

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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NO. 12

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The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XII. A WELLSPRING IN THE DESERT.

IN the telephone station at the hotel Blount tried several times, and always ineffectually, to get a long distance connection with Wartrace. Failing in this, he called up Gantry to ask if the traffic manager knew anything about the purposes and movements of his father. Gantry did not know, but he knew something else—a thing which proved the leanness of the telegraph department.

"Come down here and tell me what you mean by sending incendiary telegrams to the vice president," he commanded, with jesting severity, over the phone.

Gantry was busy with the stenographer when Evan entered, but the traffic manager immediately postponed the business of the moment and dismissed the clerk.

"There is nothing to tell—more than you seem already to know," said Blount morosely in answer to Gantry's question. "I have wired my resignation; that is all."

"But why?" persisted Gantry. "Because I am not going to be an accessory either before or after the fact—not if I know it," was the prompt rejoinder.

"An accessory to what?" "To a criminal disregard for the laws of this state and of the nation. Gantry, if you and some others had your just deserts you would be breaking stones in the penitentiary this blessed minute."

"Suffering jehu," laughed the traffic manager, "somebody must have been hitting you pretty hard! Who was it, Evan?"

At another time Blount might have been less angry and more discreet. It was Mr. Simon P. Hathaway, president of the Twin Buttes Lumber company," he said.

Gantry drew a long breath, which ended in a low whistle. "So that's what you were let in for, was it?" he exclaimed. And then he checked himself abruptly and went back to the principal contention: "But you're not going to quit, Evan. You can't afford to do that."

"Why can't I?" "Because you have committed yourself right and left. No man can walk out of the ranks on the eve of a battle. You don't stop to consider the construction that will be put upon such hasty action on your part."

"I don't stop to consider anything, Dick, except the fact that I was evidently expected to connive at a criminal contempt for the law of the land, the law which, as a member of the bar, I have sworn to uphold. That was enough for me."

"But you're not enough for Mr. McVickar," Gantry interposed. "If you can afford to drop out he can't afford to let you go. Then, with sudden gravity, 'Haden't you better let me hold up that telegram of yours for a few hours, Evan, until you've had time to think it over?'"

Blount sprang from his chair in a white heat. "Do you mean to tell me that you are already holding it up?" he demanded.

"I took the liberty temporarily," said the traffic manager coolly. "There is no harm done. Mr. McVickar is on his way west now, and he will be here in a day or two. Why not kill the message and have it out with him in person when he comes?"

But Blount was not to be persuaded. "I won't have my communications tampered with," he raged. "If you have given an order to have that telegram held out you can give another to have it sent immediately."

"All right," said Gantry, "just as you say." And he made no effort to detain the enraged one when Blount turned his back and strode away. But after the self discharged political manager was gone the traffic manager checked quietly and turned up a faced down paper which had been lying on his desk during the short and belittling interview.

"Humph!" he mused, reading the typewritten lines over again. "The little lady was too shy for you this time, Evan, my boy. She was just prophesying enough to guess where and how you would go off—the handle. Great little woman that. I believe she figures out more than half of the fine moves in the honorable senator's game."

Evan Blount walked a half dozen blocks beyond the States-Mountain hotel before he had cooled down sufficiently to determine what to do next. As it chanced, the cooling down meant a meeting with him at the entrance of the public garage patronized by his father.

Acting upon the impulse of the moment, he went in and asked if any of Senator Blount's cars were in the city. The garage manager replied that the big roadster was in, and Blount's de-

cision was taken upon the spur of the moment.

A few minutes later he was behind the steering wheel of the fast machine, picking his way out of town.

Blount reached the entrance to the cottonwood shaded avenue at Wartrace just before the dinner hour, and he was so far recovered from the attack of righteous indignation that he was able to meet his father and the others with a fair degree of equanimity.

In the back part of his mind, however, he held the fighting ultimatum in suspense.

At the dinner table the professor held forth dictatorially upon matters pertaining solely to the piousness and never once suffered the table conversation to come within several millions of years of the twentieth century, and at the dispersal—only there was no dispersal—it was his father who led the way to the drawing room and persuaded Patricia to go to the piano.

