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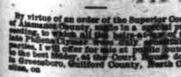
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Re-Sale of Valuable



THURSDAY, SEPT. 15, 1910,

By Clifford V. Gregory

CHAPTER X. ABEL turned and slowly climbed the stairs. The girls were still sitting up waiting for

Sitting down on the sofa and holding Beth's hands tightly in hers, she told the story, passing briefly over the bitter parts and dwelling longer upon Harold's manly resolve to make full reparation for his sin.

"Different people need to have different things happen to them to bring out the best there is in them," said Gladys when the story was finished. "Maybe this will be the best thing for Harold. I can't help believe it will al ome out right in the end." There was a strange bush about the

campus the next day. Students gathered in little groups here and there, talking in subdued tones. It seemed as if some one were dead, so strange was the unnatural quiet. The story of Harold's disgrace was generally known now, and boys and girls looked at Beth pityingly as she passed.

Mabel saw and understood and realized, with a pang, that the mere paying back of the gambling money could never wipe out Harold's shame. It wasn't the money that these students were thinking of-they had seen bets won and lost before-but it was the disgrace of attempting to win the game unfairly. The University of Iowa prided itself on the cleanness of its athletics, and Harold's action had left a blot upon its record that it would take years to outlive.

The few weeks that intervened until vacation passed enickly. School was out again, and once more the girls walked up the little path to the familiar kitchen door, where their father and mother were eagerly awaiting them.

It was at church the next Sunday evening that the girls first saw Jeff again. As soon as the benediction was said he came over where they were. wouldn't seem like getting back home if you weren't here," he said. holding out a hand to each of them. "I've got a hundred things to say to

o with to a real-live football hero," author Glady.

"Suppose you try, anyway," Jeff an-swered. "My horse is out here, and if

you girls can trust your father and mother to go home alone"-

"I guess they can find the waywith us close behind, anyway," said

"I suppose I owe you an apology for not coming over to see you the night after the Iowa game." Jeff sald when they were on their way. "But you may be sure that I didn't stay away because I wanted to. The doctor had

to hang on to me to keep me from coing, anyway." "Were you hurt very badly?" asked

Gladys quickly. "Oh, no," he replied. "A broken rib doesn't count for very much in football. If it had been in a fair tackle wouldn't have cared," he went on. but to be kicked in the ribs like a

Gladys stopped him wit' gesture "Harold in our friend," she reminded

self with an effort. "



DESCRIPTION OF A PRIENT,

"That makes it look different," he would be for a fellow like him. I'm sorry it happened, though. It's bad for him and bad for the school."

As soon as they reached the gate Mabel excused berself on the plea that she had a cold and ran into the house. "Have you a cold, too?" asked Jeff,

"Have you a cold, too?" asked Jeff, turning to Gladys, with a smile.

"The look her head.

"The look don't go in yet," he said, turning the horse around. "We don't see each other very often, you know."

"In must be swfully popular at college after that lower game," said Gladge after a moment. "I was so prous of those star plays you made I could hardly alt still."

Jeffsmiled. "It's easy for me to play football." In said. "I never thought a

A Story of Farm Life Copyright, 1910, by American

ly. "Harold has had to fight hard, bu -I believe I could like him better if he were more like you. You say a fellow deserves credit just for the hard things he does," she went on. "Did you ever have any hard things to do?" "Not yet," he answered. "Everything at college was easier to do than not to

"I'm not going back to school." "Not going back!" she echoed. "Why

"It's father." he answered. "He's too old to work as hard as he's doing. Since the other boys went out west everything is left for him to do. He never would trust anything to a hired man. I've just been finding out, too," he added, "how many things he and mother have been going without in order to keep me in school. Why, they've even been staying home from church because their clothes were so shabby. It's been a disappointment to father, too, having all his boys leave home. He has always been planning on how he was going to fix up the old place when we were old enough to help."

"And so you are going to stay at home," said Gladya. "Isn't it hard?"
"Hard!" he cried. "You don't realize how hard it is, Gladys. I used to lie out under the apple trees on Sunday afternoon and dream about the wonderful world outside and especially that part of it they called college. I never wanted to study Greek or higher mathematics, but the name 'agricultural college' always fascinated me. July celebrations and circuses in order that my college fund might grow faster. When I started I only had enough money to last one term, but father offered to pay the rest, besides what I could earn."

"I wonder why it is," said Gladys slowly, "that people who can have college education just for the asking never seem to appreciate it, while those who really do make the most of their opportunities have such a hard time going at all?"

"Let's not talk about it," Jeff an "When I think of all I had planned to do at college next year and of all the old fellows trooping back when classification day comes it seems

as if I can't stay away." Gladys nodded in silent, understand ing sympathy.

