

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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NO. 15

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The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By **FRANCIS LYNDE**

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CHAPTER XV.

ON THE KNEES OF THE HIGH GODS.

IT WAS ON the evening of the day following the safe blowing in Blount's office in the Temple court building that a one car special train slipped unostentatiously into the capital from the east, running as second section of the overland.

Coincident with its sidetracking, O'Brien, the vice president's secretary, dropped from the step of the car and made his way across the tracks in the yard to the nearest railroad telephone, which chanced to be in the yardmaster's office.

Fifteen minutes later the result of O'Brien's telephoning became evident. Gentry and Kittredge, the division superintendent, left their respective offices in the railroad building, met in the echoing train shed and walked together down the yards.

The vice president, sitting at the great table in the open compartment which served him as a desk in working hours, looked up and nodded when his two subordinates entered.

"You got my message?" he queried. Gentry answered for both. "Yes, and we were waiting. Your orders have been carried out. Nobody outside of the dispatcher's office and the few men in the yard crew knows that you are here."

Mr. McKivkar sat back in his chair, took one of the large black cigars from the open box on the table and passed the box across to his two subalterns.

"Light up," he said tersely. "I am due in Twin Canyon City tomorrow morning, and we've got to thrash this thing out in a hurry. Any change in the situation since your last report?"

Gentry shook his head. "Nothing very important. Blount's uptown offices were broken into last night, and his safe was ripped open with dynamite. That's all."

"Well, that's the big man at the table," said McKivkar. "What came of it?"

"Nothing so far as any one can find out."

To a disinterested observer it might have seemed a little curious that the vice president made no further inquiry into the safe blowing. As a matter of fact, his next question completely ignored it.

"What has Blount been doing this week?" he asked.

"He has spoken twice, once at Artiqua and once at Helienville. Collins says he has engagements enough to keep him out of town right up to election day."

"That's good," was the nodded approval. "He'd only be in the way here at the capital."

"That young man has been pretty nearly a frost," remarked Kittredge casually. "If he isn't a wild eyed fanatic, as Gentry here insists he is, he is deep as the deep blue sea. I've been 'pep'ing him on him, as you directed, and he has worn out three of my best office men trying to keep cases on him."

"You are prejudiced, Kittredge," was the vice president's comment. "It was the vice president's comment. 'It was the best move in the entire campaign putting him in the field. I don't suppose he has accomplished much in a practical way, but we have kept the Honorable Dave from using him, as he meant to.'"

"I don't know about the accomplishment," put in Gentry. "There is a four ply mystery linked up in this, and I don't suppose you can get it out of him. I thought Evan Blount's sudden popularity dated back to some word sent out from your Chicago office, but when you told me it didn't begin to do a little wondering on my own account. It may be to my mind, yet whether it is pure popularity growing out of his speeches or whether it's the assisted kind."

"Assisted?" said the vice president, with a lifting of the heavy penthouse eyebrows.

"Yes," Gentry went on. "It has been too unanimous. Collins has kept me posted, and he says the invitations have fattered in thicker than the autumn leaves in Valhombros, and Kittredge's men tell us that the young orator has been making what figured as a triumphal progress all over the state—banks, receptions, committees, banquets and all that everywhere he has gone."

"But his speeches have been straight to the point, our point," interrupted the vice president. "I've been reading them."

Kittredge shook his head. "Gentry says 'Yes' but I say 'No,'" he contended. "There is such a thing as putting too much sugar in the coffee. Blount's been overdoing it. He's been putting the whitewash on so thick that any little handful of mud that happens to be thrown will stick and look bad."

"We must take chances on that," was Mr. McKivkar's decision. "Young Blount's good work has undoubtedly had its effect upon public sentiment. There is a distinctly better feeling toward us, and it is fairly state wide. We must be exceedingly careful not to let the opposition newsmen get hold

of anything that can be used against us."

"They are moving heaven and earth to do it," said the superintendent. "And I believe that old David is helping them. That is the explanation of the safe blowing incident, as I put it up."

