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HESPER

HAMLIN GARLAND

toward the cabin, now half disclosed.

The door was open and Kelly and

the two lads were on the floor picking

at a small sack or ore. Mrs. Kelly

looked up at Ann, laughing, with tears

on her cheeks. "I don't believe it, not

one word of it! And if it's true, Rob,

"Yes," said Kelly, "I've been of use

to you ld finding it; now do you be of

"I will, Matt!" said Raymond, and

the two men shook hands on a new

compact. Both Matt and Nora were

too engrossed with their new found

riches to observe the deep sadness of

"Now," said Kelly, "watch out for

Curran. He'll bate us out of it if he

can. I depend on you to stand off the

"The mist is rising." called Ann

As she spoke a tremendous report

"Now, what was that?" queried Matt,

and all stood transfixed with surprise

Another and duller report followed-

one that shook the ground. Kelly rush

"I love you, and I want you to know is

"What was that?" asked Ann.

Even as they waited, listening to

clear, and Kelly's fears were verified.

mist has dynamited the Red Star shaft

house and mill lay scattered over its

dump, and toward it the whole camp

"Oh, the unboly jackasses!" mutter-

ed Kelly. "They've opened the door to

CHAPTER XVIII

THE blowing up of the Red Star

The din of controversy was deafen-

knowledge of the outrage and roundly

condemned it for the foolishly destruc-

entire district with its possibili-

ties of further violence and con-

the witches now. Come, 140b.

may be the next to suffer."

the blue sky above. .

cemed hastening.

most comic.

I want you to keep it for us,"_

use to me in keeping it."

lawyers and the gamblers."

Raymond's face.

from the doorway.

and vague apprehension.

still clung.

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He took a seat a little in front, so that he could see her face, which was radiant as a rose in the mist. "I've been trying to write you a letter ever since you came. I wanted to set myself right with you on Louis' account. I love the lad, and I wanted you to know that I was trying to do him

"I know that. I trust you now." "That assurance is sweet to me, but I want to tell you now that the only mystery in my life is this: I am a West Point endet-I mean, I was"-"Were you, really?" She looked at him with such unmistakable relief and

gladness that he faltered. "Wait. I was only there two years. was court martialed for breach of discipline and gross insubordination at the beginning of my third year."

He hastened on. "You mustn't judge

me hastily. It came on my return after furlough. That's the time when the routine and discipline pinch hardest on the men. After two years of grind that I hated I had a visit home-a delicious free time-and to get back into school, back into those cold, gray barracks, was like going into a straitjacket. The first few weeks after the vacation are times of disorder, a period of boylsh deviltry, and I took my share in it. My breach of discipline was nothing more than a boy's frolic. I should have been punished for it, and that would have ended it, but I hated one of the officers, the disciplinarian and when he rounded me up he rasped

me till I lost my head. Being a quick

tempered youth, I answered him. He

abused me shamefully, and I struck him in the face, and that ended my stay at West Point." "Oh, how foolish! How wrong!" "No, it was not wrong. I would do it again. The small speak used a tone in addressing me which no man has a right to use to another. You wouldn't suppose a tone could hurt, but it did. It cut like a lash. Well, that ended my career as a soldier. My home was on the Ohio river, not far from Cincinnati, and my family still lives there. Our whole country is rich in traditions of General Grant, and my father had selected me out of all his sons to be

the soldier of his family. You know how some men try to map their sons' careers. Don't you see, I couldn't go "Yes, I can see it was bard for your father. Was your mother living?" "Yes, she's living yet. I write her every week, but not one word has passed between my father and me ce my dismissal. Naturally enough, I drifted west and into cattle ranching. I liked the excitement of it, and I'd been trained to ride and to shoot. I gradually became cow boss and foreman, and so you found me, with a few thousand dollars saved up. Your coming changed every current in my life. I became ambitious to do something, to be rich. I came here, I bought this mine, and there shines my gold." He held it toward her again. "Now I can

go home. My court martial becomes a joke. Dou't you see? My father is human. He would not receive me poor and disgraced. With a big mine behind me the case will be different."

"Are we all purchasable with gold?" His high mood sank a little. "Don't misjudge me. It's not so clear in my mind as when I met you at the door. Money does help-you know it does.

It extends a man's power; it makes him effective for good, if good is in him. I was a rancher when you met me; we stood in a different relation from that which we occupy now. Isn't

"Yes," she slowly answered, "but it isn't because of your mine." "What is it because of?"

"It is because you have been kind and considerate of my brother." He looked disappointed. "Is that all? I hoped you liked me for myself." "I do-like you," she answered.

