THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXXIII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1907.

NO. 18

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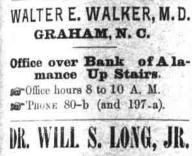
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A MAKER

of black clouds were driven across the "Everything that concerns you consky. Scanty drops of rain kept falling cerns me," he answered. "I don't care in earnest of what was to come as who you are or who you say you are. soon as the wind should fail. Dun-I don't even ask you for any sort of explanation. I came to warn you about combe had almost to fight his way Spencer. For the rest, here am I your along until, through a private gate, he entered Runton park. The house lay friend whatever happens. You are terdown in the valley about a mile away. rified! Don't go back to the house. To reach it one had to cross a ridge of Give me the right to take care of you. hill covered with furze bushes and I'll do it!" tumbled fragments of ancient rock. Then for the

CHAPTER XX. UNTON was apparently enjoy-R ing the relaxation of having got rid of practically the flay. The women servants were going perfluous energy. Mr. Harrison, the butier, was enjoying a quiet pipe in his room and a leisurely perusal of the morning paper. Mrs. Ellis, the much respected housekeeper, was also in her room comfortably ensconced in an easy chair and studying a new vol-

ume of collected menus which a friend had sent her from Paris. No one was exactly neglecting their work, but every one was appreciating a certain ense of peace which the emptying of the house from a crowd of more or less exacting guests had brought about. In one room only things were different, and neither Mrs. Ellis nor Mr. Harrison nor any of the household knew anything about that. It was the principal guest chamber on the first floor, a large and handsomely furnished apartment. Barely an hour ago if had been left in spotless order by a couple of painstaking servants. Just now it had another aspect.

In the middle of the room a man lay stretched upon the floor, face down-



He was down on his knees upon the

ward. The blood was slowly trickling from a wound in the side of the head down on the carpet. With nearly every breath he drew he groaned. Overturned chairs and tables showed that he had taken part in no ordinary struggle. The condition of the other man also testified this.

The other man was Mr. Fielding. He was down on his knees upon the floor

dark mahogany box, which was apparlooking tools, by means of which he

like this?" "Jump in, sir, and see," the man answered. "Is the young lady coming?" Mr. Fielding nodded and stepped into the front seat. The girl was already whole of its guests for the in the tonneau. The man slipped in his clutch, and they glided round the about their duties faithfully enough, but with a marked absence of any su-but with a marked absence of any suentrance. Just as they started the wagonette drew up. "We shan't be more than a few min-

utes," Mr. Fielding cried out, waving his hand. "Sorry you've lost your day's sport." "Hold on a minute and I'll come with

you," Runton called out. "That car looks like going." But Mr. Fielding did not hear. .

. Duncombe, who had returned from the park by the fields, was crossing the road to enter his own gates when a black speck far away on the top of the hill attracted his attention. He stood still gazing at it and was instantly aware that it was approaching him at an almost incredible speed. It gathered shape swiftly, and he watched it with a fascination which kept him rooted to the snot. Above the wind he could hear the throbbing of its engines. He saw it round a slight curve in the road with two wheels in the air and a skid which seemed for a moment as though it must mean de-

struction. Mud and small stones flew up around it. The driver was crouch ing forward over the wheel, tense and motionless. Duncombe moved to the side of the road to let it pass with a little exclamation of anger. Then it came more clearly into sight,

and he forgot his anger in his amage ment. The seat next the driver was ccupled by a man leaning far back whose face was like the face of the dead. Behind was a solitary passener. She was leaning over as though trying to speak to her companion. Her hair streamed wild in the wind, and on her face was a look of blank and fearful terror. Duncombe half moved forward. She saw him and touched the driver's arm. His hand seemed to fly to the side of the car, and his right foot was jammed down. With grinding of brakes and the screaming of locked wheels the car was brought to a standstill within a few feet of him.

He sprang eagerly forward. She was already upon her feet in the road. "Sir George," she said, "your warn-ing, as you see, was barely in time. We are adventurer and adventuressdetected. I suppose you are a magis trate. 'Don't you think you ought to detain us?" "What can I do to help you?" he

asked simply. She looked at him eagerly. There

were mud spots all up her gown, even upon her face. Her hair was wildly disordered. She carried her hat in her hand.

"You mean it?" she cried. "You know that I do!"

She turned and looked up the road along which they had come. There was no soul in sight. She looked even up at the long line of windows which rapidly going through the contents of a frowned down upon them from the ently full of papers. Scattered over the back to the hall. They, too, were carpet by his side were various strange empty. She thrust a long envelope suddenly into his hand.

