THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1898.

that it would be honored, terrified by

When Mme. Loisel returned the neck

She did not open the case, the one

From that time on Mme. Loisel knew

share of privations was bravely borne.

They discharged their one domestic, changed their location and rented small-

She knew now what meant the daties

the kitchen. Her pretty bands soon lost

all semblance of the care of bygone

carrying her basket on her arm, bar-

gaining, defending cent by cent her miserable money.

some notes and renew others in order to gain time. Her husband worked in the

evening balancing the books of mer-chants, and often was busy all night

And this life they endured for ten

At the end of this time they had paid

all the tax of the usurers and compound

Mme, Loisel seemed an old woma

now. She had become strong and hardy

as the women of the provinces, and

with topsled head, short skirts and red

hands the was foremost among the loud

voiced women of the neighborhood who

passed their time gossiping at their doorsteps.

But sometimes when her husband

was at his office she seated berself at

the window and thought of that even-

ing in the past and that ball where she had been so beautiful and so admired.

had not lost the necklace? Who knows?

Life is a singular and changeable thing,

full of vicissitudes. How little it takes

One Sunday as she was walking in

Champs Elysees to divert herse

from the cares and duties of the week

she suddenly perceived a lady with a

little child coming toward her. It was

Mme. Forestier, still young, beautiful and charming. Mme. Loisel stopped

short, too agitated to prove. Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now

that the necklace was paid for she

would tell her everything. Why not? She walked up to her and said,

"Good day, Jeanne,"
Mme. Forestier did not recognize her

'No, I am Mathilde Loisel."

"Oh, my poor Mathilde, how you are

'Yes, I have had lots of trouble and

misery since last I saw you—and all for

"For me? And how was that?"

"Lost it! How could you, since you

'You say that you bought a necklac

'Yes, and you never found it out:

smiled proudly.

Touched to the heart, Mms. Foresties

"Oh, my poor Mathilde, but mine were faire! They were not worth more

than 500 france at most!"—Translate from the French of Guy de Manpassan

GOOD ROADS IN NEW JERSEY.

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Pennsylvania pays a tribute to a sis-ter state through the columns of the

Philadelphia Press when it says that

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in the good roads movement. It has the

best state road law and is going ahead converting section after section of its former sand and mud roads into smooth, hard telford that doubles and quadraples

tractive and inviting as a place of res

The last legislature pussed a law pro-

Since the good reads of New Jersey have come to form such a network it

ds, as the tell roads that still exist

a farmer's horse power without inc

of diamonds to replace mine;"

to so familiarly by this

von are mistaken."

Yes. Well?

I am very bappy.

Mme. Forestier.

voice filled with tears.

For Shert Stories.

"Well. I lost it."

to save or wreck ps!

What would have happened if she

copying at 5 cents a page.

They were obliged each month to pay

-wearing the dress of the wom-

lace to Mme. Forestier, she coldly said

as I might bave needed it."

not be taken for a thief?

or apartments near the roof.

NO. 17.

Job Printing. neatly and promptly execu

RAYES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

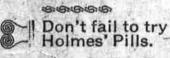
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UNSUNG.

As switch as the breath that goes From the lips of the white rose, As welrd as the elfin lights That glimner of frosty nights, As wild as the winds that tear The carled red leaf in the sir, Is the song I have nover sung.

I've said the enchanted raymes, But ere I open my eyes This ghost of a poom files. Of the interfluent strains Not even a note remains. I know by my pulses' best It was something with and sweet, And my heart was strangely stirred By an unremembered word.

I strive, but I strive in vain, To recall the lost refrain. On some miraculous day Perhaps it will come to stay. In some unimagined spring In some unimagined spring
I may find my voice and sing
The song I have flever sung.
—T. B. Aldrich.

THE NECKLACE.

She was one of those charming girls born by a freak of destiny in a family of toilers. She had no fortune, no expectations, no means of satisfying her ambitions except by a marriage with a rich and distinguished man, and, as sho knew none, in order to escape from her surroundings she married a clerk in the office of the minister of public instruc-

She dreamed of beautiful balls, discreefly lighted by candles in great bronze candlesticks, whose rich carpets gave back no sounds and whose walls were covered with silks from the orient, and of obsequious footmen balf asicep in their large armchairs, ready to attend to your every want at a mo-ment's notice; of large salons draped in ancient silks, of "etagers" covered with and on all sides was beard: priceless bric-a brac. She thought also of coquettish small salons, made ex-pressly for the "5 o'clock," when one receives only one's intimates or distinguished men of letters, from whom it is every woman's ambition to receive at-

when she was seated at the table, whose cloth had already done duty for three days, or opposito her busband, who evinced his entire satisfaction with the evening repast by such exclamations as, "Oh, the good 'pot-an-feu!" I know nothing better," her imagination carried her away to stately banquet halls, whose walls were covered with rich tapestries, portraying scenes in which ancient personages and strange birds were pictured in the middle of a fairylike forest. She pictured the glittering silver, strange dishes, exquisitely servsphinxlike smile with which a woman of the world knows so well how to conseal her emotions, all the while eating a rosy trout or dallying with a wing of a lark. She had no tollets, no jewels, and it was for these things that she longed as the fleet Arabian longs for his native desert. What pleasure to have pleased, been envied, to be seduc-

tive and sought after! She had a rich friend, a comrade from the convent, whom she no longer visited, because she suffered from seeing the things she could not have, and on returning wept whole days for grief,

regret, despair and distress.

