

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1901.

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A GREAT SCHEME!

Why not make your dollars out of rubber? That's a great scheme. Then they'll stretch. It's a pretty hard matter to make a five dollar bill stretch over a ten dollar purchase. But until rubber dollars are made

Harry-Belk Bros. Co.

Will come so near it you will think they have a wonderfully expanding purchasing power, equal to rubber. Listen

Dress Goods:

50 in. all wool homespun worth 75c at 50c per yd. 10 pieces 40c plaids to close out quick at 12c. Yard-wide percales at 5c per yard, cheap at 8c. Good gingham 2c. Good calico 3c. Outing 5c.

Ladies' heavy knit vests 20c value at 10c, ladies' button shoes 50c, button, patent tip shoe at \$1.00, cheap at \$1.50.

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In our Clothing and Hat department you can save 25 to 50 percent.

You will wonder how it is possible to buy new up-to-date goods at the prices we offer them. We bought them right and are able to offer them to you at unheard of prices. Special attention to mail orders.

Harry-Belk Bros. Co.,

Cheapest Store on Earth.

225 SOUTH ELM STREET, GREENSBORO, N. C.

MASTER and SLAVE

By T. H. Thorpe.

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CHAPTER I.

HORACE OAKFELL, representative from the parish of Avoyelles, was the youngest member of the Louisiana legislature of 1897. Of medium height, broad of shoulder, deep chested and brown haired, brown eyed, with a countenance brave and frank, he was regarded as the Adonis of the house. His dress of milk white cassimer, ruffled shirt and deep Byronic collar gave warrant to the poetic appraisal of the women. But his colleagues set a different estimate upon him. To them he was known as a well trained lawyer, a close student, a young man much given to philosophic research and meditation, one of learning and gravity unusual at his age, true, congenial, but of a seriousness bordering upon melancholy. He was a forceful debater, though his years were but 24, and his utterances were always heard with sincere respect.

Though himself a slaveowner, he had from motives of humanity eloquently but unsuccessfully opposed the bill which enacted:

"That from and after the passage of this act no slave shall be emancipated in this state."

His speech had been published in full by the leading journals, and its peroration was long remembered.

"Can it be," he exclaimed, "that in this part of Christendom, in a time of profound peace and tranquillity, an American legislative body will from the black and white of slavery, the narrow fringe of hope and its steady inscribe by statute the frightful legend seen by Dante over the portals of hell? Can it be that enlightened citizens will forbid the reward of liberty to the slave who serves the state? Will the law-making power deny to the master the exercise of the noblest virtue of his nature by prohibiting him from conferring the boon of freedom upon the slave who has stood between his life and the knife of the assassin or safely borne his fainting wife through the flames of the burning mansion or plunged into the down sucking Mississippi to bring back the fair haired child to the frantic mother? Can it be that the dower of civilization will make unlawful that kindness to a faithful human slave which it approves to a dog or a horse? I cannot believe that it is I mistake the sense of the house then let me say that the logical consequence of this measure will be the stifling of moral growth in the master, the removal of incentives to loyalty in the slave; the one must become more narrow and cruel, the other desperate and ferocious; the sense of justice of other communities will be shocked and the righteous anger will be provoked; a decade cannot fail to bring some frightful catastrophe on our state as the fruit of this unholily measure. I protest against it. I appeal to my colleagues to be true to their better nature and prove by their negative votes that the white race in Louisiana can defend itself and yet be not ungenerous."

His appeal was ineffective. The bill was passed by a pronounced majority, was approved by the governor and became law.

After the adjournment of the legislature Oakfell returned to the parish of Avoyelles, taking passage on the steamboat Red Queen. The vessel was one of those popularly called "floating palaces," of which a score plied the lower Mississippi and its tributaries during the decade preceding the civil war. It was no railroads had been laid in that part of Louisiana lying west of the great river. She was a side wheeler, with high pressure engines, capable of great speed and with accommodation for over 150 passengers. There were a profusion of white paint upon her exterior and a plenitude of gilding and low hanging chandeliers within the cabin.

Three were planters in Avoyelles, one of whom, Dr. De Roux, added the business of a physician to that of cotton raising. His plantation was near the Marais des Cygnes, in the Avoyelles prairie. The second was Constant Quilbert, a low browed, long nosed Gascon Frenchman who had lived on Bayou des Tigres for 20 years, but had never married or become an American citizen. The third was Leonidas Latolais of Bayou Rouge, a man of 60, whose hair was white and whose blue eyes and short thin lips spoke a kindly but weak character. Of the three Latolais alone threw any warmth into the salutation of Oakfell. The others referred to the legislative incident in a purely polite manner, as if tenderness for him required that it be quickly passed over. Latolais, however, spoke respectfully of the result, but rather out of sympathy for the young legislator than for the cause he had championed.

