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Does not affect the Heart

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Headache
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Lumbago
Toothache
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Pain, Pain
Neuralgia
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Why let a dangerous cough hang on when you can, through a simple treatment, get speedy relief and often break it up completely in 24 hours?

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HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED BY AN EXPERT—COSTS NO MORE



Dr. J. C. Mann, the well known eyesight Specialist and Optician, will be at Dr. Farrell's office, Pittsboro, N. C., every fourth Tuesday and at Dr. Thomas' office, Salisbury, N. C., every fourth Thursday when caused by eye strain. When he fits you with glasses you have the satisfaction of knowing they are correct. Make a note of the date and see him if your eyes are weak.

His next visit to Pittsboro will be on Tuesday, May 25. His next visit to Salisbury will be on Thursday, May 27.

REVEALS SECRET OF ROMANOV MALE HEIR

Merchant Says No Consul Sought "Magic" Water.

New York.—A fantastic "imperial secret" that had its inception on a New York farm and its conclusion in the court of the Romanovs has been told after 20 years of silence by Edward Hatch, a New York merchant, former member of the firm of Lord & Taylor. The story began in 1908. The ill luck of the Romanov dynasty restrained Mr. Hatch from revealing it for many years. Then it grew dim in memory and retrospection made its details even seem more improbable. He continued to keep quiet until a few days ago when, he said, he talked with a woman who had been close to the former German court, and she told him an anecdote which corroborated his story.

Tells of Farm Hoodoo. This was Mr. Hatch's story: In 1908 a New York newspaper published an account of the lamentable state of affairs on the Hatch farm near Brewster, N. Y. Eighty-five per cent of all the animals born there were males, said the paper. Bulls that might have sold for thousands of dollars went to the butcher for what they would bring because the market was flooded. A flock of 30 ewes bore 28 males. All the chickens were roosters. Even the turkeys and carrier pigeons suffered from the hoodoo. The house cat had seven kittens, and six were tom cats.

A hired man and his wife on the farm had five sons. Even the corn would grow only on stubs and scientists said it was male corn.

Soon after the story was published, Mr. Hatch said, a stranger questioned him about it at his store. He wanted an explanation. Mr. Hatch said he thought it might be water, which analysis had shown, contained much phosphorus and magnesium.

The stranger then introduced himself as the Russian consul. He wanted a sample of the water. Mr. Hatch agreed.

A few days later the stranger appeared at the farm with two uniformed attendants. With considerable ceremony they filled a keg with the water. The consul insisted on sealing the bung himself, with elaborate rites. Mr. Hatch asked for what purpose the water was wanted. The only answer he could get was: "Just an experiment."

Russian Male Heir Born. A year later cable dispatches reported that a male heir had been born to the imperial Russian throne. The preceding children of the czar had been daughters.

Mr. Hatch called on the Russian consul. His questions were evaded, and when he became insistent the consul pointedly changed the subject. The merchant's father advised him to keep his mouth to himself, and he did until he heard the recent anecdote attributed to the German court doctor of that day, which seemed to corroborate the implications of his own experience.

Says Bobbed Heads Cause Loss of Hair

New York.—Women who bobbed their hair seven years ago have 50 per cent less hair now than they had then, Frank Parker, hair expert, told several hundred members of the American Master Hair Dressers' association. The association opened its two-day annual convention at which was sounded the keynote, "Death to the bob!" Tight hats worn by women with short hair, duplicating the condition to which common baldness of men is attributed, may be the cause of the loss of hair by women, Mr. Parker said. Charles Nessler, president of the association, made the same statement.

"Nature must compensate for this discouragement to hair growing on the head, and it has been predicted that a race of short-haired women will be a race of short-bearded women," said Mr. Parker. "I think the bob is doomed, however. In 1878 women did the same thing. They cut off their hair and audered the hair dressing business. In 1893 they did the same. Both times they got over it. They will now."

Walks 43,800 Miles to Toll Clock Each Hour

Luray, Va.—Walking 43,800 miles—11 in the night time—is the record established by H. Monroe Duncan of Luray, for the past 30 years night watchman at the Deford Tanning company of this place. During that time Mr. Duncan has tolled the Deford company's night clock every hour from 6 o'clock in the evening until 6 o'clock the following morning—a total of more than 131,400 times. He has been bobbed "Luray's walking night barometer," often deciding disputes as to the character of the weather at certain hours of the night. J. W. Smith, an engineer at the same place for the past 35 years, has walked approximately 25,540 miles in the discharge of his duties between midnight and noon. Mr. Smith, it is estimated, has tolled the concern's whistle a total of 96,600 times, not counting the times he has sounded alarm at outbreaks of fire in Luray.

Lived on Water Paterson, N. J.—Mrs. Samuel Wolf had lost 30 pounds and her auto-intoxication by living 16 days on water.

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whimper that just reached the Willow's ears. Slowly she stretched in an arm. It was bare and round and soft. He might have darted forward the length of his body and buried his fangs in it easily. But something held him back. He knew that it was not an enemy; he knew that the dark eyes shining at him so wonderfully were not filled with the desire to harm—and the voice that came to him softly was like a strange and thrilling music. "Baree! Baree! Upl Baree!"

