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GRAHAM,

"Hilda, Hilda, where are you?" DESIGNAT BYNOM. W. P. BENUM, Ju. "Y-e-s," and she snipped off another rose. "I am here, Dossie, cutting the flowers you wanted."

"Oh, there you are! I'm going GREENSBURD, N. C.

GREENSBURD, N. C.

Joe regularly in the courts of AlaAug. 2, 94 ly into the village-you don't care to come, do you? Marjorie is going with me. You'll be all right. We shall be back soon." Dr. C. R. Zickler, "Don't trouble about me, Dossie.

heaps to do-letters and things. Look after mother, girlie." (To Marjorie.) "Auf wiedersehen." She looked very happy among the flowers. Once or twice she smiled to herself and sang little snatches of song, while the color came and went in her pretty cheeks. And no wonder she was happy. She was young, people said she was beautiful, and she was loved-she was sure of itby the one man in all the world to

No one came to disturb her and really there was no need to hurry. She sat down on a seat near, and soon lost herself in happy day

Suddenly she heard footsteps, and, looking up, saw a woman, darkly dressed, coming toward her. Hilda watched her as she drew nearer, and noted what a pale, worn face she had, but her eyes were bright and loving, though somewhat hard. It might once have been a beautiful face and probably was marred more by trouble than years, for, though girlhood was quite left behind, she was not old. What her position in life might be Hilda could not determine. She might be a lady in poor circumstances come to ask her sister-in-law to help her, she finally decided, and her face was very gentle as she looked inquiringly at the stranger, who now stood hesitating-

ly in front of her. "Good morning," said Hilda ten-

tatively. "Good morning. Excuse me, but

pre you Mrs. Beckett?" "No. 1 am her sister-in-law. She is not at home this morning. Can I"-

"You are Miss Beckett, then, Miss Hilda Beckett," broke in the other, and her voice, losing all hesitation, became hard and grim.

"I want the address of Philip Wendover. Will you be kind enough to give it to me?"
"Mr. Wendover's address?"

Yes. I must have it, and you, I

believe, can help me."

She spoke directly, with no beating about the bush. "Perhaps, as you know my name,

might know to whom I have the leasure of speaking?" said Hilda. "Certainly. My name is Wend-

ver I am Philip Wendover's And Hilda scanned the "s face, "She does not look" was her unspoken thought, but her strange visitor evidently read her thought, for she said quistly:

"No; I am not mad. You are mistaken." And she took some papers from the bag she carried in her hand. "Here are my proofs. I was married to Philip Wendover lew York on Oct. 4, 1890. I was Philip Wendover would probably and came to England. I have not seen him since, but I have heard of him being seen in London and other places and know he stays here at this house, and, well, Pve

meet him face to face not that I care for him now, but I have a reason. I don't want to take him from you, but you cannot marry him when he is already married, and, ing you from, Miss Beckett!"
Hilda was staring at her op eyed, while her face was deathly

"What do you mean? I am not engaged to Mr. Wendover. It is just idle gossip. Why do you tell me all this?"

"Because you wanted to know by what right I demanded his address, and if you will give it to me I will leave you and go back to Beignton by the next train."

"I don't know it," said Hilda helplessly.
Don't know it! But you must

know it. He stays here often, I was

"Yes, but I really don't know his "Surely I can get it from the

house, or perhaps he will be here soon, and I could see him; but, then, on would warn him beforehand, on would not lead him into a trap, "He will be here tonight," said Hilda. "You might see him to-morrow. I believe you are making some great mistake, and when you see the Mr. Wendover who stays ere you will know for yourself."

"I will see him tomorrow and let him know I am alive. I must thank Wendover will know me the mo-ment I speak, although my face is very much altered, thanks to him. I am sorry for you; but at the same time congratulate you on your escape. If you could marry him, you would say goodby to happiness on this earth forever. Good morning." And with a slight bow she

Wendover could act such a villain's would. part. Never! She would not and could not believe it, and yet the suredly. She had said she had

I'm quite happy, thanks, and I have would see the woman himself, and and they were off. think no more of it. Mr. Wendover the metarious scheme would be thoroughly exposed.