"Can you not love me?" "Do not press me." She spoke sharply, a flash of resentment in her eyes. I didn't intend to do so," he humbly replied. "I fear I've made a mess of it, at as I have with all the rest of my life. But this morning when we uncovered that vein it seemed as though I had a chance to recover my place in the world. I've wasted ten years of my life masquerading here and there, but that is finished. Since I saw you life began to be serious business with me. You smile, but you know what I mean, and if you would only give me time I would make you proud of me." He paused and looked about him. The mist seemed lightening, as if infiltrated with a golden vapor. It was in motion also, and far to the westward small patches of blue sky showed momentarily. "It is clearing," he said in a

quiet voice, though his eyes were wet.
"The west wind is setting in." The beauty of the girl as she faced him there in the mist was shining, sil conquering in its pulse and glow. "I re you, and I want you to know it. Some time I will ask you to be my

"You must not do that," she cried out. "You will only lead up to disap-pointment. Don't you see how impos-sible it is? You are of the west, I am a city dweller. I am not fitted to help you. My whole life and training have been such that I am totally unfitted for the life you would lend. Please do not misreed me. It is not a question of your wealth or your poverty. It's my own way of life, my own mind. I don't want to hurt you, but I must tell you that it is impossible to think of— quite impossible?" and she turned away



stormed thunderously. "You are responsible," he growled. "You sit here and send out appeals to the world while these hounds work their will. Where was Munro and his regulators?"

"They can't be everywhere," explained Carter. "No one supposed such a thing could happen in the day-

"Ye're all a set o' chicken heads Ye've created a power ye can't control. I give ye notice that if ye don't go after the thieves that did this work I'il organize a vigilance committee and take charge of the whole gnug of yez." And he strode out of the room, leaving the officers of the union disgraced and angry. He confessed to Raymond on his return that it was a foolish action. "It was, Matt. You couldn't have done a worse thing. A large number of these dago miners already consider us their enemies, and this will confirm them. We might as well take steps tonight to get our party of the third part

in some sort of organization." All this excitement and worry aided Raymond in tiding over the day, but when midnight came and the committee had slipped away into the night his sense of loss and a feeling of loneliness took possession of him. Ann had announced her intention to return to the Springs at the end of the week, and, though she had vaguely promised to visit the peak again, Raymond was not deceived.

"She's quite right," he admitted to is no place for her or for Nora. Since arose from the obscurity where the fog the destruction of that mill it is even less desirable than before as a place of residence."

While on his way to the bungalow the following afternoon he met Munro accompanying a stranger, a big, blond, handsome fellow in a gray traveling suit and soft hat. His face was plump and his brown beard close clipped, and, though he realized that he was more or less in durance, his eyes were smil-

Munro called out, "Rob, do you know this chap?"

Munro turned to his prisoner. thought you were lying." The stranger remained untroubled.

"I didn't say I knew Mr. Raymond. I merely said that I wanted you to take me to him, Mr. Raymond, I am Wayne Peabody, an old time friend of Miss Rupert. Will you please explain to this knight of the hills that I am in nowise interested in his strike?" Raymond looked at him keenly. So this was the eastern lover-this fat, fair man. "I think I have heard of

you," he began slowly. Louis' arrival relieved the awkwardness of the moment. "Hello, Mr. Peabody, how did you get here?"

Peabody caught at the boy's hand. "Well, well, Louis, I'm glad to see you. You saved my life. How is Ann?" "Fine! You ought to see her work. She's brown as oak. Come on, I'll take you to her. Gee, she'll be glad to see As Peabody excused himself and

made off, Munro, with a world of meaning in his voice, softly swore. "Well, if I'd known that, I would have killed him and laid him away under a little rock. She turned me down flat ed to the door just in time to see a vast the other day, and it hurt. It hurts balloon shaped cloud of smoke rise maworse now that I've seen the other jestically above the mist, bulging into man. I really hoped you were the winner."

"Now they've done it!" he called in a "She's out of our world, Jack," recurlously reflective tone that was alplied Raymond, and a large part of his resentment of Munro's impertinence vanished with the knowledge that he "Some crazy divil under cover of the was a fellow sufferer in despair. mist has dynamited the Red Star shaft

Munro went on gravely: "She had me going, sure thing. Why, I stopped drinking-just as I told you I wouldfaint cries, the wind swept the hillside and I cut off Claire- Say, boy, that was a severe job! She raised dust for a day or two, but when the queen of heaven gave me my jolt I said, 'W'at 'the good?' and slipped into my old ways. Think of us strutting around the parade ground in front of 'the seats of the visitors' with intent to beat ou old Grant, and here we are! I'm policing a mining camp, and you're pawing dirt like a woodchuck. 'What a fall is

there, my brother!" " Raymond did not enjoy Munro's tone mill and shaft house shook the and changed the subject. "What are you going to do now?"

