

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXXVII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1911.

NO. 4

## HEALTH INSURANCE

The man who insures his life is wise for his family.  
The man who insures his health is wise both for his family and himself.  
You may insure health by guarding it. It is worth guarding.  
At the first attack of disease, which generally approaches through the LIVER and manifests itself in innumerable ways TAKE

## Tutt's Pills

And save your health.

## FOR Indigestion AND Dyspepsia USE Kodol

When your stomach cannot properly digest food, it needs a little assistance—and this assistance is readily supplied by Kodol. Kodol assists the stomach, by temporarily digesting all of the food in the stomach, so that the stomach may rest and recuperate.  
Our Guarantee. Get a dollar boy. You are not benefited—the drug will not return your money. Don't hesitate. Any druggist will sell you Kodol on these terms. The dollar bottle contains 24 times as much as the 50c bottle. Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of F. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

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## The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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### PROLOGUE.

This story of a young man's honest attempt to "break" the "boss" and the power of the "machine" is an absorbingly intimate portrayal of the working of the wheels within wheels in a desperate political struggle of today. The senator, strongly entrenched behind his party "machine," presents an almost invulnerable front, and the conflict between father and son as this young lawyer, single handed, fights for what he honestly believes to be the truth and right holds one with a tremendous sympathetic interest.

### CHAPTER I.

SENIATOR PATRICIA SAID "NO."  
SOME one was giving a crush dance at the Country club, and Blount, though he was only a week end guest of the Beverleys, was ill natured enough to be resentful. What right had a gay and frivolous world to come and thrust its light hearted happiness upon him when Patricia had said "No"? It was like bullying a cripple, he told himself morosely, and when he had read the single telegram which had come while he was at dinner he went out and found a chair in a corner of the veranda, where the frivolities had not as yet intruded.  
Blount was a level eyed, square shouldered young man of an up to date world, and the stock in which he had descended was prosaic and practical rather than poetic or sentimental. But just now he was unconsciously giving a very lifelike imitation of the disappointed lover of the world over.  
It was thus, and by the merest chance, that Gantry found him. The railroad man at least was unforgottenly glad.

"Pull up a chair," said Blount, not too ungraciously, considering his just cause to be more disgraced. "I was thinking of you just a little while ago, Dick. I saw your name in the list of transcontinental representatives to the traffic meeting, and—well, at the present moment I think you are the only man in the world I wanted most to meet."  
"That sounds good to me," laughed Dick Gantry, settling himself comfortably in a lazy chair and feeling in his pockets for a cigar. "The 'eddy east' has corrupted you, hasn't it, Evan? I thought maybe it would when I heard you were taking the postgraduate course in the Harvard law school. By the way, how much longer are you in for?"  
"I am out of the law school, if that is what you mean," said Blount, "and admitted to the bar. If you get into trouble with the Boston police let me know and I'll ask for the change of venue to the great wood hills and Judge Lynch's court."  
"Are you ever coming back to them, Blount? I believe you told me once in the old college days that you were western born."  
"I told you the truth, and until tonight I never thought about going back," was Blount's rather cryptic-grammatical answer.

"But now you are thinking of it?" inquired the railroad man, winking up. "That's good. We're needing a few bright young lawyers mighty bad. Is that why the particular fellow you wanted to meet?"  
Blount passed the newly come telegram across the interval between the two chairs. "Read that," he said.  
Gantry smoothed the square of yellow paper carefully and held it up to the softened glow of the electric ceiling globe. Its date line carried the name of the chief city in the "green-wood country," the capital of the state, and the time markings sufficiently indicated its late arrival:

To Evan Shelby Blount, Standish Apartments, Boston:  
You have been everything that money could buy you, and you owe me nothing but an occasional sign of your face. If you are not tied to some woman's apron string, why can't you come west and grow up with your native state?  
DAVID BLOUNT.

