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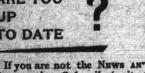
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A FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

CHAPTER III.

They met no one on the way but as one part of the road running through a thick wood they saw a light in the distance to the right in the thickest part. They halt of for a moment and then advanced cautiously. Coming to a place where they could get a view of what the light revealed, they saw several men in "butternut," whose horses were picketed agar by, lying around the sm bers of a fire.

"Guerrillas," quoth Mark

tet, and Mark concluded to bivouse there. They turned in among the trees beside the road.

"Jakey," said Mark, "before we go s

He pulled his roll of bills from his pocket.

"Take off your hoot," he said.

Jakey pelled off his hoot and handed it to his companion. Mark took a number of bills, and ripping out the lining of the boot put it back in its place with the bills under it. Smoothing it down, he handed the boot back to Jakey and told him to put it on again. They took a bite of the smack Sour had prepared for them and drank from the rivulet. Then they leid down, resting their heads against the root of a tree. It was not long before Jakey was asleep, and Mark drew his head over toward himself and leid it agains his own breast. Thus the two rested Mark alept at intervals; Jakey with all the soundness of healthy, irresponsible hoyhood.

heyhood.

At the first sign of dawn Mark waked Jakey, and after they had both thrown the refreshing water of the rivulet over their heads they started it search of a house, at which they designed to "happen in" at breakfass time. Fortunately they soon found such a place. Turning into the gate withe first farmhouse, a farmer's wife received them kindly and gave them what for that time and country was a paintable meal.

Refreshed by their breakfast, they

Refreshed by their breakfast, they walked on. Various people—country men, negroes. Confederate soldiers and occasionally a squadron of cavalry— passed them on the road, but they were not questioned or interfered with

were not questioned or interfered with by any one.

About sunset they reached a large place set back off to the left of the road. The premises were more impos-ing than any they had yet passed, and they judged by it that they were it the environs of Chattanooga. The house was a large, square, old fash county to the property of the pro-tory of the property of the pro-tory of the property of the pro-tory of th



you hungry, little boy?"
"Is it a-gitten dark?"
"Why, yes." she said, surprised.
"What has that to do with it?"
"I'm hungry jest as sartin," and Jakey's little eyes glistened at the thought of a hot supper.
The young lady laughed and went into the house.
"Mamma, there's a young countryman and his little brother out on the gallery. They want some supper and gallery. They want some supper and

ody."

Mark left Uncle Daniel chuckling o

man and his little brother out on the gallery. They want some supper and a bed for the night."

An elderly lady, with two white purcurs on either side of her face, looked up from a book she was reading. Her appearance was dignified and refined. "The young man looks quite like a gentleman, if he is a countryman,"

"We must be very cautious, Laura; you know how we are situated; your father and brother away and no man in the house, we can't let strangers sleep here. But they may have something to eat, and perhaps it might do to let them sleep in the barn if they look right."

"Where shall they have their sup-

"Have it put on the hall table down

stairs."

The daughter paused a moment and

The daughter paused a moment and thought.

"Do you know, mamma, I can't exactly feel satisfied to put the eldes brother in a place given up to the servanta."

"What nonsense, Laura! We are taking a great risk to let them into the house at all. Heaven grant that the horses are not all taken before morning. The man may be in league with a band of guerrillas, for all we know."

The daughter withdrew, for the moment quite impressed with her moth er's prudence. As she stepped out on the veranda Mark rose respectfully and stood looking into ber black eyes with his blue ones. Her mother's caution fied away before that honest countenance.

"You can have some supper," she

"You can have some supper," she said, "if you care to eat it in the lowes hall, and you can sleep—you—you can sleep"--Mark was bowing his thanks.

Mark was bowing his thanks.

"Would you mind eleeping in"— She paused again.

"The barn? Certainly not."

"You know these are troublous times," she said apologetically, "and we are alone. I mean we haven't many men in the house," she quickly added, conscious of having made known the household's weakness to stranger.

Mark smiled. The young lady was looking at him as he did so, and sha thought he had a very charming smile "We will sleep anywhere you choose to put us. Leastaways we ain't pus ticular."

The first sentence was spoken in his The first sentence was spoken in matural vay; the second in dialect Mark's manner of speaking to her was singularly mixed.
"I suppose your men are fighting our battles," he remarked to relieve as

awkward cause.

"Papa is away."

"Have you no brothers?"

"Yes, one; he is fighting for the Con-

"Perhaps he's a Union man."
"Well, yes. Papa is Union."

