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GREENSBORO, N. C. Practices in the courts of Ala The Blazed Trail > By STEWARD EDWARD

way was one of the best foremen in the outfit. He got more out of his men, he rose better to emergencies, and he acsources than any of the others excepting Tim Shearer. As long as the work was done for some one else he was capable and efficient. Only when he was called upon to demand on his own account did the paralyzing shypess affect

attract the very best element among woodsmen was Camp One. Old woods men will still tell you about It, with a longing reminiscent glimmer in the corners of their eyes as they recall its glories and the men who worked in it. To have "put in" a winter in Camp One was the mark of a master and the ambition of every raw recruit to the

But Camp One was a privilege. A nan entered it only after having proved himself; he remained in it only as long as his officiency deserved the honor. Its members were invariably recruited from one of the other four camps, never from applicants who had not been in Thorpe's employ.

So Shearer was foreman of a picked crew. Probably no finer body of men was ever gathered at one camp. Some of them had the reputation of being the hardest citizens in three states; others were mild as turtledoves. They were all pioneers. They had the inde pendence, the unabashed eye, the insubordination even, of the man who has drawn his intellectual and moral nourishment at the breast of a wild alive. From no one, were he chore boy or president, would they take a single word, with the exception always of Tim Shearer and Thorpe.

And they were loyal. It was a point of honor with them to stay "until the last dog was hung." He who deserted in the hour of need was not only a renegade, but a fool, for he thus earned a against a member of the "Fighting Forty." A band of soldiers were they, ready to attempt anything their com-mander ordered, and, it must be confessed, they were also somewhat on the order of a band of pirates. Marquette thought so each spring after the drive, when, hat tilted, they surged, swearing and shouting, down to Denny Hogan's saloon. Denny had to buy new fixtures when they went away, but it was worth it.

Proud! It was no name for it. Boast! The fame of Camp One spread abroad over the land. Some people thought Camp One must be a sort of hellhole the number of logs they could put in if only they could get hold of help like

Thorpe himself, of course, made his headquarters at Camp, One. During the five years he had never crossed the strait of Mackinaw. The supture with his sister had made repugnant to him all the southern country. All winter long be was more than busy at his logring. Summers he spent at the mill. Occasionally he visited Marquette, but

always on business.
He was happy because he was too busy to be anything else. The insist-ent need of success which he had cre-ated for himself absorbed all other sentiments. He demanded it of others rigorously. He could do no less than semand it of himself. The chief end of any man, as he saw it, was to do

well and successfully what his life found ready. could be of more importance. Its at-talument argued a man's efficiency in the scheme of things. Anything that interfered with it-personal comfort, inclination, affection, desire, love of

mse, individual liking-was bad. Thorpe cared for just three people, and none of them happened to clash and none of them happened to clash with his machine. They were Wallace Carpenter, little Phil and Injun Char-

Wallace was always personally agree able to Thorpe. Latterly, since the erecpected acumen in the disposal of the season's cut to wholesale dealers in Chicago. Thereafter be was often in the woods both for pleasure and to get his partner's ideas on what the firm would have to offer. The entire respon-sibility of the city end of the business

was in his hands.

Injun Charley continued to hunt and trap in the country round about. Once or twice a month the lumberman would or twice a month the lumberman wouse snowshoe down to the little cabin at the forks. Entering, he would not brief-by and seat himself on a cracker box. "How do, Charley?" said he.

"How do?" replied Charley.

They filled pipes and smoked. At rare intervals one of them made a remark tersely: "Catch um beaver las' week," re-

The result proved his saggetty. Rad- lumberman accorded him a good natured affection

Financially the company was rated high and yet was heavily in debt. This condition of affairs by no means constitutes an anomaly in the lumbering

The profits of the first five years had been immediately reinvested in the business. Thorpe intended to establish in a few years more a big plant which would be returning benefices in pro-portion not only to the capital originally invested, but also in ratio to the energy, time and genius he had himself expended Every autumn the company found it-

self suddenly in easy circumstances. At any moment that Thorpe had chosen to be content with the progress made he could have, so to speak, declared dividends with his partner. Instead of undertaking more improvements, for part of which h me money, he could have divided the profits of the season's cut. But this he was not yet ready to do.