It was characteristic of Gantry that he folded the telegram in the original creases before he handed it back.  
"Well?" said Blount when the paper had grown over him.

"I was just thinking," was the reflective rejoinder. "We used to be fairly chummy in the old Ann Arbor days, Evan, and yet I never knew you did this blessed minute that Senator Blount was your father."  
"He was and is," was the quiet reply. "I supposed everybody knew it."  
"I didn't," Gantry decried, adding, "What you don't tell people about yourself would make a pretty big book if it were printed. Long ago you admitted to me that you were western born, but you never told me any more."

"Perhaps it was because there was so little to tell. I had a boyhood, like other boys—or, no, possibly it wasn't quite the usual. I was born on the Circle Bar when the ranch was a hard day's drive from the nearest shipping corral on the railroad. At twelve I could 'ride-line,' 'cut out' and 'sop down' like any other ranch bred youngster, and I had never seen a town bigger than Painted Hat."  
"And what happened when you were twelve?" queried Gantry.  
"The greatest misfortune that can ever come to a half grown boy, Dick. My mother died."  
"That was hard," Gantry assented, then, "Your father married again."  
"Not for some years," Blount qualified. "But for me the heavens were fallen. I was sent away to school, and from school I went to college, and back here to the law school. In all that time I've never seen the Circle Bar or my native state; have never been west of Omaha."  
"Then the senator—your father's—political life has never touched you?"  
"It touched me on the sympathetic side, Dick. I saw a large hearted,

open handed old cattle king wading into the muddy stream of politics to gratify an ambition that wasn't his own—a woman's ambition. In order that the woman might mix and mingle in Washington society for a brief minute or two he got himself elected to fill out an unexpired term of two months in the United States senate. I thought it some said. That was three years ago, wasn't it? But Washington hasn't forgotten. When I was down there last winter the 5 o'clock tea people were still recalling Mrs. Blount's gowns and the wild western naivete of 'the Hon. Senator Sagebrush.'"  
Gantry was chuckling softly.

"Land of love, Evan," he said, "you're an educated man, all right, but you've got a lot to learn yet—about the senator and his politics. I mean. Great spics, man, he's awful! In it for the social frills and furbelows! He never was. Let me intimate a few things. Politically speaking, David Blount is the biggest man in his state today. He can have anything he wants, from the head of the ticket down. You spoke rather sneeringly just now of his two months in the senate. He might have gone back if he had wanted to, and he actually did a much more difficult thing—named his successor. I can tell you the state of mind out in the green-wood country if you want to know it."  
"Make it simple," was Blount's condition.

"The outlook for us is precisely what it is in a dozen other states this year—everything promising a renewal of the bullheaded legislative fight on the railroads," said Gantry. "There is only one sense before the people, and that is the Transcontinental railway. The reformers, as they call themselves, would like to legislate us out of existence. We shall beat the reformers and deliver best to stay on earth."  
"Naturally," said Blount. "And my father—how does he stand?"  
"The idea of your having to ask me!" exclaimed Gantry. "But really I wish I could tell you. There are a good many people in our neck of the woods who would like to know. It will make all the difference in the world when it comes to a show-down."  
"Why will it?"  
"Because, apart from the railroad and the anti-railroad factions, there is a very complete and smooth running organization in our neck of the woods."  
"And my father is identified with the machine?"  
Again Gantry choked over the singular lack of information discovering himself in Blount's question.

"Land of glory," he ejaculated. "Where have you been hurying yourself, Evan? Didn't I just tell you that he is the biggest man in the state? Oh, no—with heavy irony—he isn't identified with the machine; he merely owns it and runs it."  
"Ah," said Blount, and a little later, "Thank you, Dick; I am pretty badly out of touch, as you've discovered."

