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. . DENTIST . . .

go-at once," his soul cried, "qu new-before I kiss her." "How strong he is," she said to

The Blazed Trail -\*

She gave a little start of surprise, and her hand leaped to her breast, where it caught and stayed. Her childlike down-dropping mouth parted a little more, and the breath quickened through it. But her eyes, her wide, trusting, innocent eyes, sought his and

of the spike-marked old Norway log of the trail they stood, and for an appreclable interval the duel of their glances lasted—he masterful, passionate, exigent; she proud, cool, defeasive in the alcofness of her beauty. Then at last his prevailed. A faint color rose from her neck, deepened and spread over her face and forehead. In a moment she drooped her eyes. "Don't you think you stare a little

rudely, Mr. Thorpe?' she asked.

"How did you know my name?" he She planted both elbows on the Nor-

usly with her long pointed hands. "If Mr. Harry Thorpe can ask that question," she replied, "he is not quite so impolite as I had thought him." "How is that?" he inquired breath-

"Don't you know who I am?" sh asked in return. "A goddess, a beautiful woman!" he

answered ridiculously enough.

She looked straight at him. This time "I am a friend of Elizabeth Carpen

ter, who is Wallace Carpenter's sister, who, I believe, is Mr. Harry Thorpe's partner.' She paused as though for commen

The young man opposite was occupied in many other more important direc-"We wrote Mr. Harry Thorpe that

we were about to descend on his dis-trict with wagons and tents and Indians and things, and asked him to come The girl looked at him for a momen

steadily, then smiled. The change of countenance brought Thorpe to himself. "But I never received the letter. I'm so sorry," said he. "It must be at the mill. You see, I've been up in the woods for nearly a month."
"Then we'll have to forgive you."

"But I should think they would have done something for you at the mill"—

"Oh, we didn't come by way of your mill. We drove from Marquette." "I see," cried Thorpe, enlightened. "But I'm sorry I didn't know. I'm sorry you didn't let me know. I suppose you thought I was still at the mill. How did you get along? Is Wallace

"No," she replied, dropping her hands and straightening her erect figure.
"It's horrid. He was coming, and then some business came up, and he couldn't get away. We are having the lovellest time, though. I do adore the waods. Come," she cried impatiently, sweep-

ing neide to leave a way clear. "You shall meet my friends."

Thorpe imagined she referred to the rest of the tenting party. He heatst-

ed.
"I am hardly in fit condition," be

She laughed, parting her red lips "You are extremely picturesque just as you are," she said, with rather em-

as you are." she said, with rather em-barrassing directness. "I wouldn't-have you any different for the world. But my friends don't mind. They are fastd to it." She inughed again.

Thorpe crossed the pole trail and for the first time found himself by her side. The warm summer adors were in the air; a dozen lively little birds sang in the brush along the rail; the sunlight danced and flickered through the openings.

the openings.

Then suddenly they were among the pines, and the air was cool, the vista dim and the birds' songs inconcurs by for away.

far away.

He said little, and that lamely, for he dreaded to say too much. To her playful sailles he had no reposte, and in consequence he fell more silent with another boding—that he was losing his cause outright for lack of a ready

tween them meant nothing, but if each could have read the unsaid words that would have returned to the Fighting Forty more tranquilly, white she would probably not have returned to the camping party at all for a number of hours.

chariot wheels."
"All right. I'll come this afternoon," Thorpe had replied.
"I love her; I must have her, I me

asm. Wallace Carpenter's stories of his woods partner, while never doing more than justice to the truth, had been warm. One and all owned a lively curiosity to see what a real woods might be like. When he proved to be handsome and well mannered as well as picturesque his reception was no lon-

