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"THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN"

#### SYNOPSIS.

"PENROD" ETC.

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 is 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.

CHAPPER IV—The Vertre-ses, old town family and impoverished, call on the Sheridans, newly-rich, and afterward discuss them. Mary puts into words her parents unspoken wish that she marry one of the Sheridan boys.

CHAPTER V-At the Sheridan house warming banquet Sheridan spreads him

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, Rescoe Sheridan's wife, quarrel over Bobby Lam-horn; Sybli goes to Mary for help to keep Lamhorn 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 fam-ily helpless in their grief, Bibbs becomes temporary master of the house. At the funeral he meets Mary and rides home with her.

CHAPTER XIII—Bibbs purposely inter-rupts a tete-a-tete between Edith and Lamborn. He tells Edith that he over-heard Lamborn making love to Roscoe's

CHAPTER XIV-Mutual love of music

CHAPTER XV—Mary sells her plane to help out the finances of the Vertrees fam-

CHAPTER XVII—Sheridan finds Ros-coe in an intoxicated condition during of-fice hours and takes him home.

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—Sheridan 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

CHAPTER XXII—Bibbs finds great happiness in his work and his growing love for Mary.

CHAPTER XXIII—Edith leaves for New York, ostensibly to visit a friend. Roscoe tells his father that he is going to quit the business and go away with his wife.

CHAPTER XXIV—Sheridan announce that he is going to take Bibbs into the office with him and make a business man

e consuming fury against the very self of the law—the law that took Jim from you. The very self of the law took Roscoe from you and gave Edith the certainty of beating you; and the self of the law makes Bibbs deny tonight. The law beats you. But you've set yourself against it, it to your own ends, to wield it and twist it-"

The voice broke from Sheridan's heaving chest in a shout. "Yes! And by God, I will!"

"So Ajax defied the lightning," said Gurney.

"I've heard that dam' fool story, too," Sheridan retorted, fixedly. "'De-fied the lightning,' did he, the jackass! If he'd been half a man he'd 'a' got away with it. We don't go showin' off lefyin' the lightning—we hitch it up and make it work for us like a black

"Well, what about Bibbs?" said Gur-Will you be a really big man

now and-"Gurney, you know a lot about big-ness!" Sheridan began to walk to and fro again, and the doctor returned nily to his chair. He had shot his bolt the moment he judged its chance to strike center was best, but the tar-get seemed unaware of the marks-

"I'm tryin' to make a big man out o that poor truck yonder," Sheridan went on, "and you step in; beggin' me to let him be Lord knows what—I don't! I suppose you figure it out that now I got a son-in-law, I mightn't need a son! Yes, I got a son-in-law now—a spender!"

"Oh, put your hand back!" said Gurney, wearlly.

There was a bronze inkstand upon the table. Sheridan put his right hand in the sling, but with his left he swept the inkstand from the table and halfway across the room—a comet with a destroying black tail. Mrs. Sheridan

destroying black tall. Mrs. Sheridan shricked and sprang toward it.

"Let it lay!" he shouted, flercely.
"Let it lay!" And, weeping, she obeyed. "Yes, sir," he went on, in a voice the more ominous for the sudden hush he put upon it. "I got a spender for a son-in-law! It's wonderful where property some sometimes. There where property goes, sometimes. There was ole man Tracy—you remembes him Doc—J. R. Tracy. solid banker.

He went into the bank as messenge seventeen years old; he was president at forty-three, and he built that bank with his life for forty years more. Gill edge, that bank? It was diamond edged? He used to eat a bag o' peanuts and an apple for lunch; but he wasn't stingy—he was just livin' in his business. He didn't care for pie or business. He didn't care for pie or automobiles—he had his bank. It was an institution, and it come pretty near bein' the beatin' heart o' this town in its time. Well, that ole-man used to pass one o' these here turned-up-nose and turned-up-pants cigarette boys on Never spoke to Tracy didn't. Speak to him? God! he wouldn't 'a' coughed on him! He wouldn't 'a' let him clean the cuspi-dors at the bank! Why, if he'd 'a' just seen him standin' in front the bank he'd 'a' had him run off the street. And yet all Tracy was doin' every day of his life was workin' for that cigarette boy! Tracy thought he was givin' his life and his life-blood and the blood of his brain for the bank, but wasn't. It was every bit—from time he went in at seventeen till died in harness at eighty-three— was every last lick of it just slayin' for a turned-up-nose, turned up-pants cigarette boy. And Tracy ouse once. The day after Tracy died his old-maid daughter married the