One evening her husband came home said be, "bere is something

She nervously tore open the envelope vords were printed: 'The minister of public instruction

and Mme. Georges Ramponeau beg the conor of the company of M. and Mme. Loisel for the evening of Monday, Jan.

Instead of being wild with delight, as he had expected, she threw the invitaof disgust, saying sullenly: What do you wish me to do with

"But, my dear, I thought you would be so pleased. You never go out, and this is an event, I only obtained it after infinite trouble. Everybody wants e. They are much sought after, and they are not generally given to employ-ces. You will see there all of the official

She looked at him with supreme disain and said impatiently:
"What would you/like me to wear?" The secret was out. Manlike, he had

"But—the dress—that you wear to the theater," stammered he. "You alrays look beautiful to me in that." He stopped speaking, stopeded and dismayed on seeing his wife in tears. Two large tears trickled slowly down

"What is the matter? What is the matter?" asked he tenderly. By violent effort she conquered her grief and calmly said, while wiping her humid cheeks:
"Nothing—only I have no toilet, and
of course cannot go. Give the card to
one of your comrades whose wife is

one of your comrades whose wife is fortunate enough to have something suitable for the occasion." Despairingly be mid: "See. Mathilde, how much will a dress cost to wear to this ball—one which can also be used for other occa-

ms; something very simple?"
She reflected a few moments, figure ing in her own mind the sum she could ask without danger of immediate re-fusal and frightening her economical buseaud. Finally she bestsatingly said: "I do not know exactly, but it seems

"No, there is nothing more humilinting than to be pourly dressed among so many rich women."

"No, there is nothing more humilinting than a nother, 5 louis here, 5 louis there. He gave notes, made ruinous common rich women."

"But how silly you are! Go to your ran the whole gamut of money lenders. Triend Mine. Perestier and ask her to friend Mine. Perestier and ask her to leud you ler jewels. You are friendly enough with her to do that."

"Yes, that is true. I had not thought fit."

The following day she went to ber

friend and explained her predicament. Mme. Forestier went to a closet and took cut a large casket, and epening it "Choose, my dear. They are at your

She saw first bracelets, then a neck lace of pearls, a Venetian cross, gold and precious stones of exquisite worksip. She tried them on before the glass, unable to decide whether to wear

them or not. "Have you nothing else?" said she.
"Ob, yes, look them over. I don't now what might please you.

Suddenly she opened a black satin case, disclosing to view a superb riviero of diamonds, and her heart best furionsly with the desire of possession. She took them in her trembling bands and put them on over her simple high neck gown and stood lost in an ecstasy of admiration of herself. Then fearfully, hesitatingly, dreading the agony of a refusal, she said:

"Can you lend me only that?" "Why, certainly, if it pleases you." She fell on her friend's nock, embraced her tempestuously, and then left

hastily with her treasure. The day of the ball arrived. Mme. Loisel was a specess. Among all the beautiful women she was the most beau tiful, elegant, gracious and smiling with joy. She attracted the attention of some of the most distinguished men present, 'Who is she?'

All the attaches of the cabinet sought her dancing card eagerly, and even the minister himself expressed his approval. She danced with pleasure, thinking of nothing but the triumph of her beauty and the glory of her success. Intoxicated by all the admiration, she seemed to float through a cloud of bacpiness, intensified by her complete victory and the tribute paid to her charms, so sweet to the hearts of women. She left about 4 o'clock in the morning. Her husband had slept since midnight in a small room, descried except by two or three gentlemen who also awaited their wives. He threw over her shoulders the mod-

set cloak which she bud brought, whose shabbiness seemed to mock the elegance of the ball tellet. She felt the incengraity and walked swiftly away in ored on marvelous pinte, and gallantries der not to be seen by those whose rich whispered and listened to with the furs were more in accordance with the

"Wait," said her busband. "You will take cold, I will call a carriage. But she heeded him not and rapidly tescended the staircase. When they reached the street, there was no carriago in sight, and they were obliged to look for one, calling to the drivers who passed by, tut in vain. Shiveringly they walked toward the Seine, and finally found on the quay one of those noctur-nal coupes one finds only in Paris after dark, bovering about the great city like grim birds of prey who conceal their misery during the day. It carried them to their door (Rue de Martyrs), and they slowly and sadly entered their and be only remembered that he would

have to be at his desk at 10 o'clock. She took off her clock in front of the glass in order to admire berrelf once more in all her bravery, but suddenly she cried out, "The diamonds are gone! Her husband, already half asleep, started at the cry and asked: "What is the matter?"

