

**Hiddenite**

Rare and Beautiful Stone Found only in Alexander County

(From the Chapel Hill Weekly) On account of its rarity and its beautiful emerald green color the gem hiddenite ranks today among the most valuable of the precious stones. It has the distinction, at the present time of only having been found at the one locality near Hiddenite, Alexander County, North Carolina.

The first specimen was found about forty years ago on top of the ground, having been exposed by ploughing. William Earl Hidden, of Newark, N. J., a mineralogist of national reputation, who was in western North Carolina, prospecting for platinum for Thomas Edison, saw the specimen and recognized it as something new in minerals. He sent it to J. Lawrence Smith, a noted chemist for analysis, and Mr. Smith published a paper in the American Journal of Science describing the new mineral and suggesting the name hiddenite.

The crystals of hiddenite vary in size from an eighth of an inch to two inches in length, and from an eighth to half an inch in width. Not all of the crystals are of an emerald green color; many are yellowish green. The largest gem that has been cut is approximately 3 carats in weight.

The scarcity of the mineral, the small percentage of that found which will cut gems, and the relatively small number of crevices in the hard rock, make the cost of producing the gems very high, and therefore, even with the high price that can be obtained, the chances of mining hiddenite profitably are very limited.

The interest in the mining is sustained by the expectation of finding larger and more beautiful crystals of the hiddenite and emerald beryl in the next crevice explored. One emerald beryl crystal, 9 inches long, was found in the early mining operations and is now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York City. Every crevice does not contain hiddenite, but every crevice does contain highly crystallized varieties of the other minerals referred to. Everyone who is interested in the mining should watch the opening of each crevice with the most eager expectation.

J. H. P.

**Sweet Cream Profits**

Orange Farmers Now Selling to Ice Cream Makers in Durham

(From the Chapel Hill Weekly) The production of sweet cream on the farms near here has increased to such an extent that the Durham ice cream companies are getting a large part of their supply from Orange county.

A profit of \$10 per cow per month, over and above the cost of feed and ice, is the estimate by G. H. Singleton of the Chapel Hill school of what the farmers are getting for their sweet cream.

The profits earned by some of the principal producers in this section, within the last year are shown as follows:

- W. S. Blackwood and son, 10 months, \$749.
- Melvin and Brady Lloyd, 10 months, \$823.
- Alex Wilson, 8 months, \$650.
- S. M. Oldham, 10 months, \$787.
- Charles Stanford, 8 months, \$673.

The two latest to offer sweet cream for the market in large quantities are Fred Lloyd and Manly Snipes.

A sanitation officer of the city of Durham was in this section yesterday making an inspection of the farms that are selling in Durham.

**NEW STATE ROAD**

Commission Votes to Place Calvander-Graham Route On the Official Map

(From the Chapel Hill Weekly) Chapel Hill is now connected with the west by a new state highway. This is brought about by the decision of the State Highway Commission, at its meeting day before yesterday, to place on the official state map the road from Calvander to Graham in Alamance county. Calvander is four miles from here on the state highway to Hillsboro.

The road running from here in the other direction—eastward to a junction with the Central Highway at Nelson—is almost sure to be placed on the state map later on. Just how soon anybody can now say. When that stretch is taken into the state system, there will be a new through route between the east and the west through Chapel Hill; and then the University village will be several miles closer than it now is, by way of state roads, to either Greensboro or Raleigh.

Probably the commission will take over promptly the maintenance of the Calvander-Graham road. Whether the choice will fall upon the route through Saxapahaw or the route through Swepsonville is not yet known. The Orange county section of the road is already in good shape, having recently been ditched, scraped, and graveled.

The Chapel Hill citizens who went to the meeting in Raleigh Wednesday wanted the state to take over the road from here eastward to Nelson as well as the one from Calvander to Graham; but it developed that the commission was not yet ready to put the former on the official map. Judge Biggs and Judge Manning of Raleigh both argued that there should be a more direct route, maintained by the state, from Raleigh to Chapel Hill.

Among those who went from here to attend the commission's meeting were R. A. Eubanks, Isaac W. Pritchard, E. M. Knox, W. C. Coker, T. F. Hickerson, M. E. Hogan, Charles T. Woolen, and D. D. Carroll.

There has been considerable interest recently in the proposal to hard-surface the old Raleigh road from Chapel Hill out to the Durham county line, a distance of about 2 1/2 miles. The Durham county commissioners offered to bring their hard surface to the line if Orange would meet them. The Orange commissioners voted the money or the project—and a few days later rescinded this decision. The Chapel Hillians who went to Raleigh Wednesday hoped that the commission would agree to put this 2 1/2-mile stretch (which is part of the short cut by way of Nelson) on the state map. Although they did not succeed in effecting this, the action on the Calvander-Graham stretch sent them back home fairly well satisfied. For, if the state takes over one end of the east-west route, it is pretty sure, before very long, to take over the other.

**GRADUATE NURSE**

In Pittsboro for the time being, Miss Lucile Peterson, a recent graduate as a nurse, offers her professional county.