Munro ceased to laugh. "I am going cealed beneath its dust and smoke the to ciuch this whole camp a little tight rich discovery in the Kelly mine. The er from this on. I'm going to turn back partners had time to calculate chances every nonunion miner. All you fellows and plan for the buying in of the propwho are friendly can go on working just the same, but your men must put themselves on record." ing. The labor leaders disclaimed all

Raymond's face settled into stern fines. "Jack, I don't want to be mixed

tive act it really was. Kelly marched up in another man's fight. We are on in among them like a grizzly bear and good terms with our hands—they're a lot of cantankerous American citizens anyway and can't be coerced. I warn you not to monkey with our plant."

Munro laughed. "I'll fight shy, old

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1906.

man, so far as I'm concerred, but these Peabody for the ment, and will you dagoes and Poles are getting watch eyed and if they stampede they'll run no more scruples, now that Woo is over somebody. You don't believe in me and my cowboys, but the time may come when you'll see that I'm about the only comm: " this camp."

"I see that no ... sick. That's why I'm talking to you. But you've started on a line of action that means war with organized society. You had no call to join those jackusses who ran Mackay out of camp. It was none o' your funeral-had nothing to do with the question of wages."

Munro grinned. "He was such an "Yes, but it started you wrong. Now,

I don't know who blev up the shaft house, but if you do your best plan is to cut those outlaws out and turn them back to the authorities." "I don't know a thing. Of course the

peaches. These mine owners have got it touched her. to give up their nine hour scheme. As they all re-entered the bungalow We've got 'em dead to rights, for I Peabody rubbed his hands together in sign our rolls double quick."

that. I will bring no pressure to bear nounced a visitor. his better judgment. "A mining camp on them, but I'd like to ask you as a friend not to make it any harder than Munro entered, entirely at his ease, you can help for Kelly & Raymond. graceful, jocose, making no account of now, and the worst thing that can hap- Raymond and his guests. pen to us is delay. We've opened our mine inside of six weeks if nothing

Raymond walked on to his cabin with a heavier heart than he had carried since he left Barnett's home. Part bowed and said, "Good evening, Capof this was due to Munro's warning, but the larger part of it sprang from his meeting with Peabody, who was not at all the sort of citizen he had expected Ann's eastern lover to be. He was a man of power, dignity and decision, not an erratic idler like Barnett, and his air of quiet authority sprang from a strong personality securely placed in the world.

Louis came back to the cabin with a sly smile on his face. "What did you



The two men shook hands.

think of Mr. Peabody? Darn him, he's here to get Ann to go back to New York. I don't go, I tell you that!" "Maybe she won't go?"

"I'm afraid she will," the boy gloom ily replied. "He's got some kind of a 'drag' on her. He's been trying to get her, oh, a long time."

Raymond's voice was calm as he ask ed, "What is his business?" "Lawyer. He's rich too. Ann wants us both to come over to the Kellys' to dinner. I don't want to go. Do you?"

"She's the captain," answered Ray-"I reckon we'd better spruce up a bit." "It makes me tired," the boy went on. "I wanted her to marry you, and then

we could all live out here." A half hour later Ann knocked. "Is any one at home?"

Raymond flung open the door. "We are all at home. Ann introduced Peabody, who stood

by her side, and the two men shook hands rather coldly while she said to Raymond: "Can you take care of Mr. come over to dinner? You need have with us." At the dinner table Ann studied the

two men with highly amused interest. Peabody, easy, assured and calmly tolerant, did the talking, while Raymond listened, a little sullenly it seemed to Ann. The New Yorker was most admirable in his consideration for Mrs. Kelly and his interest in everything about him, and yet he did not stir the one he hoped to please. He had always been commonplace to her and was conspicuously so here on the mountain top,

Peabody did not attempt to conceal his intimate relationship with Ann, and every tone of his voice when addressing her was torture to Raymond, who be gan to talk at last in self defense, addressing himself to Mrs. Kelly as his hostess, leaving Ann free to listen ununion had nothing to do with it. It reservedly to her eastern sultor. The was done by a few hotheads full of girl understood this mood in Itob, and

can drive every nonunion man out of delight. "By Jove, this is something camp if necessary, and my advice to like! This chimney carries me back you is, have your men march up and to my hunting lodge in the Maine woods." He was in the midst of a "They can do as they please about story when a knock at the door an-

"Come in!" shouted Raymond, and We've got all we can stagger under the looks of surprise on the faces of

"Remain where you are!" he called vein, and we're going to buy in our "The house is entirely surrounded and no nonunion laborer will be allowed to escape."

