to release him and offered her own life but the chief only rebuked her the more, and gave her to Lanceburg. That night she stole out of her chamber away from her father's keeping and crept along the shore hopeful to see some ship that would render her aid. She knew how to call the attention of a ship by the signs that Wharton had taught her.

At sunrise Ceylia was nowhere to be found about the camp. Commands were given to keep a watch over Wharton and after he has been out of the way, there will be plenty of time to see Ceylia.

Fortunately about noon a man-of-war happened to be cruising near the estuary and was attracted by Ceylia Carlstedt. The vessel anchored and three soldiers came ashore. Ceylia told her story in broken English that she had learned from Wharton.

The natives had now started with Wharton and were counding the steep cliff. The summit was reached. Wharton is tied and pushed off the cliff, suspended by a long rope. He goes down farther and farto a projection of stone but when the ther as the rope is slackened, he catches rope is slackened the rock breaks and he falls to the extremity of the rope, till he is nearing the surging waves. Will he be carried off by the merciless sea?

He cries, "Ceylia, ze hatz" which is translated. "Here comes Cevlia." She halts. The sound of guns is heard.. Lanceburg and his friend who hold the rope are killed, the rope slips and the upper end is caught fast. Their comrades flee. The soldiers rush up to the scene and pull Marvin Wharton back up the cliff. Marvin Wharton and Celia Carlsteadt are gladly received on board the man-of-war, and find a happy fife together in California.

THREE MANLY BOYS.

Let me tell you about three splendid boys I knew once on a time. Their father died, and their dear mother was left to bring them up and to earn the money with which to do it. So the boys set in to help her. By taking a few boarders, doing the work herself, and practicing strict economy, this blessed woman kept out of debt and gave each of her sons a throuough collegiate education. But if they hadn't worked like beavers to help her, she never could have done it. Her oldest boy, only fourteen, treated his mother as if she were the girl he loved best. He took the heavy jobs of housework off her hands, put on his big apron, and went to work with a will; washed the potatoes, pounded the clothes, waited on the table-did anything and everything that he could coax her to let him do; and the two younger boys never wasted their mother's money on tobacco, beer, or cards. They kept at work, and found any amount of pleasure in it. They were happy, jolly boys, too, full of fun, and everybody not only liked but respected and admired them. They all married true and noble women, and today one of those boys is president of a college, goes to Europe every year almost, and is in demand for every good word and work; another lives in one of the most elegant houses in Evanston, and is my own "beloved physician," while a third is a well-to-do wholesale grocer in Pueblo, Colo., and a member of the city council .- Francis Willard.

JONATHAN RIGDON'S MONUMENT. "Jonathan Rigdon died very poor, did-

n't he, deacon?" I asked. "Yes, they buried him in a pauper's

grave. He spent his whole life and big fortune building a monument to another

man." "Was the monument ever finished, deacon ?"

"Yes, and Jonathan did it," "How ?"

"Well," said the deacon, sadly, "Jonathan commenced it early. He commenced putting money into the monument at seventeen, and finished it at fifty."

"He gave his whole time to it?"

"Yes; he worked night and day. He seemed to be in a great hurry to get it done. He spent all the money he earned upon it-some say fifty thousand dollars. Then he borrowed all he could and when no one would lend him any more, he would take his wife's dresses and the bedclothes and other valuable things, and sell them to get money to finish it."

"How self-sacrificing!" "Yes, Jonathan sacrificed everything for this monument," said the deacon, saliv. He came home one day and was about to take the blankets that lay over his sleeping baby, and his wife tried to stop him; but he drew back his fist and knocked her down, and then went away with the blankets, and never , brought them back, and the poor baby sickened died from exposure. At last there was nothing left in the house. The poor heartbroken wife soon followed the baby to the grave Yet Jonathan kept working all the more at the monument. I saw him when he was fifty years old. The monument was nearly done; but he had worked so hard at it that I hardly knew him-he was so worn, his clothes were all in tatters, and his face and nose were terribly swollen; his tongue somehow had become

very thick." "But the good man did finally accomplish his great work ?'' I said.

"Yes, he finished it. There it is; look at it!" said the deacon, pointing to a beautiful mansion. "See-it is high and large, with great halls and fireplaces, and such velvet earpets, and oh, what mirrors!"

"Who lives in it, deacon?"

"Why, the man who sold Jonathan Rigdon nearly all the whiskey he drank. He lives there with his family and-"

"And poor Jonathan ?"

':'Why, he's in the pauper's graveyard. Alas!'' sighed the deacon, "the world is full of such monuments, built by poor drunkards who broke the hearts of devoted wives and starved sweet "hildren to do it."-Selected.

EATING BETWEEN MEALS.

'Twixt breakfast and dinner, And dinner and tea, A boy may get hungry

As hungry can be.

But if he's impatient And eats right away

His appetite's gone For the rest of the day.

Whereas by just waiting, This fact I assert,

His bread and potatoes

Will taste like desert. -St. Nicholas.

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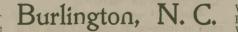
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How to Chain a Dog.

A THANKSGIVING ODE.

How thankful, Lord, our hearts should be For all our hope of victory; For all thy laws that we've obeyed:

For all the debts of love we've paid.

So thankful, gracious Lord, to hear The tidings of a bounteous year.

Our thanks, dear Lord, we ought to give To thee, for letting thy children live.

We thanked thee, Lord, a year ago Because we knew thou lovedst us so. We know now, Lord, that thou still dost

When we follow at thy side.

So let us all unite in prayer,

Our thanks to him is slender pay For the blessings of this day.

No man should attempt to command until he has learned to obey.

A good way to chain a dog and give him plenty of ground for exercise is to stretch a clothesline or a galvanized wire between the house and barn on which is placed a ring large enough to slide freely. The chain from the dog's collar is fastened to the ring. This method can be used for tethering a cow or horse, the advantage being in the use of a short tie rope,

Also A Reformer.

becoming entangled.-Selected.

eliminating the possibility of the animal's

"Dey're sendin' a lot o' grafters to jail," remarked Meandering Mike.

"I'm glad of it," answered Plodding Pete. "If dis high-class patronage keeps comin' in maybe de wardens will wake up an' improve de accommodation."-Washington Star.

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guide

And thank Him for his tender care

E. T. H.