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The Blazed Trail

By STEWARD EDWARD WHITE

The result proved his sagacity. Radway was one of the best foremen in the outfit. He got more out of his men, he rose better to emergencies, and he accomplished more with the same resources than any of the others excepting Tim Shearer.

But Camp One was a privilege. A man entered it only after having proved himself; he remained in it only as long as his efficiency 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 fighters in the three states; others were mild as doves.

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

He was happy because he was too busy to be anything else. The instant need of success, which he had created for himself absorbed all other sentiments. He demanded it of others rigorously. He could do no less than demand it of himself. The chief end of any man, as he saw it, was to do well and successfully what his life found ready.

Success, success, success. Nothing could be of more importance. In attainment argued a man's efficiency in the scheme of things. Anything that interfered with it—personal comfort, inclination, affection, desire, love of ease, individual liking—was bad.

Thorpe cared for just three people, and none of them happened to clash with his machine. They were Wallace Carpenter, little Phil and Injun Charley.



Wallace Carpenter stood before him.

"I'll do it," he muttered to himself after Wallace had gone out to visit the mill.

CHAPTER XXI. THE moment had struck for the woman. Thorpe did not know it, but it was true. A solitary, brooding life in the midst of a grand surroundings; an active, strenuous life among great responsibilities;

Thorpe found himself for the first time filled with the spirit of restlessness. His customary 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.

After an hour of the hardest work, he sat at his desk at 5 o'clock and began the perusal of a stack of letters. The first three he read carefully, the following two rather hurriedly, of the next one he asked only the salient and essential points, the seventh and eighth he skimmed, the remainder of the bundle he thrust aside in uncontrollable impatience.

There he found himself incapable of even the most petty routine work. He sat at his desk at 5 o'clock and began the perusal of a stack of letters. The first three he read carefully, the following two rather hurriedly, of the next one he asked only the salient and essential points, the seventh and eighth he skimmed, the remainder of the bundle he thrust aside in uncontrollable impatience.

He opened Camp One, and the Fighting Forty came back from distant drinking joints. This was in early September. That afternoon he had checked the little stream rising to the level of his banks. Old snags and stumps lay imbedded in the ooze; decayed trunks, moss grown, blocked the current; leaning tamaracs, fallen timber, tangled vines, dense thickets, gave to its course more the appearance of a tropical jungle than of a north country brook bed.

Each night the men returned in the beautiful dreamlike twilight to the camp. They sat after eating, smoking their pipes in the open air, and the time they sang, while Phil, crooning, wailed his ever, his violin, rasped out an accompaniment of dissonances. The men's voices lent themselves well to the wild minor strains of the chanter. These times, when the men sang and the night wind rose and died in the hemlock tops, were Thorpe's worst moments. His soul, tired with the day's iron struggle, fell to brooding.

He wanted something, he knew not what.

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 ranks.

"Come all ye sons of freedom throughout old Michigan, Come all ye gallant lumbermen, list to a Chanter man.

CHAPTER XXII. OR several days this impression satisfied him completely. He did not attempt to analyze it; he did not even make an effort to contemplate it. Curiosity, speculation, longing—all the more active emotions remained in abeyance, while outwardly for three days Harry Thorpe occupied himself only with the work of the Fighting Forty at Camp One.

"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 Sunday best-day girl. And her front name stands for Kitty."

Thorpe found himself at the edge of the woods facing a little glade into which streamed the radiance of a full moon.

There he stood and looked silently, not understanding, not caring to inquire. Across the way a white-throat was singing, clear, beautiful, like the shadow of a dream. The girl stood listening.



The girl stood listening. Her face was lit with the glow of a smile, and her eyes were fixed on the man who stood before her.

accustomed stern and menacing forest of the northland, with its wolves and its wild deer, and the voices of its sternest 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 XXIII. OR several days this impression satisfied him completely. He did not attempt to analyze it; he did not even make an effort to contemplate it. Curiosity, speculation, longing—all the more active emotions remained in abeyance, while outwardly for three days Harry Thorpe occupied himself only with the work of the Fighting Forty at Camp One.

Thorpe reached the fringes of bushes and was about to dodge under the shelter when he saw her. So he stopped short, concealed by the leaves and the timber above.

So it happened that he ate hardly at all that day and slept ill and dreamed the greatest dream of his life. The outward semblance of ease which the presence of Tim Shearer and the Fighting Forty demanded.

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.

It will bring rich, red blood, firm flesh and muscle. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. Taken this month, keeps you well all summer. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. Thompson Drug Co.

The waterwheels used for manufacturing in the United States number about 60,000, yielding 1,300,000 horsepower, or one-third of the whole power used.

Waiting for a Chance.

Orison 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.

Some people become so opportunity-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.

Why a Woman is Older than Her Husband. Louise Satterthwaite in Richmond News-Leader. So having bid farewell to girlhood's irresponsibility, the little wife assumes right cheerfully the burden which henceforth she shall wear.

For woman has to contend always 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 sooner than a man.

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 eyes, dejected lines about the mouth and chin.

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.

It is stated that President Roosevelt has tendered the office of United States district attorney for the northern district of Georgia to former Representative E. C. Tate, of Georgia. Mr. Tate is a Democrat. The office is now held by E. A. Angier, Republican. It is said by those who are familiar with the circumstances that the appointment of Mr. Tate is personal rather than political.

At the rate at which the work of excavation is at present proceeding the ancient city of Pompeii will not be uncovered before the year 1970.

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 prevent it from getting dry.

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

Garden Truck Potash advertisement with illustration of a truck and text describing its benefits for soil fertility.

Remember Headaches

This time of the year are signals of warning. Take Taraxacum Compound now. It may save you a spell of fever. It will regulate your bowels, set your liver right, and cure your indigestion.

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