THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXI.

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N. C

GRAHAM, May 17, '88.

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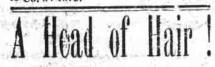
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Just then the angel appeared. It was "Do you know this man?" asked the the young widow whom Lawrence had policeman. park up-town. She was in met in the court with Mrs. Bowers, assisting that scornfully, "I should hope not!" charitable lady in her work and at the same time keeping an oye open for her thieving maid, who might be oxpocted and took a room, don't you? I am Lawto turn up at any time among the pris-



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LIS NAME WAS JONES.

oners. During the examination of Lawrence and the impostor she had been busy with Mrs. Bowers in another part of the room, and so had not heard a word of the case. It takes an acuto ear to detect any thing that goes on in a New York court, even when one stands beside the judge himself. The young lady had chanced to see Mr. Drane's face, and in spite of the great improvement effected on it by the barber and the radical change in his garb, she recognized him. It was not immediate, and she was not altogether sure. She whispered excitedly to Mrs. Bowers: -"Seel is not that the gentleman who assisted me the other morning?" Mrs. Bowers had recourse to her

glasses. "I should think so," she replied,

from his clothes. I shouldn't be likely to forget them." "Ne, no; I mean the other one. I

must go up and see." Mrs. Bowers disapproved of this heart-ily, but the young widow took her own way, and presently Mr. Drano felt a light hand laid on his arm. It was at the point where the imposter had asked to be allowed to go to his hotel. Lawrence turned, and with a joyfully leaping heart saw the companion of his ad-

venture in the park. He was never so glad to see anybody before, and forgetting his situation he cried: "I am perfectly delighted to see you

Mrs. Bowers said, firmly, "I can not have a lunatic in my house. It is all that I can do to look out for you." At the thought that Drane would be sent, partly on her account, to an island where there might be neither pudding nor tea, Bessie developed symptoms of hysteria which touched Mrs. Bowers'

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, FERUARY 21, 1895.

heart. "Perhaps I could get him committed to Jonkins' Retreat," she said, relenting. "Where is that?" asked Bessie, catching at a straw.

"It is a private asylum up-town," said Mrs. Bowers, "where they care for mild but hopeless lunatics. I will speak to the judge about it."

"Is it better than that awful island?" "It is a shade more cheerful," Mrs. Bowers admitted, shutting her lips to-

"Then make the judge send him "But you remember," cried the imthere," cried Besaie. "Tell him that I postor. "that I came here this morning will give him ten thousand dollars if he will. ronce Drane, of Kansas City. You'll "My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowers,

shocked at the girl's ignorance, "there are only a certain number of judges in The clerk examined the big book. "There's a Mr. Drane here," he said; "I remember him. Ho was a well-New York, and you don't want them dressed man, and you-why, he wouldn't

Drane had observed this conversation, let you in at the door if you didn't come though he could not hear any of it. One with a policeman. Besides, this Mr Drane came from New Haven." can not hear any thing in a New York police court. The testimony of tear-"Oh, Lord! I forgot that!" exclaimed ful innocence given in such places is the impostor; "you see, I came down heard only in Heaven; which is just as from New Haven on an early train. well, perhaps, for it may get some at-Why, I was married in New Haven yestention up there. However, Drane knew that Bessie had been pleading for The clork turned away with a sniff of him; and when Mrs. Bowers approached the judge, the prisoner realized that "Come now, whatever your name is." some amelioration of his condition might said the officer, "don't waste any more time. March back to court." be expected.

Mrs. Bowers talked caracstly with the So back he went, regrotting at every magistrate, and with such good effect that Drane was consigned to Jenkins' Retreat till his friends from Kansas step that his sudden prosperity had so enlivened bis respect for cleanliness City should arrive. As for the tramp, "First I've taken for years," he muthe went to be fed-to a certain extent. tered, "and it serves me right. Got on Mr. Jonkins called his asylum a "re-

troat," advisedly, because it certainly There were a lot of late arrivals at was not an advance upon any thing Jefferson market that day, and it was hitherto existing in that line of busi ness, Its exterior had all the subdued horror of a fashionable boarding-houso where nothing thrives but gaunt respectability. Within it was even worse. An atmosphere of "references given and required," especially the latter, filled the hall; and through a doorway to learn the result of the inquiry. Just at the right, could be seen a tomb-like parlor, wherein upon the sarcophagus a messenger boy crawled into the room of a sofa sat the rigid images of two ancient females, evidently patients. . They looked out at Drane with a cold severity that made his bair curl.

