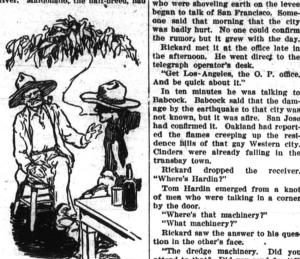
A gang was at Grant's Heading; the A gang was at Grant's Heading; the floor needed bracing. Another squad, Irish's, was in the Volcano Lake results, where they were excavating for machinery toward his problem. He machinery toward his problem. He machinery toward his problem. "No hurry for that. Internet with drilled militin, was ready for his call, glad to pick a flaw in such a perfect The call lagged, not that he did not pattern. "You might have withdrawn need men, but there was no place drilled militia, was ready for his call those men and put them to work on ready for them. The camp, that was "I was given no authority to de that." another rub. There was no camp! It take. "Get ready first; your tools, your stoves, your beds." That was the training of the good executive, of men like Marshall and MacLean. Notking to be left to chance; to foresee ener-

the valley's only chance. He must re-fuse to see the insubordination of the aware. The reason of Hardin's downfall was his slipshed habits. How could he be a good officer who had never drilled as a soldier? There was the gap at the intake, Hardin's grotesque folly, widened from one hundred feet to ten times the original cut; widening every day, with neither equipment nor camp adequate to push through a work

Rickard knew where he would get is rock. Already he had requisitioned the entire output of the Tacna and Patagonia quarries. He had ordered steam shovels to be installed at the quarry back of old Hamlin's. That rock plt would be his first crutch, and the gravel bed—that was a find! As he paced the levee west of the towns. he was planning his campaign. Porter was scouring Zacatecas for men; he himself had offered, as bait, free transportation; the O. P. he knew would back him. He was going to throw out a spur-track from the Heading, touching at the quarry and grave pit, on to the main road at Yuma. Double track most of the way; sidings every three miles. Rock must be rushed; the trains must be pu through. He itched to begin. It never occurred to him that, like Hardin, he

"Though it's no pink tea," he told Dragon as the Cocopans visualized it, himself, "it's no picnic." At Tucson

he knew that the situation was a grave one, but his talk with Brandon, During the morning, unfathered, as romors are born, the whisper of dis-aster somewhere spread. Their own slight shock was the edge of the con-vulsion which had been serious else-where, no one knew quite where, or why they knew it at all. The men who were shoveling earth on the levee began to talk of San Francisco, Some-began to talk of San Francisco, Somewho knew his river as does a good In-dian, made the year a significant, eventful one. Matt Hamlin, too, whose shrewd eyes had grown river-wise, ne, too, had had tales to tell of the tricky river. Maldonado, the half-breed, had began to talk of San Francisco. Some



Maldonado Had Confirmed Their Por

onfirmed their portents while they sat ogether under his oleander, famous throughout that section of the coun try. And powerfully had Cor'nel, the Indian who had piloted Estrada's party across the desert, whom Rickard had met at the Crossing, deeply had he impressed him. pressed him. The river grew into a nalevolent, mocking personality; he could see it a dragon of yellow waters, dragging its slow, sluggish length across the baked desert sands; decelving men by its inertness; luring the explorer by a mild mood to rise sudlenly with its wild fellow, the Gila. sending boat and boatmen to their

Rickard was thinking of the halfbreed, Maldonado, as he inspected the new stretch of levee between the towns. He had heard from others be-sides Estrada of the river knowledge of this descendant of trapper and squaw, and had thought it worth while to ride the twenty miles from down the river to talk with him. The man suavity, his narrow slits of eyes, the lips thin and facile, deep lines of cruelty falling from them, had repelled his visitor. The mystery of the followed him. Why the 'dobe which completely surrounded the small, low dwellings? Why the cauious admittance, the atmosphere of uspicion? Rickard had seen the wife. a frightened shadow of a woman; had een her flinch when the brute for her. He had questioned Cor'nel about the half-breed. He was remem-bering the wrinkles of contempt on the old Indian's face as he delivered himself of an oracular grunt.

"White man? No. Indian? No! Coyote!

Though he suspected Maldonado would lie on principle, though it might be that two-thirds of his glib tissue vere false, yet a thread of truth co ncident with the others, Brandon and Hamlin and Cor'nel, might be pulled out of his romantic fabric

"When the waters of the Gila run when the waters of the Glia run red look out for troubel!" He doubt-ed that they ever ran red. He would ask Cornel. He had also spoken of a cycle, known to Indians, of a hun-dredth year, when the Dragon grows restless; this he had declared was hundredth year.