They rode on in silence for a long time. Then Jeff pointed with his whip toward a field they were passing. "I'm roing to tile that forty in the spring. he said. "I won't be satisfied until make ours the best farm in the coun-

"I thought you were the bravest boy I ever saw that day I saw you on the football field," said Gladys slowly. "I

am sure of it now."

"And I'm sure you're the best chum

a fellow ever had," Jeff answered.

WHEN Harold Du Val left college with the determination of earning money to pay his gambling debts it was with a very hazy idea of how he was going to do it. Of one thing he was determined-he would go so far away that there would be little danger of his being known. It was still without a definite purpose that he boarded a train and started west. At Salt Lake City he stopped and spent several days looking for work only to find that every position had half a dosen men

waiting for it. At last in discouragement be took the train again, this time not stoppin until he reached Scattle. Here his search for work was of little more avail than at Salt Lake City. One day when both his money and his hopes had almost reached their lowest ebb he wandered down to the wharf and

He was suddenly startled by a heavy and on his shoulder and turned quicky around to be confronted by a rough ooking, bearded seaman. The sailor looked Harold over critically for a moment without speaking, nodding approvingly as he noted the well built.

athletic form. "Do you want to ship with us?" he saked at last.

Harold looked from his rough questioner to the dirty little ship and shuddoner to the dirty little ship and shudfered. A winter in the arctic circle with a crew of quarreling sallors for companions was not exactly what be had had in mind when he started west to earn that \$600. Then he rememi Mabel's last words, "I know you can do it, Harold," and the disappointed look in Glady's eyes the time she said. The kind of boys I like are those who an de things." He turned and loo the shipmaster squarely in the eyes "I'll go," he said. "How much?"

"A hundred dollars a month and your share of one-fourth of the net The history of that sealing tri were times when Harold almost wished that he could loose his hold of the greesy rall and drop into the water, where he could rest. The days were a where he could rest. The days were confused jumble of nerve racking toll and the nights a brief moment of obligious elember. The hardest training on the foothall field had been play compared to this. But Hareld was blessed with a strong constitution, and before they had been out a month be could hold up his end of the work with any man on board. It was a hard trip for a boy who had never worked before, but it did much to make a

a merry hello from the ground below and, glancing down, saw Harold looking up at her.

The eight months he had been away had made a great change in him. His



curve to his chin, and his even had taken on a resourceful, self reliant look in place of their old shiftiness. "May I come up?" he asked, and without waiting for an answer he wung himself up to a seat beside her. "You don't need to tell me you've mecceded," said Mabel, "I can see

that for myself." "Yes," he cried enthusiastically T've paid off those old gambling debts-to the last cent. I guess that squares me now." Mabel looked at him. "Does it?"

she asked meaningly.
"Why?" he inquired in a surprised "I've paid every cent I owe right?"

"What about the stain you left on your fraternity, on the football team and on the reputation of the school for being fair in athletics?"

He winced. "That's all past now." he said lamely. "Money can't pay "No. that's true," she replied. "And so you are going to let it go and say

everything is square?" "What else do you want me to do?" he said helplessly. "I can't undo the past. I only wish I could." "I want you to go back to college," said Mabel earnestly. "Clean up the

fraternities and clean up athletics, especially the gambling part of it. I know you can do it, and it's the only way to make things square." "You don't realize what you're asking!" he cried. "Go back there after

what I've done? I can't, Mabel." "It's the only way," she said. Harold buried his face in his hands, After a long time he straightened up.

"I used to think all life was for was to bave fun," he said. "And I guess I had my share. But it seems that every one has to have his share of hard knocks, too, and it seems to be my

He hesitated a moment longer rnd then slid to the ground. "Goodby," be said. "I'm going back to school." And

he hurried away. Almost another year had passed, and all nature was bursting into bloom at the magic touch of spring. Gladys was sitting at the study table in their little room on the top floor of the girls' dormitory trying hard not to get the notes of the robin outside her window mixed up with her troublesome French verbs when Mabel brought her a let-

She gave a little cry of dismay as she read it. It was from her father. Her mother was sick, he said. He dis-liked to ask them to break in on their work, but could one of them come home for a few days? It wouldn't be at all necessary for them

both to come. Gladys threw down the letter and ished her suit case out of the closet. "Where are you going?" asked Ma-

bel in surprise. "Home," replied Gladys laconically, pointing toward the letter. "I'm going, too," announce after she had reed it.

It was only by dint of much argu-ment Gladya finally persuaded her to stay, and then only after she had promned to telegraph at once if there was any danger.

It seemed to Gladys that it was weeks before the train reached the little town that she called home. Her father laid a warning finger on his lips as she entered the door. "Hush!" be said. "She's asleep!"