The judge relieved the boy of his dis-He had come there in charge of a court officer, and had not been allowed co exchange a word with Bessie, whom Mrs. Bowers had dragge 1 away as soon as the question of commitment had been settled. He felt deserted and friendless, and despito the fact that it was a very warm evening, he shivered as he stood in the hall waiting for Jenkins, of whom the officer had gone in search. A largo number of ontertaining and cheerful reflections crowded upon Drane as ho stood in the dimly-lighted hall. He wondered, for instance, whether a raight-jacket would be regarded as an

'l couldn't think of such a thing," was a small matter of property depend. ing upon our union-but never mind. Ho seemed to avoid me at first, but at length fate threw us together. Returning to his room one morning very early endcavored to enter the old-fashioned clock at the head of the first flight of stairs under the impression that it was the door of his apartment. It was the absent-mindedness of genius. Ah, well ho and the clock fell down the stairs locked in each other's arms, and when they picked him up one of his limbs was broken. I came to nurse him. For seven long weeks I was his constant, his only companion. I read to him. I talked to him-and then-and



"Tle died?"

"No; he became a hopeless lunatic. I have never loved since then; but now your face brings it all back to me. Excuse the outburst of my feelings."

She laid hor head on his shoulder, and cried into his collar. Drane could feel his hair begin to turn gray but he shut his teeth together with resolution. The other fellow had stood it seven weeks before he went out of his head. and Drane believed that he could last till Jonkins came.

In fact he did; but it was a close shave. Jenkins was a tall and greedy man, with hollow cheeks and a cheerless smile. At his appearance the woman with a romance in her life vanished in charge of her companion, who proved to be the matron of the house. Jenkins did not care to question the new comer. He was satisfied that all charges would be promptly paid, and he at once escorted Drane to an apartment on the third floor. Here the unfortunate young man secured some toast and tea, which, however, did not wholly sustain him against the horrors of the night.

Jenkins made a casual inspection of Drano's pockets before leaving the room.

"You will excuse this formality." said he, "but the man who occupied this room before you brought in a picce of rope with which he hanged himself over the headboard of the bed before morn-We have had many cases of the ing. kind. Good night."

This was a cheerful subject of reflection to take to bed with one, and it was still more consoling to hear the key turned on the outside of the door.

"I bolieve that I shall actual

A PRETTY TRICK. "Old Ironsides" Fooled the How Enemy for a Long Time. The Constitution, or "Old Iron-

ides," as she is more familiarly known, is the most famous of all the wooden ships that we have preserved. Time and time again did she vanquish the English ships in the war of 1812, and proud were the people of her captures. Probably the most thrilling incident of her career was her escape from seven English men-of-war, after an exciting chase of nearly three days and nights. The chase began on July 17, 1812. The Constitution was out for a long cruise, and was weighted down with stores. The sea was calm and no wind was stirring. Capt. Hull put out his men in boats to tow the ship. They pulled vallantly, and as night came on a "kedge" anchor was run out half a milc ahead. The crew on the ship kept pulling on this, and the Britshers didn't discover for a long time the secret. Finally the English saw it and adopted the same tactics, and by doubling up their crews began to pull their famous ship Shannon near to the Constitution. A light breeze sprang up and saved the American ship for the time. There was a calm the next day, and the agonizing struggle went on. The next night another light breeze came up, and the tired sailors obtained a little sleep. The next day there came a

sharp breeze after many hours of struggle. The Constitution trimmed her sails to catch it, the boats dropped back, and the men were caught up as the ship gathered headway. The Guerriere, of the English fleet, came abeam as the wind freshened and fired a broadside, but the shots fell short, and the

Constitution's men ignored them, and calmly went about straightening up their vessel, as if they had just left port, and such a thing as

an enemy was unheard of. Only a Trifle.

Prominent Actress - That man whom you recommended to me as a competent person to steal my £2,000 worth of diamonds and then return them, was guilty of unprofessional

Manager-Indeed! In what way? Prominent Actress-He really and ctually did steal them.

NO. 3.

A Strong Fortification. Fortify the body against disease

by Tutt's Liver Pills, an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, jaundice; biliousness and all kindred troubles. "The Fly-Wheel of Life" Dr. Tutt; Your Liver Pills are the fly-wheel of life. I shall ever be grateful for the accident that brought them to my notice. I feel as if I had a new lease of life. J. Fairleigh, Platte Cannon, Col. Tutt's Liver Pills

DR. ROYKIN'S WORM KILLER.