Following his talk with Maldonado and the accidental happy chance meeting with Coronel at the Crossing Rickard had written his first report to Tod Marshall. Before he had come to the Heading he had expected to advise against the completion of the wooden headgate at the Crossing. Hamlin was a fighting chance. And he wanted

to be fair. Next to being successful dence?

he wanted to be fair.
"It's time to be hearing from Marwas not equipped for a sudden innation of men. The inefficiency of the
projectors of this desert scheme had
never seemed so criminal as when he
had surveyed the equipment at the intake "Get ready first; your tools," a clean sixten head, as thinking, as no
walked back to the hotel. "I wonder
ing, but the return of the old lover
had made a wonderful break in her
her personally, he would like to begin with
take "Get ready first; your tools," a clean sixten head; right Clumsy a clean slate-begin right. work had been done it was true, vethere were urgent reasons now for haste; and the gate was nearly half done! He had gone carefully over the situation. The heavy snowfall, unprecedented for years, a hundred, according to the Indians—on the Wind cording to the Indians—on the Wind Rover mountains—the lakes swollen with ice, the Gila restless, the summer floods wat to be floods yet to be met; perhaps, he now thought, he had been overfair in emphasizing the arguments for the head-gate. For the hundred feet were now a thousand feet—yet he had spoken of that to Marshall: "Calculate for camp acceptance can be accepted and the original magnitude of half the original magnitude of half the original magnitude of half the original state of the state is all Indian talk."

A guess, at best, whatever they did It was pure gamble what the tricky Colorado would do. Anyway, he had given the whole situation to Marshall In his box at the hotel was a telegram which had been sent over from the office—from Tod Marshall. "Take the fighting chance. But remember to

speak more respectfully of Indians." "Marshall all over," laughed his sub-"Now it's a case of hustle! But dollars to doughnuts, as Junior says, we don't do it!"

CHAPTER XII.

Hardin's Luck.

Two days later there was a shock of earthquake, so slight that the lapping of the water in Rickard's bath was his intimation of the earth's uneasiness. In the dining room later he found everyone discussing it. mber an earthquake in that desert? "The first shake!"

rence days. The enmity of those two men, both her lovers, was pregnant with romantic suggestion. The drama of desert and river centered now in the story of Gerty Hardin. Rickard, who had never married! The deduction, once unveiled, lost all its shyness. And

he rumor, but it grew with the day. Rickard met it at the office late in the afternoon. He went direct to the telegraph operator's desk.
"Get Los-Angeles, the O. P. office. And be quick about it."
In ten minutes he was talking to Babcock. Babcock said that the damage by the certification to the certification of memory of her exquisite delightmemory or ner exquisite delight—de-liftous as-was her joy, there was room for triumph. She had seen herself clear of the noisy boarding house. Her-self, Gerty Holmes, the wife of a pro-fessor; able to have the things she age by the earthquake to that city was age by the earthquake to that city was not known, but it was aftre. San Jose had confirmed it. Oakland had report-ed the flames creeping up the resi-dence hills of that gay Western city. Cinders were already failing in the craved, to have them openly; no longer having to scheme for them.

ransbay town. Rickard dropped the receiver. "Where's Hardin?" Tom Hardin emerged from a knot of men who were talking in a

"Where's that machinery?" "What machinery?"

Rickard saw the answer to his question in the other's face.

"The dredge machinery. Did you attend to that? Did you send for it?"
"Oh, yes, that's all which you will be the control of th "Oh, yes, that's all right. It's all right. "Is it here?"

Hardin attempted jocularity. "I didn't know as you wanted it here. I ordered it sent to Yuma." "Is it at Yuma?"

Hardin admitted that it was not yet at Yuma; it would be there soon; he had written; oh, it was all right. "When did you write?"

Hardin reddened under the catethan of questions. He resented that held up before his men. The ing held up before his men. The others felt the electricity in the air. Hardin and his successor were glaring at each other like belligerents. "I asked when did you write?" "Yesterday."

"Yesterday!" Rickard ripped out an oath. "Yesterday. Why at all, I'd like to know? Did you understand that you were ordered to get that here? Now, it's gone."

"Gone?" The others crowded up. "San Francsico's burning." He walked into his inner office, mad clear through. He was not thinking of the ruin of the gay young city; not a thought yet did he have of the human tragedies enacting there; of homes lives, fortunes swept into that huge bonfire. As it affected the work at the river, the first block to his campaign, the catastrophe came home to him. He had a picture of tortured, twisted iron, of ruined machinery, the machinery for his dredge. He saw it lying like a spent Laocoon, writhing in its last struggle. He blamed himself for leaving even such a small detail as the hastening of the parts to Hardin's care, for Hardin wasn't fit to be trusted for anything. No one could tell him now the man was unlucky; he was a fool. A month wasted, and days were precious. A month? Months. Hardin's luck. Oh, hell!

Then he began to speculate as he ly get it under control. He began to think of the isolation; the telegraph wires all down. That might happen anywhers! He walked to the door and looked thoughtfully at the com-pany's big water tower. That wasn't

such a bad idea! He picked up his

CHAPTER XIII.

