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BYNUM & BYNUM,
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GREENSBORO, N. C.

Practice regularly in the courts of Alamance county. Aug. 29, 1917

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W. P. EZZELL,
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GLUSKAP'S HOUND.

(Canadian legend.)
They saw a god in a valley
That flew the wooded west,
They held him down in their anger,
With a mountain across his breast,
And all night through and all night long
His hound will take no rest.

From the low woods, black as sorrow,
That marshal along the lake
A cry breaks out on the stillness
If it be the hound's wailing
The cry of the faithful hound runs
No more for the running's sake.

But follow the sides of the valley
And the old familiar trail
With his nose to the ground and his eyes
Red light and clear as a star
All night long and all night through
Till the heavy east grows pale.

Some say 'tis foreboding tempest,
Outraining the wind in the air,
And the alders are blowing yellow
And the alders are wet and red
He hunts, with no joy in the hunting,
Giving tongue to his mad despair.

Another stick on the campfire,
For the shadows are leaning near,
And something runs in the thicket
That the spruce bend to hear!
The white stars wonder why he runs,
With his grief of a thousand years,
—Theodore Roberts in Youk's Companion.

THE CONSCIENCE STRICKEN CAPTAIN.

A Tale of the Sea In Which
Summary Punishment Is
Meted Out To Two Cowards

BY CAPTAIN A. J. KENNELLY.

Copyright, 1899, by Evin Wordman.

It was in the East India museum at Salem, Mass., that I first met my friend the captain. He was gaining reminiscences at a large canvas curio which he had brought from Calcutta ever so many years ago. Fashioned by Benares by the cunning hands of Hindoo artificers, the exhibit was representative of the ingenious handicraft of those patient and indefatigable workers. The glass case on which his eyes were fixed mournfully and yearningly reminded him perhaps of Salem's brilliant declension.

In the good old times Salem's clippers were the proudest and fastest of all the gallant argosies that plowed the southern ocean, bravely breasting the towering seas encountered off the Cape of Good Hope when running "easting" down and making fast passages out and home. Then it was that Salem had a mighty rival in Boston, and the fastest vessel of the main to the westward, the fastest in the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, were the two great rivals of the sea. In the good old times Salem's clippers were the proudest and fastest of all the gallant argosies that plowed the southern ocean, bravely breasting the towering seas encountered off the Cape of Good Hope when running "easting" down and making fast passages out and home. Then it was that Salem had a mighty rival in Boston, and the fastest vessel of the main to the westward, the fastest in the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, were the two great rivals of the sea.

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"We sailed out of this port on the Halloween one fine morning, bound for Penang and other oriental ports. All but two of the crew were good Americans, the exceptions being the Levant and Demetrio, two natives of the Levant whom I had been forced to ship much against my will to fill the place of two old and trusty hands who failed to turn up when the crew answered the roll call. They had cashed their advance notes and had been deceived from the straight and narrow path of virtue and rectitude by the superior attractions of grog and tobacco, the rocks on which poor sailors split.

"Here, Pompey, fill our glasses and bring us some of those Burma cheroots!" interjected the captain. Those cheroots were precious. I never could find out where my old friend got them. We lighted up, and the old sailor continued:

"These two Levanters were not prepossessing specimens of humanity. You know the breed—snaky, crafty, that are neither useful nor ornamental aboard a Yankee ship. They had been shipwrecked at Mitoo's ledge, and good Samaritans had entertained them hospitably, and the good New England diet of pork and beans had filled out their starved gutted dago sides until they were fat and sleek as November hogs. I kept my eye on the pair, but could find no reason for serious complaint against them. They behaved pretty well until we reached the line, when two young men from Boston, named Sears and Crownshild, whom I was training to be sea captains when their time should come, complained that the two Levanters had robbed them of several shirts which they had washed and hung up to dry.

"Now, I wouldn't care to quarrel with them, but I made the dagoes bring their sea dunnage on deck, and I overhauled it. There, sure enough, were the shirts. The Levanters swore that the boy had given them the shirts. This was a lie, of course, so I had the thieves seized up, and the boy's gave them a devilish good lambasting with a length of rattan stuff until they howled for mercy.