The young man with the fighting determination in the back part of his brain was willing enough to listen to Grieg and Brahms as interpreted by Patricia, but the greater matter was still outweighing the lesser. Later, when Miss Anners had played herself out, the talk went back to the dinosaurs and the pterodactyls, and when Evan Blount finally went away to smoke he did it alone.

The Wartrace den was an annex to the dining room, and through the looped back portieres he could hear the animated hum of the prehistoric conversation, in which Patricia had now joined, as a loyal daughter should.

Hoping against hope that the professor would some time go to bed and that his father would come to the den for his bedtime whiff at the long stemmed pipe, Blount smoked and waited. When his patience was finally rewarded, it was not the honorable senator who drew the portieres aside and entered the cozy smoking room. It was Patricia, and she was alone.

"I thought perhaps I should find you here," she said calmly, taking the easy chair at the opposite corner of the hearth. "Did we bore you to extinction?"

"Not quite," he laughed. "But since I hadn't got myself born 6,000,000 years ago I can't somehow seem to galvanize a very active interest in the dead and buried periods."

"Nor I," she confessed frankly, "though for papa's sake I do try to. But for us who are living today there are so many problems of really vital importance, problems that the pterodactyls never knew anything about."

"I know," said the young man, half absently. "I am up against one of them right now, and I don't know how to meet it."

"Will it bear telling?" she asked. And he hoped that the sympathy in her tone was personal rather than conventional.



"I WON'T HAVE MY COMMUNICATIONS TAMPERED WITH."

"It will not only bear telling; it demands to be told to some one whose sense of right and wrong has not been drawn and quartered and stayed alive until it has no longer life or breath left with which to protest."

Thereupon he told her all that had happened to him since the evening he had left the sleeping car at Aretas, concluding almost shamefacedly with the story of the lumber magnate's attempt at corruption, of which he suppressed nothing but the fact that the professor's name appeared in Mr. Hathaway's list of shareholders.

When he made an end her eyes were shining, either with quickened sympathy or indignation—he could not determine which.

"What did you do?" she asked, referring to the incident of the afternoon.

"I didn't do half enough," he fumed. "I am afraid I let Hathaway get away without my telling him plainly enough that a hopelessly irrefragable scandal he is. I made a mistake in not throwing him out bodily."

"You made your greatest mistake in the very beginning, Evan," she said decisively. "You should have made a confidant of your father."

"I did try to at first," he protested. "But the game is everything, and everybody plays it—my father, his wife, the railroad officials and the politicians. Surely you wouldn't say that I should have let my father put me on the state ticket as a candidate?"

"Certainly not," was the quick reply, "not unless you were convinced of the purity of his motive. But if you have been telling me the truth and all the truth it would seem that you didn't stop to inquire what that motive might be."

"What was the use of inquiring? He is the boss of the machine. He would have used the machine to put me into office as attorney general. In other words, I should have owed my election not to the will of the people, but the will of one man, and that man my nearest kinsman. Under such circumstances would it have been possible for me to administer the office without fear or favor?"

"I don't see why not," she returned. "Your nearest kinsman, as you call him, would have been the last man to interfere. Wasn't that the very reason he gave for wanting to put you on the ticket?"

"I know," said Blount, whose mind was clouded. "Even so, 'But there are no other mysteries,' am I not sure at this blessed moment that my father hasn't conspired with Mr. McVickar to put me just where I am?"

Her smile was gently reproachful. "It isn't your opinion, Evan, that you don't half appreciate your father," she said. "Worse than that, you don't know him. But that is beside the present mark, at all events. What are you going to do?"

"I have already done it. I have wired my resignation to Mr. McVickar, and he has accepted it. You see, she was looking him fairly in the eyes. "That is the second unwise thing you have done. Evan, you are sadly in need of a balance wheel."

"I know that a good while ago," he rejoined. "I applied for one, and it was refused when you said 'No.'"

