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daughter of Hugh Grave of Chisenbury County. Their eldest child, John, baptized at Broadwindsor by his father in 1641. was afterwards of Sidney Sussex College, and became rector of Great Wakering, Essex, where he died in 1687. Fuller's wife died in 1643.

On August 2nd, 1661, by royal letters, he was admitted D. D. at Cambridge, as a scholar of integrity and good learning. On Sunday August 12th, while preaching a marriage sermon at Savoy, he was disabled from the proceeding, and at the close of the service he was carried to his home in Convent Garden, where he died August 16th, aged fifty-four years; he lies buried in the chancel of Cranford Church.

Some of his works are: "Church History," "Mixt Contemplations in Better Times," "Panegyric to His Majesty on His Happy Return," "The Appeal of Injured Innocence," "Wounded Conscience," "The Worthies of England." His writings were the product of a very original mind, and their moral tone was excellent. He had a lively imagination, and a happy manner of illustration; his works are facetious, judicious, exact, witty, and appealing, and are worthy of the praise and respect which the whole nation gives them, so says William Winstanley. His diction was elegant and more idiomatic than that of Taylor or Brown. "The Holy State" is fine reading and has taken rank among the best books of characters. I think it is some of its most interesting literature that we have had so far. Sir Francis Drake judging from Fuller's account of him in "English Worthies" certainly had a very eventful, romantic, and adventurous life.

Virgie Peale.

JERRY VARDELL.
 By Exodus Keene.

In Ten Chapters—Chapter VIII.

In a few moments Edna Harper and her pony were almost lost in the distance, and Jerry Vardell was still standing there in the dusty highway, with his eyes fixed upon them. When finally a turn in the road lost them to view. Jerry came to himself again, and somehow was glad that he had not played foot-ball that afternoon. He still felt his embarrassment, and muttered to himself, "I know that she thought that I was a bird."

The expression was followed by that characteristic grin of his. Jerry took a look at his coarse clothing and shoes, muttered something and grinned again.

It was now late in the afternoon, and Jerry was a mile or more from the college. He looked toward the west as if to guess the time and turned his steps in the direction of the college. The Jerry that went back to his room that afternoon was a very different sort of a fellow from that which had strolled about the country roads for the purpose of seeing the country, and drowning the humiliation thrust upon him by Dick Ross, a few hours before. Long deep thoughts absorbed him as he made his way toward the village. "I wonder if she will try to get me back into the game. She's nicer than most of the girls, Dick Ross will be sick if she begs the Coach to put me back into the game. I wonder how she'll manage to help me. They'll only laugh at her." All these and other hindred suggestions occupied his thoughts so much that two or three times he took the wrong road without seeing his mistake until he had gone some distance.

I saw Jerry on "Possum Avenue" the next afternoon, and noticed that he had a fresh hair cut and was wearing a new suit and a new pair of shoes. Really he was a different fellow "toiletly speaking," but the freckles, pealy teeth and grin were there still. I complimented his togs and ventured to inquire of him about the episode of the previous afternoon. I had seen Edna the night before at the "Senior Reception" and she had told me about it; but I wanted to hear Jerry's version, too. "How did you know about it?" queried Jerry, and answered his own question, by saying "I guess Miss Harper told you last night."

I saw that there was no need to quiz Jerry further, in the hope of getting the original story, so I proceeded to do some specific inquiring. "Jerry", I went on, "how do you like Miss Harper? nice girl, isn't she?" "I never met her until yesterday evening," Jerry replied, "I reckon she's a purty good girl." I guessed from the crimson in his cheeks and the grin, that he thought more about Edna Harper than he was willing to say. "She tells me that she is going to get you back into the foot-ball game again," I remarked, a note of inquiry in my voice. "She'll just make the fellows fall out with her," he went on to say, "and Dick Ross don't like me, and he'll be mad with her when he finds out that she wants me put back into the game, I heard that they've been mighty good friends," "Well," said I, "you did him up once the first night you came here and made him terribly uneasy about his place on the team, and who knows, but what you may get his girl too." "No danger, I never bother a feller unless he gets in my way," said Jerry grinning.

Just then we met Mr. Rowe, "Hello, Jerry!" he greeted cordially. "I want you to get into your togs and come to the practice this evening. The other fellows have gone out, all except Ross. The "Big Boy" stepped in a ditch last night and sprained his ankle, and its only a week now until th game with the 'Varsity, you know, and he will have to take pretty good care of it if he is able to play his place, make a hurry now." Jerry responded "allright" and was off in a swinging run to his room.

