

The Weekly Directory.

BURLINGTON (N. C.) BUSINESS HOUSES.

Buy Dry Goods from B. A. Sellars & Sons.
Buy Furniture from the Smith Furniture Store.
See Burlington Hardware Company for Plumbing
Get your Photographs at Anglin's Studio.
Go to Holt-Cates Company and B. A. Sellars &
Sons for Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.
See Dr. R. M. Morrow when in need of Dental
Work.
Real Estate, Insurance and Loans, Alamance In-
surance & Real Estate Co.
Barber Shop, Brannock & Matkins.
Dr. J. H. Brooks, Dental Surgeon.
See Freeman Drug Co. for Drugs.

ELON COLLEGE, N. C.

Do your Banking with the Elon College Banking
and Trust Company.
For General Merchandise see J. J. Lambeth.
For an Education go to Elon College.

GIBSONVILLE, N. C.

Dr. G. E. Jordan, M. D.

HIGH POINT, N. C.

People's House Furnishing Co.

THE BROWN SPOT.

(Continued from last week.)

And now the second has come within reach of him and stops. A heavy hand falls upon the shoulder of the old man who turns suddenly and starts back with hands upraised and a look of horror on his face. He stands thus a moment and then falls to his knees with clasped hands extended toward his somber visitor, as if in entreaty. But in vain. The evil look on the dark face is intensified and an expression of mingled scorn and triumph appears. The tragedy is soon enacted. I see the flash of a glittering blade in the moonlight; the feeble old man is quickly crushed to the floor; the shining steel in the hand of the visitor passes swiftly across the throat of the prostrate figure and he lies motionless. The deed done, the assassin stands gazing at his victim for a moment then hurriedly stoops and places the bloody weapon in the grasp of the dead hand and closes the stiffening fingers about it. He then rises and passes out through the door at which he had entered. An irresistible impulse prompts me to follow him. He passes down the long dark stairway to the landing on the second floor. Here, turning to the door on the left, he enters the parlor. He hastens to the wide old fireplace, lifts a stone from the hearth, draws out a dark leather bag, and carefully replaces the stone in its former position. From here he passes out the door opening onto the long porch in the rear of the house and disappears in the darkness. I return to my room. The motionless form of the old man has vanished, and all is still with the oppressive stillness of the mid-night hour. I lie down upon my couch, but sleep is far from me, and I toss restlessly to and fro awaiting the slow coming of dawn.

But at last the gray light of dawn begins to dispel the darkness, and I hurriedly rise and dress, glad of the fact that the dreadful night is at an end. I lose no time in hastening to examine the hearth, from which I had seen the midnight assassin snatch the leathern bag and flee. I lay hold of the same stone expecting to find that my experience of the preceding night was only a violent attack of nightmare or a dreadful dream, but lo! the stone is easily displaced and I look down into a small square cavity. Certainly some direful secret was revealed by my ghostly visitors.

I mention the matter to no one, partly through fear of being laughed at, partly to avoid frightening my mother and sis-

ters. Six years passed by and the occurrence was almost forgotten when, through the aid of a teacher's agency, I secured a position in the western town in which the unknown heir resided. Upon my arrival in the town I was directed to the residence of Mr. H—, the president of the board of education. I rang the bell and a maid invited me into the reception room where I awaited the master of the house. Suddenly the door opened, and a glance at the face of the man who entered rendered me speechless. Here was the original of the ghostly midnight assassin. The hair and mustache were no longer black, but the deep set eyes and cast of countenance were the same. With an effort I regained control of myself and presented my card. I was greeted with a smile that was meant to be friendly, but to me, thinking of that dreadful night, it seemed satanic. Our business was soon concluded and I retired, glad to escape from the source of so many unpleasant recollections and direful suggestions.

I entered upon my work and soon became acquainted with many others in the town. While talking to one of these acquaintances one day, I casually made known to him the location of my former home. He was at once interested and asked me if I knew anything about the estate and fortune willed to his fellow townsman, by a relative in the vicinity of my home. I told him that my father was the present owner of the estate, but that as for the fortune connected with the legacy, I had heard nothing of that. His interest and surprise increased together with my suspicion, as he informed me that the president of the board of education, ex-judge and the richest and most influential man of the town, had received from the death of his eastern relative, a large sum of money which had made possible his present position of influence and authority. I wondered at the suspension of eternal justice that had permitted such a condition of affairs to exist; but before long my wonder ceased, and I realized that the Fates are still inexorable and that one's sins are sure to find him out.

