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SPECIAL NOTICES

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An experience of twenty years among the best colleges and the most prominent people of the State, entitles me to believe that I can please you. References: State Normal College, Greensboro Female College, Elon College, Guilford College, Davenport College and Linwood College.

Very truly, A. W. PARHAM.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Democrats of the Ninth Congressional District will meet in convention at Shelby, N. C., on the 13th day of July, 1910, for the purpose of nominating a candidate to represent said district in the Sixty-second Congress.

This the 16th day of June, 1910. R. S. PLOSK, Chairman Dem. Ex. Com. Ninth Congressional District. j112.

General Merchandise

You will find everything in the general merchandise line at my store. And the prices are right. If you are not now a customer of mine give me a trial.

Chickens, eggs and country produce wanted; highest market price paid for same.

Phone 241-3.

D. B. Hanna

OSARK MILLS.

The death list as a result of the recent floods in Germany has reached 2,000.

Governor Hughes has called an extra session of the New York legislature to settle the question of the primary reform law.

Rev. Robert Hanover and Rev. Isaac Perry, rival Baptist ministers, fought with knives in the pulpit of Rock Creek Baptist church, Kentucky, Saturday. Hanover's throat was cut from ear to ear, and he died in a few minutes. Church troubles was the cause of the fight.

Among the Apple Trees

A Story of Farm Life

By CLIFFORD V. GREGORY

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CHAPTER XI. 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 dozen men waiting for it.

At last in discouragement he took the train again, this time not stopping until he reached Seattle. 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 stood idly watching a sealer making ready to sail.

He was suddenly startled by a heavy hand on his shoulder and turned quickly around to be confronted by a rough looking, 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 asked at last. Harold looked from his rough questioner to the dirty little ship and shuddered. A winter in the arctic circle with a crew of quarreling sailors for companions was not exactly what he had had in mind when he started west to earn that \$500. Then he remembered Mabel's last words, "I know you can do it, Harold," and the disappointed look in Gladys's eyes the time she said, "The kind of boys I like are those who can do things." He turned and looked 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 profits. Be ready in half an hour." The history of that sailing trip would make a story in itself. There were times when Harold almost wished that he could loose his hold of the greasy rail and drop into the water, where he could rest. The days were a confused jumble of nerve racking toil and the nights a brief moment of oblivious slumber. The hardest training on the football field had been play compared to this. But Harold was blessed with a strong constitution, and before they had been out a month he 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 man of him, and he came back a greatly changed Harold.

It was summer again, and Mabel was sitting on a low hanging branch of one of the apple trees reading one afternoon when she was startled by 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 mouth was firmer, there was a strong-



"IT'S THE ONLY WAY," SHE SAID.

er curve to his chin, and his eyes 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 swung himself up to a seat beside her. "You don't need to tell me you've succeeded," said Mabel. "I can see that for myself."

"Yes," he cried enthusiastically. "I've paid off those old gambling debts—the last cent. I guess that squares me now."

Mabel looked at him. "Does it?" she asked meaningly. "Why?" he inquired in a surprised tone. "I've paid every cent I owe the fellows. Doesn't that make it all 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 that."

"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

to have 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 turn now."

He hesitated a moment longer and then slid to the ground. "Goodby," he 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 her 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 letter.

She gave a little cry of dismay as she read it. It was from her father. Her mother was sick, he said. He disliked to ask them to break in on their school 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 fished her silt case out of the closet. "Where are you going?" asked Mabel in surprise.

"Home," replied Gladys laconically, pointing toward the letter.

"I'm going, too," announced Mabel after she had read it.

It was only by dint of much argument Gladys finally persuaded her to stay, and then only after she had promised 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!" he said. "She's asleep!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE first glance told Gladys of the suffering that her father had been through. His face was haggard and worn, and his shoulders were stooped wearily.

"I didn't want to take you out of school," he said, "but mother's been calling for you and calling for you until I just had to send."

Gladys tiptoed to the room where her mother lay sleeping. She was tossing uneasily and muttering incoherently.



"I'M GOING TO STAY ALWAYS NOW," SHE SAID.

ly. Gladys dropped to her knees in front of the bed and threw her arms about her mother's neck.

"Oh, mommie, mommie!" she cried. "It's Gladys, your own little girl! Don't you know me?"

"No, it can't be Gladys," her mother answered. "Gladys and Mabel are away to school, and it's so lonely."

