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"After my first haby was hom I did not seem to regain my strength although the doctor gave me a tonic which he considered very superior, but instead of getting hetter I grew weaker every day. My hushand insisted that I take Wine of Cardui for a week and see what it would do for me. I did take the medicine and was very grateful to find my strength and health slowly returning, in two weeks I was out of bed and in a month I was able to take up my usual duties. I am very enthusiatic in its praise."

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just closed poor Colley's eyes. It was Tuition \$1.50 to \$3.50. awful. I must get sleep. Look after Dandy, will you, like a good chap." JOHN S. ROWE, Principal, MARY C. BASON, Assistant. "Oh, Dandy be hanged!" I said, for I knew it was not the fight nor the watching nor the long ride that had thaken his fron nerve and given him

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went with a fearful heart, but that was because I had forgotten the kind of roman she was. She was standing in the light of the window waiting for me. Her face was NAT FOSTER. only, but stendy; there was a proud Bobt in Ler thelomie's ered a slight smile puried her Lips, and she carried her Lead live a quech

\*\*\*\* proud of him. I knew he would be Black true. He loves me"-she drew in her her cheek-"but he knows love is not all-ah, love is not all! Oh, I am glad and proud!"

CHAPTER XII.

LOVE IS NOT ALL.

river. I talking and sketching and read-

ing and she listening and dreaming,

with often a happy smile upon her

est, friends during those days. How

sweet the ministry of the woods to

mer leaves, fresh and full of life.

They swayed and rustled above us.

flinging their interlacing shadows upon

us, and their swaying and their rus-

tling soothed and comforted like the

voice and touch of a mother. And the

stood calmly, solemnly, about us, up-

lifting our souls into regions of rest.

The changing lights and shadows filt-

ted swiftly over their rugged fronts,

but left them ever as before in their

studying her as I might a new ac-

quaintance. Years had fallen from

her. She was a girl again, full of

young, warm life. She was as sweet

s before, but there was a soft shyness

over her, a half shamed, half frank

consciousness in her face, a glad light

in her eyes that made her all new to

me. Her perfect trust in Craig was

"He will tell me what to do," she

would say till I began to realize how

impossible it would be for him to be

tray such trust and be anything but

So much did I dread Craig's home

coming that I sent for Graeme and old

man Nelson, who was more and more

Graeme's trusted counselor and friend.

They were both highly excited by the

to tell them all, but I was not a little

surprised and disgusted that they did

not see the matter in my light. In vain

I protested against the madness of al-

lowing anything to send these two from

each other. Graeme summed up the

discussion in his own emphatic way

but with an earnestness in his words

"Craig will know better than any of

us what is right to do, and he will do

that, and no man can turn him from it,

and," he added, "I should be sorry to

Then my wrath rose, and I cried:

"It's a tremendous shame! They love

each other. You are talking senti-

"He must do the right," said Nelson

in his deep, quiet voice.
"Right! Nonsense! By what right

does he send from him the woman he

"'He pleased not himself," quoted

"Look here," I stormed. "I didn't

bring you men to back him up in his

nonsense. I thought you could keep your heads level."

"Now, Connor," said Graeme, "don't

rage. Leave that for the heathen. It's

bad form and useless besides. Craig

will walk his way where his light falls,

and, by all that's holy, I should hate

to see him fail, for if he weakens like

the rest of us my North star will have

"Entirely so. I'm not a saint, but I

feel like steering by one when I see

When, after a week had gone, Craig

or, his face told me that he had door, his face told me that he had fought his fight and had not been beat-

not, old boy," he said, putting

rode up one early morning to his shack

en. He had ridden all night and was ready to drop with weariness.

out his hand, "I'm rather played. There

was a bad row at the Landing. I have

that face. "Go in and lie down. I'll

"Wake me in the afternoon," he said.

"You go to thunder!" I burst out, for

"I think I'd rather go to sleep," he re-

thance of being alone with Dandy.

When I came in, I found him sitting

with his head in his arms upon the ta

ble fast asleep. I made him tea, forced

him to take a warm both and sent him

to bed, while I went to Mrs. Mayor. I

still smiling. nid not speak and was giad of the

was hot and sore with grief

bring you something."

"Nice selfish spirit," I muttered.