THE BEST SELLING VERMIFUJE IN THE MARKET.

The Most Reliable Worm Destroyer in use. Recipe furnished to any regular physician when requested.

LaGrange, N. C., July, 37. Mr. J. P. Joyner :-- I gave my child one done Boykin's Worm Killer, purchased of you. It brought \$60 worms, 'I consider II the best medicine made, J. W. THOMAS.

Duck Creek, N. C., May 8, 1884. Boykin, Carmer 4 to .- Dear Sira: Mr. A. Rudd a very responsible enstomer of mine, gavehalf a teaspoonful of Worm Killer to a child inst week and the result warfs worms. Mr. Daniel Pines used it with still better ef-fect : 75 worms from one child; of course iny sales will be large. Yours truly. E 8/SMITH.

Read the following from one of the most prominent and best known physicians and armers in South Carolina. He writes, "that a negro girl 10 years old near him, took two or three dones of the Worm Killer and pass td 386 worms." two

R. H. EDMUNDS, M. D.

Mr. H. M. McDonald, of LaGrange, N. C., says, Dr. Boykin's Worm Killer brought over 100 worms from one child in his neigh-borhood, and that it gives universal satisfac-tion. He sells more of it than all other worm medicines.

Do not let your druggist or General

Dealer ppt you off with some other. A-k for "Boykin Worm Killer"

and get it. Any M. D. can j prescribe it and many do.



I am the North Carolina Agent for

Dr. White's New Hair Grower Treatment

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.

It will permanently cure falling of the bair, dandruff, scaly eruptions, postules, or any scalp disease. It prevents hair turning gray and restores hair to its original color, and brings a

New Growth of Hair on any Bald Head on Earth.

It is the only treatment that will produce these results. Testimonials and treatise furnished

on application. Mr. John M. Coble, at Coble & Thompson's store, is my agent at Gra-

ham, N. C. Respectfully, B. T. LASHLE1,

Dec. 14-tf. Haw River, N. U

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the Brain, Insanity MAONETIC NER plain package b 8 for \$5.00. Wis 101-1

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She was about to reply when the judge Interposed.

"You must not speak to the prisoner, madam, but you may come up here and tell me what you know about this man. You may be able to clear up this mattor.'

The young lady, blushing rosily and smiling at the thought of being ablo to give some assistance to her benefactor, stepped before the judge and wassworn. She gave her name, but in spite of all attention Lawrence missed it in the confusion attendant upon the bringing in of several new arrests. Ho began to see the end of his difficulties, and joy possessed him as the judgo listened with evident belief to the young lady's account of the park episodo.

"And what is the gentleman's name?" asked the judge when she had finished

her little story. "Mr. Thomas Jones," replied the widow promptly. It was the name she had heard Lawrence give at the police station.

When he heard this answer Drane grouned audibly. The impostor's face was lighted by a triumphant smile and the judge frowned. The young lady saw that something had gone awry and she exclaimed hysterically:

"Oh, dear! Have I done any thing wrong?"

"Nothing whatever, madam," said the judge. "You may step down. Now, Mr. Thomas Jones, you told me em-phatically but a few days ago that your name was Jones. Have you any thing more to say?" "Your honor," and Lawrence's voice

was ragged with emotion as he spoke: "I see that I have been continually beset with my own blunders. I blundered in lying about my name, which is really Drane; since then I have blundered at every step until I committed the last in declining to explain myself. I will gladly pay the expense of telegraphing to Kansas City. My friends there will

reply to your satisfaction." "We will let you do that, Jones," said the judge, "but meantime I shall hold you, and if a reply does not come before we adjourn you will have to remain." There was nothing for Lawrence to do but acquiesce and write his telegram as fast as possible. This, after some judicial editing, read as follows:

SANFORD DRANE-I am held in court on suspicion of stealing my own clothes and my name: Please wire the court at once a full description of my appearance L. D.

and history. L. D. Then his own statement of his adrentures was taken down. If this should correspond to the account to be clegraphed he would be free. Confident of the result he followed an officer to the prison, leaving the pretty widow sitting on a front scat tearfully listening to a whispered lecture from that expert character reader, Mrs. Bowers.