Again the vice president refused to comment on the office breaking.

"What I am most afraid of now is that our young man will be overzealous," he said musingly. "He is something of a fanatic, as you have intimated, Gentry."

"He's more than that," Kittredge put in quickly. "I've had one man keeping tab on him—Farnsworth—who is as good as any detective that ever walked. He says Blount isn't half as innocent as he looks. His speechmaking has taken him into every corner of the state, and Farnsworth says he has been doing a lot of quiet prying and investigating on the side—looking up evidence, was what my man thought."

Gentry began to look uncomfortable. "Perhaps I ought to have mentioned it before," he said. "Blount has been holding me up to the rack all along; says if he preaches straight we've got to walk straight. I've argued with him, but it doesn't do any good."

Once more the vice president's heavy eyebrows rose.

"You mean that he might be tempted to try compulsion?" he asked.

"Yes—er—in fact, he has threatened to do just that," stammered the traffic man.

At that the shaggy eyebrows bent themselves into a frown of abstracted reflection.

"We must take care not to give him a chance," he announced finally. "During the few days that intervene between now and the election he must be kept safely in hand. It won't do for him to be around and in the way while you two are trying to do business with Hathaway and the others. Keep him out of the capital. And if you think he has been gathering evidence see to it that he doesn't get a chance to use it. How about that matter in the Fifth ward? We've got to make sure of Gentry's side."

Kittredge held up a thumb and forefinger tightly pressed together.

"We've got the city wards right there," he said, "with the Honorable David pretty safely cased. He is playing a deep game this time—so deep that it is altogether underground and out of sight. But we have him down just the same."

The vice president reached over and pressed the bell push which signaled to his train conductor.

"That is all I have to say," he concluded. "Keep your eye on young Blount and get rid of him in a few days. I'll leave the details to you. Get orders for me as you go up. Kittredge, and let me out as soon as possible. I ought to be halfway to Alkali by this time."

It was young Ranlett, a reporter for the Daily Capital, who told Evan Blount of the arrival of the president's car, running as second section of the overland.

Ranlett had tried ineffectually to get to the private car, having for his object the interviewing of the vice president.

Blount thought it a little singular that the vice president should come to the capital secretly, but he did not stop to speculate upon this.

Having something more than a suspicion that Gentry was not passing his arrest of exposure up to McKivkar, he determined to seek an interview with the vice president.

Walking rapidly down the Sierra avenue stairs, he saw a light in Gentry's office, and, meaning to be fair first and severe afterward, if needful, he ran up the stairs and tried the door of the traffic manager's office. It opened under his hand. Gentry was at his desk.

"Ranlett tells me that McKivkar is in town," he began abruptly. "Where is he?"

"Ranlett is mistaken—about twenty minutes mistaken," was Gentry's reply. "Mr. McKivkar passed through here a few minutes ago on his way to Twin Canyon City. His special has been gone some little time."

"When is he coming back?" "I don't know."

"Did you see him?" "I did."

"Did you take up with him the matter of issuing new tariffs—to do away with the preferential or to level the public rates down to them?"

Gentry shifted uneasily in his chair and tried to evade. "There was very little time," he said. "Mr. McKivkar was in a great hurry, and his special was held only a few minutes."

Blount crossed the room and sat down.

"Dick, we've come to the last round-up," he said gravely. "In the nature of things I can't give you any more time. You've got to do something and do it quickly. Let's go up and see the editor of the Capital."

"What for?" demanded Gentry. "I want you to give him an interview to the effect that a revision of the freight rates is in process and that shippers having grievances should present themselves at once. That will at least start the ball rolling in the right direction."

Growing Egyptian Cotton in Colorado River Region.

Agricultural Department Bulletin.

That the requirements of the cotton goods industry necessitate the importation of approximately 60,000,000 pounds of Egyptian cotton, costing \$16,000,000, is probably unknown to the majority of readers, who read of the enormous crops of cotton produced in our Southern States and learn that during the last seven months all records have been broken and practically \$500,000,000 worth of that staple has been exported.