"Then he changed the subject abruptly. "How long will your traffic meeting last?"  
"We practically finished today. An hour or two on Monday will settle it." "After which you'll go west?"  
"By the Monday noon train, if I can make it."  
Silence for a time until Blount broke in upon Gantry's tapping of the dance music rhythm with: "If I can get ready I may go with you, Dick. Would you mind?"  
"Yes; I would mind so much that I'd willingly miss a train and worry out a few more of the chilly Boston hours rather than lose the chance of having you along. Ever meet your father's—or—the present Mrs. Blount, Evan?" he asked suddenly.

"No."  
"She is a fine woman," Gantry ventured.  
"So I have understood." This time Blount's reply was icy. But now Gantry's eyes were twinkling, and he pressed his advantage.  
"You'll have to reckon with her if you go to the green-wood country, Evan. Next to your father, she is the court of last resort. Indeed, there are a good many who say that she is the court."  
Blount said nothing. Nevertheless Gantry tried once more:  
"Not interested, Evan?"  
Blount turned and looked his companion coldly in the eyes.  
"Not in the slightest degree, Dick. Will you take that for your answer now and remember it hereafter?"  
"Surely," laughed the railroad man. "I didn't know it was a sore spot with you."  
He found a match and relighted his cigar. When he began again he was still thinking of the "apron string" clause in the senator's telegram.  
"I can't understand how any man with western blood in his veins could ever be content to marry and settle down in this overcivilized neck of woods," he said.

"Can't you?" Blount smiled, with large light in his eyes.  
"No, I can't," asserted the westerner, adding: "Of course I don't know the eastern young woman. She may be all that is lovely and enticing."  
"She is," declared Blount, with the air of one who had lived long enough to know.  
"You say that as if you'd been taking a few lessons," Gantry laughed. Then, with the friendly impudence which only a college comradeship could excuse, "Is she here tonight?"  
"No."  
"All me about her?" Gantry begged. "I don't often read a love story, but I like to hear 'em."  
"There isn't much to tell, Dick," said Blount. "I've known her for a year, and I've loved her from the first day. That is chapter 1, and chapter 2 ends the story with one small word. She says 'No.'"  
"The dickens she does!" said Gantry in hearty sympathy. "Tough, isn't it, old man? What's the obstacle?"  
"It is Miss Ann's career. She has been studying at home and abroad in preparation for social settlement work in the large cities. Of course I know about it. But I thought—I hoped—"  
"You hoped it was only a young woman's cut in, which it probably is," Gantry cut in.

"Yes, I'm afraid that was just what I did hope, Dick. But I couldn't talk against it. Confound it all, you can't go about smashing ideals for the people you love best!"  
It was quite late when Gantry, pleading weariness on the score of his hard week's work at the railroad meeting, was in the long talk with Gantry Blount had learned many things about the political situation in his native state—things which were enlightening, if not particularly encouraging.  
Oddly enough, he had not recognized in Gantry a skillful special pleader for the railroad, but a man of broad and generous preparation for social settlement work in the large cities. Of course I know about it. But I thought—I hoped—"  
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## Here He Is—



A Story of Political Trickery and Love, of Action, High Purpose and Real Thrills

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

Author of "Red Butte Western," and Other Successful Books

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It Is Being Talked About All Over the Country

This Story starts this week. If you want it, subscribe now and get this week's paper with first chapter.

"sometimes I think you haven't any sense of proportion, Patricia," he said half morosely. "If you have I am sure it is dreadfully distorted."

A white haired old gentleman in the tannous was calling impatiently to Patricia to come and take her place so that he might close the door.

"It is you who have the distorted perspective, Evan," she countered. "Where are you going?"  
"I am going west day after tomorrow."  
"How odd!" she said. "We are going west, too—papa and I—though not quite so soon as Monday."  
"You are?" he queried. "Whereabouts in the west?"

She did not tell him where. The car motor was whirring, the chauffeur was swinging up to his seat behind the pilot wheel, and the old gentleman in the tannous was growing quite violently impatient.

"I shan't say goodbye," she said hastily, giving him her hand at parting, "nor shall I tell you where we are going. Let it be our widoersoban—till we meet again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Foley Kidney Pills.