"But, bless you, you can't stop a dago from playing his low tricks, and before we were out of the southeast trades Sears and Crownshild came to me with another complaint against them. A couple of fine flying fish had come aboard one night and were pounced upon by the foreigners. Instead of being taken to fry them for breakfast, they had been cooked on wooden panels, smeared them with a mixture of oil and tar and sold them to my young sea captains (who had more dollars than sense, being sons of rich Bostonians) for \$5 each.

"Of course the fish, instead of being proof against the tropical sun, soon became offensive, and the boys, who had been deluded with the idea that they had acquired valuable curios, came to me crying for justice. I forced the swindlers to refund the money and struck them up again. You know what a thief is thought of aboard ship. He might just as well be in the northeast corner of hell, with a hurricane blowing from the southwest. He gets seven bells knocked out of him, and serves him right!

"Nothing happened in particular until we got well south in the track of the westerly gales. I was anxious to make a fast passage, as the Alert, a famous Boston clipper, was racing against me. For that reason the Halloween was driven as hard as she could stand. A heavy westerly gale struck the ship, and my policy was to make the most of it. Accordingly we were driven on a lee shore, and the whole foremast and foremast stayed and let her scud. My ship steered like a boat, and I was perfectly easy about her.

"Of course if the Halloween hadn't been an exceptionally easy steerer I would have had to until the gale abated, but the wind was too precious to lose. She didn't yaw much, and two helmsmen had little difficulty in keeping her tolerably straight on her course. The greater the press of canvas the better she steered. It never occurred to me that there was a possibility of her broaching to or being brought by the lee. In that event disastrous would have been inevitable and foundering possible in the mountainous seas then running.

"It was higher than I ever before had seen in all my long experience. To a landlubber perhaps the scene would have been appalling. The spray from the broken crests whirled along by the force of the tempest driended the ship from stern to stem. It was almost impossible to face the furious wind in spite of the fact that the ship was running dead before it and going good head to wind. The water, I never had heard such howling and hissing and rattling and roaring.

"When one of those enormous waves of a dull greenish gray curled high over the stern, you would think it could not fall to 'poop' the ship. All the decks and 'dab' everything to pieces. Somehow or other this did not happen. Just at the moment when the ship was under way, the water came up and down until the bowsprit was submerged. Meanwhile an albatross circled around the ship in thorough enjoyment of the sport of following us.

"I was a maxim of mine in my younger days never to leave my ship to the albatrosses. I was a maxim of mine in my younger days never to leave my ship to the albatrosses. I was a maxim of mine in my younger days never to leave my ship to the albatrosses.

"The pressure of the wind decreased next day. Forty-eight hours after we were flying a main topsail and sail over the stern, and under the foremast. Finally we made a splendid passage to Penang. It was the most lucrative voyage I ever made, but it wasn't until my return to Salem, some two years later, that I felt the slightest compunction for killing the two foreigners.

"It came about in a curious way. I was in the East India museum at Salem, Mass., that I first met my friend the captain. He was gaining reminiscences at a large canvas curio which he had brought from Calcutta ever so many years ago. Fashioned by Benares by the cunning hands of Hindoo artificers, the exhibit was representative of the ingenious handicraft of those patient and indefatigable workers. The glass case on which his eyes were fixed mournfully and yearningly reminded him perhaps of Salem's brilliant declension.

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SALT RHEUM CURED BY Johnston's Sarsaparilla

QUART BOTTLES.

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Slight skin eruptions are a warning of something more serious to come. The Only Safe Way is to heed the warning. Johnston's Sarsaparilla is the most powerful blood purifier known. Nature, in her efforts to correct mistakes, which mistakes have come from careless living, it may be from ancestors, shoots out pimples, blotches and other imperfections on the skin, as a warning that more serious troubles (such as tumors, cancers, erysipelas or pulmonary diseases) are certain to follow you neglect to heed the warning and correct the mistakes.

Many a lingering, painful disease and many an early death has been averted simply because these notes of warning have been heeded and the blood purified by a right use of JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA.