Over and over again the Willow called to him like that, while on her face she tried to draw herself a few inches farther under the rock. She could not reach him. There was still a foot between her hand and Baree, and she could not wedge herself in an inch more. And then she saw where on the other side of the rock there was a hollow, shut in by a stone. If she had removed the stone, and come in that way—

She drew herself out and stood once more in the sunshine. Her heart thrilled. Pierrot was busy over his bear—and she would not call him. She made an effort to move the stone which closed in the hollow under the big boulder, but it was wedged in tightly. Then she began digging with a stick. If Pierrot had been there, his sharp eyes would have discovered the significance of that stone, which was not larger than a water pail. Possibly for centuries it had lain there, its support keeping the huge rock from toppling down, just as an ounce-weight may swing the balance of a wheel that weighs a ton.

Five minutes—and Nepeese could move the stone. She tugged at it. Inch by inch she dragged it out until at last it lay at her feet and the opening was ready for her body. She looked again toward Pierrot. He was still busy, and she laughed softly as she untied a big red-and-white Bay handkerchief from about her shoulders. With this she would secure Baree. She dropped on her hands and knees and then lowered herself flat on the ground and began crawling into the hollow under the boulder.

Baree had moved. With the back of his head flattened against the rock, he had heard something which Nepeese had not heard; he had felt a slow and growing pressure, and from this pressure he had dragged himself slowly—and the pressure still followed. The mass of rock was settling! Nepeese did not see or hear or understand. She was calling to him more and more pleadingly:

"Baree—Baree—Baree!" Her head and shoulders and both arms were under the rock now. The glow of her eyes was very close to Baree. He whined. The thrill of a great and impending danger stirred in his blood. And then—

In that moment Nepeese felt the pressure of the rock on her shoulder and into the eyes that had been glowing softly at Baree there shot a sudden wild look of horror. And then there came from her lips a cry that was not like any other sound Baree had ever heard in the wilderness—wild, piercing, filled with agonized fear. Pierrot did not hear that first cry. But he heard the second and the third—and then scream after scream as the Willow's tender body was slowly crushed under the settling mass. He ran toward it with the speed of the wind. The cries were weaker—dying away. He saw Baree as he came out from under the rock and ran into the canyon, and in the same instant he saw a part of the Willow's dress and her moccasined feet. The rest of her was hidden under the death-trap. Like a madman Pierrot began digging. When a few moments later he drew Nepeese out from under the boulder she was white and deathly still. Her eyes were closed. His hand could not feel that she was liv-



"Nepeese, Ma Nepeese!"

ing, and a great moan of anguish rose out of his soul. But he knew how to fight for a life. He tore open her dress and found that she was not crushed as he had feared. Then he ran for water. When he returned, the Willow's eyes were open and she was gasping for breath.

"The blessed saints be praised: sobbed Pierrot, falling on his knees at her side. "Nepeese, ma Nepeese!" She smiled at him, with her hands on her bare breast, and Pierrot hugged her up to him, forgetting the water he had run so hard to get.

Still later, when he got down on his knees and peered under the rock, he

Chapter V

Impelled by the wild alarm of the Willow's terrible cries and the sight of Pierrot dashing madly toward him from the dead body of Wakayoo, Baree did not stop running until it seemed as though his lungs could not draw another breath. When he stopped he was well out of the canyon and headed for the beaver pond. Exactly wherein lay Baree's fears it would be difficult to say—but surely it was not because of Nepeese. The Willow had chased him hard. She had dung herself upon him. He had felt the clutch of her hands and the smother of her soft hair, and yet of her he was not afraid! If he stopped now and then in his flight and looked back, it was to see if Nepeese was following. He would not have run hard from her alone. Her eyes and voice and hands had something stirring in him; he was filled with a greater yearning and a greater loneliness now—and that night he dreamed troubled dreams.

Baree was glad when the dawn came. He did not seek for food, but went down to the pond. There was little hope and anticipation in his manner now. He remembered that, as plainly as animal ways could talk, Umisk and his playmates had told him they wanted nothing to do with him. And yet the fact that they were there took away some of his loneliness. It was more than loneliness. The wolf in him was submerged. The dog was master. And in these passing moments, when the blood of the wild was almost dormant in him, he was depressed by the instinctive and growing feeling that he was not of that wild out a fugitive in it, menaced on all sides by strange dangers.

Deep in the northern forests the beaver does not work and play in darkness only, but uses day even more than night, and many of Beaver-tooth's people were awake when Baree began disconsolately to investigate the shores of the pond. He did not try to hide himself now, and at least half a dozen weavers had a good look at him before he came to the point where the pond narrowed down to the width of the stream, almost half a mile from the dam. Then he wandered back. All that morning he hovered about the pond, showing himself openly.

WANTED: Young men and young women bookkeepers, stenographers and salesmen, learn in a few weeks at the Oldest Business College in North Carolina's Largest City, small fee, easy terms. Board and room for boys and girls in the dormitory reasonable. HOWARD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE WINSTON-SALEM, N. C. March 4, 1914.

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A. C. RAY Attorney-at-Law PITTSBORO, N. C.

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