The Wrong Man.
Mrs. Hardin heard from every
ource but the right one that Rickard had returned. Each time her telephone rang, it was his voice she expected to hear. She began to read a meaning into his silence. She could think of nothing else than the strange coincidence that had brought their lives again close. Or was it a coinci-That idea sent her thoughts far afield.

She was thinking too much of him, Rickard was thinking, as he for peace of mind those days of wait-



Most of Her Days

life. Her eyes were brighter; her smile was less forced. She spent most of her days at the sewing machine. A tot of lace was whipped onto lingerie frocks of pale colors. She was a distiple of an Eastern esthete, "We he had said, "should buy the yard, but by the mile.

As her fingers worked among the laces and soft mulls, her mind roved down avenues that should have been closed to her, a wife. She would have protested, had anyone accused her of nfidelity in those days, yet day by day she was straying farther from her hus-band's side. She convinced herself that Tom's gibes and ill-humor were getting harder to endure.

It was inevitable that the woman arem training should relive the Law-

She knew now that she had never she knew now that she had never loved Tom, She had turned to him in those days of pride when Rickard's anger still held him aloof. How many times had she gone over those unreal hours! Who could have known that his anger would last? That hour in the honeyandless his klesse! Non of the honeysuckles; his kisses! None of Hardin's rougher kisses had swept her

It was through Rickard's eyes that she had seen the shortcomings of the college boarding house. She had acquired a keen consciousness of those nuizzical eyes. When they had isolated her, at last, appealing to her sympa-thy or amusement, separating her from all those bolsterous students, her dream of bliss had begun.

In those days, she had seen Hardin through the eyes of the young instruc-tor, younger by several years than his pupil. Her thud of disappointed anger, of dislike, when the face of Hardin peered through the leafy screen! To have waited, prayed for that moment and to have it spoiled like that! There had been days when she had wept because she had not shown her anger! How could she know that everything would end there; end, just beginning Her boarding-house training had taught her to be civil. It was still vivid to her, her anxiety, her tremu-lousness—with Hardin talking forever of a play he had just seen; Rickard

And the next day, still angry with her. Ah, the puzzled desolation of those weeks before she had salved her those weeks before she mid shived her burt; with pride, and then with love! Those days of misery before she could convince herself that she had been in love with love, not with her fleeing love! Hardin was there, eager to be noticed. That affair, she could see now, had lacked finesse

growing stiffer, angrier, refusing to

look at those lips still warm with his

Rickard had certainly loved her, or why had he never married? Why had he left so abruptly his boarding house in midterm? Doesn't jealousy love? Some day, he would tell her; what a hideous mistake hers had been! She ought not to have rushed into that marriage. She knew now it had always been the other. But life was not finished, yet!

The date set for her summer "widowhood" had come, but she lingered. Various reasons, splendid and sacrificial, were given out. There wa much to be done.

"I wish the would be definite," Innes' thoughts complained. She restless to make her own plans. had not yet occurred to her that Gerty would stay in all summer. For she never had so martyrized herself. "Some one must be with Tom. It may spoil my trip. But Gerty never thinks of that." She believed it to be a simple matter of clothes. It always took her weeks to get ready to go any

"But I won't wait any longer than next week. If she does not go then, I will. Absurd for us both to be here."

t was already fiercely hot.

Gerty, meanwhile, had been wonder ing how she could suggest to her sis ter-in-law that her trip be taken first. Without arousing suspicions! Terribly loud in her ears sounded her

thoughts those days. Her husband flung a letter on the table one evening. "A letter to you rom—Casey."

She tried to make the fingers that

closed over the letter move casually. She could feel them tremble. What would she say if Tom asked to see it? It was addressed to her in her ausgave it a quick offhand glance.

"About the drive, of course. Sup-per's getting cold. Look at that ome-Don't wait to wash up. It will be like leather."

When she had finished her meal, she ad her letter with a fine show of indifference. "He bets a date for the drive." She put the letter carelessly into her pocket before her husband could stretch out his hand. It would never do for jealous Tom to read that "Your letter was received two weeks ago. Pardon me for appearing to have forgotten your kindness."

"The nerve." growled Tom again, his mouth full of Gerty's omelette.

To take you up on an invitation like "You must remember we are such old friends," urged his wife. To be continued.

HOWARD E. MADSEN. Sergeant, Co. D, 115th Infantry. Sergeant Madsen was decorated for

conspicuous gallantry in action at Bois-de-Consenvoye, France, October 22, 1918. When the platoon which he was commanding was held up by an enemy machine gun nest, Sergeant Madsen, taking an armful of grenades, advanced alone over ground swept by machine gun fire, put the machine gun out of action, routed the enemy and permitted the platoon to advance with-out casualties. His mother, Mrs. Mary V. Madsen, lives in Baltimore, Md.