"Was he driven out?" he asked.
"Not exactly," she said, with 1 frown. "He's gone north, though."
She did not like to tell the whole story to a stranger, who was gradually getting a good deal of information. Her father had come to Chatta count of his pronounced Union senti ments, he had been warned severs times to leave, and his family were

times to leave, and his family were much relieved when he was well away from the danger that threatened him "You are divided," said Mark, "as we are. Now, my leetle brother hyar's a Union boy. I'm Confed rate."

There was a pause, and the girl, we marking that she would see about their supper, turned and went into the house.

some o' this hyar."

"Thank y', sah."

"Do you hear any news, uncle"—

"Den'l. My name's Dan'l, sah. No, sah; I don't git no naws 'cept de so jers is getting mighty thick at Chatte neogy."

"Do you know how many are there?"

"I reckon 'bout free hundred thou-sand."

"I reckon 'bout free hundred thou-and."
Mark laughed.
"You're not much at figures," he said.
"No, sah, I ain't got no larnen."
"Uncle, I shan't want anything of you while I am hyar, but you must have somep'n to remember me by all the same," and Mark put a new crisp dollar greenback in the old man's hand.
"Bress de Lo'd, you is de fines' spe-cermon ob a po' white gentleman I sher had de facilatude ob meeten."
"Well, don't spoil it all by tellen

"Well, don't spoil it all by teller t'other hands. Keep it to yourself." "Sho' nuff. I ain't gwine to tell no

Mark left Uncle Daniel chuckling on his barrel and strolled about the grounds. Presently he found himseli walking near the front of the house. The mother and daughter sat on the veranda in the moonlight. Presently the daughter came down the steps and advanced to where Mark was loltering "Mamma says that if you like you may—she would be pleased to have you come up and sif on the veranda." "Thank you!" Mark was about to lift his hat in his usual deterential manner, but suddenly remembered that he was not supposed to be a gentleman. He followed the girl up to the veranda, and she placed a seat for him near where they were sitting.

"Your brother is a good deal younger than you," said the mother when Mark was seated.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; he is ten years younger."

younger."
"You don't resemble each other as
II. You are light and he is dark."
"So we don't. Jakey is my stepbroth
er, you know."

"He seems to be a peculiar child."
"Yas, Jakey, he is peculiar, very pe uliar, ma'am."
"You haven't told us your name yet."

"Slack. I'm Farmer Slack's son."
"How many field hands does you father own?" father own?"

"Father, he don't own no niggers a
all. We're just only poor whites."

"You're very frank about it," said

Laura,
"Wazi, there ain't no use maken pur

tensions."

"And you go to Chattanooga tomor
row?" asked the mother.

"Yas, ma'am; I cal'iate ter do some
traden thar."

"And you will return this way?"

"I reckon ['il' be along hyar in a few
daya." days."
The mother arose and walked with

all the stateliness of a southern hig born matron into the house. Ther she resumed the book she had bee

Mark had kept up his assumed cha-acter very well during her presence. Now that he was left alone with the



"BEO' NUFF. 1 AIN'T GWINE TO TELL

ughter he was put to a much a rer test. He had been so used from a childhood to meet a refined been g with one equally refined that

"Don't you love to look at the stam ir. Slack?" asked the young lady, "Wani, yas, Miss".— "My name is Laure Pain." "I bev always been fond o' the set

"Astronomy," she supplied.
"Waul, yas." "How did you come to learn

"The moon's a hundred million miles,
freckon."
"Oh, no. You're far out of the way
there. It's only about two hundred
and forty thousand miles."
"Waal. now!" exclaimed Mark in
sell feigned surprise.
She looked searchingly at him, but
Mark looked as if he had simply received an interesting piece of information.
"Do you like poetry!" she asked,
ving the subject.

"My favorite poet is Tennyson. Is he yours too?"
This was dangerous ground for Mark. He had a special fondness for poetry, and was more likely to betray himself on this than on any other subject.
"No." he said: "I love Shelley best."
"Why, Mr. Slack, how can you understand Shelley? I can't."
"Waal, he is kinder obscurelike."
"Do you remember any of his poems? If you do I would like to hear you repeat it."

"Waat, I mought give you a few lines of the 'Ode to the Spirit o' Na-ture."

"Please do."

"Please do."