> Nothing could exceed his solicitude as to their comfort and amusement. He inspected personally the arrangement of the tents and suggested one or two changes conducive to the littler comforts. Simple things enough they were -it was as though a city man were to direct a newcomer to Central park—yet Thorpe's new friends were profoundly impressed with his knowledge of occult things. The forest was to them, as to most, more or less of a mystery unfathmable except to the favored of genius. A man who could interpret it even a ittle into the speech of everyday comfort and expediency possessed a strong claim to their imaginations. When he had finished these practical affairs they wanted him to sit down and tell them more things-to dine with them, to moke about their camp fire in the evening. But here they encountered a decided check. Thorpe became silent, almost morose. He talked in monosyl-lables and soon went away. They did not know what to make of him and so were of course the more profoundly interested. The truth was his habitual reticence would not have permitted a great degree of expansion in any case, but now the presence of Hilds made any but an attitude of hushed waiting for her words utterly impossible to him. However, when he discovered that Hilda had ceased visiting the clump of pines near the pole trail his desire forced him back among these people. He used to walk in swiftly at almost any time of day, casting quick glances here and there in search of his divin-

"How do, Mrs. Cary," he would say 'Nice weather. Enjoying yourself?' On receiving the reply he would answer beartily. "That's good," and lapse into silence. When Hilda was about he followed every movement of hers with his eyes, so that his strange conduct lacked no explanation or interpretation, in the minds of the women it least. Thrice he redeemed his reputation for being an interesting character by conducting the party on little expeditions here and there about the country. Then his woodcraft and resourcefulness spoke for him. They asked him about the lumbering operations, but he seemed indifferent.

"Nothing to interest you." he affirmed. "We're just cutting roads now. You ought to be here for the drive." Once he took them over to see Camp They were imme and were correspondingly loud in ex-clamations. Thorpe's comments were brief and dry. On the way back for

the first time Thorpe found that chance and Mrs. Cary—had allotted Hilds to his care. A hundred yards down the trail they

encountered Phil. The dwarf stopped abort, looked attentively at the girl and then softly approached. When quite near to her he again stopped, gasing at her with his soul in his liquid eyes. "You are more beautifu than the sea at night," he said directly.

The others inughed. "There's sincerity for you, Miss Hilds,", said young Mr. Morton.

Mr. Morton. '
"Who is be?" asked the girl after

"Our chore boy." answered Thorpe, The rest of the party had gone ahead, leaving them satutering more slowly flown the trail.

"Why don't you come to the pin graye any more?" he asked bluntly. "Why?" countered Hilds in the man

"I want to see you there. I want to



the woods crept down on them. Just before sunset a hush falls on nature. The wind has died; the birds have not yet begun their evening songs; the light itself seems to have left off sparkling and to lie still across the landscape. Such a hush now lay on their spirits. Over the way a creeper was ironing sleepily a little chant, the only voice in the wilderness. In the heart of the man, too, a little voice raised it-

"Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart!" it breathed over and over again. After awhile he said it gently in a half voice. "No, no; hush!" said the girl. And

she laid the soft, warm fingers of one hand across his lips and looked at him from a height of superior soft eyed tenderness as a woman might look at a child. "You must not. It is not right." Then he kissed the fingers very gently before they were withdrawn, and she said nothing at all in rebuke, but looked straight before her with trou-

CHAPTER XXIII.

THORPE returned to Camp One shortly after dark. He found there a number of letters, among which was one from Wallace Carpenter.

After commending the camping parcllow went on to say that affairs were

going badly on the board.
"Some interest that I haven't been able to make out yet has been ham-mering our stocks down day after day," he wrote. "I don't understand it, for the stocks are good and intrinsically are worth more than is bid for them right now. Some powerful con-cern is beating them down for a purpose of its own. Sooner or later they will let up, and then we'll get things back in good shape. I am amply proected now, thanks to you, and am not at all afraid of losing my holdings The only difficulty is that I am unable to predict exactly when the other fellows will decide that they have accomplished whatever they are about and let up. It may not be before next year. In that case I couldn't belp you out on those notes when they come due. So put in your best licks, old man. You may have to pony up for a little while, though of course sooner or later I can put it all back. Then, you bet your life, I keep out of it. Lumbering's

good enough for yours truly.
"By the way, you might shine up to
Hilda Farrand and join the rest of the fortune hunters. She's got it to throw to the birds and in her own right. Se riously, old fellow, don't put yoursell into a false position through ignorance; not that there is any danger to a hardened old woodsman like you."