Naturalize and remove the poisons that cause backache, rheumatism, nervousness and all kidney and bladder irregularities. They build up and restore the natural action of these vital organs. For Sale by all Druggists.

A New York dispatch of the 23d says the quotations for eggs on that day were the lowest for February in 40 years. Fresh eggs were quoted at 20 cents with a prospect of a fall to 15 cents by March 1. The low prices are said to be due to mild weather and large receipts, due to increased production.

"Foley's Honey and Tar is the best cough remedy I ever used and it is quickly stopped a severe cough that had long troubled me," says J. W. Kuhn, Princeton, N. C. Just so quickly and surely it acts on all cases of coughs, colds, la-grippe and lung trouble. Refuse imitations. For Sale by all Druggists.

Turn the colds in the yard every day for exercise.

### GASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kid You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. H. H. Stittchen

CASTORIA. The Kid You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. H. H. Stittchen

FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE FOR BRONCHITIS, THROAT AND CONSTIPATION

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DR. WILL S. LONG, JR., DENTIST, GRAHAM, N. C. OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING

DR. F. G. GOWER, DENTIST, GRAHAM, N. C. Office: Over National Bank of Alamance.

—Ambitious young men and ladies should learn telegraphy, for, since the new 8-hour law became effective there is a shortage of many thousand telegraphers. Positions pay from \$50 to \$70 a month to beginners. The Telegraph Institute of Columbia, S. C. and five other cities is operated under supervision of R. R. Officials and all students are placed when qualified. Write them for particulars.

It is stated that the death of Gen. W. L. Cabell, of Dallas, Tex., Wednesday, leaves only about half a dozen general officers of the Confederate army still living. Among them are Generals Simon B. Buckner of Kentucky, Marcus J. Wright of Washington, D. C., D. C. Walker of South Carolina, George W. Gordon of Tennessee, Clement A. Evans of Georgia and T. T. Munford of Virginia.

English Spain Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ringbones, stifles, sprains all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Saves \$50 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure known. Sold by Graham Drug Co.

Advices from China to the American Red Cross last Thursday are to the effect that conditions in the famine districts are growing worse as days go by. That 2,500,000 Chinese will die for want of bread if assistance is not rendered immediately is the prediction in a statement made by the organization. This number comprises nearly the entire population of the northern part of the province of Kiang-Su and Anhui.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are safe, sure and reliable, and have been praised by thousands of women who have been restored to health through their gentle aid and curative properties. Sold by all dealers.

A dispatch from Tonopah, Nev., says 15 bodies of miners burned to death in a fire in the Belmont mine were brought to the surface Friday. It is believed that there are some four to eight bodies still in the mine. The last four bodies recovered were frightfully mutilated. They came from the bottom of the shaft, which is 1,195 feet deep. The fire was extinguished with little damage to the mine. Six Americans are among the 15 dead, the rest being mostly Slavonians.

Those unsightly pimples and blotches! External applications may partially hide them, but Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea removes them for keeps. Gets at the cause—impure blood. Tea or Nuggets (tablet form) 35c. at Thompson Drug Co.

Mrs. Maud Powell Carpenter, wife of Mr. D. J. Carpenter, until recently of Newton, died last week at Stake, Fla. Mrs. Carpenter was a daughter of the late Dr. Tate Powell and recently moved to Florida with her family. Her husband and four children survive.

Fire that started from an explosion of a quart of gasoline, with which a workman was cleaning a new automobile Tuesday destroyed the plant of the Haynes Automobile Co., at Kokomo, Ind., causing \$750,000 damage. It is believed that a workman, George Bauer, lost his life in the flames. Short-circuiting of an electric light caused the explosion in the assembly room of the factory. One hundred completed automobiles were destroyed.

Foley's Honey and Tar for the children. Is best and safest for all coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. No opiates. Sold by all Druggists.

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