Nelson reverently.
"Nelson is right," said Graeme.

should not like to see him weaken."

mental humbug and nonsense.'

not usual with him.

loves?"

and her courage rose.

said, and I believed her.

The trees were in their new sum-

back again.

"Glad!" I gasped, amazed.
"You would not have him prove faithless!" she said, with proud de-\*\*\*\*

"Oh, it is high sentimental non sense!" I could not help saying. "You should not say so," she replied, and her voice rang clear. "Honor, faith and duty are sentiments, but

they are not nonsense." In spite of my rage I was lost in amazed admiration of the high spirit HOSE days when we were of the woman who stood up so straight waiting Craig's return we before me, but as I told how worn spent in the woods or on the and broken he was she listened with mountain sides or down in changing color and swelling bosom, the canyon beside the stream that her proud courage all gone and only danced down to meet the Black Rock love, anxious and pitying, in her eyes. "Shall I go to him?" she asked, with timid eagerness and deepening color. "He is sleeping. He said he would

face. But there were moments when ome to you," I replied. a cloud of shuddering fear would "I shall wait for him," she said softsweep the smile away, and then I ly, and the tenderness in her tone went would talk of Craig till the smile came straight to my heart, and it seemed to me a man might suffer much to be But the woods and the mountains loved with love such as this. and the river were her best, her wis-

In the early afternoon Graeme came to her. She met him with both hands outstretched, saying in a low voice: "I am very happy."

"Are you sure?" he asked anxiously. "Oh, yes," she said, but her voice was like a sob, "quite, quite sure!" They talked long together till I saw that Craig must soon be coming, and I called Graeme away. He held her mountains, too, in all the glory of their hands, looking steadily into her eyes, varying robes of blues and purples, and said:

"You are better even than I thought. I'm going to be a better man." Her eyes filled with tears, but her amile did not fade as she answered: "Yes, you will be a good man, and

steadfast majesty. "God's in his heav-God will give you work to do." en." What would you have? And ever He bent his head over her hands and the little river sang its cheerful courstepped back from her as from a age, fearing not the great mountains queen, but he spoke no word till we that threatened to bar its passage to came to Craig's door. Then be said the sea. Mrs. Mayor heard the song, with humility that seemed strange in

"We, too, shall find our way," she "Connor, that is great-to conquer eneself. It is worth while. I am go-But through these days I could not ing to try. make her out, and I found myself

I would not have missed his meeting with Craig. Nelson was busy with tea. Craig was writing near the window. He looked up as Graeme came in and nodded an easy good evening, but Graeme strode to him and, putting one hand on his shoulder, held out his other for Craig to take.

After a moment's surprise Craig rose to his feet and, facing him squarely, took the offered hand in both of his and held it fast without a word. Graeme was the first to speak, and his voice was deep with emotion.

"You are a great man, a good man I'd give something to have your grit." Poor Craig stood looking at him, not daring to speak for some moments. Then he said quietly:

"Not good or great, but, thank God, not quite a traitor." "Good man!" went on Graeme, patting him on the shoulder. But it's tough." Craig sat down quickly, saying

'Don't do that, old chap!" I went up with Craig to Mrs. Mavor's door. She did not hear us coming, but stood near the window gazing up at the mountains. She was dressed in some rich soft stuff and wore at her breast a bunch of wild flowers. I had never seen her so beautiful. I did not wonder that Craig paused with his foot upon the threshold to look at her. She turned and saw us. With a glad cry, "Oh, my darling, you have come to mel" she came with outstretched arms. I turned and fled, but the cry

and the vision were long with me. It was decided that night that Mrs. Mayor should go the next week. A miner and his wife were going east, and I, too, would join the party.