Mark would have done well to let the "Ode to the Spirit of Nature" alone; but with a beautiful gri beside him, the half moon sinking in the west and all nature in repose, he momentarily forgot his assumed character entirely. Suddenfy he awoke to the consciousness of having given the whole poem ness of having given the whole poem in his natural tone and with his ordi-

he had finished, "did you learn that

he had finished, "did you learn that from a man in Jasper?"
"No—no—I—wanl," he stammered, "I read it in a book."
He stole a glance at his companion, but failed to detect any unusual ex-pression on her face. He took courage, "What do you raise on your planta-tion?" she asked.

"Oh, we put in some potatoes and corn and straw this year."

"Straw?"

"No, no: not straw." Mark was as little conversant with the farmer's art as he was familiar with the poets. "I mean hay."

The girl looked at him and smiled.

"The wheat was all-gotten in early this summer, I am told," she remarked casually.

"Yas, we got in ourn early. We jest mished up before I kem away." "Why, Mr. Slack!" Mark knew that he had blundered

igain.
"Wheat is gathered in July," she in-

formed the young farmer.
"I mean the corn," he said wildly,
"The corn comes later. It is riper

ing now."

Mark feit it was all up with him so far as deceiving hiss Pain as to his being a farmer, but he struck out holdly to undo some of the mischief. "Waal, you see, Miss Pain, to tell the whole truth, dad he don't reckon much on my farmen. He says I oughter be a perfessor or somep'n of "A gentleman, for instance." Mark made no reply. For the first

mark made no reply. For the first time he detected from in her tone.
"Mr. Slack—if that is really your name, which I don't believe—you are certainly not very complimentary to my sense of perception."
"How so?" "In trying to make me think you are

not an educated gentleman."

Mark saw the futility of keeping up
the sham with Miss Laura Fain any
longer. He resolved to give her so
much of his confidence as was neces-

here to injure you or yours."
"Are you a Union man?"
"Yes."

"A northerner?"
"Yes; but let that suffice. You wou
egret it if I should confide anythin more to you. Yet from this brief into

der passed over her.
"I don't want to know your secret,"
"Will you tell your mother what you have discovered?" asked Mark any

"You suspect"— He paused and icoked at her inquiringly.

"Yes, yes, Don't say any more.

Don't breathe another word. Only go away from here as soon as possible." shall always hold you in grateful re-membrance. You are a splendid—a lovely woman. I owe you"—

In a few minutes a colored boy cam-out and told Mark that he would show him to his room. As Mark had beet there before, he knew this meant tha he was expected to retire for the night As he went by the parlor he glanced in. The mother sat by a lamp on a "center table" reading. Miss Fain's face was also bent over a book. It was white as the margin of the page she pretended to read.

CHAPTER IV.

GLOBIOUS PERFIDT. HEN Mark went down the next morning, following the part morning, following the broakfast into the breakfast that are fain was there, but her make avoided his game. He asked

During the meal she said but little, and that was only on commonplace subjects. She seemed to have more on her mind than the soldier who was taking his life in his hands, and studiously avoided looking at him at all. After breakfast Mark followed his hostess through a door opening into a sitting room on the opposite side of the hall from the parior.

"Miss Fain," he said, "I know too well the station of your family and southern customs not to accept as a gift the hospitality you have afforded. I can only express my indebtedness.

Mark stood gazing at her. She was

Mark stood gazing at her. She was looking out of the window with a troubled expression.

"Miss Fain." he said. "you may be doing wrong; you may be doing right. At any rate you are acting the part of a woman, and this act makes you in my eyes the lovellest woman that lives."

The words were scarcely spoken when the muscles of the girl's face contracted into an expression of horror. Mark could not understand why his speech had so affected her. The natural uncertainty of his position impelled him to look about him for the cause. Glancing out of the front window he saw an officer in gray uniform on horseback in the act of reaching down to open the gate.

"Come quick!" she said, seizing his arm. "No, not Mamma! She doesn't know. Oh, what shall we do?"

Mark took her by the hand and spoke to her coolly, but quickly. "Call Jakey for me, and we will both go down stairs and from there to the barn. We can then go out without meeting this officer, for he is doubtless coming to.

down stairs and from there to the barn. We can then go out without meeting this officer, for he is doubt-less coming in. There is no especial danger. We shall meet plenty of soldiers before we return."

