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 Elon College, N. C.
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"We have that picture," said she, "to keep each member of our family in mind of the story it represents, and of the value of such a story to each member of the family."

As soon as lunch was over, we continued our journey towards Rotterdam, where we arrived a little after sunset.

In the way, that afternoon, succeeding a long silence as we walked, each in a sort of reverie, my Yale friend turned to me and said, "Did that picture back yonder remind you of anything in the course of American history?"

"Yes," said I, "the story concerning it was a very interesting parallel, and I was thinking about it when you spoke."

"The picture itself," returned he, "is the most interesting parallel in the whole story. I am native of Massachusetts, and since my boyhood, I have been thrown much in the great centers of population and education in the East, where the Puritan was planted early in the seventeenth century, and where this same Puritan spirit today flourishes, yet in a new incarnation, most especially in matters religious.

"But this spirit is fast changing in its attitude towards the Cavalier spirit of the South, which itself is in a new habit, if not a new incarnation. The South, has so long been gagged and bound, especially in affairs of the national government, that whatever of hatred there was is now mellowing into sympathy, and many of the once prejudiced critics are now warm sympathizers, who are anxious to see the gag and fetters removed, that its hands and feet and tongue may be free once more."

"I am glad to hear you say that," I rejoined. "As the Cavalier in the picture was largely instrumental in building the home, that he was later a faction in attempting to divide, so was the South largely instrumental in constructing that magnificent fabric of American States. There is hardly a star in that flag that is not largely the direct or indirect result of Southern valor and statesmanship. But, in an evil hour, when the Southern Cavalier spirit, the spirit that had been head of the American family, was closely pressed by the combined Puritan and Dutch spirit, to yield to their demand, this Cavalier spirit in anger said, I will withdraw from this household, and build my dwelling place on another part of the estate. Not being allowed to do this, it flew into a great rage and shot at the

ensign that it had given its best energies to create.

"But mark this: The Cavalier spirit is no longer angered. It has not allowed any one else to shoot at the flag and it will never allow any one to do so. Like the family in Holland at the time the picture was made, its feeling towards the black horse is not the same as it was forty years ago, and its views on many public questions have changed during these forty years of enforced inactivity and silence in the great affairs of the nation. It now believes in manufacturing, universal education, and in being, not a section of, but an indivisible part of a great household that is influencing for good other great households of the world.

"However bitter the experience, however profitable the lesson that has come to the Cavalier spirit in America, and howe'er painful and long of healing were the wounds caused by the attempted separation of the Cavalier from his Puritan wife in the sixties, the wife herself has likely been cured of those occasional silly notions of separation, on dark days, for many years after their marriage."

Here my companion broke off my observations by calling my attention to the tower of Grootte Kerk in Rotterdam, which he said according to his guide-book, is the loftiest structure in that ancient city, being about three hundred feet high. Our attention was thus drawn away from the picture and its story, and fan forward to new expectations and incidences in this Dutch city we were now approaching.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The author of the poem "The Closing Year" printed below was a native of Connecticut, born 1802. He was educated for the profession of law but soon turned to the field of journalism and literature. He was the founder of the "New England Review" and edited it until he took up the task of writing the biography of Henry Clay which work brought him to Kentucky, Southern life was fascinating to him and he made Louisville his permanent home. He was succeeded as editor of the "New England Review" by John Greenleaf Whittier. In Louisville he did journalistic work and wrote poetry and biography. He founded the Louisville "Courier" and was succeeded at his death by Henry Watterson, who is still editor of the paper, which, having been combined with the "Journal," is now known as the "Louisville Courier-Journal." Mr. Prentice was the centre and the inspiration of a noted literary circle in Louisville.

This is perhaps his best poem, though it is oratorical and not highly finished yet it is suited to the season.

The Closing Year.