Thorpe went to the group of pines by the pole trail the following afternoon because he had said he would, but with a new attitude of mind. He had come into contact with the artificiality of conventional relations, and it stiffened

They sat down on a log. Hilds turned to him with her graceful air of con-

"Now talk to me," said she. "Certainly." replied Thorpe in a practical tone of voice. "What do you want me to talk about?"

She shot a swift, troubled glance at him, concluded herself mistaken and

your life-all about it." "Well," replied Thorpe formally, "we haven't much to interest a girl like you. It is a question of saw logs with us." And he went on in blogs with

most technical manner to detail th process of manufacture. It might as well have been bricks. The girl did not understand.

was burt. As surely as the sun tangled in the distant pine frond, she had seen in his eyes a great passion. Now it was coldly withdrawn. "What has happened to you?" abe

"Me? Nothing," replied Thorpe.

A forced allence fell upon him. Hilds seemed gradually to lose herself in reverle. After a time she said softly:

"Don't you love this woods?"
"It's an excellent bunch of pine," replied Thorpe bluntly. "It'll cut 3,000,000 at least."

ooo at least."
"Oh?" she cried, drawing back, her hands pressed against the log either side of her, her eyes wide.

After a moment she caught her breath convulsively, and Thorpe became conscious that she was studying him furtively with a quickening doubt.

After that, by the mercy of God, there was no more talk between them. Unconsciously the first strain of opposition and of hurt surprise relaxed. Each thought vaguely his thoughts. Then in the depths of the forest, perhaps near at hand, perhaps far away, a single hermit thrush began to sing. His song was of three solemn, deep, liquid

At last the poignant ecstasy seemed slowly, slowly to die. Fainter and fainter ebbed the music. Through it as through a mist the solemn aloof forest the two. They sought each other's eyes, gently smiling. The music was very soft and dim and sad. They leaned to each other, with a sob; their lips met; the music ceased.

And over behind the trees, out of the light and the love and the beauty, lit-tie Phil huddled, his great shaggy head bowed in his arms. Beside him lay his violin and beside that his bow, broken He had snapped it across his knee That day he had heard at last the



They sought each other's eyes. heart song of the violin and, uttering t, had bestowed love. But he had that lay lost what he cared for most in all

the world-his friend. Little Phil disappeared utterly, taking with him his violin, but leaving his broken bow. Thorpe has it even to this day. The lumberman caused search and inquiry on all sides. The cripple was never heard of again.

"I saw you long ago," said Hilda to Thorpe—"long, long ago, when I was quite a young girl. I had been visiting in Detroit and was on my way all alone to catch an early train. You stood on the corner thinking, tail and straight and brown, with a weather besten old hat and a weather beaten old coat and weather beaten old moccasins, and such a proud, clear, un-daunted look on your face. I have re-

membered you ever since."

And then he told her of the race to And then he told her of the race to the land office, while her eyes grow brighter and brighter with the epic splendor of the story. She told him that she had loved him from that mo-ment, and believed her telling, while he, the unsentimental leader of men, persuaded himself and her that he had always in some mysterious manner carried her image prophetically in his heart. So much for the love of it.

In the last days of the month of de-light Thorpe received a second letter from his partner, which to some extent swakened him to the realities.

"My dear Harry," it ran, "I hav made a startling discovery. The other fellow is Morrison. I have been a blind, can't call me any more names than have already called myself. Morrison has been in it from the start. By an ac cident I learned he was behind the fel-low who induced me to invest, and it is he who had been hammering the stock down ever since. They couldn't lick down ever since. They couldn't lick you at your game, so they tackled me at mine. I'm not the man you are, Harry, and I've made a mess of it. Of course their scheme is plain enough on the face of it. They're going to involve me so deeply that I will drag the firm down with me.