She turned toward him with a fright-"I-I have lost Mme. Forestier's peckince.

He rose dismayed.
"What—how! But it is not possi-

ble." And they immediately began to search in the folds of the dress, the cloak, in the pockets-everywhere-and found nothing "Are you sure that you had it when

"Yes, I felt it while still in the ver tibule at the minister's." "But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it drop. It ought to be in the carriage.

"Yes, it is possible. Did you take the number? took the poor, rough hands in hers, drawing her tenderly toward her, her

They looked at each other fearfully.

Finally Loisel dressed himself. "I shall go over the whole ground that we traveled on foot to see whether I cannot find it.'

He went out, She sat still in her brilliant ball toilet, no desire to sleep, po power to think-all swallowed up in the fear of the calamity which bad fallen upon them.

Her husband came in at 7 o'clock.

He had found nothing. He had been to the prefecture of the police, to the papers offering a reward, to all small cab he could have the shadow of hope of re-

She waited all day in the same state of fear in the face of this frightful dis-

Loisel returned in the evening callid and haggard. No news as yet. "You must write to your friend that

you have broken the clasp of the neckwill give us time to look around."

At the end of the week they had less all hope, and Loisel, to whom it seemed this sero and trouble had added five

The following day they went to the jeweler whose name was stamped inside the case. He consulted his books: "I did not sell that necklace, madame; I only farmished the case."

Then they went from jeweler to jewel-

er, racking their memories to find the mme, both of them sick with grief

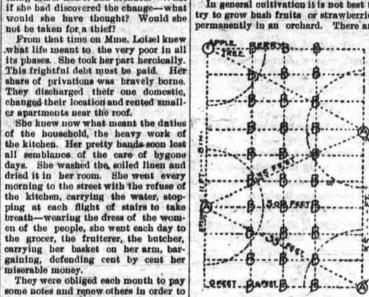
from his father. He torrowed the rest. Ma for He borrowed 1,000 france from one, Ohio St

risking his signature without knowing

BERRIES IN ORCHARDS.

Disgram For Mixed Planting new necklace and deposited on the Differences of opinion prevail as to be possibility and desirability of growing small fruits in peach, plum or apple orchards. A writer in The Rural "You should have returned it sooner, New Yorker considers the question from several standpoints, giving a plan thing Mmo. Loisel had dreaded. What

for mixed planting as follows: In general cultivation it is not best to try to grow bush fruits or strawberries permanently in an orchard. There are



MIXED PLANTING IN AN ORCHAUD. no fruits that can be grown profitably where they are densely shaded by orchard trees. The question of planting small fruits in a young orchard must be considered from two different points of view. The man who makes a special ty of some one thing, as strawberries and does not grow a succession of all sorts of fruits has an easier task than the man who has no specialty and grows all sorts of fruits in a succession. The first man can plant much more closely than the second. In general, too, strawberries are much better for the orchard han bush fruits, because they are in the soil only one year, and their annual removal gives a better chance for thor-

bugh tillage.

The cut shows a method of planting mall fruits in an orchard which is essentially that practiced some time ago by Mr. John Craig at the Central Exriment farm, Ottawa. The trees are planted in the hexagonal fashion, each tree being 25 feet from every other. The bushes are check rowed in the rectangular fashion, the rows in one direction being 6 feet wide and in the other direction 5 feet 10 inches. As the trees increase in size the bushes inside he circles are the first to be removed.

Mr. Craig now thinks this plan too complicated. The square system of lanting is simpler than the hexagona system (which is also called the triangular or quincunx), and it is generally dopted on cheap lands and in orchards on a vast scale.

The hexagonal system seems more complicated at first, but it is more ecounical of wnaco, and is therefore the etter system for high priced lands. The ore valuable the land the more ingen ious and complicated the plans are likeem wasteful to a raspberry specialist In the figure the berry bushes are 6 feet by 5 feet 10 inches. In general cultiva-tion black raspberries are set 3 feet by 6 feet and reds I feet by 5 feet. A specialist can plant closer

Tomstoes For Trucker

"Do you remember the necklace of diamonds you lent me to wear to the The Maryland station recommer the following varieties to truckers, as they produce a good crop of smooth tomatoes, and if they should not have sale for them for immediate use they are of a quality that can be dispos "I returned you one just like it, and to the cappers to adventage, and these for ten years we have been paying for varieties will also continue to bear well it. You know it was not easy for us, who had nothing; but it is finished and for a considerable period :