He had established five more camps; he had acquired over 150,000,000 more of timber lying contiguous to his own; he had built and equipped a modern high efficiency mill; he had constructed a harbor breakwater and the necessary booms; he had bought a tug; built a boarding house. All this cost money. He wished now to construct a logging railroad. Then he promised him self and Wallace that they would be ready to commence paying operations. He had made all the estimates and even the preliminary survey. He was therefore the more grievously disappointed when Wallace Carpenter made it impossible for him to do so.

It was about the middle of July. He was sitting back idly in the clean painted mill office with the big square desk and the three chairs. Through the door he could see Collins perched on a high stool before the shelf-like deak. From the open window came the clear, musical note of the circular saw. magnificent licking if ever he ran up the fresh, aromatic smell of new lumber, the bracing air from Superior sparkling in the offing. He felt tired. In rare moments such as these, when the muscles of his striving relaxed, his mind turned to the past. Old sorrows rose before him and looked at him with their sad eyes. He wondered where his sister was. She would be twentytwo years old now. A tenderness, haunting, tearful, invaded his heart. At such moments the hard shell of his igh woods life seemed to rend apart. He longed with a great longing for sympathy, for love.

The outer door, beyond the eage be-

r stood before him. "Why, Wallace, I didn't know you were coming!" began Thorpe, and stop ped. The boy, usually so fresh and happily buoyant, looked ten years old-Wrinkles had gathered between

his eyes. "Why, what's the matter?" cried Thorne. He rose and swiftly shut the door into the outer office. Wallace sented aimself mechanically. "Everything! Everything!" he said

bitter was his tone that Thorpe

som on the other side of the desk. "That 'll do, Wallace," he said sharp "Tell me briefly what is the mat

"I've been speculating?" burst out the boy.
"Ab!" said his partner.

"I bought on a margin. There came a slump. I met the margins because I am sure there will be a rally, but now

all sure there will be a raily, but now all my fortune is in the thing. I'm go-ing to be penniless. I'll lose it all." "Ah!" said Thorpe. "And the name of Carpenter is so and established, so boostable? cried the unhappy boy. "And my sister?" "Easy?" warned Thorpe. "Being penniless isn't the worst thing that can

appen to a man." "No, but I am in debt," went on the boy more calmiy. "I have given notes

When they come due I'm a goner."
"How much?" asked Thorpe la

"Thirty thousand dollars."
"Well, you have that amount in this

"What do you mean?"
"If you want it you can have it." Wallace considered a moment.
"That would leave me without

"But it would save your co

"Harry," cried Wallace suddenly,
"couldn't this firm go on my note for
thirty thousand more? Its credit is
good, and that amount would save my
marging." "You are partner," replied Thorpe.

"But you know I wouldn't do it with-out your consent," replied Wallace re-proachfully. "Oh, Harry!" cried the boy. "When you needed the amount I let you have it!"

Thorne smiled.



Wallace Carpenter stood before him.

"I'll do it." he muttered to himself after Wallace had gone out to visit the "I've been demanding success of others for a good many years; now I'll demand it of myself."

CHAPTER XXI.

HE moment had struck for the woman. Thorpe did not know it, but it was true. A solitary, brooding life in the midst of grand surroundings; an active, strennous life among great responsibilities a starved, hungry life of the affection whence even the sister had withdrawn her love-all these had worked unobtrusively toward the formation of a single psychological condition. Such a moment comes to every man. Then are happiness and misery beside which the mere struggle to dominate men becomes trivial, the petty striving with the forces of nature a little thing, and the woman he at that time meets is more than a woman; she is the best of that man made visible.

Thorpe found himself for the first

time filled with the spirit of restless ness. His customary iron evenness of temper was gone, so that he wandered quickly from one detail of his work to another without seeming to penetrate below the surface need of any one task. But a week before he had felt himself absorbed in the component parts of his enterprise. Now he was outside of it. Thorpe took this state of mind much to heart and combated it. Invariably he held himself to his task. By an effort, a tremendous effort, he succeeded in doing so. The effort left him limp. He found himself often standing or moving gently, his eyes staring sightless, his will chained so softly and yet so firmly that he felt no strength and hardly the desire to break from the dream that lulled him. Then he was conscious of the physical warmth of the sun, the faint sweet wood smells, hind which Collins and his shelf desk | the soothing cares of the breeze, the of roaring, fighting devils. Others were placed, flew open. Thorpe heard sleepy cleada-like note of the pine sighed and made rapid calculations of a brief greeting, and Wallace Carpenas to sit on the pine needles there in the golden flood of radiance and dream - dream on - vaguely, comfortably,

"Lord, Lord!" he cried impatiently "What's coming to me? I must be a lit-

tie off my feed!" And he hurried rapidly to his duties. After an hour of the hardest concentre tion he had ever been required to bestow on a trivial subject he again un-consciously sank by degrees into the old apathy.