cigarette—and there ain't any Tracy bank any more! And now"—his voice rose again—"and now I got a cigarette son-in-law!" son-in-law!"
Gurney pointed to the flourishing right hand without speaking, and Shertdan once more returned it to the sling.
"My son-in-law likes Florida this without" (Shertdan) winter," Sheridan went on. "That's good, and my son-in-law better enjoy it, because I don't thisk he'll be there next winter. They got twelve thousand dollars to spend, and I hear it can be done in Florida by rich sons-inlaw. When Roscoe's woman got me to spend that much on a porch for their new house, Edith wouldn't give me a minute's rest till I turned over the same to her. And she's got it, besides what I gave her to go east on. It'll be gone long before this time next year, and when she comes home and leaves the cigarette behind—for good she'll get some more. My name ain't

Tracy, and there ain't goin' to be any Tracy business in the Sheridan family. And there ain't goin' to be any colle foundin' and endowin' and trusteel nor God-knows-what to keep my propbe back, and she'll get a girl's share when she's through with that cigarette, but—" "By the way," interposed Gurney,

"didn't Mrs. Sheridan tell me that Bibbs warned you Edith would marry Lamhorn in New York?"

Sheridan went completely to pieces: Sheridan went completely to pieces:
He swore, while his wife screamed
and stopped her ears. And as he
swore he pounded the table with his wounded hand, and when the doctor, wounded nand, and when the doctor, after storming at him ineffectively, sprang to catch and protect that hand, Sheridan wrenched it away, tearing the bandage. He hammered the table fill it leaped. they haven't tried to hire another one. The housework a good while, and now they're doin' the cookin', too. 'Course fill it leaped.

"Fool!" he panted, choking. "If he's Bibbs

give in, you stubborn fool! I've had my way with you before, and I'll have my way with you now!"

Sheridan flung out his arms, uttering

Bibbs' face was as white as his father's. "No. You can't have your way," he said. And then, obeying a significant motion of Gurney's head, he went out quickly, leaving them strug"Why am I barkin' up the wrong tree! Go on back to bed, mamma!"
"Why am I?" she demanded, crossly. "Why am I barkin' up the wrong tree?"

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

Mrs. Sheridan, in a wrapper, noise-ssly opened the door of her husband's lessly opened the door of her husband's room at daybreak the next morning, and peered within the darkened cham-ber. At the "old" house they had

shared a room but the architect had chosen to separate them at the new, and they had not known how to formuate an objection, although to both of them something seemed vaguely repre ensible in the new arrangement

withdrawing her head from the aper ture when he spoke.

"Oh, I'm awake! Come in, if you want to, and shut the door." She came and sat by the bed. "I woke up thinkin' about it," she explained. "And the more I thought about it the surer I got I must be right, and I knew you'd be tormenting yourself if you was awake, so-well, you got plenty other troubles, but I'm just sure you ain't goin' to have the worry with Bibbs it looks like." "You bet I ain't!" he grunted.