**NORTH CAROLINA: CHATHAM COUNTY**

The undersigned will on the 26th day of November 1926, at the old home place of the late John Harmon, deceased, in Center Township, Chatham County, N. C. offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following described personal property to-wit:

All household and kitchen furniture and a large quantity of farming utensils and other articles of personal property too numerous to mention. Any one desiring to purchase a valuable farm consisting of 170 acres more or less will apply to Mr. Obie Harmon, address Chapel Hill, N. C. Time of sale: One o'clock. Place of sale: On the premises. Terms of sale: Cash. This the 26 day of October, 1926. J. OBIE HARMON, Administrator.

**THE DIAMOND THIEF**

By H. M. EGBERT

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

VANDERHUIZEN, the big Dutchman, stepped aboard the downcountry train from Kimberley, South Africa, en route for Cape Town. He laid his suitcase carelessly upon the rack, placed his hand upon his breast to make sure that the package for which he had risked many years of freedom, was there, and sat down in a seat, looking out at the desert landscape.

At Doshof a stranger came into the train, looked keenly about him, and finally, spotting Vanderhuizen, seated himself opposite him. Vanderhuizen recognized him as a man named James, from Kimberley also; he had once been a mine guard, but had been dismissed for some dishonesty. He had contrived in some way to avoid the clutches of the law, always severe on buyers of diamonds from the native quarrymen.

Vanderhuizen nodded surlily. James was the last person in the world that he wanted to see just then.

James smiled sardonically. "Come into the smoker, Van," he said, "and we can discuss business."

Vanderhuizen uttered an oath and his hand stole in a betraying manner to the package inside his coat. He saw James' eyes follow the movement and realized that he was trapped. Sullenly he arose and accompanied him.

"Well?" he growled, as they took their places in the empty smoker.

"Halves!" said James, laconically. "I'm fly."

"Curse you!" said Vanderhuizen. "It's a lucky thing you met me," returned James, quietly. "Do you know Thompson of the Kimberley police?"

"What of him?" "He's in the next compartment. He's undoubtedly waiting to arrest you as soon as you step off the train. If he can get you to Cape Town without doing so, he will save himself a lot of trouble. That's why I came—I got wind of the affair."

The big Dutchman scowled fearfully. Seven years on the breakwater for illicit diamond buying was the last thing in the world that he wanted. And the stones in his breast pocket were worth twelve thousand pounds anywhere.

"What's the game?" he demanded.

"Halves?" questioned James.

"I suppose so."

"I've telegraphed for two saddle horses to wait at Klipfontein station. We'll get there at dark. We can make a dash from the train, mount and be away before Thompson spots us. The saddle-bags are loaded with a week's food. In three days we can cross the desert to Khama's Land, where we can pick up an ox wagon and make our way into Johannesburg. Thompson will be clean off the scent. It will take him a couple of hours to find a horse, and then he won't know for sure that we are going to Khama's Land."

"I'm with you," replied Vanderhuizen, curtly.

At Klipfontein the program was carried out. As the train drew, shrieking, up to the station, the confederates leaped from the carriage. At the rear of the platform a native man was waiting with two saddle horses, tough little Basuto ponies, of the kind that would carry their loads where no European horse could go. Two leaps into the saddles, two pulls at the reins, and the thieves were paddling quickly through the single street of the settlement and out into the desert.

They looked back when they reached the sand. In the distance they saw a crowd gathered about a tall man who was making futile efforts to strike a quick bargain for a horse.

They rode till evening. When the moon came up they were alone upon the desert. They dismounted, made a fire from the scanty thorn scrub, and cooked some of the meat in James' saddle bags. On either side of the saddle hung a large water bag, the moisture from which, evaporating, kept the contents cold as spring water. They watched by turns and started at dawn. It was ten miles to the nearest water pool, where the water bags were to be refilled.

"I believe we've missed the pool," said James, toward noon. All around them was the shimmering desert, devoid now even of thorn scrub. The horses panted from the heat. James gave them the last of the water.

"We'll strike another water hole before dark," he said to his companion.

But they did not strike the water hole, and by sunset the horses were unable to proceed further. James' was down, and Vanderhuizen's stood trembling, and evidently on its last legs.

"We had better press on afoot," said James. "I know there is a water hole at the foot of the mountains." And he pointed to where the blue outlines of a distant range rose against the cloudless sky.

He removed his saddle bags and slung them across his shoulders, and the two men proceeded wearily. James lagged behind Vanderhuizen, who, tortured by thirst, walked like a man in a nightmare. On they went, hour after hour, till suddenly the big Dutchman went down.

"You'd best leave me; I'm done for," he murmured.

James set down his saddle bags, opened them, and pulled out a bottle of water. He held it in the air. Vanderhuizen leaped to his feet, to find

himself looking down the muzzle of a revolver.

"Hand over the bag," said James, briefly.

"You scoundrel!" shouted Vanderhuizen, through his swollen lips.