But it was the considerable value of this import that induced the United States Department of Agriculture several years ago to endeavor to develop Egyptian cotton culture in the United States in order to supply our own home market with a home grown product.

Although experiments were made at different points from South Carolina to Texas, as well as in western Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and southern California, it was only in the Colorado river region that climatic and other conditions similar to those in the Nile Valley and suited to the long staple Egyptian cotton were found.

There 600,000 acres of excellent land are, or soon will be, under ditch in the Imperial Yuma, Salt and Gila Valleys, and one-fifth this acreage could produce the amount of Egyptian cotton annually imported for the use of New England mills.

For several years studies and experiments with the various Egyptian varieties have been undertaken in southern Arizona, southern California and Egypt and several bulletins have been issued giving detailed reports of the progress and success achieved.

BY THE EARLY CANDLE LIGHT.

"Mr. Bryan Lays Cornerstone."—Headline. It is gratifying to find Mr. Bryan at constructive work for once.—Omaha Bee.

Of course, we are all glad that Vice-President Corral, of Mexico, got rid of that interview so easily.—Omaha World Herald.

The women have refrained from taking sides in this whippersnapper dispute—they know it's a ticklish subject.—Washington Post.

Since the democratic house began its session the Congressional Record makes lots better reading than it used to.—Houston Chronicle.

Another keeper has been killed by an elephant. Here is one more warning for some of the republican leaders in Washington.—Cleveland Leader.

Labor has its recompenses. For example, continuous use of a snow shovel in the winter puts one in excellent condition for pushing a lawn mower in the summer.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Chew your food thoroughly. Chew! Chew! Chew! Eat slowly. Chew longer, then chew again," says a Louisville health lecturer. He eventually got into the habit of chewing the rag.—Macon (Ga.) News.

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.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, historian and author, minister and soldier, and of the last of the group of famous scholars and abolitionists of half a century ago, died at his home at Cambridge, Mass., Tuesday night, aged 87.

Foley's Kidney Remedy Acted Quickly.

M. N. George, Irondale, Ala., was bothered with kidney trouble for many years. "I was persuaded to try Foley's Kidney Remedy, and before taking it three days I could feel its beneficial effects. The pain left my back, my kidney action cleared up, and I am so much better I do not hesitate to recommend Foley's Kidney Remedy."

Lieut. Kelly, of the United States army, was killed at San Antonio, Texas, Wednesday, while making a flight in an aeroplane. He was landing when an accident to the machine caused it to run away, so to speak. It struck an embankment, turned over and Kelly's neck was broken.

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For Superintendent Public Instruction.

Mr. Editor:

Before we celebrate another anniversary of our National Independence, the children, teachers and people of Alamance County, will be committed to the care, foresight, and wisdom of some person as County Superintendent of Public Instruction, for the next two years, a leader who will be instrumental in preserving unto us and more perfectly developing that freedom our grizzly gray ancestors fought so valiantly to secure and maintain.

The position to be filled by the County Board of Education, on the first Monday in July, is of greater importance and of more vital interest to the correct life of our future hope in boys and girls, than the filling of any other place in our county, when I make this sweeping statement, I am not unmindful of the various pastures of our county, for this leader is commended to rise above sect, creed, doctrine and denominational strife, and serve all alike in preparing the boys and girls for the respective duties of life.