Presently she heard Marjorie's voice as she chattered to her mother, and knew that the next minute she "Yes, you may," she answered. would be under a cross examination | There was nothing else for it now, she took flight in the direction of the house. When she reached her own room, she locked the door and sat down to think, and when her sister-in-law knocked later she pleaded a violent headache and asked to be excused from lunch. Dossie was much concerned, but at last was persuaded to leave the sufferer alone.

The more Hilda thought over the woman's words the more she inclined to think there was some mistake and that all would be explained. Still, she could not quite regain her peace of mind, however hard she tried to, and when she did leave her room Dossie exclaimed at once on her ill looks.

"Hilda, my dear child, you look wretched. I'm afraid the heat has been too much for you. Do you think you were too much in the sun this morning? Well, I do hope a cup of ten will do you good. must not have you looking like this tonight, you know." "Oh, I shall be all right soon.

thanks, Dossie. The heat is rather trying, I must admit." "I think there is thunder in the

air. I hope Harry won't miss Mr. Wendover. They will probably come by the same train." "Yes." said Hilda, beginning to

sip her tea slowly. Her sister-inlaw was too busy talking herself to then her headache accounted for

It was some time later that a telegram was brought to Mrs. Beckett. She read it and handed it to Hilda, saying: "How tiresome! Mr. Wendover is detained at Beignton and will not be here until tomorrow. What can be be doing there? I did not know he had friends there

Hilda was silent. The woman who called herself his wife lived at Beignton. They must have met at that is"some station on the way; she would be on the lookout for him, knowing in what direction he was traveling.

When she went to bed that night, Hilda's mind was made up. She would leave her brother's house before Philip Wendover arrived the next day. Some excuse must be made to Dossie. She felt she could her thought, for she said not tell her the truth. She must devise something. She must make them believe that a letter called her away-anything-but go she would, even if it meant offending her kind hearted sister-in-law for a short time.

come on by an afternoon train. If she left at midday, she would pass his train somewhere on the way. She must forget him from that moment. The man was vile and base. Yet how unlike anything of the kind he seemed-so frank, so open, and what a favorite with every outhaunted her all day. She was no schemer—her voice rang true. Hilds knew she spoke the truth. He was a clever actor and had deceived them all, and perhaps he thought his wife was dead. All night long she tossed in bed. Sleep would not come to her, and she rose next morning looking, as she felt, ill and very miserable.

Dossie and her husband were loud in their outcries when she joined

them at breakfast. "Why. Hilds," said the former, you look a perfect wreek."
"Do ! Well, I mean to eat some

breakfast," answered the girl, with forced gayety.

Nothing more was said about her just then, but Hilda knew Dossie was watching her. She determined not to say anything about her de-

parture until her brother had left Mow, when the moment was she felt how difficult it be to satisfy Dossie on the t of her decision, and still would it be with the two of She must persuade her sisn-law that it was necessary she

should go, and leave it to her to tell her husband. As soon as they were alone she rushed into the subject.

"Dossie, you will be very much surprised, but I find I must leave

by the midday train. "Leave us by the midday

Hilds, what do you mean?"

"I cannot explain to you my reasons, Dossie, but I must go. Will you trust me? Some time I may be able to explain."