HB first giance told Gladys of the suffering that her father had been through His face was baggard and worn, and iders were stooped wearily. "I didn't want to take you out of calling for you and calling for you un



Gladys dropped to her knees in front of the bed and threw her arms

about her mother's neck. "Oh, monumle, memmiel" she eried. "It's Clindy -, your own little girl! Don't "No, it can't be thedys," her mother

answered "Gladys and Mabel are away to school, and it's so lonely." Gladys marthed her to sleep again and then sent her farher to bed to get some much needed rest All through that long uight her mother tossed and tulked at intervals, and the watching girl realized for the first time just how much of a socrifice it had been for this quiet little mother to give up her girls to the great, hun-

In the morning the doctor came and propounced Mrs. Sanders better

"Just you stay here and take care of her, young lady," he said, "and I'll guarantee that she'll get well all right. It's just this everlasting loneli ness that's got on her mind and made her sick in the first place."

The doctor's prediction seemed to be correct, for Mrs. Sanders slowly but surely improved from that time on. In a couple of weeks she was able to sit up, and her eyes lighted up with pleasure as she watched Gladys fly about the room setting things to rights and lending a brightness to the house that was so pitifully lacking

"You don't know how much good i does me to see you here," her mother said one day as Gladys came in with a ble areaful of blossoms, "to bring ers in to mommie," as she said. Gladys dropped the flowers and ame over and kissed her. "I'm going

to stay always now," she said. It was a couple of days later that her father came out where she was feeding the chickens one morning. "I reckon it's about time for you to be going back to school, isn't it?" he said quietly. "I guess I can get along all right with mother now." Gladys looked up quickly,

going back," she said. "Not going back!" he cried, his eyes lighting up with a sudden hope. "No," she answered, with a brave attempt to smile. "I've had my good time, and now I'm going to stay here and make things easy for you and

ther's face was worth all the sacrifice, albeit it was a guilty happiness as he she cut short his objections by telling him it was time to go and feed the pigs and then ran into the house with

a merry song on her lips.

A few days later Jeff came over one evening after supper. He found Gladys out in the orchard with her

"They're so thick the tree would till itself trying to raise so many applea, she said. "And then mommie likes the flowers so well "

"How do you like farming?" she went on, "Is it as much fun as going "Almost," he acknowledged. "You

There isn't a weed on it, and I've got the cornfields in the best shape for planting of any I've seen any-"I'm afraid you're getting vain," said

Tm go

She nedded.

She nodded.

"Then maybe you de understand?"

"Yes, I think I do. It's hard—in a way—but it will be fun too. Tou'll have to work if you make good your boast of having the hest farm in the county. Just wait till you see what I'm going to do with this."

He stood looking at her in silence for a moment. That stray look was out of place again, and in the dim moonlight, dismiser for sifting through the millions of apple blossoms, also looked like some woodland fairy. looked like some woodland fairy come to touch the blossoms with her magic wand and turn them into they apples.

said Jeff, taking a step nearer.

wonder—can't we be partners?"

Perhaps she nodded, or perhaps it was only the flickering shedows that ing her that he had loved her ever since that time she nearly scared him out of the apple tree. And for once she didn't accuse him of talking fool-



lonely. Gladys had gone riding with Jeff, and the sight of their happiness somehow made Mabel feel lonesome and left out, though she tried to drive the feeling away by playing and hum-

ming some of the dear old metodies. Suddenly she was aroused from her reverie by the sound of an automobile coming up the driveway. It stopped at the gate, and Harold leaped out and hurried over to where she was eitting.

"Won't you come for an auto ride. he pleaded, "just for old times' sakefor the sake of those old songs you

were playing?" "I was thinking of old times," said Mabel as she rose and followed him down to the gate. "Do you remember the time you maneuvered to get me in the back seat with Beth," she went on mischievously as he helped her to the driver's sent.

"That was a different Harold," be said. "Those old days seem like a dream more than they do like part of my real life."

"You have changed," said Mabel eying him approvingly.

"And I have you to thank for it," he said. "You have made a man of me, Mabel. I used to think of nothing but my own good times, but now-well, you've taught me to look at things dif-

erently. Did you bear about-about what's been going on at lows City?"
"I read in the paper something about a big mass meeting where Har old Du Val made a speech the like of which had never been heard at the iniversity before and where the studeuts agreed unanimously to put a stop to betting on athletic events, she replied, "Why didn't you ever write and tell me what you were do

"I thought you'd find out anyway to I did anything worth while," he said, and if I didn't you had better not

"I think it was glorious," said Mabel." "Do you think I've squared things low?" be asked.