"She blushed very prettily. "I can help you now," she said, half hesitatingly. "If only you won't try to drag me over into the field of sentiment. It was just a bit of boyish rage—your sending that telegram to Mr. McVickar. I'll call it that."

"Not now; no."

"Then you must do the next best thing—tell him you have reconsidered."

"But I can't strike hands with the corruption that is going on all around me," he objected indignantly.

"Of course you can't, and you mustn't. But the true reformer is not made out of the man who drops things and runs away. You must stay in and fight—fight harder than you ever have before, Evan; if not for the sake of the larger right, then for your own sake. Can't you see the wide door that is open before you?"

"I can see and hear and feel when the door is slammed in my face," he qualified. "How can I go on preaching the gospel of cleanliness and fair dealing when I know that all this corruption and trickery are going on behind my back? What will the people of this state say to me and about me when the corruption is exposed?"

"Ah," she said, "that is just where you begin to grow one sided. You must go on preaching the gospel, but that is only half of your duty. The other half is to try to make the thing itself agree with the gospel. I fully and firmly believe that you lost your best helper when you refused to join hands with your father. But that is over and done, and now you must make the best of the opportunities you have chosen."

"Patricia, you are an inspiration. If I could only have you beside me to give me a word of battle, I shouldn't mind the odds against me."

"Now you are tempting me," she said slowly. "and it isn't fair. You know my weakness and passion to help. You mustn't tempt me, Evan."

What he would have said, with what passionate pleadings he would have pressed the advantage gained by his appeal for the larger right, she was not to know, for at that moment the portieres were drawn aside, and the small house mistress appeared in the doorway of the smoking den.

"You two!" she scolded, with light hearted austerity, and then to Evan: "Don't you know that we keep country hours here at Wartrace? The professor will be up and calling for the car at 1 o'clock, and it's past mid-night. Shame on you! Run away and get your beauty sleep, both of you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Sea a Deceiver. Like the land, the sea has its flowers, but the most brilliant of the marine flowers bloom not upon plants, but upon animals. The living corals of tropical seas present a display of floral beauty that in richness and variety of color and variety of form rival the splendor of a garden of flowers. The resemblance to vegetable blossoms is so complete that some persons had it difficult to believe that the brilliant display contains no element of plant life, but is wholly animal in its organization. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Thermometer. About 1729 at Amsterdam Fahrenheit made his first thermometer, which has served as a model ever since.

And the next thing we know there'll be a demand for me to pick cactus spines from the hoofs of the mules now doing duty along the Rio Grande.—Milwaukee Journal.

The Kansas City man whose blackhaired wife divorced him because she found a red hair on his coat label, said it came there from his office hairbrush, which was used by his redheaded stenographer. The judge did not believe the explanation and neither do we, but it was a classy sort of lie, nevertheless.—Houston Post.

A chewing gum famine is threatened in Chicago as the result of a strike. Our old fashion notion of nothing to worry about is a chewing gum famine.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

TUSCARORA INDIANS.

They Lived in North Carolina—Mason L. Wiggins Writes to the Farmer and Mechanic about them in June, 1879.

THE NEWS REPORTER, Littleton, N. C.

Dear Sir:— My wife, a grand-daughter of Hon. Mason L. Wiggins, of Halifax County, and a grand-daughter of Gen. Jeremiah Slade, has in her possession a letter written by her grand-father for the Farmer and Mechanic in June 1879, which was never published to her knowledge. She is sending you a copy of this letter for publication, thinking that it will not only prove interesting, but may possibly be of some use in the investigation of the claim now being made by the Tuscarora Indians to lands in Bertie County. Their representative, Chief Mt. Pleasant, is evidently a descendant of the Indian boy known to Mr. Wiggins as Jack Cain, and possibly derived his name from the Academy, where Cain was educated.

Yours very truly, H. CAWTHORNE.

Ringwood, N. C. June, 1879.

For the Farmer & Mechanic:— Some months since, I sent a communication about olden times of seventy years ago, and promised to send another about the Tuscarora Tribe of Indians and their lands in Bertie County. I will now fulfill that promise.