Bowers. The impostor, anxious to establish his case befords reply to Mr. Drano's telegram should arrive, hurried from the court accompanied by an officer. They went to a Breadway hotel and marched straight up to the pompous clock cierk.

"There is a vilo conspiracy back of this!" cried the real Drane.

"Know him?" returned the clerk,

find my name on the register.'

that he had ventured to take a bath.

six o'clock before the court was ready

to adjourn. Mrs. Bowers and the fair

widow were still there, the former stay-

ing against her will at the earnest solic-

itation of the latter. She was sadly

disturbed at having failed so signally

to aid her benefactor, and was anxious

in the nick of time, as it seemed to her,

and demanded with amazing indiffer-

patch and addressed a remark to him

thousand times faster than he came in.

The two claimants to the name of Drane

were already at the bar. The judge read

the telegram silently, coughed, read it

Then be read the dispatch aloud:

"This does not soom to help matters

"THE JUDGE, Jefferson Market Court.

New York-If Lawrence Drano is in

your charge please hold him. He is un-

which sent him out of court several

"Is de judge here?"

again and remarked:

for oithor of you."

doubtedly insane.

ment.'

well enough without before."

terday!"

disgust.

"Oh, I give it up! I'm not Drano at all," shouted the imposter. Thumpity-bag! said the judge's gavel. angrily, and the judge himself added: "The court believes you are both demented. I shall commit you both to an asylum for examination and treat-

CHAPTER VIL

JENKINS' RETREAT. Amid the sorrows in which Drane was again involved, he had one consolation -the young woman with thirteen millions evidently felt almost as badly as he did. He heard her tell Mrs. Bowers that the judicial blacksmith on the bench was "simply dreadful."

But this was not the best of it; he heard Mrs. Bowers' reply. Only two words, indeed, and as irrelevant as are most feminine utterances in times of emergency: "Why. Bessie!" was all she said, or at least all that Drane hoard. but he was more than rejoiced. Her name was Bessie! At last he had some thing to call her in his thoughts. It was the first hint on the subject. In his joy at this discovery he forgot to regret that he didn't know the other half of her name. He watched her pour her woes into Mrs. Bowers' ear, and was satisfied.

Such a spectacle is always entertaining, for when a woman has embarrassed a man by making a blunder, if she is not too stupid to see it, nor too proud to acknowledge it, nor too nervous to know what she is about, she will sometimes pity him divinely, if he is reasonably good-looking. And if she has begun to feel a little tenderly toward him, she will often accuse herself unjustly, in order that she may have the luxury of tolling herself how sorry she is that she has put him into a difficulty.

That was why Bessie now gazed at Drane with such angelic sympathy dolated upon her beautiful counter She said in her boart that hor testimony had somehow helped to prove that he was insane. It was a question of the heart, and in such cases a woman pever allows an appeal to the higher tribunal of the mind. So Bessie acted upon her first impulse and implored Mrs. Bowers to do something, no matter what it was With Mrs. Bowers it was a question neither of the heart nor of the mind, but of the conscience. Therefore she deeided to be merciless, but just. It was her plain duty to protect Bessie from stors, fortune hunters and lunatios; so she frowned at Drane in a way that gave him a chill to supplement the fover which Bessie's tender glances had put into his blood.

"Where will they send him now? asked Bessle, shuddering.

"Probably to Ward's Island, tempo-rarily," replied Mrs. Bowors.

"Will they be good to him there?" "He will be cared for," said Mrs. Bowers, sternly; "and fed-to a cortain ex-

"Ob. my!" oried Bessie, tearfully. "Can't we take him home with ns? You have been so kind to me that I look upon your house as home now, you know."

essential of absolutely correct ovening dress in Mr. Jonkins' retreat. He also had a curiosity to know how often, on an average, the violent lunatics in the establishment overpowered their keepers and slaughtered the loss domented inmates. But, doepest and most important of all, was the question of suppor, for the meal which he had appropriated in the bath had ceased to give him satisfactory support, and it might be a long

time before he had a chance to steal another. Jonkins was slow in coming; and

Drane got more and more nervous. file had an unusually strong natural horror of lunatics. Not that their presence is particularly agreeable to any body-except a Jenkins at so much a head-but Drane was actually superstitious about

it. He had a feeling that the germs of mania were floating in the air around him, and that he might break out with the disease any minute. He wondered at being left thus alone.