"Glad it isn't the busy season!" he mmented to himself. "Here, I must quit this! Guess it's the warm weather.

even the most petty routine work. He sat at his desk at 8 o'clock and began the perusal of a sheaf of letters. The first three he read carefully, the following two rather hurriedly, of the next he seized only the salient and ossential points, the seventh and eighth he skimmed, the remainder of the bundie he thrust aside in uncontrollable impatience. Next day he returned to

The incident of the letters had aroused to the full his old fighting spirit, before which no mere is

Once more his mental process became clear and incisive, his commands direct and to the point. To all outward ap-

and to the point. To all outward appearance Thorpe was as before.

He opened Camp One, and the Fighting Forty came back from distant drinking joints. This was in early September. That ablebodied and devoted band of men was on hand when needed. Shearer in some subtle manner of his own had let them feel that this year meant \$0,000,000 or "bust." They tightened their leather belts and stood ready for command. After much discussion with Shearer the young man decided to take out the logs from "eleven" by driving them down French

creek.

To this end a gang was put to clearing the creek bed. It was a tremendous job. Centuries of forest life had choked the little stream nearly to the level of its banks. Old snags and stumps lay imbedded in the cone; decayed trunks, moss grown, blocked the current; leaning tamaracks, failen timber, tangled vines, dense thickets, gave to its course more the appearance of a tropical jungle than of a north country brook bed. All these things had to be removed one by one and either piled to one side or burned. In the end, however, it would pay. French creek was not a large stream, but it could be driven during the time of the spring freshets.

He wanted something, he knew not The men were singing in a mighty chorus, swaying their heads in unison

and bringing out with a roar the emphatic words of the crude ditties written by some genius from their own

"Come all ye sons of freedom throughout old Michigan, Come all ye gallant lumbermen, list to a shanty man. On the banks of the Muskegon, where the on the banks of the control of the c

Here was the bold unabashed front of the pioneer, here was absolute cer-tainty in the superiority of his calling. absolute scorn of all others. Thorpe passed his hand across his brow. Th same spirit was once fully and freely

"The music of our burnished ax shall make the woods resound.

And many a lofty ancient pine will tumble to the ground.

At night around our shanty fire we'll sing while rude winds blow.

Oh, we'll range the wild woods o'er while a-lumberio', we so!" a-lumberin' we go!'

That was what he was here for. Things were going right. It would be pitiful to fail merely on account of this idiotic lassitude, this numanly weakness, this boyish impatience and desire for play. He a woodsman! He a fellow with these big strong men! A single voice, clear and high, struck into a quick measure:

"I am a joily shanty boy,
As you will soon discover;
To all the dodges I am fly,
A hustling pine wood rover.
A peavey hook it is my pride;
An ax I well can handle;

And then, with a rattle and crash, the whole Fighting Forty shricked out the "Bung ver eve! Bung ver eve!"

Active, alert, prepared for any emer gency that might arise; hearty, ready for everything, from punching bulls to felling trees—that was something like! Thorpe despised himself. The song went on:

"I love a girl in Saginaw;
She lives with her mother.
I defy all Michigan
To find such another.
She's tall and slim; her hair is red;
Her face is plump and pretty.
She's my daisy Sunday best-day girl,
And her front name stands for Kitty." And again, as before, the Fighting

Forty howled truculently: "Bung yer eye! Bung yer, eye!" The words were vulgar, the air t mere minor chant. Yet Thorpe's mind was stilled. His aroused subconscious ness had been engaged in reconstruct ing these men entire as their songs voiced rudely the inner characteristics of their beings. Now his spirit halted. Their bravery, pride of caste, resource, bravado, bonstfulness—all these he had checked off approvingly. Here now was the idea of the mate. Somewher was the idea of the mate. Somewhere for each of them was a "Kitty," a "daisy Sunday best-day girl." At the present or in the past these woods roisterers, this Fighting Forty, had known love. Thorpe rose abruptly and turned at random into the forest. The

song pursued him as he went. "I took her to a dance one night,
A mossback gave the bidding;
Silver Jack bossed the shebang,
And Big Dan played the fiddle.
We danced and drank the livelong nig
With fights between the dancing,
Till Silver Jack cleaned out the ranch And with the increasing war