"Cinary

At the farther end of the room was an | federal office. She was the first woinner door, which he threw open. "This is a room which no one except myself ever enters," he said. "I used to do a little painting here sometimes. Sit down, please, in that easy chair. I am going to get you a glass of wine." They heard the library door suddenly opened. A voice, slinking with pas-

sion, called out his name. "Duncombe, are you here? Duncombe!"

There was a dead silence. They could hear him moving about the room

"Hiding, are you? Brute! Come out, or I'll-by heavens, I'll shoot you if you don't tell me the truth. I heard her voice in the lane. I'll swear to it.' Duncombe glanced quickly toward his companion. She lay back in the chair in a dead faint.

> CHAPTER XXI. HE three men were sitting at

a small round dining table, from which everything except the dessert had been removed.

Duncombe filled his own glass and passed around a decanter of port. Pelham and Spencer both helped themselves almost mechanically. A cloud of restraint had hung over the little party. Duncombe raised his glass and half emptied its contents. Then he set it down and leaned back in his chair.

"Well," he said, "I am ready for the nguisition. Go on, Andrew." Pelham fingered his own glass nervously. He seemed to find his task no

easy one. "George," he said, "we are old friends. I want you to remember it. want you also to remember that I am in a hideous state of worry and nerves." He passed his hand over his forehead just above his eyes, as though they were hurting him. "I am a minimum. not behaving to you as a guest should to his host. I admit it freely. I have lost my temper more than once during the last twenty-four hours. I am sor ry. Forgive me if you can, George." "Willingly, Andrew," Duncombe anwered. "I shall think no more about

"At the same time," Pelham contin ned, "there is another point to be con sidered. Have you been quite fair to me, George? Remember that Phyllis Poynton is the one person whose exist ence reconciles me to life. You had never even heard her name before 1 sent for you. You went abroad, like the good fellow you are, to find her for me. You assure me that you have added is an excellent remedy for toudiscovered-nothing. Let me put you upon your honor, George. Is this ab

solutely true?" "I have discovered nothing about Phyllis Poynton," Duncombe declared quietly.

"About Miss Fielding, then?" "Phyilis Poynton and Miss Fielding are two very different persons," Dun

combe declared. "That may be so," Pelham said, "although I find it hard to believe that God ever gave to two women voices so exactly similar. Yet if you are assured that this is so why not be al-

> together frank with me?" "What have you to complain of?"

man to ask for police matrons. She began the temperance crusade in The Song Springfield, O., in 1873, singing; and playing in the saloons. She has written four books, the last one in her of the Hair eighty-ninth year.



One of the British railroads provides chess and checker outfits for its passengers.

The Splugen railway in Switzerland, starting at Coire, will have a length of fifty-two miles. The main tunnel through the Splugen will be seventeen miles in length, and its estimated cost is \$25,000,000.

The Southern Pacific railroad has thirteen new lines under construction, representing an expenditure of \$53,000,000 Five of the lines, comprising the principal part of the works, are in southern California.

Genoa and Milan are to be connected by an electric railroad eighty-five miles long, which is to cost \$47,000,000. The high cost is owing to the nature of the country through which the line will pass. It will require nineteen tunnels, one of which will be twelve miles long. There will be 372 bridges, and the road

will be six years in course of construction. The cost of the line construction alone will be \$500,000 a mile.

COLLEGE AND SCHOOL.

Wellesley college is one of the Massachusetts institutions that are protesting against the taxation of certain college property.

Instead of using a common towel in the washroom pupils of the Winchester school, New Haven, Conn., are provided with absorbent paper, thus reduc-ing the danger of sprending disease to

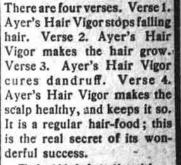
Beginning with the fall of 1909 every student who seeks to enter the college of medicine and surgery of the University of Michigan as a candidate for the M. D. degree must show a cer tificate that he has had two years' work, to luciude special scientific subjects, in the literary department of some first class college or university.

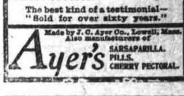
THE HOME DOCTOR.

When the gums are tender and bleed ing the mouth should be rinsed with warm water to which listerine has been added. Hot water to which salt has been

allitis. Wet a cloth with the salt water and apply outwardly. A good complexion cannot be rubbed in from the outside; it must be swallowed. The best way to get this is not in medicine, but in green vegetables and dandellon salad. Cinders or foreign substances may

Cyclones.