"If you can fix it to meet those notes, they can't do it. I have ample margin.

they can't do it. I have ample margin to cover any more declines they may be able to bring about. Den't fret about that. Just as sure as you can pay that \$60,000, just so sure we'll be ahead of the game at this time next year. For heaven's sake, get a move on you, old man. If you don't, the firm 'll bust

heaven's sake, get a move en you, old
man. If you don't, the firm 'll bust
because she can't pay. I'll bust because
I'll have to let my stock go on margins.
It'll be an awful smash. But you'll get
there, so we needn't worry. I've been
an awful fool, and I've no right to do
the getting into trouble and leave you
to the hard work of getting out again.
But as pariner I'm going to insist on
your having a salary," etc.

The news aroused all Thorpe's martial spirit. Now at last the mystery
surrounding Morrison & Daly's unnatural complaisance was riven. It had
come to grapples again. He was glad
of it. He thrust the letter in his pocket
and walked buoyantly to the pines.

The two lovers sat there all the aftermoon drinking in half sadly the joy of
the forest and of being near each other.
In a week the camping party would be
breaking up, and Hilds must return to
the city. It was uncertain when they
would be able to see each other again.

Buddenly the girl breke off and put
her fingens to her lips. Wer some time
dimly an intermittent and faint sound
had been tolt rather than actually
heard, like the irregular muffied beating of a heart. Gradually it had insisted on the attention.

"What is it?" she asked.

Thorpe listened. Then his face lit

with the joy of battle.

Itmen," he cried. "They he read."

A faint call echoed. Then without rarning nearer at hand, and the sharp ing of an ax sounded through the for-

CHAPTER XXIV.

ed, a quaint little air of childish petulance graving two lines between ber eyebrows. "Do you know, Harry, you are a singularly uncommunicative sort of a being. I have to guess that your life is interesting and picturesque

Sometimes I think you are not nearly poet enough for the life you are liv-ing. Why, you are wonderful, you men of the north, and you let us ordinary mortals who have not the gift of divination imagine you entirely occupled with how many pounds of Iron chain you are going to need during the winter." She said these things lightly. as one who speaks things not for seri-

"It is something that way," he agreed, with a laugh. "Sit there," she breathed very softly, pointing to the dried needles on which her feet rested.

He obeyed. "New tell me," she breathed, still in the fascinated monotone

"What?" be inquired. "Your life; what you do; all about it. You must tell me a story.' Thorpe settled himself more lazily

and laughed with quiet enjoyment. "The story of the woods," he began, "the story of the saw log. It would take a bigger man than I to tell it. I doubt if any one man ever would be big enough. It is a dream, a struggle, a battle. Those men you hear there are only the skirmishers extending the firing line. I'll have to hurry now to get those roads done and a certain greek cleared before the snow. Then we'll have to keep on the keen move to finish our cutting before the deep snow, to haul our logs before the spring thaws, to float them down the river while the freshet water lasts. When we gain a day we have scored a victory, when the wilderness puts us back an hour we have suffered a defeat."

The girl placed her hand on his shoul der. He covered it with his own.

"But we win!" he cried. "We win!" "That is what I like," she said softly. "the strong spirit that wins." She hes tated, then went on gently: "I went walking yesterday morning before you came over, and after awhile I found myself in the most awful place-the stumps of trees, the dead branches, the trunks lying all about and the glaring hot sun over everything. Harry, there was not a single bird in all that waste, a single green thing." She seized his fingers in her other hand. "Harry," she said earnestly, "I don't believe I can ever forget that experience any more than I could have forgotten a battlefield were I to see one."