The camp went into mourning at the news, but it was understood that any display of grief before Mrs. Mavor was bad form. She was not to be an-

But when I suggested that she should leave quietly and avoid the pain of saying goodby she fiatly refused. "I must say goodby to every man

They love me, and I love them." It was decided, too, at first, that there should be nothing in the way of a testimonial, but when Craig found ou that the men were coming to her with all sorts of extraordinary gifts he agreed that it would be better that they bould unite in one gift. So it was agreed that I should buy a ring for her. And were it not that the contributions were strictly limited to \$1 the purse that Slavin handed her when Shaw read the address at the farewell supper would have been many times with the gold that was presend upon the committee. There were no speeches at the supper except one by myself in reply on Mrs. Mayor's behalf. had given me the words to say, and I was thoroughly prepared, else I should not have got through. I began

"Mr. Chairman, ladies men, Mrs. Mavor is"-But I got no further, for at the men tion of her name the men stood on the chairs and yelled until they could yell no more. There were over 250 of them,

and the effect was overpowering. But got through my speech. I remember well. It began: "Mrs. Mayor is greatly touched by "She is waiting. Perhaps you will go to her." His lips quivered. "My nerve is rather gone." Then, with a very wan smile, he added, "I am giving you this mark of your love, and she will wear your ring always with pride."

And it ended with: "She has one request to make-that you will be true to the league and that you stand close about the man who did ost to make it. She wishes me to say that, however far away she may have to go, she is leaving her heart in Black Rock and she can think of no greater joy than to come back to you again." Then they had "The Sweet By and By," but the men would not join in the

refrain, unwilling to lose a note of the dorious voice they loved to hear. Before the last verse she beckoned to me went to her standing by Craig's side he played for bet

"Mrs. Mayor wishes you to sing in the refrain," I said, and at once the men sat up and cleared their throats. The singing was not good, but at the rat sound of the boarse notes of the sen Craig's head went down over the The singing was not good, but at the first sound of the boarse notes of the

"Come in," she said. "You need not organ, for he was thinking, I suppose, fear to tell me. I saw him ride home. of the days before them when they He has not falled, thank God! I am voice that soared high over their own boarse tones. And after the voices breath sharply, and a faint color tinged | died away he kept on playing till, half | to me of that life were soon to visit turning toward him, she sang alone once more the refrain in a voice low and sweet and tender, as if for him alone, and so he took it, for he smiled up at her his old smile, full of courage and full of love.

Then for one whole hour she stood saying goodby to those rough, gentle hearted men whose inspiration to goodness she had been for five years. It was very wonderful and very quiet. It was understood that there was to be no nonsense, and Abe had been heard to declare that he would "throw out any cotton backed fool" who couldn't hold himself down, and, further, he had enjoined them to remember that her arm wasn't a pump handle.

At last they were all gone, all but her guard of honor-Shaw, Vernon Winton, Geordie, Nixon, Abe, Nelson, Craig and myself.

This was the real farewell, for, though in the early light of the next morning 200 men stood silent about the stage and as it moved out waved their hats and yelled madly, this was the last touch they had of her hand. Her place was up on the driver's sent between Abe and Mr. Craig, who held little Marjorie on his knee. The rest of the guard of honor were to follow with Graeme's team. It was Winton's fine sense that kept Graeme from following them close. "Let her go out alone," he said, and so we held back and watched her go.

She stood with her back toward Abe's plunging four horse team and, steadying herself with one hand on Abe's shoulder, gazed down upon us. Her head was bare, her lips parted in a smile, her eyes glowing with their own deep light, and so, facing us, erect and smiling, she drove away, waving us farewell till Abe swung his team into the canyon road and we saw her no more. A sigh shuddered through the crowd, and, with a sob in his voice Winton said, "God help us all!"

I close my eyes and see it all againthe waving crowd of dark faced men. the plunging horses, and, high up beside the driver, the swaying, smiling, waving figure, and about all the moun tains, framing the picture with their dark sides and white peaks tipped with the gold of the rising sun. It is a picture I love to look upon, albeit it calls up another that I can never see but through tears.

I look across a strip of ever widening water at a group of men upon the wharf, standing with heads uncovered, every man a hero, though not a man of them suspects it, least of all the man who stands in front, strong, resolute, self conquered, and, gazing long, I think I see him turn again to his place among the men of the mountains, not forgetting, but every day remembering, the great love that came to him and remembering, too, that love is not all. It is then the tears come.

But for that picture two of us at leas are better men today.

CHAPTER XIII.