Oakfell received their different expressions with apparent unconcern and evinced a preference to avoid any discussion of the supposed merits or demerits of the bill.

After the evening meal had been partaken in the long saloon, with the usual cluster of china service and black waiters, the extension tables were closed and run together, and while music, dancing and conversation engaged the women and young folks in the ladies' cabin the tables in the forward part were straggled for cards and were speedily occupied by the older men and some of the younger, gambling being an unobscured feature of the Mississippi travel in the Delta. The

tables were in close neighborhood to the bar, and this was the beginning of the barkeeper's business day.

Oakfell passed the greater part of the evening reading in the captain's stateroom on the hurricane deck. Returning to the cabin at 11 o'clock, he found his constituents from Avoyelles at the table nearest the bar. They were not playing, but cards, ivory chips and half drained glasses of liquor were on the table. None of the chips was on the side where Latolais sat. Some few were in front of Dr. De Roux, and the remainder, in many stacks, were before Quilbert.

The young man sat at a distance from the three, but not so far that their conversation was not audible to him. Quilbert in a half jocular and half bantering tone had said:

"Leonidas, if I were not a man of extraordinary good nature you and I would now be at outs instead of sitting here over a friendly game of poker and drinking our social glasses, because it wasn't neighborly in you to sue me for \$2,000 for that old negro of yours when you know that you couldn't have sold him for \$700 even on credit."

"No, I don't know that," replied Latolais. "I could have sold him for \$750. But that isn't it. I never tried to sell him, I didn't want to sell him, and although he was 60 years old when you shot him, I wouldn't have sold him for \$2,000 cash. Moreover, it would have been the act of a good neighbor in you to have complained to me of any offense Baptiste had given you and allowed me to correct him. Instead of that you shot him dead."

"I admit that," said Quilbert, "but when he struck my pointer dog with that ox whip and I saw the blood red on the white skin of the poor brute I was so enraged that I couldn't help shooting the infernal negro down in his tracks, and you would have done the same."

"But had not the dog bitten the negro before he struck it with the whip?" Latolais inquired.

"I have heard something of that sort," said Quilbert curtly.

"It was a fact," insisted Latolais, "and the wounds inflicted by the dog's teeth were found upon the dead man's body. But as we never quarreled about that," Latolais continued, "let's not quarrel now. Of course, when you destroyed my property you owed me something, and since we couldn't agree upon the amount, there was nothing to do but leave it to a jury, so I brought the suit. I was willing to

abide by the award of the jury, although it was only \$1,200; but you have seen fit to carry the matter on appeal to the supreme court and prolong the only cause of difference between us."

"I, think," Dr. De Roux remarked, "that you both made a mistake by letting the matter go into the courts. Litigation always begets bitterness. The longer it is drawn out the more inveterate becomes the ill feeling. I think yet you ought to take it out of court and settle it as friends and gentlemen."

"An affair of too late," said Latolais, "as Constant perfected his appeal yesterday and employed a city lawyer to argue his case for him in the supreme court."

"No, it is not too late," Quilbert exclaimed, "it is never too late to do good. Let us have another today, and when we drink that to friendship I will make a proposition to you."

Their glasses were filled and drained with expressions of good feeling.

"Now," said Quilbert, "with a knowing leer in his eyes, you say, Latolais, 'at least I have heard you say many times—that you are the best old shadler player in the parish of Avoyelles. I know you play that game better than you do poker.' And he significantly glanced at the bare space on the table in front of Latolais, then at the piles of red and blue chips on his own side, and continued: 'I will offer to play you 11 games of old shadler. If you win six out of the 11, I will pay you \$2,000 as soon as we reach home. If I win six out of the 11, you will give me a receipt in full for the judgment and costs in your suit against me for killing Baptiste. If you agree, I will now write to my attorney in the city instructing him to withdraw the appeal and deliver the letter to the captain to be mailed when the boat stops at Bayou Rouge.'"

"That certainly is a liberal proposition," said Dr. De Roux. "You would do well to accept it, Leonidas."

Latolais looked down, and his face assumed an expression of doubt and trouble. Oakfell watched the workings of his countenance intently.

"Let's have one more today before I decide."

"Agreeable."