"Look how biddable he was about goin' back to the works," sh tinued. "He's a right good-hearte really, and sometimes I honestly have to say he seems right smart, too. Now and then he'll say something sounds and then he'll say something sounds right bright. 'Course, most always it' doesn't, and a good deal of the time, when he says things, why, I have to feel glad we haven't got company, because they'd think he didn't have any gumption at all. Yet, look at the way

he did when Jim—when Jim got hurt. He took right hold o' things. And Doctor Gurney says he's got brains, and you can't deny but what the doctor's right considerable of a man. He acts sleepy, but that's only because he's got such a large practice—he's a pretty wide-awake kind of a man some ways. wide-awake kind of a man some ways. Well, what he says last night about Bibbs—that's what I got to thinkin' about. You heard him, papa; he says, 'Bibbs 'll be a bigger business man than what Jim and Roscoe was put together—if he ever wakes up,' he says. Wasn't that exactly what he 'I suppose so," said Sheridan, with-

out exhibiting any interest. "Gurney's crazier 'n Bibbs, but if he wasn't—if what he says was true—what of it?" "Listen, papa. Just suppose Bibbs took it into his mind to get married. "am I a sleep-walker?" You know where he goes all the

over in the bed, his face to the wall, leaving visible of himself only the thick grizzle of his hair. "You better go back to sleep. He runs over there—every minute she'll let him, I suppose. Go back to bed. There's nothin in it."

"Why ain't there?" she urged. "I know better—there is, too! You wait and see. There's just one thing in the world that'il wake the sleeplest young man alive up—yes, and make him jump up—and I don't care who he is or how sound asleep it looks like he is. That's when he takes it into his head to pick out some sirl and settle down. to pick out some girl and settle down and have a home and children of hi own. Then, I guess, be'll go out after the money! You'll see. Now, I don't say that Bibbs has got the idea in his head yet-'er else he wouldn't be talkin' that fool-talk about nine dollars a week bein' good enough for him to live on. But it's comin', papa, and he'll jump for whatever you want to hand him out. He will! And I can tell you this much, too; he'll want all the salary and stock he can get hold of, and he'll hustle to keep gettin' young husband just goes crazy to give things to! She's pretty and fine-lookin', things to: snes pretty and nne-lookin', and things look nice on her, and I guess she'd like to have 'em about as well as the next. And I guess she isn't gettin' many these days, either, and she'll be pretty ready for the change. I saw her with her sleever rolled up at the kitchen window the

"No. You Can't Have Your Way."

shown gumption enough to guess right the first time in his life, it's enough for me to begin learnin' him on!" And, struggling with the doctor, he leaned toward Bibbs, thrusting forward his convulsed face, which was deathly hale. "My name ain't Tracy. I tell you!" he screamed, hoarsely. "You give in, you stubborn foo!! I've had

a sound half groan, half yawn. "You're

"Because you are. There's nothin

in it." 'I'll bet you," she said, rising—"I'll bet you he goes to church with her this morning. What you want to bet?"
"Go back to bed," he commanded. "I

now what I'm talkin' about; there's othin' in it, I tell you." She shook her head perplexedly. Then—do you know some that you ain't told me?"

"Yes, I do," he grunted. "Now go on. Maybe I can get a little sleep. I

ain't had any yet?"

"Well--" She went to the door, her expression downcast. "I thought maybe—but—" She coughed prefatorily. "Oh, papa, something else I wanted to tell you. I was talkin' to Roscoe over the phone last night when the tele-gram came, so I forgot to tell you, but -well Sibyl wants to come over afternoon. They expect to get off by the end o' the week, and I reckon she wants to feel she's done what she could to kind o' make up. Anyway, that's what he said. But what I thought was, no use bein' rough with her, papa —I expect she's suffered a good deal— and I don't think we'd ought to be, on Roscoe's account. You'll-you'll be kind o' polite to her, won't you, papa?" He mumbled something which was smothered under the coverlet he had pulled over his head.

"What?" she said, timidly, "I was just sayin' I hoped you'd treat Sibyl all right when she comes, this after-noon. You will, won't you, papa?" He threw the coverlet off furiously.
'I presume so?' he roared.
She departed guiltly.

