GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1916

Baptist-N. Main - St.-Jas. W. Rose, Pastor. Preaching services every first and Third Sundays at 11.00 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a.m.—C. B. Irwin, Superistendent.

GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Graham Christian Church-N. Main Street-Rev. J. F. Truitt. Preaching services overy Sec-

a, m. Sunday School every Sunday at 10.00 a, m.—E. L. Henderson, Super-intendent,

New Providence Christian Church North Main Street, near Depot-Rev. J. G. Truitt, Pastor. Preach-ing every Second and Fourth Sun-day nights at 8.00 o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—J. A. Bayliff, Superin-tendent.

Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting every Thursday night at 7.46

Friends-North of Graham Pub c School-J Robert Parker, Pas

Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10.00 a. m.—James Crisco, Superintendent.

Methodist Episcopal, South—corfain and Maple St., H. E. Myers

Preaching every Sunday at 11.00 a. m. and at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.-W. B. Green, Supt.

M. P. Church-N. Main Street Rev. O. B. Williams, Pastor. Preaching first and third Sun days at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday a 9,45 a. m.-J. L. Amick, Supt.

Presbyterian—Wst Elm Street—Rev. T. M. McConnell, pastor. Sunday School every Sunday at 9,45 a. m.—Lynn B. Williamson, Superintendent.

Presbyterian (Travora Chapel)—
. W. Clegg, pastor.
Preaching every Second and ourth Sundays at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 30 p. m.—J. Harvey White, Suerintendent.

Oneida—Sunday School ever Sunday at 2,30 p. m.-J. V. Pom roy, Superintendent.

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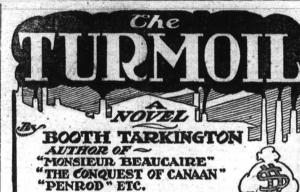
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Sheridan's attempt to make a business man of his son Bibbs by starting him in the machine shop ends in Bibbs going to a sanitarium, a nervous wreck.

CHAPTER II-On his return Bibbs net at the station by his sister Edith. CHAPTER III—He finds himself an in-considerable and unconsidered figure in the "New House" of the Sheridans. He sees Mary Vertrees looking at him from a summer house next door.

CHAPTER IV—The Vertre. hes, old town family, and impoverlished, call on the Sheridans, newly-rich, and afterward discuss them. Mary puts into words help parents' unspoken wish that she marry one of the Sheridan boys.

CHAPTER V-At the Sheridan house warming banquet Sheridan spreads him self. Mary frankly encourages Jim Sheridan's attention, and Bibbs hears he is to be sent back to the machine shop. CHAPTER VI-Mary tells her mother about the banquet and shocks her moth-er by talking of Jim as a matrimonial possibility.

CHAPTER VII—Jim tells Mary Bibbs is not a lunatic—"just queer." He pro-poses to Mary, who half accepts him.

CHAPTER VIII—Sheridan tells Bibbs he must go back to the machine shop as soon as he is strong enough, in spite of Bibbs' plea to be allowed to write.

CHAPTER IX—Edith and Sibyl, Roscoe Sheridan's wife, quarrel over Bobby Lam-horn; Sybil goes to Mary for help to keep Lamborn from marrying Edith, and Mary leaves her in the room alone.

CHAPTER X-Bibbs has to break to his father the news of Jim's sudden death. CHAPTER XI—All the rest of the family helpless in their grief, Bibbs becomes temporary master of the house. At the funeral he meets Mary and rides home with her.

CHAPTER XII-Mrs. Sheridan pleads with Bibbs to return to the machine shop for his father's sake, and he consents. CHAPTER XIII—Bibbs purposely inter-rupts a tete-a-tete between Edith and Lamhorn. He tells Edith that he over-heard Lamhorn making love to koscoe's wife,

CHAPTER XIV-Mutual love of music arouses an intimate friendship between CHAPTER XV-Mary sells her plane to help out the finances of the Vertrees fam-

CHAPTER XVI-Roscoe and his wife CHAPTER XVII-Sheridan finds Ros-

CHAPTER XVIII—Friendship between Bibbs and Mary ripens into a more inti-mate relation, and under Mary's influ-ence Bibbs decides to return to the ma-chine shop. CHAPTER XIX—Speridan finds his son Roscoe's affairs in a muddled condition, owing to his intemperate habits.