'Tis midnight's holy hour and silence now
 Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
 The still and pulseless world. Hark! on
 the wind
 The bell's deep notes are swelling; 'tis
 the knell
 Of the departed year. No funeral train
 Is sweeping past; yet on the stream and
 wood.
 With melancholy light, the moonbeams
 re t
 Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is
 stirred

As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
 That floats so still and placidly through
 heaven,
 Th' spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
 Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's
 solemn form
 And Winter with his aged locks—and
 breathe
 In mournful cadences that come abroad
 Like the far wind-harp's wild and touch
 ing wail,
 A melancholy dirge o'e the dead year,
 Gone from the earth for ever.

'Tis a time
 For memory and for tears. Within the
 deep
 Still chamber of the heart a spectre dim,
 Whose tunes are like the wizard voice
 of Time

Heard from the tomb of ages, points its
 cold
 And solemn finger to the beautiful
 And holy visions that have passed away,
 And left no shadow of their loveliness
 On the dead waste of life. The year has
 Gone, and with it many a glorious throng
 Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each
 brow,

Its shadow in each heart. In its swift
 course
 It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
 And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
 Upon the strong man, and the haughty
 form

Is fallen and the flashing eye is dim.
 It trod the hall of revelry where thronged
 The bright and joyous, and the tearful
 wail
 Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the
 song

And reckless shout resounded. It passed
 o'er
 The battle plain where sward and spear
 and shield
 Flashed in the light of midday, and the
 strength

Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
 Green from the soil of carnage, waves
 above
 The crush'd and mouldering skeleton. It
 came

And faded like a wreath of mist at eve,
 Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
 It heralded its millions to their home
 In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless time:
 Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe—
 what power

Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
 His iron heart to pity? On, still on
 He presses and forever. The proud bird,
 The condor of the Andes that can soar
 Through heaven's unfathomable depths,
 or brave

The fury of the northern hurricane,
 And bathe his plumage in the thunder's
 home,
 Furls his proud wings at nightfall, and
 sinks down

To rest upon his mountain crag; but Time
 Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
 And night's deep darkness has no chain
 to bind

His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
 O'er earth like troubled visions o'er the
 breast
 Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
 Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
 Spring, blazing from the ocean, and go
 back

To their mysterious caverns; mountains
 rear

To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs,
 and bow
 Their tall heads to the plain; new empires
 rise
 Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
 And rush down like an Alpine avalanche,
 Startling the nations; and the very stars,
 Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
 Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
 And, like the Pleiads, loveliest of their
 train,
 Shoot from their glorious spheres, and
 pass away,
 To darkle in the trackless void; yet Time,
 Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce
 career,
 Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not
 Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his
 path,
 To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
 Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

ELON COLLEGE SPECIAL FUND OF \$50,000.

Dr. Moffitt has issued the following leaflet in his work of raising \$50,000 for the College:

By order of the Board of Trustees the President of Elon College is now engaged in an effort to raise a Special Fund of \$50,000 for the College. More than \$16,000 of this amount has already been subscribed by just a few friends; and now the call comes to the many to line up with these few in order to make the movement a success.

The obligation is upon us all. Shall we not meet it as loyally and liberally as the few have already done?

The Plan.

In order to raise this \$50,000, we are asking for cash donations, and for subscriptions on a five-payment plan. Some are subscribing \$1,000—\$200 to be paid down, and then \$200 a year for four years. Some are subscribing \$500—\$100 down, and \$100 a year for four years. Others \$250, or \$50 a year; and still others \$25 a year, and so on down to even smaller amounts.

Any amount will be greatly appreciated. A permanent record of each contributor to this Fund is to be made and kept in the

Dr. J. H. Brooks.

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Office Over Foster's Shoe Store
 BURLINGTON, - - - - - N. C.

LINEN MARKING OUTFITS:

Name Stamp, Indelible Ink and Pad,
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Rates \$2 up. Cafe in connection.

R. M. MORROW,

Surgeon Dentist,

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 BURLINGTON, - - - - - N. C.