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ROLEY'S HONEY-TAR. For the cure of all kinds of skin diseases.

The Blazed Trail by STEWART EDWARD WHITE. Copyright, 1902, by Stewart Edward White.

"Mine is Thorpe," replied the other. "Thank you." Thorpe followed and found himself on the frozen platform of a little dark railway station.

The five were met at the steps by the proprietor of the boarding house. This man was short and stout, with a bare head and cleft palate, but at once gave him the well known slurring speech of persons so afflicted and imparted also to the timbre of his voice a peculiar hollow, resonant, trumpetlike quality.

"Don't allow no whisky here," snuffed the harlequin. The men were very angry. They advanced toward the proprietor, who retreated with astonishing agility to the lighted room.

THORPE was awakened a long time before daylight by the ringing of a noisy bell. He dressed, shaved, and stumbled downstairs to the round stove, big as a boiler, into which the cripple dumped huge logs of wood from time to time.

In a narrow aisle railed off from the main part of the room waited Thorpe's companions of the night before. The remainder three clerks. One of these glanced up inquiringly as Thorpe came in.

"I am looking for work," said Thorpe. "Wait there," briefly commanded the clerk. In a few moments the door of the inner room opened and a slender man came out. A man's hand peered from within.

In ten minutes the wallowing, slipping and leaping after the tail of the sled had sent his blood tingling to the rest of his protesting members. Cold withdrew.

After a little while they arrived by way of a hill, over which they plunged into the middle of the camp. Thorpe saw three large buildings, backed end to end, and two smaller ones, all built of heavy logs, roofed with plank and lighted sparsely through one or two windows.

It was a commodious building. One end furnished space for two cooking ranges and two banks placed one over the other. Along one side ran a broad table shelf, with both shelves over it and numerous barrels underneath, all filled with cans, loaves of bread, cookies and pies.

"What do you want?" "I'm a cant hook man, sir." "Where have you worked?" "I had a job with Morgan & Stebbins on the Clear river last winter."

Thorpe entered a dim, overheated structure lined on two sides by a double row of large barrels partitioned from one another like cabins of a boat and centered by a huge stove over which hung slender poles. The latter were to dry clothes on. Just outside the bunkers ran a straight, hard bench.

"I'm busted," he said at last frankly. "Oh, that's all right," replied the walking boss. "Marshall, come here." The pelegged boarding house keeper stopped in.

FOR five days Thorpe cut wood, made fires, drew water, swept floors and ran errands. At the end of the week he received \$4 from his employer, dumped his valuables into a low horse-drawn sled, and was hustled by a man in a muffler in a fast, assisted in loading the sled with a variety of things, from Spearhead ping to raisins, and turned his face at last toward the land of his hopes and desires.

Besides the beans were fried salt pork, boiled potatoes, canned corn, mince pie, a variety of cookies and doughnuts, and a strong green tea. Thorpe found himself eating ravenously of the crude fare.

That evening he underwent a catechism, a few practical jokes, which he took good naturedly, and a vast deal of chaffing. At 9 o'clock the lights were all out.

Thorpe resumed his coat and fell to behind the little procession. After a short time he came upon a horse and sledge. Beyond it the cookee had built a little camp fire, around and over which he had grouped big fifty pound lead tin half full of hot things to eat.

"I don't know which of you boys is coming first," said he quietly. The cookee had bested him through, and now the north country cold penetrated to his bones.

Thorpe began with a few mild tricks. Shuddle the brogan followed hot back. Thorpe took all of it good naturedly. Finally a tall individual with a thin, white face, a reptilian forehead, reddish hair and long, baboon arms suggested tossing in a blanket. Thorpe looked at the low ceiling and declined.

"I'm busted," he said at last frankly. "Oh, that's all right," replied the walking boss. "Marshall, come here." The pelegged boarding house keeper stopped in.

Lela, who was my constant companion for about six weeks two years ago in Florida, was a cross between the fox terrier and pug. She would hunt for and find snakes much as a good setter would find quail.

WINTER CARE OF POULTRY. Fowls Must Be Protected From Cold and Storm.

Now that the season of cold and storms has arrived, it is necessary to keep the fowls and chicks from taking cold. If the roop should get in your flock it will mean a great loss, says O. P. Greer in Commercial Poultry.

Cockerels should be penned to themselves. Pullets do not have any peace when running in the same inclosure with cockerels.

Pine Tar in the Poultry House. Poultry raisers seem to have failed to discover the value of pine tar. It is very useful and valuable in many ways, says Poultry World.

Water for the Fowls. If necessary food is not given to the hen in her own special place she will find enough to keep her busy, but she is not so successful in obtaining water to drink, says A. V. Meersch in Western Poultry Journal.

Separate the Sexes. It is the height of foolishness to allow the male birds to run with the hens during the fall and winter months unless eggs are wanted for hatching, says Commercial Poultry.

Feed the Layers. The laying hens in the Australian colony had cracked corn for supper every day, occasionally varied by wheat, but they had rape when on grass, pure water and ground shells were always before them.

Put the perches far enough away from the door or windows to avoid a draft or roop will result. Never build the nests high. Have them so low that the hen can step in instead of jumping in.

A Snake Hunting Dog. Lela, who was my constant companion for about six weeks two years ago in Florida, was a cross between the fox terrier and pug.

The Third Eye. The rudiment of a third eye exists in a lizard. Disregard for a time his two bright eyes, one on each side of his head, and look directly down the center of the skull between them.

FISHING A WATERFALL. The Way a Big Trout Was Landed by a Bavarian Angler.

One late afternoon the big head forester appeared on the Bavarian stream where I was fishing. He carried a huge bamboo pole in one hand and a little tin pail in the other.

However, he tied on a chunk of lead, hooked a live minnow to the end of the rope which served as a line and hurled bait and sinker into the foam. The sinker was carried a few yards down the incline and finally stuck among the stones.

Stranger—If a man falls down an open coal hole can he sue the owner of the premises for damages? Lawyer—Certainly, sir, certainly. Big damages, and get them too.

A Japanese Humorous Story. The following is given as a typical Japanese humorous story: The term "yabu" is applied to doctors who prescribe wrong medicines.

Something Lacking in Variety. "Hope ye've got some variety about yer show," said the manager of the Plunkville Grand Opera House as he laboriously affixed his signature to the contract.

Good Spirits. Good spirits don't all come from Kentucky. The main source is the liver—and all the fine spirits ever made in the Blue Grass State could not remedy a bad liver or the hundred-and-one ill effects it produces.

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