COUNCIL OF FOUR IS SADLY TRYING PATIENCE OF THE WORLD BY DELAY.

Arrival of King Albert and Premis Paderewski Taken as Sign of Critical Nature of Discussions.

cil of four 10 days ago met with certain amount of ironical comment, which merely indicated how far the patience of the world had been tried certain amount of ironical comment. patience of the world had been trie up to that point, but on the whole the new development was hailed with general approval in all the capitals of the allies, as a means by which the didays at 11.00 a. and 7.00 p. m. might be cut short and the essential terms of the peace treaty speedily arrived at.

Unfortunately, little has taken place

during the last few days to encourag this first hope. On the contrary, the feeling of unrest and distrust is grow, ing stronger and stronger. The press is semi-officially informed from day to day that satisfactory progress has een made during discussions, but the general impression nevertheless ob-tains that no definite decisions have been reached on any of the most vita points in the treaty, that there ha been and is likely to be much discus sion among the chief delegates upo questions which it was understood i would be the duty of commissions t decide, and, finally, that proposal were being put fofrward which at an rate in some quarters were regarde as little short of disastrous

The sudden arrival of King Alber in an aeroplane was taken as a sign the critical nature of the counc

The arrival of Premier Paderewsk is interpreted in the same mway, as the consequence of the uncertain hand-ling of the Danzig problem by the council of four.

DAUGHTERS OF CONFEDERACY INCORPORATE IN WASHINGTON

Louisville, Ky.-Among recomme dations adopted at the annual conven-tion of the United Daughters of the Confederacy here, was the incorpora tion of the organization in the Dis trict of Columbia, which was accepte by a two-thirds majority vote of the approximate total of 500 delegates at

Miss Mary E. Poppenheim, of Cha dieston, S. C., president general of the organization, submitted the recommendation together with others, which included discontinuance of various was activities; appointment of a commit-tee to revise rules for crosses of hon-or; selection of a committee to ar-range suitable recognition of Confederate descendants serving in the world war; completion of the educa tional endowment ffund of \$50,000 and States government bonds.

Many addresses were made, all euto gizing great Confederate men and we

REDUCTION OF ACREAGE IS ANNOUNCED AS 31 PER CENT

Columbia S C -The south's cotton creage in 1919 will be 31.08 per cent ess than in the previous year, according to a report on acregae reduction estimates from all the cotton growing It was addressed to her in her ausband's care. Hardin had found it at the office in his mail. And she going each shy to the postoffice to prevent it from falling into his hands! She gave it out. representing every county in the state, also appeunced unfavorable weather for planting in 90 per cer of the cotton belt. That 50 per cent less commercial

fertilizer will be used this year, that there is a marked labor shortage, and were other statements made in the COVENANT OF LEAGUE NOW

CONTAINS ANOTHER ARTICLE

Paris - The league of nations draft-Paris.—The league of nations draining committee has completed 15 articles of the league of nations covenant,
which now contains 27 articles. It is
not known what the additional article
LIVES OF CHRISTIAN MINISTERS A full meeting of the league com

mission will be held to consider the revised covenant, which doubtless will undergo further changes before it is submitted to the representatives of the five big nations.

ABE L. ALLEN,

Corporal, Co. B, 28th Infantry. Corporal Allen won the Distinguished Service Cross for bravery in action near Cantigny, France, May 22, 1918. During a heavy bombardment of the front line, although severely injured by the explosion of a shell, which buried two comrades, he promptly and jured by the explosion of a shell, which buried two comrades, he promptly and courageously dug them out with his hands and took them to shelter, being boxes, open end or side down to boxes, open end or side down to but out the light over two or shell and shrapnel. Corporal Allen's home is in Leesville, La. -- |102---

GAIL H. SAGER Corporal, Co. D, 108th Infantry.

Corporal Sager was decorated for extraordinary heroism in action mear Ronssoy, France, September 29, 1918. Upon being wounded in the hand, Cor-Ronssoy, France, September 29, 1918, Upon being wounded in the hand, Corporal Sager bandaged the wound himself and advancing alone toward machine gun nests, which were holding up his company, was killed after proceeding only a short distance. Corporal Sager's widow lives in Buffalo, N. Y.

Graham Church Directory

Graham Baptist Church—Rev. I. Weston, Pastor, Preaching every first and this

m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m. W. I. Ward, Supt.

Drover meeting every Tuesday at Prayer meeting every Tue 7.30 p. m.

Graham Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rey. F. C. Lester. Preaching services every Sec-

FEELING OF UNREST GROWING Sunday School every Sunday at 10.00 a. M.-W. R. Harden, Super-

New Providence Christian Church
-North Main Street, near DepotRev. 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, Superin-

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