CHAPTER XX-Bibbs, under the inspiration of Mary's frieniship, makes good in the machine shop. Sheridan is injured while attempting to show the boy how to do his work.

CHAPTER XXI—Sibyl, insanely jealous over Lamhorn's attentions to Edith, makes a scene in the Sheridan home, and Lamhorn is ordered out of the house by Sheridan.

"Oh, the workman has to sit in its lap," he said, turning to her more gayly. "The others don't mind. You see, it's something wrong with me. I thave an idiotic way of flinching from make it last." the confounded thing—I flinch and duck a little every time the crash comes, and I couldn't get over it. I was a treat to the other workmen in that room; they'll be glad to see me



"Tomorrow I'll Be a Day Laborer."

back. They used to laugh at me all day long."

Mary's gaze was averted from Bibbs

Mary's gaze was averted from Bibbs now; she sat with her elbow resting on the arm of the chair, her lifted hand pressed against her cheek. She was staring at the wall, and her eyes had burning brightness in them

"It doesn't seem possible anyone could do that to you," she said, in a low voice. "No. He's not kind. He ought to be proud to help you to the leisure to write books; it should be his greatest privilege to have them published for you—"

"Can't you see him?" Bibbs interrupted, a faint ripple of hilarity in his voice. "No. It's just as well he never got the- But what's the use? I've never written anything worth print ing, and I never shall."

COPYRIGHT 1915 BY HARPER & BROTHERS. you could! Ah, it's a pity!" "It isn't," said Bibbs, honestly. "I never could—but you're the kindest lady in this world, Miss Vertrees."

She gave him a flashing glance, and it was as kind as he said she was. "That sounds wrong," she said, im-pulsively. "I mean 'Miss Vertrees.' I've thought of you by your first name ever since I met you. Wouldn't you rather call me 'Mary'?"

Bibbs was dazzled; he drew a long,

leep breath and did not speak. "Wouldn't you?" she asked, without

"If I can!" he said, in a low voice.

"Ah, that's very pretty!" she laughed. "You're such an honest perion, it's pleasant to have you gallant cometimes, by way of variety." She became grave again immediately. "I near myself laughing as if it were omeone else. It sounds like laughter on the eye of a great calamity." She got up restlessly, crossed the room and leaned against the wall, facing him. "You've got to go back to that place?"

He nodded. "And the other time you did it—" "Just over it," said Bibbs. "Two years. But I don't mind the prospect of a repetition so much as—"
"So much as what?" she prompted,

as he stopped.

as he stopped.

Bibbs looked up at her shyly. "I want to say it, but—but I come to a dead balk when I try. I—"

"Go on. Say, it, whatever it is," she bade him. "You wouldn't know how to say anything I shouldn't like."

"I doubt if you'd either like or dislike what I want to say," he returned, moving uncomfortably in his chair and moving uncomfortably in his chair and looking at his feet—he seemed to feel awkward, thoroughly. "You see, all my life—until I met you—if I ever felt like saying anything, I wrote it in-stead. Saying things is a new trick for me, and this—well, it's just this: I used to feel as if I hadn't ever had iny sort of a life at all. I'd never open of use to anything or anybody, and I'd never had anything, myself, except a kind of haphazard thinking. But now it's different-I'm still of no use to anybody, and I don't see any prospect of being useful, but I have had something for myself. I've had a beautiful and happy experience, and it makes my life seem to be—I mean I'm glad I've lived it! That's all; it's your letting me be near you sometimes, as you have, this strange, beautiful,

happy little while!" He did not once look up, and reached slience, at the end of what he had to say, with eyes still awkwardly regarding his feet. She did not speak, but a soft rustling of her garments let him know that she had gone back to her chair again. The house was still; the shabby old room was so quiet that the sound of a creaking in the wall

seemed sharp and loud.

And yet, when Mary spoke at last, her voice was barely audible. "If you

"Yes," he gulped.
"But you make that kind of speech

to me because you think it's over."