A man who had been judicially decided to be crazy should have a keeper. Then he perceived in the shadow of the door a large, ungainly man who seemed to be on watch. He stood in a kind of niche, and had thus escaped Drano's observation when he entered. This man's eye so glared upon him out of the darkness that Drane's nerves began to dance in a manner that threatened to fit him very quickly for permanent occupancy of the retreat. He felt that he must escape from that man's observation or relieve the oppressive silence by a howl.

He compromised the matter by stepping into the parlor. At this, both the ancient and unfortunate ladies assumed an air of modest reserve which was quite frightful to see. Presently one of them drew out her handkerchief and began to weep softly, but with evident dotermination to do the subject full justice before she got through.

"Madame," said Drane, gently, "if my presence affects you to tears, I will withdraw."

"Do not do so on my account," she said. "It is not your fault that you have revived a sorrow that has long been buried in my breast." Drane regretted having been the cause of such a joyless resurrection, and

he vontured to murmur words to that offect. "It does not matter," she said. "My

conduct must seem strange to you. I can hardly explain it without telling you the story of my life. There is a re-mance in it," and she brightened ap- desolating drought they obliterated preciably. "You shall hear the melancholy narrative."

"Far be it from me to intrude upon your confidence," said Drane, endeavoring to get away. But she fixed him with

her eye and he sank back into his seat. Then she drow a chair near to his and between him and the door.

"You resemble him strongly," said she. "The same noble features, the same soulful eyes, the same paller, indicative of the same sad fate. Are you a genius? Do you write poems of the soul as he did?"

Drane groaned. "I know it," she went on. "Listen. We were destined for each other, There track as a record.

crazy before morning," said Drane as he stretched himself upon the bed. It was insufferably hot. The windows were carefully barred and screened in a way which not only prevented the suicida egress of Jenkins' boarders but denied ingress to an adequate supply of the free air of Heaven. After making this discovery Drane returned to his bod, where he was soon dreaming that the dangling heels of his unhappy predecessor were still knocking against the headboard.

TO BE CONTINUED.] RAPID ILPRODUCTION.

The Prodigious Increase of the Rabbil Population of New Zealand.

Two pairs of rabbits were originally taken to New Zealand for the purpose of stocking the island with some small game, and turned loose. The rabbits gradually faded from the public mind. Seldom, says J. M. Ingram in Lippincott's Magazine, were they seen by human eyes. But time passed. The rabbits improved each shining hour to increase their numbers. They were multiplying by a ratio of their own caclulation. The semi-tropical character of the climate enabled one brace of animalsand their beirs-within forty-eight months to be responsible for one million two hundred and fifty thousand of kittens.

After a few years' start the result of this productive activity began to be observed. Rabbits appeared in diverse places. Soon they were seen in crowds. The crowds then assumed larger proportions; the proportions continued to extend. Like

a ripple started on a placid lake, which soon touches the circling shores, the rabbits finally spread over the island.

The cloudbursts which broke among the rocky peaks and the mountain floods which poured their torrents from the canyons of the New Zealand Alps were not more disastrous to the surrounding plains. Like a scourge of caterpillars the rabbits devoured whatever vegeta-

the herbage in the valley and made barren the hills. Where prolific verdure had waved on the plains naked wastes now marked the landscape. Crops were destroyed, grainfields, gardens and orchards were blighted. Farms were made valueless, grazing runs were eaten out; flocks and herds died for lack of food. Sheep and cattle raising suffered heavily and agriculture was seriously threatened. A second Australian plague bad invaded the islands and left the same blasted

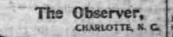
with the man with the mind. Soon the latter was terrinly shocked to hear these awful wards come from the fat and rosy face before him: "Old man I think you are wrong." At once a bet was made. The man with the mind lost of course for his fat friend had primed himself for the context from the new up-to-date Encyclopaedia Britannica, a set of which the boys had purchased. The bet was paid the following day, just as you see it in

This Tale Has a Moral

picture.

which those who work in stores, manufactories and offices, will see without a

alescope. The Encyclopedia Britannica in your home will keep you from playing horse while your peighbor rid-s, and it will cost you only se cen's a day procure it if you will write for turns and sample pages to



January, 1295.

G. D. VINCENT, C. S. C. Jan 34 64

GLEANER, Graham, N.C.-Mr. C. T. Holl, Haw kliver, or almost any of your friends can tell you of good work that the

Electropoise.