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AN UNSIGNED WILL

"Amaryllis, here's the doctor." The humble country practitioner stepped forward, and even in the dim lamplight could be seen the flannel cuffs, hiatus of gray stocking between old trousers and clumsy boots, frayed linen twofold collar, silver watch chain and greasy, ready made tie that betrayed the small local practice.

"Amaryllis, wake up, wake up! Doctor's here. God knows you've called enough for him."

The woman on the bed, whose name seemed a jest, opened her heavy, vague eyes, coughed faintly and groaned.

"Is it Dr. Watson, Janet?" she asked. "Of course! There's none other

for miles," was the testy reply. Dr. Watson went through the orthodox farce of feeling pulse and taking temperature, but saw at a glance that she was at the last whirl in her dance of death.

"Has she made her will?" he asked softly. However, Amaryllis caught the I know that. Father was a law-

words, and in a cracked scream of excitement said: "That's it! That's it, doctor! I want to make a will. I can't die

easy. Janet, get him pen and ink." It's nonsense, doctor," said Ja-"Let her die in peace. She need make no will; she's no kith nor kin but me, her sister."

"Put the pillow under my head, both pillows," called the patient. "T'm choking! Yes, that's it. Now, doctor, for God's mercy, do what I ask-Janet will let me-or I can't die easy.'

Janet's face grew black with an-

ger.
"She's not fit to make a will, and I'm all she has in the world," said

"Listen, listen, doctor! I'm in my mind; I can't die easy. It's short enough-£3,000 and the cottage to Janet, the rest to Charles Harford, now on the training ship, the Mon-

The doctor took out a stylographic pen and picked up from the fender an old letter, on only one side of which there was writing.

"Stop, stop!" said Janet. "She's mad. There's no such person. Ask her who he is."

"God forgive me!" groaned Amaryllis. "I'll die happier if some one knows. I've been a wicked

woman." The doctor sprinkled some eau de cologne on her head from a curious old silver bottle that stood on a chair by the bedside and gave her something to drink out of a medicine bottle. Then with desperate energy the old woman told her story,

despite the efforts of death to check her speech. "Father and mother were cruel, good people, and I was a blithe young woman that hated church and psalms and dull Sunday books, so when he came, Frank Harford, the handsome sailor, he had my heart for the asking. They would none of his addresses, for he wasn't a God fearing man, they said, so off "Sign as witness," he said. "If the legacy is bad, it does not matter.

we went with no blessing from parson, but a curse from father. It lasted for ten years well enough. I had a little house, not in cold Nor-folk, but here in this village, and he passed as my brother when on land, for he was most while at sea. However, the time came. I was older than he by some years and fretted for his absence—yes, and drank a bit—so he grew tired, but didn't break with me, was afraid to, I think—God knows why. Then her face caught him—Mary's, the coast guardsman's daughter. He kept it from me, but the village gossiped. He meant to marry her and cast me off. How I hated her, poor thing!

I knew him well enough, handsome devil! He'd have married her because he thought no other way would do, and I vowed he should not marry her nor any but me, and me he wouldn't. I asked her to the house, and he courted her before my face and thought me a blind fool.

"One night, his birthday, I had her to supper and got down from London some champagne. She was to stay the night—home was so far off and the weather rough. The little fool—the little, ignorant fool—believed that the champagne, never before seen in our village, was only fine cider and drank her share, and he was boisterous at the jest. Then I went out on a pretext, asying I'd be back in an hour. The mext day she ran away with him. Confound her! I never saw him

again."
At this point Amaryllis seemed to

An ingenious trick was played by a gang of burglars in Sheffield, England. About 7 o'clock at night news was received by telegraph at the fire station that a large timber break down, but after doxing for a few minutes she continued in a faint voice: faint voice:

"He left her soon enough and went to sea, leaving her and the baby to shift as they might. Me he dropped after that night. We'd a fearful quarrel, for he guessed that I'd schemed it all. Five years later he wrote, said he had 'found God' and married a rich woman and wantand married a rich woman and wanted to make amends. He'd always kept me well enough, for his father left him £3,000 and this cottage; he'd settled it on me. He sent me £500 for her and her child and begged me to look after them. I did sure enough, for I still hated her. I found she was in London, so I sent her just enough to keep her going, for I wanted her to live the cruel for I wanted her to live the cruel for I wanted her to live the cruel life which, as I expected, she had come to lead. Year by year he sent come to lead. Year by year he sent alarmed and fied empty handed before the arrival of the police. I found she was in London, so I sent her just enough to keep her going, for I wanted her to live the cruel life which, as I expected, she had come to lead. Year by year he sent come to lead. Year by year he sent to the cruel life which, as I expected, she had cout.