THROUGH the long summer the mountains and the pines were with me, and through the winter, too, busy as I was filling in my Black Rock sketches for the railway people who would still persist in ordering them by the dozen, the memory of that stirring life would come over me, and once more I would be among the silent pines and the mighty snow peaked mountains, and before me would appear the red shirted shanty men or dark faced miners great, free, bold fellows, driving me alfix those swiftly changing groups of picturesque figures. At such times l would drop my sketch and with eager brush seize a group, a face, a figure, and that is how my studio comes to be filled with the men of Black Rock There they are about me-Graeme and the men from the woods, Sandy, Baptiste, the Campbells and, in many attitodes and groups, old man Nelson; Craig, too, and his miners, Shaw, Geor die, Nixon, poor old Billy and the keep er of the league saloon.

It seemed as if I lived among them and the illusion was greatly helped by the vivid letters Graeme sent me from time to time. Brief notes came now and then from Craig, too, to whom had sent a faithful account of how had brought Mrs. Mayor to her ship and of how I had watched her sail away with none too brave a face as she held up her hand that bore the niners' ring and smiled with that deep light in her eyes. Ah, those eyes have driven me to despair and made me fear that I am no great painter after all, in spite of what my friends tell come in to smoke my good cigars and praise my brush! I can get the brow and hair and mouth and but the eyes-the eyes clude me. And the faces of Mrs. Mayor on my wall that the men praise and rave over, are not such as I could show to any of the men from the mountains. Graeme's letters tell me chiefly about Craig and his doings and about old man Nelson, while from Craig I hear about Graeme and how he and Nelson are standing at his back and doing what they can to fill the gap that nev er can be filled. The three are much eave me or let me rest in peace.

together, I can see, and I am glad for them all, but chiefly for Craig, whose face, grief stricken, but resol The note of thanks he sent me was entirely characteristic. There were no roles, much less pining or self pity. was simple and manly, not ignoring the pain, but making much of the joy And then they had their work to do That note, so clear, so manly, so nobly naible, stiffens my back yet at times. In the spring came the startling news that Binck Rock would soon be no more. The mines were to close down on April 1. The company, having al-lured the confiding public with entie-ing descriptions of marvelous drifts, dins, amays and prospects and having treended vast sums of the public's oney in developing the mines till the aurance of their reliability was ablutely final, calmly shut down and mished. With their vanishing vanished. ch deep cursing on the part of the

Personally it grieved me to think that my plan of returning to Black would long in vain for that thrilling Rock could never be carried out. It was a great compensation, however, that the three men most representative me actually in my own home and den Graeme's letter said that in one month they might be expected to appear. At least he and Nelson were soon to come, and Craig would soon follow.

On receiving the great news I at once looked up young Nelson and his sister, and we proceeded to celebrate the joyful prospect with a specially good din ner. I found the greatest delight in picturing the joy and pride of the old man in his children, whom he had not seen for fifteen or sixteen years. The mother had died some five years be fore. Then the farm was sold, and the brother and sister came into the city, and any father might be proud of them. The son was a well made young fellow. handsome enough, thoughtful and solid looking. The girl reminded me of her father. The same resolution was seen in mouth and jaw, and the same passion slumbered in the dark gray eyes. She was not beautiful, but she carried herself well, and one would always look at her twice. It would be worth something to see the meeting between

father and daughter. But fate, the greatest artist of us all, takes little count of the careful drawing and the bright coloring of our fancy's pictures, but with rude hand deranges all and with one swift sweep paints out the bright and paints in the dark, and this trick he served me when one June night, after long and anxious waiting for some word from the west, my door suddenly opened and Graeme walked in upon me like a specter, gray and voiceless. My shout of welcome was choked back by the look in his face, and I could only gaze at him and wait for his word. He gripped my hand, tried to speak, but failed to make words come. "Sit down, old man," I said, pushing

him into my chair, "and take your

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Here's a Poser.

A reader of the News, a young man, hands in this query, with the request that it be answered :

"Is it advisable for a young man who is strictly temperate, to marry, on a salary of \$50 a month in Charlotte?"

The columns of the News are open to any of its readers who may have an answer to the problem that confronts this young man. The answer may be based on experience or observation. It is hardly likely that he expects an answer from this office, since the amount named is too generous an average to be placed upon the salaries of newspaper men, who take out the reward for their daily toil in cord wood and vegeta

Meandering.