With this Latolais accepted the proposal. Calling for writing material and a new deck of cards, Quilbert wrote the message to the lawyer in New Orleans, passing it to Latolais to be read, addressed, sealed, and handed to the captain of the boat, with the request that he mail it at Bayou Rouge. The cards were shuffled and the game

was played. The play was silent. Victory went alternately from the one player to the other through ten games. The eleventh was close, but by turning a knave as trump and scoring a six spot as low Quilbert won by a point. Latolais took pen and paper, wrote and signed a receipt in full of the judgment, principal, interest and costs which he had obtained for the killing of his negro man Baptiste and gave it to Quilbert; also an I O U for the sum of \$300, representing his loss in the game of poker they had previously played. Forcing a smile, he ordered three more glasses of whiskey, and when these had been tossed off bade his companion good night and retired. Quilbert and Dr. De Roux strolled to the hurricane deck to soothe their nerves with cigars before seeking sleep. Oakfell repaired to his stateroom, sickened by what he had witnessed.

CHAPTER II.

THE FERRY AT BAYOU DU LAC.

FROM FORT DE ROUSSAY, on the Red river, to Pointe Midl, on the Bayou Claire, near which "L'Esperance," the Oakfell plantation, lay, was a distance of some 20 miles. The dignifying name of fort was given to a small earthwork which had been thrown up by direction of the United States government under the supervision of Colonel De Rossy at the first rise of Avoyelles prairie abutting on the low alluvial river bottom. Four miles inland from the fort the highroad ran through the little town of Marksville, the parish seat or seat of justice. The courthouse and two magazines for cotton were the only brick structures of which it could boast. All the other edifices, including the church, were of wood, painted white or yellow, ranged on either side of a long main street and two lateral and four cross streets intersecting at right angles. The situation of the village was a gentle dip in the prairie, the two sides of which, when the thick foliage of umbrella china, pecan, fig and oak trees was at its full and softened by the sprinkling of rose flowering myrtles, gave the resemblance to the trough between waves of a great green sea. The population of 600 or 700 souls was almost entirely Gascon French and French creole, of whom but few spoke English. The exceptions were the families of four American lawyers, who had acquired the French language and used it more frequently than their mother tongue.

Nine miles southward from the village the smooth surface of the prairie broke suddenly and the land declined sharply to a broad belt of stiff soil, incalculably fertile, bearing a thick growth of cypress, gum and oak and terminating at Bayou du Lac, wide and deep, on the farther side of which lay the Magnolia hills. The latter were a series of gentle undulations, rising somewhat above the general level of the alluvion and extending quite eight miles to the fine, sandy soil of that perfect agricultural country formed by the network of bayous Rouge, Houppou, Bouff and Claire. Here the stately magnolia tree dominated, its evergreen leaves of olive hue and variegated freshness preserving to the landscape throughout the year the warm freshness of summer and its big blossoms of creamy white loading the air with the fragrance of combined jasmine and lemon and imbuing with sensuousness the luxuriant spring. Robed in gown of woven vines, which trailed to the ground and flowered in yellow, red, blue and white, the magnolia was truly queen of the forest.

The day had been sultry, overcast by low hanging clouds, from which fell a steady, soaking rain from noon until midnight. An intense darkness succeeded the day, and the rain became fitful, while the lightning was frequent and blinding in its lurid brilliancy. The public road leading from the rope ferry of Bayou du Lac to the Magnolia hills and which constant use had worn to a deep gully in the soft ground was reduced by the rain almost to a state of chaos, rendering travel almost impossible. The dwelling of Valais Moullet, the ferryman, stood in an enclosure near the road and 50 yards from the bayou. Valais was short and muscular, of middle age and scant education, but blessed with a cheerful mind. He was a widower, with three little girls dependent upon him, and his resources were the public ferry and the yield of 20 acres of cleared land, which he cultivated with the aid of three slaves—an old man and woman and a boy. This last drew the ferryboat along the wide stretch of rope more frequently than did the ferryman and on such nights as this occupied the lookout shed on the bank to respond to the calls of travelers.

Notwithstanding the warmth of the night and the open doors of the house, a bright fire of cypress bark burned on the hearth of the largest room to resist the moisture with which this low region reeked. In front of the fire sat a stout, broad faced, dark skinned man of advanced years, whose garb of black and turned down band of white about his neck discovered the

ecclesiastical dominion extended southward to the Bayou Bonif. He had heard a call to the ferry, and later, when the sound of rushing hoofs and wheels in the road fell upon his ear, he had peered out into the darkness, but notwithstanding the illumination of a lightning flash, had discovered nothing. Valais entered the room awishing the rain from his broad felt hat and, stamping his wet and muddy boots upon the floor, said:

"I don't like a night like this, father—hot and dripping and heavy. It always makes me feel that something bad is going to happen."

"Keep your soul clean, Valais," said the priest, "and whatever happens on a night like this cannot be bad for you."

"Oh, it is not for myself—no—that I am uneasy, but I think that persons traveling abroad are sure to meet with accident, and if a man is hurt in the Magnolia hills on such a night he may lie there until morning and no one know of his suffering."