"Yes, I believe you have," she re olied, "and more too. "And now may I have my reward?" "Your reward?" she said inquiringly. "Isn't it enough reward to be deserv-

edly the most popular man in a great nniversity?" "That isn't anything," he replied. "I didn't do it for popularity, Mabel, and I'm afraid I never would have done it just to even things up, but I did it because a certain brown eyed girl told me to. And the brown eyed girl is the reward I want, Mabel. Can't you tell me that you care for me just

Mabel looked up at him gravely. "Are you quite sure that it isn't Gladys that you care for?" she asked. "Perfectly," he answered. "It was



ed to know what a true women's love is really worth. But I know it's hopask for them," she replied, with a lit-

tie laugh, "or just take them." He turned quickly toward her And then the auto wandered along at its own sweet will until the spark off obligingly burned out just as they reached the most secleded spot in the whole road, and only an inquisitive five and a cat or dog at fifteen. The span of existence allotted to in-sects is shorter still, the fly and the

nearby tree beard the rest. THE EST.

The Plankton. When the voyager across the Atlantic watches the surface of the sea day after day and notes how few are the signs of life in so vast an expanse of waters he is apt to conclude that separed with the land, the ocean lesert. But he has been looking for dah and has not seen the real myr ada of the ocean. If the royager ha microscope eyes he would perceive that the liquid mass through which that the liquid mass through which his ship plows her way is filled with a pradicious multitude of minute organisms—the plankton. The name comes from a Greek word meaning ragshead. The plankton forms the food of an enermous number of marine animals and has been the subject of much ecientific investigation. There are two kinds of plankton, the vegeta-his, or physoplankton, and the animal, or morpiankton. As in the world of higher organisms, the animal feeds upon the vegetable. The importance of the phyropiankton to the life of the sen depends upon the fact that,

A CLEVER RUSE

The Proposal Seemed Innocent, but Yielded Results.

Some years ago a wealthy merchant in Paris who did an extensive business with Japan was informed that a prominent firm in Yokohama had failed, but the name of the firm he could not learn, though he was most anxious to ascertain whether it was the one with with he did most business in that city.

He could have learned the truth by cabling, but instead he went to the man, a well known banker, who had received the news, and requested him to reveal the name of the firm to him.

"That's a very delicate thing to do," replied the banker, "for the news is not official, and if I gave you the name I might incur some responsibility."

The merchant argued, but in vain, and finally he made a proposition. "I will give you," he said, "a list of ten firms in Yokohams, and I will ask you to look through it and then to tell me without mentioning any name whether or not the name of the firm which has failed appears in it. Surely you

will do that for me?" "Yes," said the banker, "for if I do not mention any name I cannot

be held responsible in any way." The list was made. The banker ooked through it and as he handed it back to the merchant said, "The name of the firm which has failed is there."

"Then I've lost heavily," replied the merchant, "for that is the firm with which I did business," showing him a name on the list. "But how do you know that is

the firm which has failed?" asked the banker in surprise. "Very easily," replied the merlist only one is genuine—that of the firm with which I did business. All the others are a did.

strong threads and fastened among

the branches of trees. On these

webs the spiders can be seen mov-

ing freely about, meeting and ex-

tennae like so many ants. In the

center of the main web is a space

where the eggs of the entire repub-

lic are laid and where at the proper

seen assembled, each guarding her

Racing In Queen Anne's Time.

Racing is a very different affair from what it was when Queen

Anne, most sporting of English

queens, instituted Ascot races and

ran her famous horses, Mustard,

Pepper and Star. Horses intended

for racing were always kept tightly girt, with the idea that it render-

ed them more swift, and, as for

feeding, the old time trainer believ-

ed in giving them a liberal amount

of soaked bread, supplemented a

day or two before the race with

the winner,-London Chronicle.

old at twenty, a donkey at twenty-

batterfly commonly enjoying but one summer of vigorous life and then being taken off by the cold if

they are not previously snapped up

The Exploit That Counted

"We jumped in after

woman had given him. "She gimme that," said he, cause I saved her pocketbook."

Two Staten Island youngsters

mother a five dollar bill that the

"And didn't she give you any

thing?" said their mother to the other boy. "I thought you helped."
"I did," said he, "but I didn't save anything but the lady."—New York Press.

easily ruined if not properly groun when being sharpened. If you we them sharpened right and made

ax to a pen-knife. Charges me ate. B. N. Tennen, this office.

own.-Harper's Weekly.

greetings with their

the others are fictitious." Spider Republica OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING The spider has usually been regarded as a type of the solitary among animals, each individual preferring to live alone. But natural-LONG & LONG, ists have discovered exceptions to this rule, and among the most re-GRAHAM, H. Q. markable are three species of spiders in Venezuels. The most in-

S. COOK teresting of these, the Uloborus republicanus, seems to be truly repub ican in its instincts, several hundreds of individuals dwelling together in huge webs made up of smaller webs linked together by

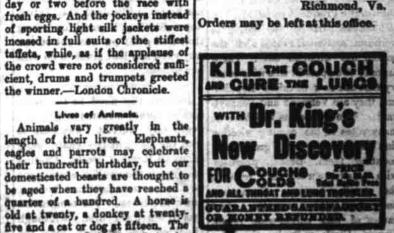
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