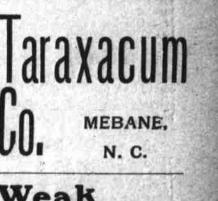






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he could go.

(IIIm

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BEAR SIR :-Graham, N. C.

The second secon hillside breath. know."

Tours very scale, SOUTT-NEBANE R'P'S CO., indence [Solleited. OFFCE AT THE BANK OF ALAMANCE

Halfway up the first ascent he passed. A figure had struggled into sick fear passed away. Her features were suddenly softer. The light in her sight from the opposite side-the figure of a girl. Her skirts and cloak eyes was a beautiful thing. "You are kind," she murmured, "kindwere being blown wildly about her. er than I ever dreamed anyone could She wore a flat tam-o'-shanter hat, be who-knew. Will you be kinder from under the confines of which her hair was defying the restraint of hatstill?"

pins and elastic. She stood there sway-"Try me!" he begged. ing a little from the violence of the "Then go away. Forget who I am. Forget who I am not. Shut yourself up wind, slim and elegant notwithstanding a certain intensity of gaze and in your study for twenty-four hours bearing. Duncombe felt his heart give and come out without any memories a quick jump as he recognized her. at all. Oh, do this for me-do this!"

she begged, with a sudden break in her Then he started up the hill as fast as voice. She stood perfectly still, watching She leaned a little toward him. A long wisp of her hair blew in his face. him clamber up to her side. Her face A moment of madness came to him showed no sign of pleasure or annoyance at his coming. He felt at once that it was not he alone who had with the gust of wind which blew her almost into his arms. For one exquirealized the coming of the tragedy. site moment he held her. The violets

No words of conventional greeting at her bosom were crushed against his coat. Then she tore herself away. nassed between them as he clambered "You are mad!" she cried. "It is my breathless to her side. The wind had brought no color into her cheeks. There fault! Oh, let me go!"

"Never!" he answered, passionately clasping at her hand. "Call yourself by what name you will, I love you. If you are in trouble, let me help. Let me go back to the house with you, and we will face-it together, whatever it may be. Come!"

She wrung her hands. The joy had all gone from her face. "Oh, what have I done?" she moan-

ed. "Don't you understand that I am an impostor? The man down there is not my father. I-oh, let me go!"

She wrenched herself free. She stood away from him, her skirt gathered up into her hand, prepared for flight, "If you would really do me a kind-

ness," she cried, "get Mr. Spencer to stop his search for me. Tell him to forget that such a person ever existed. And you too! You must do the same. What I have done I have done of my own free will. I am my own mistress. I will not be interfered with. Listen!" She turned a white, intent face to-

ward the house. Duncombe could hear nothing for the roaring of the wind, but the girl's face was once more convalsed with terror.

"What was that?" she cried. "I heard nothing," he answered. "What can one hear? The wind is trong enough to drown even our

"And those ?" she cried again, pointing with outstretched finger to two rapidly moving black specks coming

were rims under her eyes. She had the appearance of one who had come toward them along the winding road which led from the highway to Bunton House. Duncombe watched them for a mo

"To be with yon," he answered. ment "They are the Runton shooting

She laughed mirthlessly. brakes," he declared. "I expect Lord Runton and the rest of them are com-"Better go back," she exclaimed. am no fit companion for any one to day. I came out to be alone."

A gust of wind came tearing up the for They both struggled "I came," he said, "to find you. I was going to the house. Som

"I expect the shoot is off." Dunhas happened which you ought to She looked back toward the long

white front of the house, and there was terror in her eyes. "Something is happening there," she

muttered, "and I am afraid." He took her gloreless hand. It was

A figure had struggled into sight from

the opposite side.

into touch with fearsome thiogs.

asked. "Why are you here?"

"You know why."

"What do you want with me?"

and forced the lock. man expression lit up her face. The not all his usual self. His face was absolutely colorless, and every few moments his hand went up to his shoulder blade and a shiver went through his whole frame. There was a faint odor

of gunnowder in the room, and some where near the feet of the prostrate man lay a small shining revolver. Nevertheless, Mr. Fielding persevered in his task.

Suddenly there came an interruption, Footsteps outside in the corridor had paused. There was a sharp tapping at the door. The prostrate man groaned louder than ever and half turned over, proving that he was not wholly uncon-

scious. Mr. Fielding closed the box and staggered to his feet. He stood for a moment staring wildly

at the door. Who could it be? He had asked, as a special favor, that he might not be disturbed, and Mr. Fielding knew how to ask favors of servants. Interruption now meant disaster, abso-

lute and unqualified-the end, perhaps, of a career in which he had achieved some success. Big drops of perspiration stood out upon his forehead, drawn there by the pain and this new fear. Slowly and on tiptoe he drew near the

door. "Who is that?" he asked, with derful calmuess.