This tribe, when they left Carolina for New York, I think constituted one of the six nations and had a large reservation of very rich land in Bertie County, known at this day as the Indian Woods. This land they leased out for ninety-nine years to the Williams, Bonds, Pughs, Moores, Thomsons, Ruffins and many others, and by their agent, Gen. Jeremiah Slade, of Martin County, one of the most distinguished men of Eastern Carolina, an able lawyer and good farmer, received their rents and had all their business transacted by him. The rents were paid in specie, gold and silver, and whenever a delegation would come, which was every few years, the money, I think was put in tanned deer skin bags, and they sometimes returned in a vessel from Plymouth to New York. When the last of the tribe took their departure from Carolina, they left with their agent a small Indian boy, named Jack Cain, for what purpose, I do not know, unless it was to show that they still had a claim on the land. This boy was raised in the family of Gen. Slade, sent to school and educated. I have been to school at Mt. Pleasant Academy with him myself, and fished with him often. Whatever became of him after he arrived at manhood, I am not able to say, but have heard that he turned out badly, married and perhaps was killed. Some years before the lease expired, the lessees became desirous of having the land sold and this was done. They became the purchasers and obtained a fee simple title. When the last delegation came out to their agent, consisting of the Chief, Giehue and two others, all matters were arranged and full settlement took place, they received their pay, bade adieu to the agent and family and Carolina, and left for their homes. And this is what I have to say about the Tuscarora Tribe. There are only two others now living that I can remember who know anything about this matter except myself.

Signed MASON L. WIGGINS.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will clear the sour stomach, sweeten the breath and create a healthy appetite. They promote the flow of gastric juice, thereby inducing good digestion. Sold by all dealers.

If Col. Bryan's proposal to appoint a commission to prevent war should be adopted, there would be time enough for three or four im-plication conflicts before the commission got its expense allowance increased, appointed all of its invaluable assistants took a couple of vacations, and prepared to proceed to prevent.—Ohio State Journal.

A touch of rheumatism, or twinge of neuralgia, whatever the trouble is, Chamberlain's Liniment drives away the pain at once and cures the complaint quickly. First application gives relief. Sold by all dealers.

THE PRAYER OF MAN-ALIVE.

The Day That Might Have Been Better.

By Richard Wightman.

Father, I am not very sure that this has been a good day. It dawned like any other day and now is dying as other days have died, but memory of the kind of man I was during some of its hours is not altogether satisfying. I do not wish to repudiate this day, nor to disown it, nor to escape the consequences of what I have said and done. Rather would I have it keep its place in the Calendar of Experience, with every thought and motive brought to harvest. If forgiveness carries with it evasion of the consequences of error, I do not wish to be forgiven. Instead, I would trust my unfinished self fearlessly to the justice of that law which provides that every Cause shall beget an Effect in its own image. Let me meet again, in their proper time and form, the children of this day's deeds. And now, at night, as I sit in the stillness and watch the blue and yellow flames above the hearth, may I have ability for impartial retrospection and intelligent choice of spiritual qualities that the morrow, if there be one, may hold more of patient industry and kindly feeling.

House Votes For Popular Election of Senators.

Washington Dispatch, 18th.

The House of Representatives, by a vote of 296 to 16, passed early this evening the Rucker resolution proposing a constitutional amendment for the direct election of United States Senators. This is the first Democratic programme measure passed by the House. Backed by a solid Democratic phalanx, it went through without modification and with a speed that brought protests from the Republicans.

The resolution, as the House approved it, is in the form of the Borah resolution reported out of the Senate judiciary committee in the closing days of the last Congress. Republican opposition to the Rucker resolution in the House was based on the fact that it did not contain the changes afterwards made in the fight in the Senate, which assured to Congress continued control over elections in the several States.

After six hours of debate in which many demands were made for this change in the resolution, all but 15 of the Republicans voted for its passage. Mr. McDermott, of Illinois, was the only Democrat voting against the resolution.