He tried to evade her. "Oh, a day den snarpness. "You said what you did because you think the shop's going to kill you."

to be worked out of him. Now, labor ain't any more a simple question than what it was when we were young. My "Yes, you do think that!" She rose

to her feet again and came and stood before him. "Don't deny it, Bibbs. Well, if you meant what you said—and you did mean it, I know it! ou're not going to go back to the santarium. The shop shan't hurt you. It shan't!' And now Bibbs looked up. She stood

before him, straight and tall, splendid in generous strength, her eyes shining

"If I mean that much to you," she cried, "they can't harm you! Go back to the shop—but come to me when your day's work is done. Let the machines crash their sixty-eight times a minute, but remember each crash that you is that much nearer the He stumbled to his feet. "You say—

he gasped. "Every evening, dear Bibbs!"

He could only stare, bewildered. "Every evening. I want you. They sha'n't hurt you again!' And she held out her hand to him; it was strong and warm in his tremulous clasp d, I'd go and feed the strips of o the machine with you," she said. "But all day long I'll send my thoughts to you. You must keep remembering that your friend stands beside you. And when the work is done won't the night make up for the day?"

vas blinded by that radiance of kindess. But all he could say was, huskily, "To think you're there-with mestanding beside the old zinc-eater-And they laughed and looked at each other, and at last Bibbs found what it meant not to be alone in the world.

Light seemed to glow from her: he

CHAPTER XIX.

When he came into the new house, a few minutes later, he found his fa-ther sfiting alone by the library fire. Bibbs went in and stood before him. "I'm cured, father," he said. "When I just wanted to see if you'd have manhood enough not to make me take



"I'm Cured, Father," He Said.

over there by the collar. Last you over there by the collar. Last night I made up my mind I'd give you just one more day. Well, you got to it before I did—pretty close to the eleventh hour! All right. Start in to morrow. It's the first o' the month Think you can get up in time?" "Six o'clock," Bibbs responded brisk

ly. "And I want to tell you-I'm go iy. And I want to tell you...I'm going in a 'cheerful spirit.' As you said,
I'il go and I'll 'like it!' "
"That's your lookout!" his father
grunted. "They'll put you back on the
clippin machine. You get nine dollars

week." a week."
"More than I'm worth, too," said
Bibbs, cheerily. "That reminds me, I
didn't mean you by 'Midas' in that nonsense I'd been writing. I meant—' "Makes a hell of a lot of difference

what you mean!"
"I just wanted you to know. Good night, father."

"G'night!" The sound of the young man's footsteps ascending the stairs became in-audible, and the house was quiet. But presently, as Sheridan sat staring an-grily at the fire, the shuffling of a pair of slippers could be heard descending, and Mrs. Sheridan made her appear ance, her oblique expression and the state of her tollette being those of a person who, after trying unsuccess fully to sleep on one side, has got up to look for burglars.

"Papa!" she exclaimed, drowsily.
"Why'n't you go to bed? It must be goin' on 'leven o'clock!' She yawned, and seated herself near him, stretching out her hands to the fire. "What's the matter?" she asked, sleep and anxiety striving sluggishly with each other in her voice. "I knew you were worried all dinner time

You got something new on your mind besides Jim's bein' taken away like he was. What's worryin' you now, papa?' "Nothin'. She jeered feebly. "N' tell me that!

You sat up to see Bibbs, didn't you?"
"He starts in at the shop again tomorrow morning," said Sheridan.

"Just the same as he did before?" "Just pre-cisely!" "How-long you goin' to keep him

at it, papa?" she asked, timidly.
"Until he knows something!" The
unhappy man struck his palms together, then got to his feet and began to pace the room, as was his wont when he talked, "He'll go back to the machine he couldn't learn to tend properly in the six months he was there. and he'll stick to it till he does learn it! That boy's whole life, there's been laborer can't come in his overalls—"
"No," she interrupted, with a sudden sharpness. "You said what you did because you think the short rate." the man that can manage workin' me is the man that's been one himself Well, I set Bibbs to learn the men and what he did, and the balk's lasted close on to three years. If he balks again I'm just done with him! Sometimes I feel like I was pretty near done with everything, anyhow!"

"I knew there was something else." said Mrs. Sheridan, blinking over a yawn. "You better let it go till to-morrow and get to bed now--'less you'll tell me?"