Love Is a Most Beloved Torment

By Mrs. FRANK LESLIE



ter come to say he was dead. I kept

nearly all of the money, and when, two years ago, she died, I sent no more, but I had the child watched,

and he's 'Charles Harford' on the

Monarch. And, doctor, since I've

been ill and seen the parson I feel I can't die without doing right, so make the will, for love of God!"

"Stop!" said Janet, who during

the tale had walked up and down

like a wild beast. "It's all madness;

The dying woman heard her

"In the box under the bed you'll

In a few minutes Dr. Watson had

to Amaryllis. Janet sat grimly on

"Come, Miss Webster," he said impatiently; "one mustn't lose

"What about witnesses?" she

"I'll be one," he answered.

"Not me," she replied hastily

The doctor knew this was true

"It's no use," she broke in; "I'll

not. Will she last three parts of an

hour? I can get to Mr. Trelois, our nearest neighbor, in the time and

Dr. Watson looked at his patient.

"Yes, perhaps an hour, but be

Janet put on an old black hat

that looked like a bonnet flattened

for country wear and a rough shawl

of sham Shetland fleece, opened the door, letting in more of the cold air

than was necessary, and went out,

The doctor sat down by the bed-

side, then recollected he was hun-

gry, and as Amaryllis did not an-

swer his request he rummaged in an

unlocked cupboard and found some

bread and cheese, which he ate rav-

enously, moistening it with some

brandy that he found in a bottle by

the bedside, despite his strict orders

against alcohol in any form. He

made up the fire and sat in front of

it, longing to smoke, till its genial

warmth crept gently through him

and sleep overcame the poor man, who had walked five and twenty

miles that day on his ill paid rounds

The noise of the opening of the door

awoke him, and, conscience stricken,

he hastened to the bed. Amaryllis

was still alive, but on the very lim-

its of the borderland. There was

"There's just life," he said. "Bring

"He's not with me," she replied

Dr. Watson looked at his watch.

Janet gave a dreary smile.

"It's two hours since you started;

"They expected him every minute. waited. He was too drunk when

A bright idea came into the doc-

You'll get it just the same as next

that?" replied Janet, with a hoarse

Trelois?" shouted the doctor.

on her rugged, dingy face.
"I'll go myself," said the doctor.
"It may not be too late."

He started up, and his chair fell

Amaryllis opened her empty eyes; then a look of intelligence came into her ashen face. The doctor had

He turned and saw her sitting up

"Too late," said the doctor, feeling for the beating of the heart-

"I'm an honest woman," answer-

"Do you think I didn't know

Then you've never been to Mr.

still time. He turned to Janet.

him in quickly."

he came in."

tor's mind.

called out:

stolidly. "He was out."

slamming it heavily.

and was at once vexed and per-

"To ease her"— he said.

offer to raise her sister to sign.

She did not move.

find all Frank's letters. They'll

The doctor began to write.

she's delirious."

prove the story."

words.

plexed.

bring him.'

S love a good thing?

Adam loved Eve and LOST PARADISE; Paris loved Helen, and thousands of lives were offered as a hecatomb to her charms; Cleopatra loved Antony and lost both Egypt and her own life; Henry VIII. loved a good many wives and CUT OFF THEIR HEADS

so that he might love yet another one better, and so on.

finished the short will and read it "Cherchez la femme," commanded the subtle diplomat when a the black horsehair sofa and did not puzzling crime or complicated mystery was brought before him. And he was wise, but in rather a one sided fashion, for if women have often incited men to crime or conspiracy they have also very often committed crimes themselves for the sake of some man, and have also allowed themselves to be used as tools that the man they loved might attain the success of a crime in which they did not sympathize. In fact, I do not know whether the disastrous effects of love have fallen most heavily upon the masculine or the feminine majority of "that would make my legacy badmankind, but it is safe to say that 90 PER CENT OF THE RE-SULTS OF LOVE HAVE BEEN DISASTROUS TO THE

And yet do we wish to do away with love? Had we the remodeling of a world, of which we so loudly complain at times, should we modify existing conditions very essentially?

I FANCY NOT. ESPECIALLY IN THIS MATTER OF LOVE WITH ITS DISASTROUS RESULTS. IT IS, IN FACT, OUR "DEAREST FOE," AND SURELY GOOD PEOPLE ARE BOUND TO LOVE THEIR ENE-MIES AND CHERISH THOSE WHO DESPITEFULLY USE THEM.

Cupid is not a benevolent deity; quite the reverse. In fact, he far more nearly resembles Puck and Ariel, those "tricksy sprites" whose chief delight seems to be in tormenting and teasing the very mortals they prefer to serve. But yet we cannot do without Cupid. We could far "better spare a better man," and those whom he kindly refrains from tormenting are always VAINLY COAXING him to visit them.

Let us say, then, that love, like fire and water and air, is a good servant, but a bad master. But here again our own words mock us, for are we not always declaring that LOVE IS LORD OF ALL. and, if so, how dare we speak of him as a bad master ?