Raymond mechanically gave him a chair, while Kelly nodded curtly. Ann tain Munro." Peabody slone smiled. "Ah, you were my guide up the hill! My guard

as well as guide, I take it." "I'd rather have been your execu "For what reason?" "Had I known you were coming to

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

get the queen of the peak your blood

Looking For Light. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown were

bosom friends. They passed a good deal of their time in discussing the affairs of their neighbors. It was astonishing what a lot they knew about other people's business which didn't concern them in the least. They were hammering away at the latest scandal when the conversation turned in the direction of a Mrs. Tittlesay, a new arrival in the next street. "I hear she's suffering from ap-

pendicitis," declared Mrs. Brown. "Suffering!" echoed Mrs. Jones contemptuously.

"Why, yes. Didn't you know that?" asked Mrs. Brown. "Yes, I heard she had got appen-icitis," replied Mrs. Jones, "but, dicitis," replied Mrs. Jones, Lor', judging by the way they bragged about it, I thought it was some sort of piano player! What is it anyway?"-London Queen.

Maintenance of Gravel Roads. In order to maintain a gravel road in good condition it is well to keep piles of gravel alongside at frequent intervals, so that the persons who repair the road can get the material without going too far for it. As soon as ruts or boles appear on the surface some of this good, fresh material should be added and stamped into position or kept raked smooth until properly consoli

Too Well Posted. "Woman," said he in agonized tones, "you have broken my heart."
She laid her ear to his manly

"No," said she after listening intently, "there is not the slightest evidence of organic lesion. There is a slight palpitation, due perhaps to eigarettes; that is all."

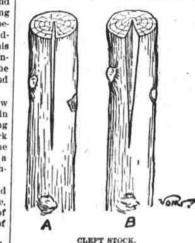
And now the young man swears that hereafter when he makes love to a girl he will be sure she is not a medical student.

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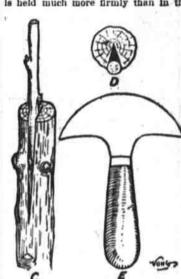
At the recent meeting of the American Pomological society the following method of grafting was described by a gentleman from Colorado, who stated that it was the most successful method that he had employed in top working old orchards and that it could be used on branches as large as four menes in diameter with great success. It Impressed me as being far better than or dinary cleft grafting, especially for



large stocks, from the fact that the surfaces of the union were all smooth and the scions held more firmly. The method of procedure is as follows:

After determining where the graft had better go, the stock is cut off with a fine saw and the cut made in the side of the stock, as shown at A. This is then cleaned out with a knife, as shown at B. A saddler's knife is used for this purpose, the outline of which is shown at E in the second cut. The scion is cut as is usual in cleft grafting and is driven with some little force into the groove in the stock, as shown at C and in the cross section at D.

It will be found that after this graft has been driven in it can only be pulled out by using considerable force, and it is held much more firmly than in the



GRAFT AND ENIFE.

ordinary cleft graft. This method of grafting is undoubtedly well adapted to take the place of cleft grafting for all stocks over three-quarters of an inch in diameter. If you try it you will be surprised at the firmness with which the scion will stick in the stock All wounds should be covered with wax as in ordinary cleft grafting.-8. B. Green in Farm and Fireside.

How to Run an Incubator. The average farmer, his wife, his son or his daughter should not expect to learn all about the management of an incubator from the perusal of written pages. Experience comes from the work itself. This work is easy, interesting and fascinating. It occupies the mind and leads to investigation. More than that, it leads to success and profit. But great results cannot be expected in the beginning. The poultry business is a trade and must be learned. Many a person is idle today and looking for some sphere of usefulness who could learn how to operate an incubator to both mental and financial advantage. But the work, slight as it is, must be done properly and at the right time. The poultry business is honorable and profitable, but it requires study and experience. We arrow quires study and experience. We serve long and faithful apprenticeship to learn other more laborious and less remunerative trades, when the same amount of application would in less time make us experts with an incubater and give us a trade in a line not affected by strikes or lockouts or liable to be overcrowded.-Richard H. Wood,

Changes In the Middle West, A striking tendency in the middle west, and especially in southern lowa, s the decrease in the size of farms. Something less than ninety acres in said to be the size of average lowa. farms, with the men doing the work themselves or hiring one man. An exchange says that since land has risen in value from \$10 to \$100 an acre it has been found necessary to decrease the number of acres in the farm, and the farmer himself is better off for this, because he is not working so hard to make both ends meet nor trying to cover so much ground. He is making. in fact, about as much on 100 acres rightly conducted as he did on a sec tion of land in the old days. The great growth of dairying has helped to bring

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