"Suppose something happened to Rosco," he said, "Then what'd I have to look forward to? Then what could I depend on to hold things to gether? A lummix! A lummix that hasn't learned how to push a strip o

zinc along a groove!" "Roscoe?" she yawned. "You needn't worry about Roscoe, papa. He's the strongest child we had. I never did know anybody keep better health than he does. I don't believe he's even had a cold in five years. You better go up

to bed, papa."
"Suppose something did happen to
him, though. You don't know what it
means, keepin' property together these
days—just keepin' it alive, let alone
makin' it grow the way I do. I tell

man's chuldern ain't on the job, night and day, everything he built 'll get off. My Lord! when I thin o' such things comin' to me! It don't seem like I deserved it—no man ever tried harder to raise his boys right than I have. I planned and planned and planned how to bring 'em up to be guards to drive the wolves off, and how to be builders to build, and build bigger. I tell you this business life is no fool's job nowadays-a man's got to have eyes in the back of his head. You hear talk, sometimes, 'd make you think the millennium had come—but right the next breath you'll flear some-"You could!" she said.

"That's because you've never seen the poor little things I've tried to do."

"You wouldn't let me, but I know like that, I reckon it's about time!

"And I never shall."

"The desolate and grim old man did not relax. "I was sittin' up to give the poor little things I've tried to do."

"You wouldn't let me, but I know like that, I reckon it's about time!

loose, but it's froibin' and bubblin' in the boller. This country's been fillin' up with it from all over the world for a good many years, and the old camp-meetin' days are dead and done with. Church ain't what it used to be. Nothin's what it used to be—everything's turned up from the bottom, and the growth is so big the roots stick out in the air. There's an awful ruction goin' on, and you got to keep hoppin' if you're goin' to keen your belance on you're goin' to keep your balance on the top of it. And the schemers! They run like bugs on the bottom of a board —after any piece o' money they hear is loose. Fool schemes and crooked schemes; the fool ones are the most and the worst! You got to fight to keep your money after you've made It. And the woods are full o mighty industrious men that's only got one motto: 'Get the other fellow's money before he gets yours!' And when a mans' built as I have, when he's built good and strong, and made

good things grow and prosper—those are the fellows that lay for a chance to slide in and sneak the ben-efit of it and put their names to it! And what's the use my havin' ever been born, if such a thing as that is goin' to happen? What's the use my havin' worked my life and soul into my business, if it's all goin' to be dispersed and scattered soon as I'm in He strode up and down the long

room, gesticulating-little regarding the troubled and drowsy figure by the fireside. His throat rumbled thunderously; the words came with stormy
"You think this is a time for young men to be lyin' on beds of ease? I tell you there never was such a time before; there never was such opportunity. The sluggard is de-spoiled while he sleeps—yes, by George! f a man lays down they'll eat him before he wakes!-but the live man can build straight up till he touches the sky! This is the business man's day; it used to be the soldier's day and the statesman's day, but this is ours! And it ain't a Sunday to go fishin'-it's turmoil! turmoil!—and you got to go out and live it and breathe it and make it yourself, or you'll only be a dead man walkin' around dreamin' you're alive. And that's what my son Bibbs has been doin' all his life, and what he'd rather do now than go out and do his part by me. And if anything hap-

pens to Roscoe-"Oh, do stop worryin' over such non-sense," Mrs. Sheridan interrupted, irri-tated into sharp wakefulness for the moment. "There ain't anything goin' to happen to Roscoe, and you're Just tormentin' yourself about nothin'. Aren't you ever goin' to bed?"

Sheridan halted. "All right, mam ma," he said, with a vast sigh. "Let's go up." And he snapped off the elec-tric light, leaving only the rosy glow

of the fire. "Did you speak to Roscoe?" she yawned, rising lopsidedly in her drow-siness. "Did you mention about what I told you the other evening?"

"No. I will tomorrow."

But Roscoe did not come downtown the next day, nor the next; nor did Sheridan see fit to enter his son's house. He waited. Then, on the fourth day of the month, Roscoe walked into his father's office at nine in the morning, when Sheridan happened to be alone.