Watering Apparatus For Melons. A bulletin of the Georgia station on of rendering concentrated fertilizer as similable or available and preventing the hill from firing. This is by the ap plication of water artificially, when the purpose a joint of two inch terra cotta wer pipe is perpendicularly sunk in



the bill before planting to the depth of six or eight inches, bell upward, as indi-The seeds are planted area

and the stand subsequently thinned down to one vine, whose roots will eventually surround the bottom of the pipe for quite a distance in all direc-tions. The pipe itself should be filled with water late in the afternoon—every day, if the weather is dry, or as as may be found necessary. The contin-uous emply of moisture thus afforded will have a most noticeable uffers by redering every purifies of plant food within reach capable of assimilation. Ordinary drain tile may be used in

Southern and Western stock nen know a good thing when the see it therefore for scrateb bruises saddle and harness galls and ilments of horses, they use Rice' Goose rease Liniment, it is good for man as besst. Sold and guaranteed by all druggists and general

SOME GOOD LAYERS NEVER HATCH A BROOD.

How Two Faithful Sitters Changed

The White Minorcas—those bens with great combs, which look exactly like roosters and are called Catalans by the Spanish—will lay perhaps more eggs in a year than any other sort of hen, but they will not lay them in cold weather, and it is unlikely that any one of them was ever known to hatch a brood of chickens. The Minorcas will indeed sometimes begin to sit, but they seem to be under the impression that three days ought to be, in all conscience, a long enough time in which to hatch out an egg, and at the expiration of about that time they will abandon the attempt with a great flutter and much denuncia tory oratory. If they are fastened down on the nest with a board placed above their backs, they will stand up as high as they can under the board and let the cold air addle their eggs. It is doubtful if any human being, male or female, wicked or pious, Christian or pagan, ever got a Minorca hen to sit.

Strange to say, another kind of ben that makes a good mother is the game hen. She seems to be sugaged in an at-tempt to prove that a certain amount of amazonianism is not inconsistent with a proper regard for the duties of moth-



erhood. A very peaceful gentleman, not unconnected with the work of the Hu-mane society, moved into the country three or four years ago. Having occasion to purchase two or three sittings of eggs, he bought one of a good working woman who lived on the outskirts of the town and who happened to have male relatives of sporting proclivities, though the gentleman did not know that and would hardly have cared if he had known. The sporting proclivities of those persons could hardly affect the hens' eggs raised on the place. The sitting of eggs turned out beautifully, and in due time some exquisite little red chickens were running about with the old gray ben who had been their foster mother. The chickens were so pretty that they were admired above all others on the place. They grew apace, and be-fore long their owner discovered that they were engaged in warfare most of the time, either with one another or with other little chickens. Redoubtable one of them would easily whip any chicken of any other brood, when they fought with one another it seemed to be fight to the death. The peaceable gentleman deprecated these contests very much, but he was powerless to preven them. What could make them fight so? Finally a light dawned on the hums gentleman's mind. The proclivities of the men of the household from which be had purchased the sitting of eggs had indeed led them to a partiality for came fowls, and by innocently buying a baker's dozen of eggs from the woman of the bouse and sitting them under a hen be had unconsciously embarked in the business of keeping fighting cocks.

A good story is told by a New Eng-

Out in a quiet corner of the garden. n two barrels lying on their sides, sat two expectant hens patiently awaiting the happy day when the joys of freedom, so dear to their hearts, should b enhanced through sharing it with a nestling, peopling broad of downy darlings all their own. The hours of long, bright spring days slowly ran their course and half the allotted time of waiting had been uncomplainingly dured by one of the pair, while neighbor had just entered upon her term of enforced seclusion, when one night a fierce tempest swept down upon ose two bumble dwellings. The and rain came with such terrific force that it seemed nothing short of a mountain could withstand it. The next morn ing we hastened to the spot, prepared to find atter rain and dismay, instead of which, to our great surprise, we found the frail babitations still standing. Moreover, they were still tenanted, al-though there were unmistakable signs dship and suffering having been heroically met by those two stout bearts. On closer examination, however, we found that a singular thing had happened. During the confusion, the panio caused by the storm, the two had lost their heads—not literally, as we had at first feared—and had mistaken their own nests; each was occupying the home of the other, so that the hen who knew nothing of the fatigue of long watching became a usurper, while the other was in danger of becoming quite discouraged at finding her hopes indefinitely deferred.

One can better imagine than describe the cyldent surprise and delight of the urper when at the end of only a week and a half sitting on her part eight lit-tle, downy, fluffy balls of warmth and merriment briskly tapped their way into the sunlight and nestled close to the maternal bosom. Whether the other than received her first intimation that comething was amiss we never knew, but after waiting a little longer

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