Hunting "Soft Snaps"

There are too many able bodied young men in this age who are going about the country looking for "soft snaps." They regard honest labor with scorn and think it unworthy of a "gentleman." What they want is an easy way to gain a support and live in high style by the sweat of the other fellow's brow. One of the first things they want to know when applying for a position is the very least amount of the work can possibly turn off and at the same time manage to hold the job. All lines of business and work are more or less encumbered with such fellows, and earnest, honest young men who are looking for places in which they may find an opportunity to prove their real worth are frequently crowded out by them. There is not much good of any sort in the fellow who scorns or looks down upon honest work or who is seeking an easy place.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

The splendid work of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets is daily coming to light. No such grand remedy for liver and bowel troubles was ever known before. Thousands bless them for curing constipation, sick headache, biliousness, jaundice and indigestion. Sold by all dealers.

And so far no paragrapher has twisted the familiar phrase to speak of the Mann behind the Cannon!—Boston Transcript.

John D. Rockefeller would go broke if he should spend his entire income trying to prepare a better medicine than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for diarrhoea, dysentery or bowel complaints. It is simply impossible, and so says every one that has used it. Sold by all dealers.

Postmaster James Dorsett, of Spencer, has resigned and J. R. Dorsett is recommended as his successor.

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Postal Deficit About Wiped Out.

Washington Dispatch. Penny postage is now in sight. There is no longer a real deficit in the Postoffice Department. The difference between receipts and expenditures for the last six months shows a difference of only \$40,863 on the wrong side of the ledger.

This administration inherited from that of President Roosevelt a postal deficit of \$17,500,000. This saving has not been accomplished by curtailing postal facilities, according to the department.

In the first six months of the current year the increase in expenditure was only 3.2 per cent., as against an average annual increase of more than 8 per cent. during the last decade. Owing to this marked reduction in expenditures it was possible to wipe out the deficit, in spite of the fact that the increase in revenues fell below the normal, dropping to 6.9 per cent. For the six months as compared with 10.5 per cent. for the corresponding period of the preceding year.

Highway Trustees Meet and Organize.

Raleigh Dispatch, 20th.

The trustees of the North Carolina central highway, appointed by the recent Legislature, organized here today with the election of H. B. Varner, of Lexington, as president, E. E. Britton, of Raleigh, secretary, and George Royall, of Goldsboro, treasurer. The trustees selected also a central committee to act within the president in the prosecution of the work, these being William Dunn, New Bern; Dr. J. M. Templeton, Cary; R. R. Clark, Statesville; W. T. Marion; Thomas J. Murray, Marshall; and J. A. Wellons, Smithfield.

The trustees determined to set about upon the preliminary work, for which the preliminary survey is to be undertaken just as soon as the State Geological Survey can co-operate.

An automobile trip by President Varner, members of the central committee and as many others as can join in is planned to start at Beaufort within the next few days and make the run through the State to the Tennessee line, attending local meetings all along the line and stirring up interest in the movement, which is for a great highway 460 miles in length, the longest undertaken in any State of the Union it is said.

The trustees voted to ask commissioners of the 19 counties through which the road is to pass to contribute \$25 to the fund for the preliminary work. Also they are asked to name with the county trustee a committee of five in their respective counties to have in hand the matters pertaining to the road as they bear on the counties.

Thirteen of the 19 trustees were present and two were represented by proxy. The automobile trip over the route is to start at Beaufort May 9th, and end at Raleigh on the 13th. Then in June a similar trip will begin at Marshall and go to Raleigh.

It started The World when the astounding claims were first made for Buckle's Arnica Salve, but forty years of wonderful cures have proved them true, and everywhere it is known as the best salve on earth for Burns, Boils, Scalds, Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Swellings, Eczema, Chapped hands, Foyer Sores and Piles. Only 25c at Graham Drug Co's.

Postmaster James Dorsett, of Spencer, has resigned and J. R. Dorsett is recommended as his successor.

Mable Cahill, a trapeze performer in Sparks' show, fell from her perch during a performance in Mocksville last Wednesday and dislocated her shoulder. She was treated at a Winston hospital and was able to continue the trip with the show.

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