We can in a measure control configgrations and floods and avoid cyclones while adapting fire and water and air to our own uses, but who has got out a patent for a love escape, or a love embankment, or a beneficent love trade wind, or a safety latitude for lovers?

LOVE IS INEVITABLE; LOVE IS DANGEROUS. LOVE IS ESSEN-TIAL TO HAPPINESS; LOVE IS DANGEROUS TO PEACE. LOVE IS A BAD MASTER; LOVE IS LORD OF ALL LOVE SHOULD BE KEPT IN SUBJECTION; LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS. LOVE, IN A WORD, IS A NECESSARY EVIL, A MOST BELOVED TORMENT, AN IDOL AT WHOSE FEET WE THROW OURSELVES EVEN WHILE KNOWING THAT UNDER THOSE FEET YAWNS THE GULF OF DE-

he Happiest People Live on the Farms



N my lifetime I have participated in the crude civilization of the pioneers and am now a student of the complex social and economic conditions of this rapid age. People are living faster than they did in my boyhood days, but the question is, Are they any happier? I

DO NOT BELIEVE THEY ARE AS HAPPY.

In those early times in Indiana, when everybody who came along the highway from Louisville that led to Bedford and the north stopped under my father's roof, with no more thought of offering pay for his hospitality than he had of asking it, there was a more humane and sympathetic feeling among mankind. People knew each other's needs and extended help with big hearted generosity. It was the same way in Kansas during its early settlement-friendliness and brotherly treatment were the dominant traits, and the LUST OF MONEY MAKING had not begun to show its corrupting influence.

"I'm not such a fool," she answered grimly. "But, oh, it was cold in the garden!" Today the happiest people in America are living the plain but As she spoke she came close to the fire, which glowed impartially wholesome lives of countrymen. They are on the farms, getting an honest living out of that grandest of all callings, agriculture, and they are the backbone and mainstay of our nation.

NEITHER A PANIC IN WALL STREET NOR THE ARTIFICIAL LIFE OF THE CITY TOUCHES THEM. IN CONTENTMENT, MANLI-NESS AND INDEPENDENCE THEY RANK ALL THE OTHER SONS

nearly reached the door when in a tone half whisper, half shrick, she Unworthy Suspicion of Millionaires' Motives "Doctor, don't leave me before By DAVID STARR JORDAN, President Leland Stanford, Jr.,

but as he moved toward her she fell N all the range of mean spirited criticism there is nothing more contemptible than that which ascribes SELFISH MO-TIVES to wealthy men who give to colleges. Sensationalist neurotics are constantly in fear that the rich man will force the college to teach his doctrines. Such a thing has never happene ed Janet, "and I've no sympathy with other people's by blows."for the man who becomes rich has sense enough to UNDERSTAND the freedom of the university.



12 HE United States is weaker than the other powers so far as submarine and surface torpedo boats and other boats under 1,000 tons displacement are concerned, but still is FIFTH IN RELATIVE NAVAL STRENGTH and has under construction a greater

tonnage in ships than any other country except Great Britain and almost as much as that country. This is a great country, and it can afford a great navy, and the world must know that we are AT ALL TIMES ready for war. We are at peace with all countries. We wish to continue and

will continue in that happy relation if honest diplomacy and just regards for the rights of every nation will maintain peace, but we must provide a navy SO AS TO PROVIDE FOR WAR. IF WE ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO EMPONCE THE.

Let us then be backed with God and with the sea w



MRS. CORA PONTIFAX.

Mrs. Cora Pontifax of Laporte, Ind., s the only woman horse trainer and lockey in the world. This daring woman has earned quite an enviable reputation among horse lovers and owners as an expert in breaking colts to the borses, too, have won trotting races on the track, successfully competing against well known horses driven by

How Mrs. Pontifax came to take up such a strange occupation for a woman is an interesting story. Fourteen years ago she was a dressmaker. Sewing and making buttonholes, however, were not congenial to her. Her health



He advised a change of occup

ther health nor money. On her father's farm she had been fond of horses and skillful in managing them. Colt breaking had been her greatest delight, and she often rode horseback in Indian fashlon, bareback and without saddle or bridle. And so, to regain her health, she began colt breaking as a busine

Mrs. Pontifax's health steadily im goved, and after three years of breaking and gaiting saddle horses she bought a livery stable at Laporte. ness. It was in one of the large sub-urbs of the city at a horse racing mat-ince given by a swell driving club that Mrs. Pontifsx came into notice promi-nently. She not only entered one of mained there four years in busi-Mrs. Pontifax came into notice promi-nently. She not only entered one of nature.—Rev. F. E. Mason, Sp her horses for an important race, but decided to drive it, which she did, win-ning the race and a reputation as well.