(To be continued.)

—Please subscribe for The Weekly.

A SKETCH OF JEANIE DEANS, HEROINE OF SCOTT'S THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.

Not far from Edinburg, Scotland, there lived David Deans, a quiet, extremely pious and yet altogether a prosperous man, with his two daughters, Jeanie and Effie.

For a time they had lived on the land of the Laird of Dumbdikes, but on David Deans being able to secure a house and some pasture land at St. Leonards erag, about five miles distant we find them moving there and beginning to live the life of cattle raisers for which Deans was already famous. No doubt they felt a pang on leaving the old home, but Jeanie at least prided herself on being rid of the unwelcome presence of the young Laird of Dumbdikes. Effie Deans, not having the same quiet nature as Jeanie and being ten years younger, caused her sister no little anxiety. She was wont to be away from home till late in the evening and many a twilight found Jeanie watching from the doorstep for her sister, anxious lest her father should come in from his work and find her absent. Upon a certain evening while Jeanie was thus waiting, and when it had grown late, she saw her sister part with a man when within a short distance of the house. Jeanie, anxious for her sister's welfare, desired to know where she had been, but was able to learn little, except that her young sister had been at a party enjoying the company of some of her young village friends.

Would to God it had been that and nothing else. "But thereby hangs a tale."

After the family had lived at St. Leonards for a while, Mr. Saddletree, a distant kinsman of Deans, comes down from Edinburg and desires that Effie, then a young lass, shall go to Edinburg and live with his family, in order that she may assist his wife in the business, of which Saddletree himself is so neglectful. Of course Deans is loath to separate one of his daughters from him, but decides that she may go. Jeanie sees her sister depart with feelings mingled with pain and joy. With pain that any sister feels in parting with one so tender in years and joy that perhaps this may be better for Effie, separating her as it did from those companions which she had made in St. Leonards, about whose influence there were doubts in Jeanie's mind.

Sometime passes and at the time of the famous Porteus Riot we find that a gloom is spread over the Deans family, Effie is thrown into the Tolbooth of Edinburg for infanticide. Here we pause in our story to introduce the reader to one, Reuben Butler.

We shall try to say as little as possible about characters other than Jeanie in this narrative, but a certain amount is necessary. Reuben Butler was a poor lad, a grand-son of old Bible Butler. He lived with his grandmother, his parents having died while he was quite young. He was neighbor to the Deans family and an attachment grew up between him and Jeanie Deans which could not be subdued.

Now we take up the narrative again where we left off to explain something about Reuben Butler. The Deans family upon hearing of Effie's fate were almost overcome with grief, but we find Jeanie comforting her father in these moments of terrible sorrow.

Jeanie goes into Edinburg and visits her sister's prison many times but is not permitted to see her until a few days before the trial comes off, and then in the presence of the jailor. The scene of their meeting is very touching. Jeanie hopes that Effie will tell her the facts, but she goes away after an hour with no more knowledge of them than she had before. During Effie's imprisonment, Jeanie is advised to give false evidence in her sister's trial and thereby save her. Effie for a time is wroth because her sister will not give this evidence but later she begs Jeanie not to tell a lie for her sake and so we find the time approaching for the trial and yet no gleam of hope has come to the unfortunate Effie. David Deans had aged very rapidly during these trying days and the approaching trial finds him almost overcome. However he will not submit to his feelings and on the day of the trial goes with Jeanie and together they enter the streets of Edinburg already crowded with curious people awaiting the coming forth of Effie out of the Tolbooth.

Even this motley crowd had respect for David upon whose face shone the light of Christianity mingled now with so much grief.

The trial begins and David Deans takes a seat where he cannot see the face of his wayward daughter then on trial, but the test is too much for him when Jeanie does not give the evidence that would save her sister's honor and he falls forward in agonizing faint. Jeanie runs to his side and laying his head upon her bosom tries to comfort him. They carry the old man to an ante-room where he gains consciousness after a while.

Jeanie sees him safely to Mr. Saddletree's and finding that he will recover, asks and obtains his blessing on her intended action, David Deans little dreaming what it was. Jeanie then leaves Edinburg, the scene of so much unhappiness, and makes preparation to go to London, there to seek her sister's pardon on her knees before the majesty of England. Here we see an interesting scene between Jeanie and the young Laird of Dumbdikes. To him Jeanie goes to borrow money with which to make her journey. Dumbdikes takes her into his den and

Dr. J. H. Brooks.

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