"This bottle for your half," James pursued. "And—I know where to find the water hole."

Vanderhuizen glared at him; then, with a gesture of despair, he took the precious bag from his breast and tossed it to the other. For a man will give all that he has to save his life.

Next moment Vanderhuizen had knocked the head off the bottle and was gulping down the life-giving fluid. James watched him sardonically.

"You will find the water hole half a mile distant, at the foot of that elevation," he said, indicating a hummock in the sand. And he watched Vanderhuizen stagger away.

He went back to the horses and, knocking the heads off the other bottles, poured the contents down their throats. The animals, revived, staggered to their feet. His own horse was done for, but Vanderhuizen's seemed capable of carrying him to his destination—another water hole along the wagon route across the desert, which he knew like a book.

He clasped the diamonds to his breast as he rode, and chuckled. The scheme had been an excellent one and had worked out better than he could have expected. He had heard in Kimberley, by the merest chance, that Vanderhuizen intended to go down country. He himself had never dared to purchase diamonds from the natives, but he knew Vanderhuizen's reputation as a successful and daring thief, and it had occurred to him that there was a splendid opportunity of compelling the man to share his plunder with him.

The advent upon the scene of Inspector Thompson had been a little disconcerting; but the same chance which had told him of Vanderhuizen's maneuver had given him information that the police were on the man's trail. He had then telegraphed to Klipfontein for the two horses—and everything had gone like clockwork.

It was no wonder that he chuckled. Looking back he could see the horse still lying upon the sand, and Vanderhuizen, a tiny figure under the moon, marching painfully back. His own plans could not fail him. He would strike the water hole, refresh himself and his steed, and then proceed in a leisurely manner toward the wagon path.

At last he reached the place. He stacked his horse to a torn tree and climbed the ascent toward the hollow crater in which lay the pond. But when he reached the summit he found himself staring down into a dry mud hole.

The water had dried up under the influence of the hot sun and an unusually long dry season.

For a few minutes he could not believe his eyes. Then he lost his self-control. He would have to go back to Vanderhuizen. And his bottles were empty. He was parched with thirst, and his animal was incapable of proceeding farther.

For hours he raved beside the water hole, clenching his fists and calling down curses upon his luck. He spread the diamonds in a little heap before him and looked at the dull pebbles, each one worth a little lake of wine. And for all these he could get so much water as would wet his lips.

"I'll go back then—back to Vanderhuizen," he muttered, and flung himself upon the rocks. "When I am rested. . . ."

But nature, outraged, revenged herself upon him by drawing down his eyelids, and he slept profoundly.

"Get up, James!"

He started to his feet. The sun was high in the sky. Before him stood Vanderhuizen and—Inspector Thompson.

"I want you, James," said the inspector, fingering the bag of diamonds, which he had taken from beside the sleeping man. "I thought Vanderhuizen was the man I was after, but—well, you understand. Your horse is dead, but you won't mind a little walk of twenty-five miles or so? You see, we've got plenty of water."

**Famous Old College Named for Washington**

Although there are three educational institutions called Washington college, in addition to five others of college rank in which the name Washington appears, the one at Chestertown, Md., is the only one to bear the name of Washington by the first President's express consent. It was founded October 13, 1782, and is the eleventh oldest college in the United States. Rev. William Smith, first provost of the University of Pennsylvania, a close friend of Benjamin Franklin and of George Washington, fathered the institution and acted as its first president, from 1782 to 1789, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

George Washington not only gave his written consent for the use of his name, but contributed 50 guineas (about \$255) to the fund for establishing the institution. At the commencement of 1789 the degree of doctor of laws was conferred upon President Washington.

**Sidestepped the Legislator**

"How do we know that Solomon was the wisest man?" "Well, for one thing, he got together a colossal fortune without being investigated."—Washington Star.

Refrigeration experts predict that within the near future the same pipes that heat homes in winter will be used to cool them in summer.

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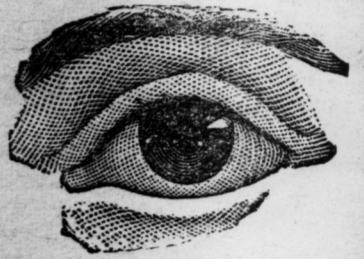


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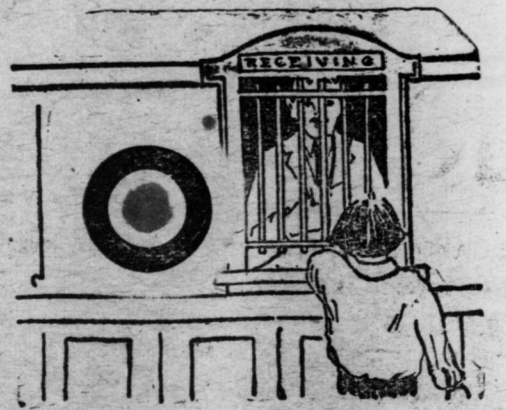
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