"It is I! Let me in," came the swift answer, and Mr. Fielding drew a little breath of relief. Nevertheless he was angry. He opened the door and drew the girl in.

"You foal!" he exclaimed. "I sent you out of the way on purpose. Why have you come back?"

She opened her lips, but no words came. The man on the floor groaned again. She swayed upon her feet. It was all so horrible. "Speak, can't you?" he muttered be-

tween his teeth. "Things have gone badly here. I'm wounded, and I'm afraid I've hurt that chap pretty badly."

"I was in the park," she faltered. "and I saw them. They are all coming back!"

"Coming back?" "They are almost here. Sir George Duncombe told me that they could not

shoot because of the wind." "The car?"

"Downstairs-waiting." He had forgotten his burt.

caught up his hat and coat and pushed her out of the room. He locked the door and thrust the key into his pocket. As they walked down the cor-

ridor he lit a cigarette. A footman met them in the hall.

"A gentleman has called to see you, sir, a Mr. Spencer," he announced. "I have shown him into the library." Mr. Fielding appeared to besitate for

a moment. ing back."
"Coming back." she repeated, with a
"It is the man who wants to man and
the car," he exclaimed, turning toward
the gasp. "But they were going to
shoot all day and dine there. They
are not expected home till past midter of an hour," he added, turning toter of an hour," he added, turning toter of the footman. "Fill just drive ward the footman, "I'll just drive

down to the lodge gates and back. combe remarked. "One couldn't pos- down to the lodge sibly hit anything a day like this. I Come along, Sibyl." She followed him to the front door.

wonder they ever started." A man was seated at the wheel of the Her face was white enough before. A man was scated at the wheel of the but it was deathly now. Her lips motor car and turned his bead quickly motor car and turned his bead quickly as they approached. Mr. Fielding nod-from them. He heard the rush of her skirts and saw her spring for-white with excruciating pain. Her face was white enough before, He took her gioveless and. It was her skirts and saw her spring for white with excruciating pain. her skirts and saw her spring for white with excruciating pain. "Kept you waiting. I'm afraid," he was her shirts alone upon the main of pleasantly, though his intermediate the rank of pleasantly the rank of pleasantly intermediate the pleasantly intermediate the planet of pleasantly intermediate the rank of pleasantly intermediate the pleasantly intermediate the planet of planet of planet of pleasantly intermediate the planet of plan

"Don't let any one know that you have it. Don't speak of it to any one. Keep

it until I can send for it." He thrust it into his inner pocket and buttoned his coat. "It is quite safe," he said simply.

Her eyes flashed her gratitude upon him. For the first time he saw something in her face, heard it in her tone, which made his heart beat. After all she was human. you would not answer me."

"You are very good to me," she muryou say, Andrew," Duncombe answer-"Believe me, I am not quite nured. so had as I seem. Goodby." He turned with her toward the car,

things have happened with regard to Mr. Fielding and his daughter which and she gave a low cry. He, too, started. The car was a mile away, tearing have resulted in their leaving Runton up a hill and aimost out of sight. In the lane behind they could hear the House-even that, she was there in the lane this afternoon-how does all this sound of galloping horses. He caught concern you?" her by the wrist, dragged her through "Because," Pelham declared, striking the gate and behind a great shrub on the table with his fist, "I am not satis-fied that the girl who has been staying

the lawn. "Stay there!" he exclaimed hoarsely. at Runton House and calling herself Miss Fielding is not in reality Phyllis "Don't move. I will come back." Half a dozen horsemen were coming Poynton."

along the lane at steeplechase pace. Lord Runton, on his wonderful black horse, which no man before had ever seen him gallop save across the softest of country, pulled up outside the gate.

"Seen a motor go by, Duncombe?" he called out.

Duncombe nodded. "Rather!" he answered. "Fieldin and Miss Fielding in it, Going like "Ibam

Baston waved his companions and leaned down to Duncombe. "Beastly unpleasant thing happen Duncombe," he said. "Fielding a Duncombe," he said. "Fleiding his daughter have bolted. Field his daugneer have bolted. Fieldin seems to have half killed a measure who came down from London to see De Rothe and stolen some papers Fact of the matter is he's not Fieldin at all, and as for the girl-Lord kn who she is! Sorry for you, Du Hope you weren't very hard hit." He gathered up his reins.