Gladys soothed her to sleep again and then sent her father to bed to get some much needed rest. All through that long night her mother tossed and talked at intervals, and the watching girl realized for the first time just how much of a sacrifice it had been for this quiet little mother to give up her girls to the great, hungry college.

In the morning the doctor came and pronounced 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 loneliness 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 when she was away.

"You don't know how much good it does me to see you here," her mother said one day as Gladys came in with a big armful of blossoms, "to bring outdoors in to mommie," as she said.

Gladys dropped the flowers and came 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. "I'm not 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 mommie."

The happiness that shone in her fa-

ther's face was worth all the sacrifice, albeit it was a guilty happiness as he thought of what it meant to her. But 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 arms full of the fragrant apple blossoms.

"They're so thick the tree would kill itself trying to raise so many apples," 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 to school?"

"Almost," he acknowledged. "You must come over and see the place. There isn't a weed on it, and I've got the cornfields in the best shape for planting of any I've seen anywhere."

"I'm afraid you're getting vain," said Gladys, smiling at his enthusiasm. "I'm going to be a farmer, too," she added.

"You don't mean you're not going back?"

She nodded. "Then maybe you do understand?" "Yes, I think I do. It's hard—in a way—but it will be fun too. You'll have to work if you make good your boast of having the best 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 lock was out of place again, and in the dim moonlight dimmer for sifting through the millions of apple blossoms, she looked like some woodland fairy come to touch the blossoms with her magic wand and turn them into tiny apples.

"I don't like competition, Gladys," said Jeff, taking a step nearer. "I wonder—can't we be partners?"

Perhaps she nodded, or perhaps it was only the flickering shadows that made him think so, but the next moment he had caught her in his arms, apple blossoms and all, and was telling 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 foolishly.

The apple blossoms faded and fell, and summer came to fulfill the promises of spring. Mabel came home from college again, protesting against allowing Gladys to stay home while she finished her course. But Gladys was firm and had her way, as usual.

One evening nearly three weeks after she came home Mabel was sitting on the porch idly fingering the strings of her mandolin and trying not to feel 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 humming some of the dear old melodies.

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 sitting.

"Won't you come for an auto ride," he pleaded. "Just for old times' sake—for 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 seat.

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

"You have changed," said Mabel, exclaiming 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,



AND FOR ONCE SHE DIDN'T ACCUSE HIM OF TALKING FOOLISHLY.

you've taught me to look at things differently. Did you hear about that what's been going on at Iowa City?"

"I read in the paper something about a big mass meeting where Harold Du Val made a speech the like of which had never been heard at the university before and where the students 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 doing?"

"I thought you'd find out anyway if

I did anything worth while," he said, "and if I didn't you had better not know."

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

"Yes, I believe you have," she replied, "and more too."

"And how may I have my reward?" "Your reward?" she said inquiringly. "Isn't it enough reward to be deservedly the most popular man in a great university?"

"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 a little?"

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 that other Harold that cared for

me."

"You don't mean you're not going back?"

She nodded.

"Then maybe you do understand?"

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

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SEABOARD AIR LINE SCHEDULE.

These arrivals, departures and connections with other companies are given only as information. Schedule taking effect May 16, 1910, subject to change without notice.

Trains leave Charlotte as follows: No. 40, daily, at 4:50 a. m., for Monroe, Hamlet and Wilmington, connecting at Monroe with 33 for Atlanta, Birmingham; with 38 for Raleigh, Weldon and Portsmouth. With 66 at Hamlet for Raleigh, Richmond, Washington, New York.

No. 133, daily, at 9:50 a. m., for Lincolnton, Shelby and Rutherfordton.

No. 44, daily, at 5 p. m., for Monroe, Hamlet, Wilmington and all local points, connecting at Hamlet with 43 for Columbia, Savannah and all Florida points.

No. 47, daily, at 4:45 p. m., for Rutherfordton and all local points. No. 132, 7:15 p. m., connecting at Monroe for all points North, carries Portsmouth sleeper.

Trains arrive in Charlotte as follows: No. 133, 9:50 a. m., from all points North, brings Portsmouth sleeper.

No. 45, daily, at 12:01 p. M., from Wilmington and all local points North.

No. 132, 7 p. m., from Rutherfordton, Shelby, Lincolnton and C. & N. W. Railway points, Johnson City.

No. 46 arrives 10:30 a. m., from Rutherfordton and all local stations. No. 39, daily, at 10:50 p. m., from Wilmington, Hamlet and Monroe; also from points East, North and Southwest, connecting at Hamlet and Monroe.

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