But if he had accepted her profered wager that Bibbs would go to church with Mary Vertrees that morning, Mrs. Sheridan would have lost. They meant to go to church. But it happened that they were attentively preoccupied in a conversation as they came to the church; and they had gone an incredi-ble number of blocks beyond it before they discovered their error. However, feeling that they might be embarras ingly late if they returned, they de cided that a walk would make then as good. It was a windless winter morning, with an inch of crisp snow over the ground. So they walked, and for the most part they were silent, but on their way home, after they had turned back at noon, they began to be

"Mary," said Bibbs, after a time, e laughed a little, then looked e. "Does your father say you

"Yes-when he's in a mood to flatter me. Other times, other names. He has quite a list."

"You mustn't mind," she said, gently.

"He's been getting some pretty sever hocks. What you've told me me pretty sorry for him, Bibbs. I've always been sure he's very big." "Yes. Big and—blind. He's like a Hercules without eyes and without any

consciousness except that of his strength and of his purpose to grow stronger. Stronger for what? For

"Are you sure, Bibbs? It can't be for nothing; it must be stronger for something, even thought he doesn't know what it is. Perhaps what he and his kind are struggling for is some thing so great they couldn't see it— so great none of us could see it."

"No, he's just like some blind, unonscious thing heaving under "Till he breeks through and leans out into the daylight," she finished for

him, cheerily. "Into the smoke." said Ribbs "Look at the powder of coal-dust already dir-tying the decent snow, even though it's Sunday. That's from the little plgs; the big ones aren't so bad, on inday! There's a fleck of soot on your cheek. Some pig sent it out into the air; he might as well have thrown it on you. It would have been braver. for then he'd have taken his chance of my whipping him for it if I could.' "Is there soot on my cheek, Bibbs? Is there?"

cheeks, Mary—a fleck on each. One landed since I mentioned the first." She halted immediately, giving him her handkerchief, and he succe transferring most of the black from

her face to the cambric. They were entirely matter-of-course about it. An elderly couple, it chanced, had been walking behind Bibbs and Mary for the last block or so, and passed ahead during the removal of the soot. "There!" said the elderly wife. "You're always wrong when you begin guess-ing about strangers. Those two young people aren't honeymooners at all— they've been married for years. A blind man could see that."

"I wish I knew who threw that soot on you," said Bibbs, looking up at the neighboring chimneys, as they went on. "They arrest children for throwing snowballs at the street cars, but-"But they don't arrest street cars for

crooked every time they go by. Nor for the uproar they make. I wonder what's the cost in nerves for the noise town,' whether we have money to pay

"Who is it gets the pay?" said Bibbs. "Not I!" she laughed.

"Nobody gets it. There isn't any pay; there's only money. And only some of the men down town get much of that. That's what my father wants me to get." "Yes," she said, smiling to him, and

nodding. "And you don't want it, and you fon't need it."

"But you don't think I'm a sleep-walker, Mary?" He had told her of his



PLAKERS They Were Entirely Matter-of-Co

father's new plans for him, though he had not described the vigor and pic-turesqueness of their setting forth. "You think I'm right?"

"A thousand times!" she cried. "There aren't so many happy people in this world, I think—and you say you've found what makes you happy. If it's a dream—keep it!" "The thought of going down tues—
into the money shuffle—I hate it as I
the shop!" he said. "I

never hated the shop!" he said. "I hate it! And the city itself, the city that the money shuffle has made—just look at it! And the dirt and the ugliness and the rush and the polse aren't the worst of it; it's what the dirt and are insufferable, but they're only the - 1. S. S.

expression of a spirit—a blind embryo of a spirit, not yet a soul—oh, just greed! And this 'go ahead' nonsense! Oughtn't it all to be a fellowship? I shouldn't want to get ahead if I could—I'd want to help the other fellow to keep up with me."