"We've sont telegrams everywhere," he said, "but the beast has cut the tele does her experienced blacksmith fanes if we me, and De Rothe biamphe Rev. Anna H. Shaw, noted wome

talk about the police. It's a queer

He rode off. Duncombe retur where the girl was standing. She was clutching at the branches of the shi as though prostrate with fear, but at his return she straightened herself. How much had she beard, he wondered.

"Don't move," he said. She nodded.

"Can any one see me?" she asked. "Not from the road." "From the house?" "They could," he admitted, "but it is

the servants' dinner hour. Don't you notice how quiet the house in."

She was very white. She see

and some difficulty in speaking. There "It would not be safe for you I would not be safe for you to leave here at present," he said. "I am going to take you into a little room leading out of my study. No one ever goes in it. You will be safe there for a

"If I could sit down-for a little

He took her arm and led sistingly toward the house. The B-beary window was closed, but he open-ed it easily and helped her through.

nbe asked. "Something has happened at Runton

"Supposing I grant everything that

Duncombe lit a cigarette and passed

"Do you know what they are saying tonight of Mr. Fielding and his daugh-

"That the one is a robber and the other an adventuress," Duncombe an-swered. "This much is certainly true

They have both left Runton House at

(TO BE CONTINUED.]

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mme. Sembrich is among the few

ublic singers who use their marrie

Opeen Lilinokalani has denied the

Mrs. Collis P. Huntington of New

nue Gabriel. The price is said to have been \$600,000.

Mrs. Roosevelt has chosen to ally bereelf with that part of society which

both to be supported by governm

son, the first woman Enown to

Mother Stewart, the founder of the

though she is only sixty-eight.

moment's notice and without taking

them round.

"No!

ames

Moylan, Pa.

iffe.

ter?" he asked quietly.

"Supposing, I admit that strange

a cyclone than in its rear. The former too, is wet, while the latter is dry. House, inwhich Mr. Fielding and his A cyclone may have any diameter daughter are concerned," Pelham confrom 100 to 3,000 miles. The usual di tinued. "I have heard all manner of mensions are between 1,000 and 2,000 strange rumors. This afternoon I dis-tinctly heard the girl's voice in the miles. lane outside. She was crying out as

A cyclone, or large circular storm may die out in a sincle day or it may though in fear. A few minutes later I last for a fortnight. It usually travels heard you speaking to some one in the eastward at about twenty miles au library. Yet when I entered the room hour.

speck with them.

Crop Cullings.

France grows a great deal of tobac to, The crop averages 16,000 tons. Rotation of crops must be observed in the garden as on the farm. Do no grow similar vegetables in the shine

bed year after year. More than 350 acres of sweet corr will be raised in Brattleboro, Vernon Northfield, Chesterfield and Bernard ston, Vt., the coming season for a can ning factory in Brattleboro.

Schopenhauer on Masks.

For all sorts of purposes men have often put on the mask of philosophy, and even of philanthropy, and I know not what besides. Women have a smaller choice. As a rule, they avail themselves of the mask of morality, modesty, domesticity and humility. Then here are general masks, without any particular character attaching to them. like dominos. They may be met with everywhere, and of this sort is the strict rectitude, the courtesy, the sincore sympathy, the smiling friends that people profess. The whole of the masks, as a rule, are merely, as I have said, a disguise for some industry, com-merce or speculation. It is merchants alone who in this respect comptitute any honest class. They are the only people who give themselves out to be what they are, and therefore they go

the intends to get married again, alabout without any mask at all, and consequently take a humble rank. St Louis boasts of a girl blacksmith -Minnle Hagmann, agod sixteen, who shoes horses as quickly and neatly as



The air is always warmer in front of Weak Hearts

Are due to indigestion. Ninety-nine of every one hundred people who have heart trouble can remember when it was simple indiges-tion. It is a scientific fact that all cases of tion. It is a scientific fact that all cases of heart disease, not organic, are not only traceable to, but are the direct result of ind-gestion. All food taken into the stomach which fails of perfect digestion forments and swells the stomach, putting it up against the heart. This interferes with the action of the heart, and in the course of time that delicate but vital organ becomes diseased. Mr. D. Kaubia of Herein, C. says: I had stoard. broble and was in a bed state as I had know the institute of the sched browsets Cure for shout from means and it cured me. Keded Direcests What Your East

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in. clief and never fails to c. 1 1: most sensitive the food you wa stomache can taluit. By its use many bonsands of dysteptic have been instantier ecry hing else failed. In una united for the stomach. Child-ren with weak stomachs thrive on it. First dose relieves. A diet unnecessary.

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