"Well, Hilds, I am very sorry, but

Hilda sat there without moving very sensible wife. She knew they for some time. Philip Wendover were very loath to part with her, married already! It must be false, and yet neither had bothered her It was an absurdity, an impossibil- with questions, knowing that if she ity, that the man she knew as Philip wished to tell them her reason she

At the next junction she had an hour to wait for her train. She woman told her story calmly and as- spent the time in the waiting room, taking no notice of what went on married him in New York ten years around her. So absorbed was she ago, and Hilda knew he had been in her own thoughts that she almost in America at one time and about missed the train when it did at last that time. Still, any one might come and was just able to hurry out know that, and in the making of a and jump into the nearest compartplot against him the knowledge ment. It was empty, as it happenwould be made use of. No; it was ed, but just as the train began to an infamous lie, and she would move the door opened and some one else got in and the door slammed to

"Mr. Wendover!" "Yes, Miss Beckett, may I have the pleasure of traveling so far with

as to what she was doing still there, but her tone was ice cold. She lookand picking up her flowers quickly ed at him as she spoke and thought he looked troubled. "I saw you get into the train," he

began, "and I ventured to follow She did not look encouraging, and

he went on quickly. "I wanted to see you, Miss Beckett. and had it not been my luck to catch sight of you at the last minute I should have now been on my way to your brother's, where I hoped to

find you." "Yes?" she queried without unbending.

"I want to explain_to you how it was I was detained at Beignton yesterday. I met there some one I had pelieved dead for some years."

Hilda started. "My cousin Philip's wife."

"Your cousin Philip?" "Yes. I don't think I ever menioned him to you. He is not-well, the kind of relative one would be very anxious to mention. I have not seen him for a year or two. don't think he is in England. understood from him when I last saw him that his wife had died in America, and yesterday I saw her. I should never have recognized her. I knew her when she married him.

But she knew me; was, in fact, watching the trains at Beignton for her husband and found me instead. I had to change there." He stopped notice how quiet the girl was, and for a moment and looked steadily at Hilda. "Then she was-is-not your

> "My wife! Heaven forbid! And you thought it possible! She told me she had seen you and the mistake she had made, and you-well, you believed I could be such a scoundrel."

wife, after all?"

"Forgive r "Hilda," he said, "I will forgive you upon one condition only, and

She raised her eyes and looked at him, and he saw the answer he wished for in her eyes, even before she spoke.

Mrs. Beckett cannot quite make out what really happened, but she is so pleased with Hilda's engagement to Philip that she has never asked for an explanation from either of them .- Woman's Life.

Ephraim Knex's Hen Story. Ephraim Knox lived in the center of his native village, and his hens wandered here and there at their own sweet will, to the frequent an-noyance of his neighbors. Ephraim, however, was no respecter of persons and considered his hens "as good as anybody" and desirable vis-

When it was decided that the town library should be built in a vacant lot "next door to him," Ephraim was filled with pride and joy, and he and his hens superin-tended operations from the first.

Ephraim's brother Seth was not devoted to hens. One day he was passing the site of the library with a friend and stopped to view the progress of affairs. Ephraim's hens were there, cackling away as if their lives depended on it. Seth looked at them in disgust.

"What in the world are those bens making such a noise for, do you suppose? There sin't any grain in there," said the friend.

"Well," remarked Seth dryly, "they've had the oversight of most everything in town. You know the cornerstone of the building was laid yesterday, and I calc'late that speckled hen over there thinks she laid it!"—Youth's Companion.

A Lost News Story.

A managing editor tells this story of how he failed to get the best of a correspondent: "News was scarce prospects of getting out an interesting paper in the morning were poor indeed, when from a small but prosperous and supposed-ly pious little Illinois town came this

sted tonight for playing poker."
"In a fiffy I wired the correspond-

Rush details and all the names. "While awaiting the story my spirits rose as I pictured the effect of the bucolic sensation on the first of the bucolic sensation on the first page. The prospects of a dry paper were about disappearing as I thought how interesting the story would be (50 prominent citizens in a small town like —, you know, means pretty much the whole town) when there came on the wire not reply to my order:
"I am no fool. I expect to live

JOLTED HIS DIGNITY.

Laughable Celebration In Which a Minister Participated.