turmell of the quick water the last shout of the Fighting Forty mingled faintly and was lost. "Bung yer eye! Bung yer eye!" Thorpe found himself at the edge of

the woods facing a little glade into which streamed the radiance of a full There he stood and looked silently not understanding, not caring to inquire. Across the way a white-throa

was singing, clear, beautiful, like the shadow of a dream. The girl stood Her small, fair head was incline

ever so little sideways, and her finge was on her lips as though she wishes was on her lips as tho to still the very hush of night, to which impression the inclination of her sup-ple body lent its grace. The moon-light shone full upon her countenance. A little white face it was, with wide, A little white face it was, with wide, clear eyes and a sensitive, proud mouth that now half parted like a child's. Her eyebrows arched from her straight nose in the peculiarly graceful curve that falls just short of pride on the one side and of power on the other to fill the eyes with a pathos of trust and innocence. The man watchin



sck and the molten moon fire or tumbled hair—the color of

shadow of the forest where the m was not, a band of veivet again which the girl and the light-touch twigs and bushes and grass blad which the girl and the injurescent forigs and bushes and grass blad were etched like frost against a bis wisslow pane. There was somethis too, of the frostwork's evanescent up accustomed stern and menacing forest of the northland, with its wolves and its wild deer and the voices of its sterner calling.

Thorpe held his breath and waited. Again the white-throat lifted his clear, spiritual note across the brightness. slow, trembling with ecstasy. The girl never moved. She stood in the moonlight like a beautiful emblem of silence, half real, half fancy, part woman, wholly divine, listening to the little bird's message.

For the third time the song shivered across the night; then Thorpe, with a soft sob, dropped his face in his hands and looked no more.

CHAPTER XXII.

OR several days this impression satisfied him completely. He did not attempt to analyze it; did not attempt to analyze the did not even make an effort it. Curlosity, specular emotion, longing-all the more active emotions remained in abeyance, while outwardly for three days Harry Thorpe occupied himself only with the needs of the Fighting Forty at Camp One. He was vaguely conscious of a great peace within him, a great stillness of

Little by little the condition changed. The man felt vague stirrings of curios-ity. He speculated aimlessly as to whether or not the glade, the moonlight, the girl, had been real or merely the figments of imagination. Almost immediately the answer leaped at him from his heart. Since she was so cer-tainly flesh and blood, whence did she come? What was she doing there in the wilderness? His mind pushed the query aside as unimportant, rushing eagerly to the essential point. When could be see her again? His placidity had gone. That morning he made some vague excuse to Shearer and set out blindly down the river. And so, with-

out thought, without clear intentions even, he saw her again. It was near the "pole trail," which was less like a trail than a rail fence.

When the snows are deep and snow shoes not the property of every man who cares to journey, the old fashioned "pole trail" comes into use. It is merely a series of horses built of timber across which thick Norway logs are laid about four feet from the ground to form a continuous pathway. In summer it resembles nothing so as a thick one rail fence of considerable height, around which a fringe of light brush has grown.

Thorpe reached the fringe of bushes and was about to dodge under the fence when he saw her. So he stopped short, concealed by the leaves and the

She stood on a knoll in the middle of a grove of monster pines. There was something of the cathedral in the spot. The girl stood tall and straight among the tall, straight pines like a figure or an ancient tapestry. She was doing nothing-just standing there-but the awe of the forest was in her wide. clear eyes. In a moment she stirred slightly and

turned. Drawing herself to ber full height, she extended her hands over her head, palm outward, and with an indescribably graceful gesture bowed a Then, with a little laugh, she moved away in the direction of the river.

of seeing her again. In his present mood there was nothing of the stricken peace be had experienced after the moonlight adventure. He wanted the sight of her as he had never wanted anything before. The strong man desired it. And finding it impossible he raged inwardly and tore the

tranquillities of his heart. So it happened that he ate hardly at all that day and slept ill and discov-ered the greatest difficulty in preserving the outward semblance of ease which the presence of Tim Shearer and the Fighting Forty demanded.