She flew out of the room to find Jakey. While she was gone Mark watched the approaching horseman. He was a fine specimen of a southern man—tall and slender, with long black hair, mustache and goatee and a fine

COMEQUICE !" SHE SAID, SRIZING HIS ARE black eye. He looked, as he came rid

ing up the roadway, the impersona-tion of the southern gentleman. Before he had dismounted Mark and Before he had dismounted Mark and Jakey were on their way to the barn. Laura Fain opened the front door just as the officer was coming up the steps.
"Why, Cameron," she exclaimed, "how did you get away? I thought you told me you were to be officer of

you told me you were to be officer of the guard today."
"I perwusded my friend the adjutant to detail another man."
"Was there a special reason?"

"Certainly. I positively couldn't stand it another day not to see you. Besides we are momentarily expecting

"But you will be nearer to us then

won't you?"
"I am afraid not. Once on this side we'll not stop nearer than Dallas or Poe's. We may join Colonel Forrest hear Sparta, or wherever he may be, foubtless somewhere in the sname's hear sparta, or wherever he may be, doubtless somewhere in the enemy's rear. He seldom troubles the Yankees in front. But you are not listening, my darling, and you are pale. You are not iii?"

"Certainly not."

"You are sorry that I came?"

"Why Cameron what do you mean?

"Why, Cameron, what do you mean?
You know I always want you to come."
She led the way into the sitting room, from which Mark had disappeared but a minute before—a minute is a long and received the guest most graciously.
Captain Cameron Pitz Hugh was a
young Virginian, a graduate of the
University of Virginia law school, the

n of wealthy parents, whose acres d negroes were numbered by thou-nds. He had known the Fains before the war, Mrs. Pain having been born and reared in the Old Dominion. During a visit of Laura to his people, shortly before the breaking out of hos-litities, he had failen in love with her, had proposed and was accounted. Buth had proposed and was acce

tain," said Mrs. Fain.
"I did not suppose I could get away

today."
"Bverything is unexpected in the times. We never know who is comit to us. Last night I slept unessly it

"Where are the strangers, Laura?" "I think they are gone, mamma."
"A countryman and his little brogg," said Mrs. Fain to the capts

"And what was the occa

mamma"—
"Sitting on the veranda with a coun-ryman!" exclaimed the lover.
"Well, yes; mamma said to invite-bim up. But I was going to asy"—
Laura's inventive powers had gained time to act by the interruption—"I found that he was only an incorant found that he was only an ignor farmer after all, for I asked him h far fle moon was, and he said teckoned it was a hundred mill histen."

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at least he should come down with a large force and drive us south." A troubled expression crossed Laura's "Indeed!" said Mrs. Fain. "I was man was a spy."
"Cameron," said Laura, "I wish you wouldn't talk so to mamma. She will following: 'Rice, cleaned; un-

are concentrating there, and how weak we are there at present, he would or at least he should come down with a

have a sick family of that name my hands now not a mile up the road."
"Has the fellow gone?" asked Fits
Hugh. "I think I would better see him."
"Gonel Of course he's gone," said
Laura, with a heaving bosom.
"Where did he say he was going?"
"To Chattanooga." said Mrs. Fain.
"Til mount and follow him. I can

"I would have you stay where you are, and"-Mrs. Fain, seeing that some cooing ras coming, wisely withdrew. "And what, sweetheart?"
"Tell me what I love to hear," she

"I've told you that so often should certainly be tired of it by time."

[TO BE CONTINUED.] He Can't.
Blob-Woman is a conundr
Slob-And man never seem
o give her up.-Philadelphia Wales and Whales.
"What people are always
nding the biggest fish no

"The English, because they can always find Wales." "Oh, pshawt Wales isn't whales."
"No, you stupid. But don't the En
ish drop their h's?"—Cleveland Pla

Chattanooga might frustrate all his Jeffries Davis Puts the Laugh on Lodge.

> Among the amendments offered to the Farmer's Free List Bill the day it passed the Senate was the following by Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts: "To add to the free list bill the

> outer hull and still having the outer cuticle on; rice flour, rice meal, and broken rice; paddy or rice having the outer hull on." Immediately, the Hon. Jeffries Davis, Senator from Arkansas, offered the following as a fair stand-off to the amendment of the

cleaned rice, or rice free of the

Senator from Massachusetts: "To add to the free list bill: Boston baked beans, black beans, string beans, raw, dried, split or parched; also codfish, skinned or unskinned, fresh or served in calls,"

That is the cleverest thing Jeffries Davis ever did, and it was worthy of a better man. We didn't know anything like that was in him, and he should be praised for the way in which he squelched the the bean-eating statesman from Nahant.

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