Past 60, hale and strong, young at heart and full of interest in life, this particular minister delights in living over the memories of his earlier days. "At the university," he told the

other night, "my roommate and best friend was Jim Masters, from Colorado. He was big, jovial and forever planning something to laugh at. 'Anything for fun' was his motto, and he kept things whirling for 16 hours a day. After the regular course he went to the law department and I to the theological. After I was through and had a parish he invited me to spend my first vacation with him, and I went. I was soon known in the settlement as the sky pilot, and Jim assured me that the boys were behaving unusually well because of my presence.

"They had some big celebration at the village one day, and Jim insisted that I ride over with him. I mounted a fine looking horse that he assured me was as gentle as a sheep, and we attracted a good deal of attention on our arrival. Just as soon as the band struck up that horse began to waltz. The crowd was silent for a few seconds, and then amazement gave way to mirth, I struggled to discipline the worldly creature and momentarily wished that I had a gun, when I saw Jim rolling around in his saddle and encouraging the boys to cheer.

'Fire the cannon!' velled Jim, and when the old fieldpiece boomed the horse threw his front feet on a stump and went around it in the most ridiculous way. I was too angry to dismount and after a spirited tussle made the horse behave. Of course Jim had bought the animal from a circus, and equally, of course, hoped for just such a performance as that in which I participated. I haven't the slightest doubt that some of those people are laughing yet, and there is not a year that the incorrigible Jim does not telegraph to ask if I have fully recovered from the wild celebra-tion."—Deroit Free Press.

Expression "He's a Brick!"

The expression "He's a brick," which is now a family byword, is first found in Plutarch. The whole phrase is expressive of every form of admiration. The Spartans, quick witted and noted for their repartee, were early trained in both schools. They were men of few words and fewer laws and embodied in short phrases their admiration, dislike or appreciation. Lycurgus was not only a man of few words, but quick action. On bein "Should Sparta be inclosed?" an invasion of the enemy being expected during the time of war, replied, "A city is well fortified which has a wall of men instead of brick."

A very clever story is told of the diplomatic mission from the court of Epirus. The embassador, being shown over the city by the king, expressed surprse that no walls were built around Sparts for its defense. "Walls!" cried the king. "Thou caust not have looked carefully. Tomorrow we will go together, and I will show you the walls of Sparta."
On the following day the king led his guest to where his entire army was drawn up. Pointing with great pride to the magnificent body of men, he exclaimed, "There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta, and every man a brick!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Origin of a Quaint Expression.

In the fifteenth century it was ustomary for English alchouse keepers to write the scores of their customers on the wall with a bit of charcoal. The letter P served as an bbreviation for pints and Q for quarts, each being placed at the top of a column, long or short, of figures showing the state of the customer's account. The fact being well known, it became customary for sober friends to withdraw their drinking companions from the taproom by showing them the length of the account, or, in their language, the "state of their P's and Q's." Mind your P's and Q's" was a common hint to a hard drinker that he was going too far. and the expression easily found favor in other places than taprooms and became secredited as a synonym for "Be on your good behavior."

The Immovable Coin.

Place in the center of your hand when fully opened a silver dime. Then beg a friend to take a brush, and tell him that the piece of money is his if he can brush it off from the eenter of your hand. Your friend will do his best, but will become very tired, as the piece will move no more from the center of your hand than if it were glaed there. It is understood he cannot shake violently your hand, because the piece of noney would fall off, but he must be satisfied to do exactly as if he were brushing a coat in order to gain the

Cheap Birds. secause you got it at a low price. In uying low priced stock knowledge and observation are necessary. If a man rishes to take chances on secondhand clothing and considers he has sec-a bargain, while the rip up the back roor yard may have cost you the lar-



In a profitable dairy cows must be kept clean and in proper condition. Curry regularly. Cows should never be likely drop in the milk pail, says a Maryland dairymaid in Farm and Home. When cows are driven from the pasture under cover to be milked, they hould be wiped dry before milking. Whether the cow is wet or not the udder should be wiped clean to remove dirt or loose hair, which too often falls into the milk.