"I read something the other day and remembered it for you," said Mary.
"It was something Burne-Jones said of
a picture he was going to paint: 'In
the first picture I shall make a man
walking in the street of a great city,
full of all kinds of happy life; childrep, and lovers walking, and ledies dren, and lovers walking, and indies leaning from windows all down great lengths of street leading to the city walls; and there the gates are wide open, letting in a space of green field and cornfield in harvest; and all round his bead a great rain of switches are

his head a great rain of swirling au

tumn leaves blowing from a little walled graveyard." "And if I painted," Bibbs returned, 'I'd paint a lady walking in the street of a great city, full of all kinds of ut roarious and futile life-children bein taught only how to make money, and lovers hurrying to get richer, and ladies who'd given up trying to wash their windows clean, and the gates of the city wide open, letting in slums and slaughter houses and freight yards singular nouses and reight yards, and all round this lady's head a great rain of swirling soot—" He paused, adding, thoughtfully: "And yet I believe I'm glad that soot got on your cheek. It was just as if I were your brother—the way you gave me you handkerchief to rub it off for you

Still Edith never-"Didn't she?" said Mary, as he

"No. And I-" He contented himself with shaking his head instead of offering more definite information. Then be realized that they were passing the new house, and he sighed proing the new house, and he significantly. "Mary, our walk's almost

She looked as blank, "So it is

They said no more until they cam to her gate. As they drifted slowl a stop, the door of Roscoe's h opened, and Roscoe came out Sibyl, who was startlingly pale. She ed little enfeebled by her ill however, walking rather quickly at her husband's side and not taking his arm The two crossed the street without ap pearing to see Mary and her compan-ion, and, entering the new house, were lost to sight. Mary gazed after them gravely, but Bibbs, looking at Mary,

did not see them. "Mary," he said, "you seem very "No, Bibbs," And she gave him a bright, quick look that made him in-

stantly unreasonably happy. "I know you want to go in-" he be

"No. I den't want to." "I mustn't keep you standing here and I mustn't go in with you-but-I just wanted to say—I've seemed very stupid to myself this morning, grun bling about soot and all thatall the time I-Mary, I think it's been the very happiest of all the hours you've given me. I do. And—I don't know just why—but it's seemed to me

that it was one I'd always remember. And you," he added, falteringly, "you look so—so beautiful today!"
"It must have been the soot on my cheek, Bibbs. "Mary, will you tell me something?"

think I will." "I think I will."
"It's something I've had a lot of them evel theories about, but none of them ever just fits. You used to wear furs in the fall, but now it's so much colder, you

don't—you never wear them at all any more. Why don't you?" Her eyes fell for a moment, and she grew red. Then she looked up gayly. "Bibbs, if I tell you the answer will you promise not to ask any more ques

them?" "Because I found I'd be warn without them!" She caught his hand quickly in her own for an instant. laughed into his eyes, and ran into the house.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

It is the consoling attribute of un-used books that their decorative used books that their decorative warmth will so often make even a readymade library the actual "living room" of a family to whom the shelved volumes are indeed sealed. Thus it was with Sheridan, who read nothing except newspapers, business letters Edith's mistake is. Well, then, this is and figures; who looked upon books as he looked upon broca-brac or crochet-ing—when he was at home, and not abed or eating, he was in the library. He stood in the many-colored light

of the stained glass window at the far end of the long room, when Roscoe and his wife came in, and he exhaled a solemnity. His deference to the Sabbath was manifest, as always, in the length of his coat and the closeness of his Saturday-night shave; and his ex-pression, to match this religious pomp, was more than Sabbatical, but the most dismaying of his demonstrations was his keeping his hand in his sling. Sibyl advanced to the middle of the room and halted there, not looking at him, but down at her muff, in which, it

could be seen, her hands were nervous-ly moving. Roscoe went to a chair in another part of the room. There was a deadly stlence. But Sibyl found a shaky voice, after an interval of gulping, though she was unable to lift her eyes, and the darkling lids continued to veil them. She spoke hurriedly, like an ungifted child reciting something committed to memory, but her sincerity was none the less evident for that.