I awoke early one morning to hear the shrill cry of the newsboy: "Morning Dispatch. All about the H— Mystery. Dispatch. "I hastened to the door, eagerly called the boy to me, purchased a copy of the Dispatch and opened it. I read the startling headlines, in heavy type; "Suicide of Judge H—. Leaves a Confession Revealing his past." "Murder Will Out." Sure enough, there it was just as I had known it all the time. There was the revelation of that hurried Eastern trip, prior to the receipt of the legacy, a confession of hands stained with the blood of his own kin in order that his evil ambition might the sooner be satisfied. But after all his honors had been bought at a fearful price. With increasing age, the weight of sin had become oppressive beyond endurance. Legions of furies drove sleep from his pillow and life had become a burden too wearisome to be borne. The end was strikingly like that other, also the work of his hands. The body was found lying in the rich sleeping apartment, near an open window. The gorgeous carpet was dyed with a purple stream that had poured from a gaping wound in his throat, and the hand, rigid in death, still clasped the keen edged razor as if it would bear the familiar weapon of destruction with it for

possible use in that unknown realm into which the soul of its owner had fled.

First Impressions of Seventeenth Century Poets as seen in their Writings From Donne to Dryden.

It was both entertaining and instructive, that course of reading, I set myself to some months ago. Till then, English poetry of the seventeenth century was to me really an undiscovered country. Starting with John Donne, (1563-1631,) I passed down the long line to John Dryden, (1631-1700.) It is a delightful journey, I assure you, and here are some impressions,—first impressions they are—which I noted along the way.

John Donne's Satires.

I have just been introduced to the first of the so-called metaphysical poets, John Donne, through his satires, —seven in number. But for a second reading I should have passed him by without an impression strong enough to be remembered. Upon a second reading however, I am attracted by the evident vigor of his mind, rich in conceits, powerful in denunciation of vice in many places both high and low, and beautiful in its expression of faith in the church and in God.

I have never before met his like in poetry. Cold and intellectual, he is not a poet of the heart. His style of thought reminds me of Swift, and the field in which his mind dwells and his manner of expression resembles Browning in these respects.

Donne's Sonnets, Epithalamions, and Elegies.

In these poems we have not the mystical, but the amorous and sensuous. They were evidently written in young manhood.

Donne is not so difficult to understand here as in the Satires. Yet his conceits in both betray the same mind. The Sonnets, supposed to be addressed to his wife before marriage, are full of noble passion.

If any denounce him as too sensuous in the epithalamions, let them look more closely, especially at the "Epithalamion made at Lincoln's Inn." Here is vivid description arousing, not hot lust, but sinless, passionate purity, and commending perfection in a holy desire for wifehood and motherhood.

Donne's Religious Poems.

There appears to have been two sources of Donne's inspiration. In youth it rose from lust and the passion for wo-

men; but in age, he is inflamed by a different fire, a burning desire for God and righteousness.

In the "Divine Poems" there are evidences of the scars left by the fires of youth, as unmistakably as the woman had of Dante when she knew it was he because of the marks of hell fire on his face.

Running through the "Divine Poems," is a note of grief, regret and sorrow, because of youthful vices. The words, "melancholy," "discontent," "grief," "mourn," "repent," "tears" and their kind are evidences of this sorrow. In the fifth of the "Holy Sonnets" in writing of his life as "a little world," he says:

Pour new seas in my eyes, that so I might
Drown my world by weeping earnestly,
Or wash it if it must be drowned no more,
But, O, it must be burnt; alas! the fire
Of lust and envy burnt it heretofore
And made it fouler; let their flames retire,
And burn me, O Lord, with a fiery zeal
Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heal."

Again in "A Litany," he thus refers to the passions of youth; "Half wasted with youth's fires of pride and lust."

The more I look into Donne's poems, the more I feel the throbbing of a great soul behind them and catch glimpses of a great spirit looking through their cloudy imperfections.

William Drummond.

Drummond was educated for the profession of law, but turned to literature at about the age of thirty, when his first poem was published, a pastoral elegy on the death of Henry, the nineteen-year-old Prince of Wales. The rising tide of church quarrels henceforth tossed Drummond and many of his contemporaries on a stormy sea, till the execution of Charles I., 1649, when grief for his unfortunate sovereign, crushed his tired life and he died a few months later.

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