"They told me downstairs you'd left

word you wanted to see me."
"Sit down," said Sheridan, rising.
Roscoe sat. His father walked close to him, sniffed suspiciously, and then

walked away, smiling bifterly. "Boh!" he exclaimed. "Still at it!" "Yes," said Roscoe. "I've had a couple of drinks this morning. What about it?" "I reckon I better adopt some decen-

young man," his father returned. "I'd bring Bibbs up here and put him in your place if he was fit. I would!"
"Better do it." Roscoe assented, sul-

"I always did drink a little. Ever since I grew up, that is." "Leave that talk out! You know what I mean."

"Well, I don't know as I ever had

other day." Sheridan began cutting, "It's a lie. ve had Ray Wills up from your ofice. He didn't want to give you away. but I put the books into him, and he came through. You were drunk twice before and couldn't work. You been leavin' your office for drinks every few

hours for the last three weeks. I been over your books. Your office is way behind. You haven't done any work, Roscoe's head was sunk between "I can't stand very his shoulders. much talk about it, father," he said,

pleadingly.
"No!" Sheridan cried. "Neither can What do you think it means to He dropped into the chair at his big desk, groaning. "I can't stand to talk about it any more'n you can

to listen but I'm goin' to find out what's the matter with you, and I'm goin' to straighten you out!" Roscoe shook his head helplessly.

"You can't straighten me out. "See here!" said Sheridan. "Can you go back to your office and stay sober today, while I get my work done, or will I have to hire a couple o' huskies to follow you around and knock the whisky out o' your hand if they see

you tryin' to take it?" "You needn't worry about that," said Roscoe, looking up with a faint resentment. "I'm not drinking because I've got a thirst."

"Well, what have you got?" "Nothing. Nothing you can do any-thing about. Nothing, I tell you." "We'lf see about that!" said Sheridan, harshly. "Now I can't fool with you today, and you get up out o' that chair and get out o' my office. You bring your wife to dinner tomorrow.

You didn't come last Sunday—but you come tomorrow. I'll talk this out with you when the women-folks are workin' the phonograph, after dinner. Can you keep sober till then? You better be sure, because I'm goin' to send Aber-cromble down to your office every little while, and he'll let me know.'

Roscoe paused at the door. "You told Abercromble about it?" he asked.
"Told him!" And Sheridan laughed hideously. "Do you suppose there's an

elevator boy in the whole dam' building that ain't on to you?" coe settled his hat down over his eyes and went out.

CHAPTER XX.

Who looks a mustang in the eye? Changety, chang, chang! Bash! Crash Bang!

So sang Bibbs, his musical gayeties inaudible to his fellow workmen be-cause of the noise of the machinery. He had discovered long ago that the uppoar was rhythmical, and it had been intolerable; but now, on the aft-ernoon of the fourth day of his return, he was accompanying the swing and clash of the metals with jubilant vaquero fragments, mingling improvisa-tions of his own among them, and mocking the zinc eater's crash with vocal imitations:

Fearless and bold.
Chang! Bash! Behold!
With a leap from the ground
To the saddle in a bound,
And away—and away!
HI-yay!

The long room was ceaselessly thundering with metallic sound; the air was thick with the smell of oil; the floor trembled perpetually; everything was implacably in motion—nowhere was there a rest for the dizzled eye. The first time he had entered the place Bibbs had become dizzy instantly, and six months of it had only added increasing nausea to faintness. But he felt neither now. "All day long I'll send my thoughts to you. You must keep remembering that your friend stands beside you." He saw her there beside him, and the greasy, roaring place became suffused with radiance The poet was happy in his machine shop; he was still a poet there. And he fed his old zinc eater, and sang

Away-and away! Hi-yay! Hi-yay!
Crash, bash, crash, bash, changi
Wild are his eyes,
Fiercely he dies!
III-yay!
Crash, bash, bang! Bash, changi
Ready to filing
Our gloves in the ring—

"I like the machine," said Bibbs I've made a friend of it. I serenade and talk to it, and then it talks back

"Indeed, indeed? What does it say?" "What I want to hear. He was unaware of a sensation that passed along the lines of workmen. Their great master had come among



Prances, "I'm Not Drinking Because I've Got a

and they grinned to standing with Doctor Gurney behind the unconscious Bibbs. Sheridan nodded to those nearest him-he had personal acquaintance with nearly all of them—but he kept his attention upon his son. Bibbs worked steadily, never turning from his machine. Now and with remarks addressed to the zinc

eater. "Go on, you old crash-basher! Chew it up! It's good for you, if you don't try to boil your vittles. Fletcherize, you pig! That's right—you'll never get a lump in your gizzard. Want some more? Here's a nice, shiny one," The words were indistinguishable, but Sheridan inclined his head to Curney's

ear and shouted fiercely: "Talkin' himself! By George!" Gurney laughed reassuringly, and shook his head.