porte, where she owns and runs a we understand every other putraining stable. She was born and but that of death we might est raised on a farm in that town. Her that man's eternal home is in the

At Laporte Mrs. Pontifax has estabHabed a private livery, boarding and
call stuble and is busy from morning
till night attending to the wants of her
borses. Her stables are always full,
and farmers and ranchers for miles
round are always calling upon her either to purchase a new horse or to request her services in breaking their

If there is one thing more than an
other to Christianity as menifested in round are always calling upon her ei-ther to purchase a new horse or to re-quest her services in breaking their colts to harness.

now an enviable reputation for colt breaking and gaiting saddle borses, often having as many as ten and twelve colts in her stable at one time.

an axiom which I am sure has been in active use ever since gloves and boots were invented and which has been indelibly impressed upon the mind of every growing girl is that a lady is known by these adjuncts to has been indelibly impressed upon the mind of every growing girl is that a lady is known by these adjuncts to her totlet. If they reach the standard of they were not turn away by rain of they were not turn away by rain of

tion, has added the hat—a fresh and becoming hat—as the supreme requisite of an admirable appearance. And what a prominent part the hat plays in the drama of a woman's beauty, which is in many respects the drama of a wowan's life! It really holds the center Presbyterian, Philadelphia.

terminably that it is one of the eternal pussies why the majority of them are so destitute of artistic sense in the selection of a wardrobe. Considering the hours that she spends before a mirror, the entire failure of the average woman to apprehend the relation of clothes to that dominating, subtle something which we call individuality is very curious.—Twentieth Century Home.

Indulgences times. Indulgences one kind or another are for subtlement. The subtlement is the process. These are easy guestion of indulgences one kind or another are for subtlement. The subtlement is the process of the sense of declaration of a multitude of things that meet please. Our young people are not ing to be coddled into religious. The would be rendered good for nothing the subtlement individuality in very curious.—Twentieth Century the subtlement is a subtlement of the sense of declaration of a multitude of things that meet please. Our young people are not ing to be coddled into religious. The would be rendered good for nothing the subtlement of individuality in very curious.—Twentieth Century the subtlement of the sense of declaration of the notice of things that meet please. Our young people are not ing to be coddled into religious. The would be rendered good for nothing the subtlement of individuality in very curious.—Twentieth Century the subtlement of the sense of declaration of the subtlement of the sense of declaration of the subtlement of t

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

Gleaned From the Tenchings

The church and the school are th two institutions that make this world habitable and safe.—Rev. A. B. Church, Universalist, Akron, O. The Man Who Has Worth

We must bend all our energies ave the worthy, to increase his kind, for, while anarchy may do away with all government, socialism with private property, communism with classes and distinction—nothing can make a worthless man as good as the man who has worth,—Professor M. M. Mangasarian, Social Ethics, Chicago.

Union of Body and Spirit.

As Christ has risen again so shall ve, too, rise again. This body of the flesh is not a mere garment of the soul to be cast away forever when death part of our being, just as the soul is part of our being. We are not spirit alone nor matter alone; we are com-

pact of matter and spirit.-Rev. Peter

C. Yorke, Catholic, Oakland, Cal. Upon the child is placed the stam of his moral life by the home in which he is born and reared. The child and the home are two of the most is tant figures of human existence, gether they are the cornersto brought together, for whatever the home gives to the child the child will pay back to it.-Rev. Dr. Rudolph Sil

Christ never loved the world so p as when he was going out of it. In going forth to the dreadful hour of his crucifixion be yearned for the love Christianity of Jesus Christ is not in your going to heaven when you die, but the Lord Jesus Christ coming to live his life of love over again in you, breathing his tenderness, walking the dusty roads of life with you.-Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, Evangelist, Le

Choice, Not Chance.

One's companions should be by choice and not by chance. John Wesley, his biographer tells us, entered Charter house school a saint and left it a sin ner. No marvel this, for Wesley him self tells us that he had not one re ture founder went to Oxford. He re solved, upon entrance, that his fries should be by choice and not by chan —Rev. W. D. Bradfield. Methodist,

society calls for mutualism, and be tween the two there should be no conflet. Nothing in nature exists with organization. Even mankind is and no one has the moral right to late himself from the come and cause of humanity. See

The mysteries of life give hope of its husband was a professional horse train-er.

At Laporte Mrs. Pontifax has estab-the cradic is as mysterious as the cer-

es forming the new bull-furces are leaf to drop. Thus the spirit life in leaf to drop. Thus the spirit life in leaf to drop. Thus the spirit life in leaf to drop. and gloves woman, with her desire to ducing buds that in time blossom into improve on and supplement old tradition, has added the hat-a fresh and leaves—the habits of sin—are forced to

Of the five senses, you can sea, taste and smell the Tar in Tar Heel Cough Syrup, which is particularly recommended for Coughs, Asthma, and La Grippe. 25 cents. All

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