Therefore, the anxious, and alert thinkers of our county are thinking daily on this supreme question, supreme, because it is a question that lifts itself far above party affiliations and ties of special friendship, hence, the men who are leading the rank and file of the great army of modern civilization, are thinking of the modern educator in his true relation to the present educational movement. They think correctly when they say, that if Alamance County is to do its best for its youth and for all, it must use the best possible machinery in the hands of the practical every day teaching educator. Yes, but the particular few ask, why are these questions agitated so much at present. The answer is simple. This is a day of specialization and concentration of forces. To illustrate, a great scientist spent a life time studying the common house fly, and the last hour regretted his mistake, in not studying only one leg. It is a day when no man can be two in one; that is he can't be a successful farmer and a great captain of industry at the same time. To be more specific the word says, that we cannot serve two masters, for we will either love the one and hate the other, or cling to one and forsake the other. And I might say by way of parenthesis, that the present incumbent, is a man of sterling qualities, of genuine worth, but like so many men, has divided or permitted to be divided, his forces, one force leading into fields of religion and the other branch to steal out into the educational garden. The teachers of our county are anxiously awaiting the decision of our County Board of Education, for the teachers know the encouragement, strength, vigor and fresh hope that the visit of the proper Superintendent of Schools gives to teacher and student alike.

This question becomes all the more acute, when I learn that the present incumbent does not expect to be a candidate for re-election, because it means the selection of a man, whom we have not tried in this particular capacity. Therefore, it behooves every citizen of our county to cast his eyes around about him for the most desirable, and the best qualified man, available for this position, that can be secured for the salary paid. This leads to the conclusion that to get the kind of a man, that this place commands, it is necessary to go to one and only source, the school of teachers. The order of creation is everything after its kind. The farmer to the farm, the merchant to the store, the lawyer to the court, the engineer to his engine, the preacher to the pulpit, the teacher to the school and the educator to the service of education.

It is a matter of history not very far in the past, that the County Superintendent of Education, was some antiquated lawyer, obsolete doctor, relegated teacher or discarded partisan politician, that in many instances was permitted to detract from this, the highest position of leadership in our county, but it is exceedingly gratifying to know that this conception of this calling has passed away—many years ago in

Unclaimed Money in Uncle Sam's Vault.

Washington Dispatch.

Stacked in one of the corners the steel-ribbed vaults of the United States Treasury, \$300,000 in gold coin is going begging. The government cannot give it away yet none of the rightful owners can be induced to take it. It represents unclaimed interest on the public debt. Somewhere, in nooks and crannies and out-of-the-way places, are the government checks for the money which have not been cashed. Some of these never will be presented, others may be brought around in time and some are being held by cautious investors.

From time to time the Treasury attempts to call in the checks, and the vagaries of human nature are shown. One citizen has more than \$60,000 waiting for him, and holds the checks for it. He was invited recently to cash it, and he made a trip to Washington to tell the Treasury officials the checks were his property; he would cash them when he pleased, or burn them, as he wished. If he does the latter his money will be held in the vaults until Congress, perhaps might dispose of it. The Treasury can do nothing but keep it.

The contractor who laid the pavement upon Pennsylvania avenue, near the capitol to the White House, has \$21,000 waiting for him. It has been there many years, but the Treasury never has been able to find the rightful payee, as the contractor failed and his affairs became involved in litigation, which never has been settled.

The amounts of this seemingly ownerless fund ranges from thousands down to a few cents. The smaller amounts are all held for those who owned government securities at some time or other, and probably have forgotten to collect their latest interest.

The farm will come nearer running itself than any other institution on earth. What would it be like if the farmer put as much system into it as is put into a modern department store or the modern newspaper. By visiting the farm of the late David Rankin, at Tarkio, Mo., or that owned by the Smiths, of Oklahoma, you can see for yourself.

Possession is said to be nine points in law. This is certainly true of weeds. When they once get the possession of a field it takes about nine times the labor to get rid of them that would be needed if they had been held in check from the start.

Robert Glasbrook, a young man whose home is in Caldwell county, was arrested in Newport News, Va., a few days ago, and brought to Lenoir jail. He is charged with burning the post-office at Granite Falls, Caldwell county.

The Sentinel says a training school for girls who wish to enter home mission field, and an institute for laymen and preachers may be established in Winston-Salem and both likely be operated in connection with Burkhead Institutional church, under the auspices of the board of missions of the Western North Carolina Conference, M. E. Church South.

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