A city girl writes: It is a fond dream of mine to become a farmer's wife, and meander with him down

life's pathway, says an exchange. Ah, yes, that is a nice thing. But when your husband meanders off and leaves you without wood, the fence to cook dinner, and when only man left. you meander around in the grass in on a barbed wire fence; when you him you won't leave her a penny. meander back home to the house and find that the billy goat has but- that for the elopement. ted the stuffin' out of your child, and find the hen and forty little chickens in the parlor, you'll put your hands on your hips and realize that the meandering is not what for complimenting her. Never mind it is cracked up to be.

The Value of a Mechanic.

thern Farm Magazine. The South has more raw material of a diversified character than any other portion of the globe. Besides, it grows every crop needed for the systemance of a man or beast. It stands at the opening doors of the world's commerce, and can supply at low rates almost every necessity your of the human family. There never was such a theatre for intelligent human endeavor as the South presents. It is the high duty of the state governments of the South, of its municipalities and its publicspirited citizens, to provide the neans to educate the portion of the population that gives the greatest romise of the most fruitful outcome to the country. A trained, educated mechanic is the most powerful factor in the progress of nations. Such a man thinks, provides for the unexpected, multiplies his forces and dares the world to meet him. Southern boys would make such leaders if educated in industrial

The taxation that goes for the up-building of the public schools is the building of the public schools is the free, also pamphlet telling you bor out if you have kidney or bladder ple. - Governor Charles B. Aycock.

The Great Corn Crop.

Washington, Nov. 10.-The preiminary estimate of the average yield per acre of corn, as published in the monthly report of the statistician of the Department of Agriculture, is 26.8 bushels, as compared with an average yield of 16.7 bushels in 1901; 25.3 bushels in 1900 and a 10-year average of 23.4 bushels. The following table shows the preliminary estimates of average yield per acre in bushels, 1902, for the Southern States: Missouri, 36.0; Texas, 8.1; Georgia, 9.1; Tennessee, 21.0; Kentucky, 27 0; Alabama, 8.4; North Carolina, 14.2; Arkansas, 20.9; Mississippi, 11.5 Virginia, 21.6; South Carolina, 10.7 Louisiana, 12.5. It is estimated that about 1.9 per cent. of the corn crop of 1901 was still in the hands of farmers on November 1, as compared with 4.5 per cent. of the crop of 1900 in farmers hands on November 1, 1901.

The preliminary estimate of the yield per acre of potatoes is 95.40 bushels, against an average yield per acre of 65.5 bushels in 1901.

Of the 11 principal sweet potato producing States, 6 including Georgia and South Carolina, report an average yield per acre of sweet potatoes in the 10-year averages and including North Carolina and Alabama, report yields below such averages.

All of the 10 principal tobacco States except Pennsylvania, report average yields per acre of tobacco in excess of their 10-year averages. The quality of the tobacco crop is fair.

The estimated production of sugar The estimated production of sugar cane in percentage of a full crop is as follows: North Carolina and Texas, 85: Georgia, 84; Louisiana, 82; South Carolina, 76; Florida, 75; Mississippi, 71, and Alabama, 67.

The estimated average yield per acre of rough rice in bushels is as follows: Louisiana, 10.2; North Carolina, 31.6; South Carolina, 23 3; Georgia, 31.0; Florida, 21.0; Alabama, 25.2; Mississippi, 10.4, and Texas, 45.0.

How to Manage a Girl.

Some one who has tried it gives the following rules to manage a

4. You can't do it 2. Give her her own way ; it will

save her the trouble of taking it. 3. Pay for her dresses, if you can afford to. Her dress-maker will sue

you if you don't. 4. If she takes a fancy to any one man you do not want her to marry, tell her you have set your heart on her marrying him and swear she shall never marry any one else. and you have to meander up and You can give her a free hand and down the lane pulling splinters off she wouldn't have him if he was the

5. If there is any man you want search of the cow, till your shoes are the color of rawhide and your stock- house, order the servants never to ings are soaked and when you admit him; distribute man traps meander across twenty acres of and spring guns and bull dogs all plowed ground to drive the hogs out of the corn field and tear your dress in her room, and vow if she marries You will not have to wait long after

6. If she has no voice encourage her to sing whenever you give a party. It will attract attention to her and give your guest an excuse the neighbors.

7. If you are a poor man teach your daughter how to dance and play the piano. She can learn cooking and dress making and those things after she is married

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