Milk should be strained through sieve into clean, cool crocks. Milk should never be strained into freshly washed crocks, or into crocks that have not been washed. Crocks should be scalded thoroughly and washed and set in the open air. Cream should be skim med as soon as in a skimming condition. Set cream in a cool, clean, well aired jar, not in a freshly washed, dirty or hot receptacle. Do not put off churning too long or the cream will spoil, es pecially in summer.

Keep the churn well aired when no in use. Wipe the churn carefully with a clean cloth, then put in the dasher and pour in boiling water, dash around until wet all over the inside, let stand five minutes, then draw water off, put in the cream as soon as water is drawn. and churn until done. When cream is hard to churn, a cupful of boiling water is often helpful. Wash butter thorough ly and get all the milk out.

The print should be put in a pan t with bolling water and then put in cold water. Then stamp the butter and set it in a cool place. The cellar, pantry, springhouse or wherever the milk is placed should be free from all dirt. Fish, cooked cabbage or anything with a perceptible odor, should never be kept near milk, butter or cream. The covers of milk, butter or cream re ceptacles should be kept scrupulously clean and after being washed aired in the sunlight. Never use milk from an unhealthy cow.

Best Time to Freshen Cows. There is no room for further discus

sion of the question as to whether it is more profitable to have cows freshen in the spring or in the fall, says Hoard's Dairyman. It has been tried too often and under too widely differing conditions, and without exception, so far as we are advised, the cow that freshens in the fall will yield more milk in 12 months, and the milk and its products are worth more money. best plan of all probably is to have cows freshen at different times in the year-say three-fourths of them from September to January and the others at intervals throughout the balance of the year.



Waldo F. Brown in Prairie Farme has the following to say about cemen floors: I write from the standpoint of experience on this subject, as it is now about ten years since I put in my first stable floor of cement, and I had been watching and inspecting cement floors in stables for several years before laying mine. There is no comparison for rability between a cement floor and wood floor, as I believe the former will last without repairs for 100 years it ande of the best material and properly hid down, while I have rarely been able to get a plank floor that would las ten years, and unless made of the best oak lumber it usually begins to give way in half that time. There are other advantages in the cement floor besides its durability, one of which is that by its use all of the liquid manure is saved, and another and still more important is that there will be no fou odors in the stable with this kind of a floor, for the cement will not absorb a particle of urine, and if cleaned as it bould be every day and a little fresh bedding added the air of the stable will remain pure and sweet. What I say applies only to floors made of portland

cement. Farm Fences. Bad fences have been a trouble to every rural community from the earli-est history to the present day, Neigh-borhood rows and feuds and aggravating litigation and even bloodshed have resulted from defective fences. Wooden fences, whether of rails, poles or boards, are a standing menace to the public peace wherever they exist, and but little better is a wire fence that loes not effectively serve its purpose. There are nowadays a large number of patterns of wire fences ready made and sold in rolls ready to be unrolled and nailed to posts. Some of these are good, and some are better, and some are almost perfect. A really good wire fence may cost more to begin with than a wooden one, but on account of its durability alone it is far cheaper. Dark Stables.

Dark stables are as injurious to cows or tiorses as a dungeon is to a man. It is the basement barns for milk cows that have developed tuberculosis to such an alarming extent. In the souththere is no necessity for base west there is no necessity for base-ment barns, and as far as we know they do not exist, says Farm and Ranch. But we have seen many sta-bles that were almost as dark as Egypt on a cloudy day. These may not be so bed as basements, but they are bad snough. Sunshine is nature's great vi-talizer and disinfectant, and men and animals should have it in large quan-

Why not raise a drove of goineas asks a writer in Farm Journal. Their pular with epicures. Their danger scaring off prowlers. They are no harder to raise than turkeys and will gican a living from orchards and fields.