"Father Sheridan, you and mother

Sheridan have always been so kind to me, and I would hate to have you think I don't appreciate it, from the way I acted. I've come to tell you I am sorry for the way I did that night, and to say I know as well as anybody the way I behaved, and it will never hap pen again, because it's been a pretty hard lesson; and when we come back, some day, I hope you'll see that you've got a daughter-in-law you never need to be ashamed of again. I want to ask you to excuse me for the way I did, and I can say I haven't any feelings toward Edith now, but only wish her happiness and good in her new life. I thank you for all your kindness to me,

and I know I made a poor return for it, but if you can overlook the way behaved I know I would feel a good deal happier—and I know Rosco deal happier—and I know Roscoe would, too. I wish to promise not to be as foolish in the future, and the same error would never occur again to make us all so unhappy, if you can be charitable enough to

He looked steadily at her without replying, and she stood before him, never lifting her eyes; motionless, save where the moving fur proved the agitation of her hands within the muff. "All right," he said, at last.

She looked up then with vast relief though there was a revelation tears when the eyelids lifted.

"Thank you," she said. "There's something else—about something dif-ferent—I want to say to you, but I want mother Sheridan to-hear it, too." "She's upstairs in her room," said Sheridan. "Roscoe—"

Sibyl interrupted. She had just seen Bibbs pass through the hall and begin to ascend the stairs; and in a flash she instinctively perceived the chance for precisely the effect she wanted. "No, let me go," she said. "I want to speak to her a minute first, any-way."

And she went away quickly, gaining the top of the stairs in tim Bibbs enter his room and close the door. Sibyl knew that Bibbs, in his room, had overheard her quarrel with Edith in the hall outside; for bitter Edith, thinking the more to shame her had subsequently informed her of the circumstance. Sibyl had just remem-bered this, and with the recollection there had flashed the thought—out of her own experience—that people are often much more deeply impressed by words they overhear than by words directly addressed to them. Sibyl intended to make it impossible for Bibbs not to overhear. She did not hesitate -her heart was not with the old sore and she believed wholly in the justice of her cause and in the truth of what she was going to say. Fate was vir-tuous at times; it had delivered into her hands the girl who had affronted

Mrs. Sheridan was in her own roo The approach of Sibyl and Roscoe had driven her from the library, for she

had miscalculated her husband's mood and she felt that if he used his injured hand as a mark of emphasis again, in her presence, she would (as she thought of it) "have a fit right there." heard Sibyl's step, and pretended to be putting a touch to her hair before "I was just coming down," she said,

as the door opened.

"Yes, he wants you to," said Sibyl.
"It's all right, mother Sheridan. He's forgiven me."

Mrs. Sheridan sniffed instantly tears appeared. She kissed her daugh-ter-in-law's cheek; then, in silence, regarded the mirror afresh, wiped her eyes, and applied powder. "And I hope Edith will be happy." Sibyl added, inciting more applications

of Mrs. Sheridan's handkerchief and powder. an. "We mustn't make the worst of things."

"Well, there was something else

had to say, and he wants you to hear it, too," said Sibyl. "We better go

down, mother Sheridan." She led the way, Mrs. Sheridan fol-lowing obediently, but, when they came to a spot close to Bibbs' door, Sibyl stopped. "I want to tell you Sibyl stopped. "I want to tell you about it first," she said, abruptly. "It isn't a secret, of course, in any way; it's something the whole family has to know, and the sooner the whole family knows it the better. It's something i wouldn't be right for us all not to un derstand, and of course father Sheri-dan most of all. But I want to just kind of go over it first with you; it 'li kind of help me to see I got it all straight. I haven't got any reason fo saying it except the good of the family, and it's nothing to me, one way whethe other, of course, except for that. I oughtn't to 've behaved the way I did that night, and it seems to me if there's ought to, because it would help show I felt the right way. Well, what I want to do is to tell this so's to keep the family from being made a fool of. don't want to see the family just mad use of and twisted around her finger by somebody that's got no more heart than so much ice, and just as sure to

the way it is. I'll just tell you how it looks to me and see if it don't strike you the same way." TO BE CONTINUED.

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thence with line of said road N 6 deg 5. min
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feet to corner on listey's line; thence s 1 deg
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