And next day he saw her again, and the next, because the need of his heart demanded it and because, simply enough, she came every afternoon to the clump of pines by the old pole trail. But now curiosity awoke and a desire for something more. He must speak to her, touch her hand, look ino her eyes. He resolved to approher, and the mere thought choked him and sent him weak. When he saw her again from the

shelter of the pole trail he dared not, and so stood there prey to a novel sensation, that of being baffled in an intention. As he hesitated he saw that she was walking slowly in his direc-tion. Perhaps a hundred paces sep-arated the two. She took them deliberately. Her progression was a series of poses, the one which melted imperceptibly into the other without appreciable pause of transition. In a moment she had reached the fringe of brush about the pole trail. They wood face to face.

day the bronze replica of the original medicines for the liver and stomach which was destroyed by fire in the Library of Congress in 1851. The ceremonies took place in the rotunds at the capitol, where the bust was unveiled, and in the President's room, in the Senate wing, where speeches were made by the ambasmarble bust of George Washington, speeches were made by the ambasmodor in behalf of the French donors, and by Senator Wetmore, of Rhode Island, and Representative ited States district attorney for the McLeary, of Minnesuta, on behalf northern district of Georgia to formof the two branches of Congress.

flesh and muscle. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Ten will do. Taken this month, keeps you well all summer. 35 cents.

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The waterwheels used for manufacturing in the United States number about 60,000, yielding 1,300,- be uncovered before the year 1970. 000 horsepower, or one-third of the

Waiting for a Chance.

rison Sweet Marden, in Success Magazine It is a dangerous thing to wait for opportunities until it becomes a habit. Energy and inclination for hard work ooze out in the waiting. Opportunity becomes invisible to hose, who doing nothing, or lookng somewhere else for it. It is the great worker, the man who is alert for chances that sees them. Some people become so oppor-

tunity-blind that they cannot see chances anywhere—they would pass through a gold mine without noticing anything precious—while others will find opportunities in the most barren and out of the way places. Bunyan found opportunity in Bedford jail to write the greatest allegory in the world on the untwisted paper that had been used to cork his bottles of milk. A Theodore Parker or a Lucy Stone sees an opportunity to go to college in a chance to pick berries. One boy sees an opening o his ambition in a chance to chop wood wait on table, or run errands, where another sees an opportunity o get an education in the odds and ends of time, evenings and half holidays, which another throws

Why a Woman is Older than Her Husband.

Louise Satterthwaite in Richmond News-

So having bid farewell to girl hood's irresponsibility, the little wife assumes right cheerfully the burden which henceforth she shall

advance; but her endurance increases at the same time,

ties, that are responsible for the worn face. For woman has to contend al-

ceremonlous adieu to the solemn trees.

Then, with a little laugh, she moved sway in the direction of the river.

At once Thorpe proved a great need of seeing her again. In his present the hit constant the hit each hill, small or large, gets more nervous and into a state of despera-

> But as time goes by, if she is wise, she regains her equanimity, learns how to take things easily, and so remains serene through everything; but the first experiences have done their work, and upon her face are worry wrinkles, fretful crow's feet, furrows between the occooccooccooccooccoocco eyes, dejected lines about the mouth

and chin. It is the little things which have ranquished you, friend woman; and they are responsible for the fact that you look five or ten years older than your husband.

Good!Spirits. Good spirits don't all com o from

Kentucky. The main source is the

iver-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. You can't have good spirits and a ARE YOU bad liver at the same time. Your liver must be in fine condition if you would feel buoyant, happy and TO DATE hopeful, bright of eye, light of ste vigorous and successful in your puf suit. You can put your liver in finesi condition by using Green's August Flower—the greatest of all and a certain cure for dyspepsia or

It is stated that President Roose velt has tendered the office of Uner Representative E. C. Tate, of Georgia. Mr. Tate is a Democrat. The office is now held by E. A.

At the rate at which the work of excavation is at present proceeding the ancient city of Pompeii will not DeWitt's Little Harly Risers,

When it is necessary to keep a meal warm for a late comer do not set the dish in a hot oven, thus discoloring the china as well as drying the food. Instead place the plate or dish over a pan of boiling water, covering with a cover that will just fit over the edge. The food will keep hot and there will be enough steam from the boiling water in the lower pan to grevent it from getting

In Argentina all the soldiers are equired to play football, as it is said to train them for the hardships of battle.



Mercifully ignorant is she, as yet, of the meaning of that burden, which weighs heavier as the years advance; but her endurance in-But soon time commences his shorthand etchings upon her face, behold, it is not the great sorrows, which age her, but the little worries and cares, the thousand small anxie-

GERMAN KALI WORKS

This time of the year ways with trivialities; the little worries, which come every day; the little trials, the little tasks, the thousand and one little frets—these are responsible for the fact that a woman looks old so much sconer liver right, and cure

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