The man twisted his shoulder uneas ily and withdrew his hand. "Harry." she said again after

pause, "you must promise to leave this woods until the very last. I suppose it must all be cut down some day, but I do not want to begbere to see after it is all over. Men do not care much for keepsakes, do they, Harry? But even a man can feel the value of a great beautiful keepsake such as this, can't be, dear? Our meeting place-do you remember how I found you down there by the old pole trail staring as though you had seen a ghost? It must always be our most sacred memory. Promise me you will save it until the very, very

Thorpe remained silent. In selecting the districts for the sea-son's cut he had included in his estitimber promising a return of \$10,000 were not to be found near the river. and time now lacked for the cutting o

roads to more distant forties.
"Hilda," he broke in abruptly at last, "the men you hear are clearing a road

"What do you mean?" she asked. "This timber is marked for cutting this very winter."

She had not a suspicion of the true state of affairs. "Isn't it lucky I spoke of it!" she exclaimed. "You must see She sprang up impulsively and stood waiting for him. He arose more slow-

"Hilds, I cannot," he said. She stood very still for some sec "Why not?" she asked quietly. cause I have not time to cut i

mad through to another bunch of pine. "Why not nothing, then?" "I want the money this will bring." His choice of a verb was unfortu

Why He Preferred to Die. In the year 1500 a preacher of the name of William Dorrington threw himself from the parapet of the Church of St. Sepulcher, in London. He left a note which gave as his reason for committing the act that he wanted to go to the theater that night, but did not have the money wherewith to purchase the ticket of admission.

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In Germany the raising of aspara gue for export as well as domest service is quite an industry. It is confined chiefly to certain localities chance at the barn floor litter and north Germany and parts of so much grain and grass seed will

Ladies' Shoes to Be Larger,

New York Dispatch.

Women of the next generation are o have big feet; not so very big, perhaps, but bigger than the feminine feet to-day. This pronounce or back, in male or female. Rement was made unofficially to-day by many of the most prominent lief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by the J. C. Simmons Drug at the close of the first convention of Co., Graham, N. C. the National Boot and Shoe Manuacturers' Association of the United States, which was formed at the Gabriel Leven, says obesity is a Hotel Astor. They declared that flatter soles and lower heels will be of dyspepsia. the fashion

Responsibility for the innovation rests upon the women themselvess the dealers declare.

"This tendency of the women," said Sol Wile, secretary of the association, "has been noticeable for some time, but lately it has grown more and more conspicuous. With the advent of the rainy-day skirt came a more sensible shoe, with flatter soles and a lower and thicker heel. This proved so successful that now the women are adopting that style of footwear for every occasion, and the physical comfort they derive from it compensates for any lingering uneasiness that they may be out of style.

"In the convention just ended all kinds of feet were represented, from the historic giant foot of Chicago to the dainty little stepper of New York, but the feeling among the men who cater to all kinds was that the French heel is on the wane and that the flatter and broader shoe is growing more and more popular, even though it means bigger feet. At last the women seem to be realizing that the present age is essentially one of common sense, and no little weight was given to this movethe loss of a foot through the construction of the extremely high

Kansas Challenges the Oil King.

tion and equipment of an oil re-finery. Convict labor is to be utiliz- An honest medicine selecting the districts for the sea-ecut be had included in his esti-es this very grove. Other bodies of refinery. Thus Kansas throws down the gage of battle to the Standard Oil Company. What the result will be is problematical. The whole power of the State will be directed toward obtaining fair rates from the railroads in transporting crude oil to the refinery and distributing the refined product to various points in Kansas. By means of its private car system the Standard Oil Company had practically driven the independent oil producers of Kansas out of business. The State is confident that it will be able to get a "square deal" from the railroads, and if it does it will not labor under the disadvantage with which independent producers could not cope. It is significant that the Lagislature of Kansas has launched the State in the oil business in response to an overwhelming popular demand. The people of the Jayhawker State Rockefeller at his own game. Time alone will determine whether a State can beat a trust by taking a plunge into socialism. Very many persons UP will wish that the Kansas experiment may prove a success-not be cause they favor socialism, but because they want to "take a fall" out of the Oil Trust.

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