Bibbs returned to song.

Chang! Chang, bash, chang! It's I! Who looks a mustang in the eye? Fearless and bo— His father grasped him by the arm. "Here!" he shouted. "Let me show you how to run a strip through there. The foreman says you're some better'n

handle- Get out the way and let me show you once." "Better be careful," Bibbs warned him, stepping to one side. "Careful? Boh'!" Sheridan seized

you used to be, but that's no way to

a strip of zinc from the box. "What you talkin' to yourself about? Tryin' to make yourself think you're so abused you're goin' wrong in the head?

"'Abused?' No!" shouted Bibbs. was singing—because I 'like it.' I told you I'd come back and 'like it.' ". Sheridan may not have understood. At all events, he made no reply, but

began to run the strip of zinc thr

the machine. He did it awkwardlyand with bad results.
"Here!" he shouted. "This is the way. Watch how I do it. There's nothin' to it, if you put your mind on it." By his own showing then his, mind was not upon it. He continued to talk. "All you got to look out for is to keep

"Don't run your hand up with it Bibbs vociferated, leaning toward him.
"Run nothin'! You got to—" "Look out!" shouted Bibbs and Gur-

it pressed over to-

ney together, and they both sprang for ward. But Sheridan's right hand had followed the strip too far, and the zinc eater had bitten off the tips of the first and second fingers. He swore vehe-



"You Go Back to Your Work." mently, and wring his hand sending a shower of red drops over himself and Bibbs, but Gurney grasped his wrist, and said, sharply:

"Come out of here. Come over to the lavatory in the office. Bibbs, fetch my bag. It's in my machine, outside." And when Bibbs brought the bag to

the washroom he found the doctor grasping Sheridan's wrist, holding the injured hand over a basin. Sheridan had lost color, and temper, too. He glared over his shoulder at his son as

glared over his shoulder at his son as the latter handed the bag to Gurney.

"You go on back to your work," he said. "I've had worse snips than that from a pencil sharpener,"

"Oh, no, you haven't!" said Gurney,
"I have too!" Sheridan retorted, angrily. "Bibbs, you go on back to your work. There's no reason to stand around here watchin' ole Doc Gurney tryin' to keen bimself awake workin." tryin' to keep himself awake workin' on a scratch that only needs a little courtplaster. I slipped or it wouldn't happened. You get back on your job."

'All right," said Bibbs. "Here!" Sheridan bellowed, as his son was passing out of the door. "You watch out when you're runnin' that machine! You hear what I say? I slipped, or I wouldn't got scratched but you—you're liable to get your whole hand cut off! You keep your

eyes open!"
"Yes, sir." And Bibbs returned to

res, sir." And Bibbs returned to the zinc eater thoughtfully. Half an hour later Gurney touched him on the shoulder and beckoned him outside, where conversation was pos-sible. "I sent him home, Bibbs. He'll have to be careful of that hand. Go get your overalls off. I'll take you for a drive and leave you at home. "Can't," said Bibbs. "Got to stick. to my job till the whistle blows." you don't," the doctor returned

smothering a yawn. "He wants me to take you down to my office and give have done you. I guess you folks have got that old man pretty thoroughly upset, between you, up at your house

"I say I can see you're starting out. at least, in good shape. What's made the difference?"

"I like the machine," said Bibbs.
"Well, well!". The doctor stretched
bimself and stamped his foot repeat edly. "Better come along and take off that he allowed for the examina-tion, and—" drive with me. You can take the time

"Not at all," said Bibbs. "I'm going to stand by the old zinc eater till fiv o'clock. I tell you I like it!"
"Then I suppose that's the end of

your wanting to write." "I don't know about that." Bibbs said, thoughtfully; "but the zinc eater doesn't interfere with my thinking, at It's better than being in bus ness; I'm sure of that. I don't want anything to change. I'd be content to lead just the life I'm leading now to

then he made you, but it takes a lot of faith to believe it! Well, I'm off. Go on back to your murdering old ma-chine." He climbed into his car, which he operated himself, but he re-frained from setting it immediately in motion. "Well, I rubbed it in on the old man that you had warned him no to slide his hand along too far, and that he got hurt because he didn't pay attention to your warning, and becau he was trying to show you how to do something you were already doing a great deal better than he could. You him I'll be around to look at it and change the dressing tomorrow morning. Goodby."