The white goiness are perferred by many because they are peaceable and

BIBLE FOR GOOD ROADS.

ommanded That Valleys Be Exalted Speaking at a good roads meeting at Frenada, Miss., the Rev. W. A. Ham-

ett said "The subject of good roads, now be ing agitated, is worthy the profoundest consideration. The necessity of such improvement is so potent that he who would oppose it would only advertise milked outdoors when raining, as the his stand against progress. This matdirty water runs off the cow and would ter of good roads improvement is not without its precedent, both anciently and scripturally. We, in this modern age of energy and invention, are rather inclined to scoff at the people whose existence is but a dim historic memory

Nevertheless, on the subject of im-

proved, well kept highways, we may

well sit at their feet and learn. A

mere glance at Rome teaches us that. "What would Rome's senators or legions of war have done for the City of Seven Hills had it not been for her splendid system of good roads? Having conquered an outlying province, she linked it to herself by one of her endurable highways, over which social and commercial communication was established or over which an army could march with ease in time of re bellions. Today traces of these road still exist, and, having endured the ravages of weather and time, they remain to remind us of that principle of Rome worthy of imitation by any nation. Rome would never have been what she was had it not been for her roadways. A system of good roads makes a good city or nation. This is

axiomatic. "Moreover, Scripture uses this principle as a figure: When the Almighty, through prophecy, had promised a Sav lour, he likened him to a king who was about to visit his people and in honor of whom the highway should be put in perfect order. Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low (Isaiah xl, 3). Even so there is another king, though an uncrowned one, who wishes to visit our cities, but who is hindered by the unsatisfactory condition of our roads. If he comes, he will bring plenty with him. I refer to his majesty the farmer. He can exist in his independent way without the cities, but the cities can't exist without him. Prepare your highways, exalt the valleys, bring low the bills, and let this king come in. Citizens, build good

FREE MAIL DELIVERY. Will Give Impetus to Good Road

Movement. Now that the postoffice departmen has announced that the continuance of free delivery of the mails in rural districts depends upon the maintenance of good roads the question of the keep ing up of the roads is of more impor tance than ever, says the St. Lou Post-Dispatch:

Free mail delivery has been of area benefit wherever it has been tried. It means a saving of time and money to the people. It is the use of well organzed effort for the desultory and w ful method of each man going for his own mail. In many cases it may save individuals of families much money and suffering. There are plenty instances where the prompt delivery of letter was a matter of life or death.

When it is understood that those sec tions that maintain good roads have free delivery, while those that allow the roads to become impassable are cut off from its benefits, it can hardly be doubted that we shall see a great provement in roadmaking. Country people do not like to pay for something which they do not get.

GOOD ROADS PAY.

Results of Highway Improvement I The industrial commission at a rec session at Washington took up the sut ject of good roads. Most of the time was devoted to a paper read by D. P Hutchinson of Charlotte, N. C. His statement, however, was confined a most exclusively to the roads in North Carolina. The movement for a road improvement in his state, he said, had started in the towns and had been advocated and supported very strongly by the residents of municipalities. The citizens of his city, Charlotte, submit ted to a road tax in addition to their town taxes, and the money raised this way made it possible to build the first macadamized road in Michlenberg

county. The roads, Mr. Hutchinson said, were worked by convicts. One effect of im proved country roads, he said, was to increase the value of suburban prop erty. Farming lands on macadan roads within two to ten miles of town, he said, have increased from 50 to 10 per cent in value in the last ten years.

Good roads pay from every possible

point of view. They save the farmer money, both in the improved marketing facilities of his products and in the wear and tear of vehicles and teams. He can draw bigger loads, get to market quicker, travel more miles daily on the market in a great deal better condition.

The value of land is also greatly en

hanced by the improved conditions, as are properties in the town. It would be impossible to state in a brief inter rived from good roads, to say nothin of the comforts and pleasures depe ent upon the same.

Good roads are absolutely essential

Hens will crow I on the roosts ev when there is an abundance of roo I believe that this crowding can them to rest less perfectly than the would if not crowded, and thus their



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