Miss Abbie J. Rande, of Marshall, Mich., writes: "I was cured of a bad humor after suffering with it for five years. The doctors and my friends said it was salt rheum. It came out on my face, neck and ears, and then on my whole body. I was perfectly raw with it. What suffered during those five years, is no use telling. Nobody would believe me if I said. I tried every medicine that was advertised to cure it. I spent money enough to buy a house. I heard JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA highly praised. I tried a bottle of it. I began to improve right away, and when I had finished the third bottle I was completely cured. I have never had a touch of it since. I never got any thing to do me the least good till I tried JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA. I would heartily advise all who are suffering from humors or skin disease of any kind to try it at once. I had also a good deal of stomach trouble, and was run down and miserable, but JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA made me all right."

The blood is your life and if you keep it pure and strong you can positively resist the ordinary poisons in male and female. JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA. It is for sale by all druggists, in full quart bottles at only one dollar each. JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA. J. C. Simmons, Licensed Druggist.

BEHIND THE TIMES.

In the Matter of Roads This Country is a Back Number.

Governor Rollins of New Hampshire in a recent address on the value of improved highways said that the progress of the national life was indicated by the roads. The progress of the people in arts and sciences is indicated by roads. We are becoming a little vainglorious, we people of this century. We believe that we are up to date, but when we come to the subject of roads we are far behind the times.

Governor Rollins dwelt upon the character of the highways of the Roman empire. Even today in every part of the world where Rome had a foothold, he said, traces are left of the wonderful roads. When Rome began to decline, road building was stopped.

It has only been of recent date, he continued, that good roads began to show themselves in England and in Scotland. The progress and strength of the English people have been coincident with the building of good roads. The governor advocated a plan to open up the rural sections of New England by the construction of paths and lanes leading to picturesque spots, winding in and out of wooded districts and secluded places, forming a sort of inexpensive park system.

The good roads movement in this country is only of very recent date, and the bicycle is chiefly responsible for the agitation and beginning of the work. The best roads are those about great cities, because of the accumulation of wealth there, yet the people who need them most are the farmers. The people in big cities think that they are heavily taxed, but proportionately they are lightly taxed in comparison with the farmer.

The speaker discussed the plan for good roads recently put into operation in New Jersey, where the abutters pay 10 per cent, the county one-third and the state the remainder of the cost. The result, he said, is that the state is being converted into a network of fine roads. The governor gave a number of statistics with relation to the greater revenue to be derived by the farmer by hauling his merchandise over good roads.

With regard to the construction of roads Governor Rollins said that care should be exercised in location and attention paid to conditions. In the next 25 years there is going to be an unprecedented activity in road building.

STATE AID FOR ROADS.

Why the Farmer Should Not, Unaided, Build Highways.

The exact ratio of value between farm and city property is not known, but more than one-half of the taxable property in Minnesota is in the cities and villages, with a corresponding tendency, as the state grows older, to increase the value of city property as compared with the value of farm property, says A. B. Choate. In some of the eastern states the proportion of state taxes paid by the farmers to that paid by the owners of city property is very small indeed.

The bearing which this has upon the question of state aid is very apparent, for if the farmers are required to pay taxes on their proportionately very small amount of property to improve the long stretches of country roads, while the city people pay only enough taxes on their great wealth to improve the roads within the city limits, it will be necessary that the road taxes levied upon farm property be very much heavier in proportion to the value of that property than the road taxes upon city property. Without any attempt at accuracy, because the exact proportion is not known, the accompanying facts show this inequality. With so much money and with much less territory the cities have a very unfair advantage over country districts.

The country roads never have been, ought not to be and never will be improved at the sole expense of the farming property. It is absolutely impossible for the farmers to do it. Since the whole state is interested in the improvement of all the roads and since the city people are interested in and anxious to have the country roads improved, it would be fair to levy a tax on all the property in the state for the improvement of the roads. This is what is meant by state aid. It is very similar to the plan now in operation whereby the state contributes to the expense of country schools. The state, you know, does not undertake to conduct the country district schools, but it does say that if any school district shall run a school of a certain character a certain number of months in the year the state will contribute to the expense.

Automobile Traffic.
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"Oh, I wouldn't say that. Say he has a habit of trying to make the wheels run the motor."—Automobile Magazine.

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Distressing Kidney and Bladder Complaints relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." The remedy is a great success on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male and female; relieves retention of water and pain in walking almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by T. A. Albright, Druggist, Graham, N. C.

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Correspondence invited from those desiring competent training. For catalogue and other information, address
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