But when he paid the promised visit

change the dressing upon the damaged hand. The injury was severe of its kind, and Gurney spent a long time over it, though Sheridan was rebellious and scornful, being brought to a de-gree of tractability only by means of horrible threats and talk of amouts tion. However, he appeared at the dinner table with his hand supported in a sling, which he seemed to regard as an indignity, while the natural in quiries upon the subject evidently struck him as deliberate insults. Mrs. Sheridan, having been unable to con-tain her solicitude several times during the day, and having been checked each time in a manner that blanched her cheek, hastened to warn Roscoe and Sibyl, upon their arrival at five, to omit any reference to the injury and to avoid even looking at the sling if they possibly could.

TO BE CONTINUED

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RAILROAD STRIKE STARTS LABOR DA

UNLESS CONGRESS CAN CHECK THE DETERMINATION OF THE RAIL MEN.

WILSON BEFORE CONGRESS

to Pass Legislative Program Out ed by Him.—Employees Rejec Final Proposal of Transp Executives.

Washington.—President Wilson lay-ing the railway strike situation be-fore Congress with recommendations for legislation advanced the crists to a stage where the next de depend upon two points. They are: Whether the legislation he proposes

an be passed. If enacted will it be effective to p ent a strike already called for

m, September 4th.

The brotherhood heads themselves announcing their intention to fight certain portions of the President's program, are at loggerheads over whether its enactment would prevent t

The railway presidents, f President Wilson's plan in the main think it would make it difficult for the strike to begin. Meanwhile, although negotiations between the employers and men were broken off by the take you down to my office and give tion of the railway presidents' latest you an overhauling to see how much harm these four days on the machine Wilson is continuing his efforts to bring the two sides together on form of agreement. Efforts might well be described as alm

But I don't intend to go over you. I can see with my eyes half shut—"
"Yes." Bibbs interrupted, "that's what they are."

When the brotherhood leaders jected the latest proposal of the jected the latest proposal of the rail-roads and definitely set the strike for Labor Day without further notice Pres-Labor Day without further notice P situation before Congress. joint session of House and Senate and with a solemn recital of the dist and disaster a strike would brin

the country, he proposed a plan BLEASE AND MANNING WILL BE IN SECOND RACE

South Carolina's First Primary Brings Out Surprising Strength for Blease. Columbia, S. C. — South Caroline's first primary brought forth various sur-prises, in a contest of great state-wide interest centering principally up the spirited contest for govern which friends of the incu the end of my days."

"You do beat the devil!" exclaimed upon as an almost sure winner. As the day waned and the votes were betells me you're a mystery. Perhaps the Almighty knew what he was about Cole Blease, the former governor, was the same of the front with a great same region to the front with a great same region. again coming to the front with a great amount of strength "up-state" and oth erwise with practically every con in the state heard from, but the c stood as follows:

Blease, 43,073. Manning, 29,069. Cooper, 22,905.

This indicates that ex-Governor Cole Blease and the present governor, Mr. Manning, will face each other in the second contest for governor. Just what percentage of Mr. Cooper's folowers will swing their stre lowers will swing their strength to Mr. Manning two weeks from now in y conceded that the Cooper votes will not go to Mr. Manning in their entire not go to Mr. manning in coar source, ty, and unless the early morning results are vastly different he will need seventy or eighty per cent of the Cooper votes to pass Blease in the second contest.

TheiBest Laxative.

To keep the bowels regular the best laxative is outdoor exercise. Drink a full glass of water half an hour before breakfast and eat an aboudance of fruit and vegetables, and also establish a regular habit and he sure that your bowels move once a day. When medicine is needed take Chamberlain's Tablets. They are pleasant to take and mild and gentle in effect. Obtainable everywhere, adv.

Itch relieved in 20 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion, Never fails. Sold by Graham Drug Co.