"I have just heard some one drive up from the ferry," observed the priest, "and pass on toward the hills. Who was it, Valais?"

"I do not know," replied Valais. "I did not go to the ferry. The boy Pierre is there tonight. But come, father; your supper of chicken, eggs and coffee is ready. You must be very hungry after driving so far and waiting so long."

"Thank you, Valais. I have an appetite, you may be sure, although I am not impatient, for, you know, I am practiced in fasting."

As the priest rose to follow his host to the supper table a voice came from without, calling:

"Hello, Valais! Hello! Hello!"

"The dogs of the yard set a furious barking."

Both men stopped, and Valais, stepping out on the veranda of his house, responded:

"Hello yourself! Who is it? Come in!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Queer Experience.

An actor and his wife had a funny experience once in Toronto. They were playing a piece in which the wife enacted the part of a woman dentist, and one evening the husband received a note asking him to call at a certain house. He did so the next day and was greeted by the old man and his wife, the latter of whom said to him:

"Me and my mate fell in love with your missus last night. She was so gentle with you when you was a sittin' of the dentist chair. I'm gettin' on now, and all my teeth is a gettin' loose, and my mate wants me to go to the dentist shop and 'ave 'em pulled, but I knows as 'ow they 'urts, and I want to know if you and your missus will come around 'ere and 'ave tea with us, 'ave a little singin' and enjoy ourselves and your missus before she leaves kindly pull out a few of these old stumps, as I know she'll be as kind and gentle as she was to you."

To Shoot the Moon.

When he first came prominently before the public after perfecting his famous gun, the late Lord Armstrong was occasionally pestered by cranks who wished to obtain his opinion respecting some perfectly unworkable invention. One day Sir William (he had not then been raised to the peerage) was interviewed by a person who was evidently crazy. He begged Armstrong's assistance in constructing a piece of ordnance that could shoot the man in the moon. Sir William listened patiently, and then queried: "But who is to signal whether it is a hit or a miss? When you've thought about a practical method of marking at that long range, I give you my promise that I'll help you with the gun." The crack brained inventor departed beaming with pleasure, but was heard of no more.

The Origin of the Menu.

A German gastronomical publication gives the following account of the origin of the menu: At the meeting of electors in Regensburg in the year 1489 Elector Henry of Braunschweig attracted general notice at a state dinner. He had a long paper before him, to which he referred every time before he ordered a dish. The Earl of Montford, who sat near him, asked him what he was reading. The elector silently handed the paper to his interrogator. It contained a list of the viands prepared for the occasion which the elector had ordered the cook to write out for him. The idea of having such a list so pleased the illustrious assembly that they introduced it each in his own household, and since that time the fashion of having a menu has spread all over the civilized world.

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And would like for you to come in and inspect them.

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Children's Fertilizer.

That's a good name for Scott's Emulsion. Children are like young plants. Some will grow in ordinary soil. Others need fertilizers.

The nature of some children prevents them from thriving on ordinary food. Such children grow right if treated right. All they need is a little fertilizer—a little extra richness. Scott's Emulsion is the right treatment.

Fertilizers make things grow. That's just what Scott's Emulsion does. It makes children grow in flesh, grow in strength, grow rich blood, grow in mind, grow happy. That's what we make it for.

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I will pay CASH for Maple, White Poplar, Birch and Ash. I buy it in any quantity, delivered at your nearest railroad station or at my factory. All timber to be cut 52 inches, All timber must be 8 in. in diameter and up, also sound, straight and free from knots.
I will pay for Maple \$8.00, Birch \$4.50, Ash \$5.00, White Poplar \$4.00. Prices named are for cords, 128 cubic feet.

R. B. FAUST, Burlington.

VALUABLE LAND! Summons by Publication.

TO BE SOLD.

By virtue of a decree of Alamance Superior Court entered on the 14th day of September, 1901, will sell, at the court house door in Greensboro, N. C.,

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1901.

Being Monday of court, a body of land in Alamance County, North Carolina, containing about 212 1/2 acres, situate in the town of Greensboro, and being the same land as was sold by J. M. Walker, to the widow J. G. Tate, the widow Bettie King and children, in and to the said deed of sale, to-wit: 212 1/2 acres, more or less, of exceptionally good lands and well located. This land will first be offered in three parcels, as follows: First parcel, containing about 100 acres, bounded on the north by the land of J. M. Walker, on the east by the land of J. M. Walker, on the south by the land of J. M. Walker, and on the west by the land of J. M. Walker. The second parcel, containing about 100 acres, bounded on the north by the land of J. M. Walker, on the east by the land of J. M. Walker, on the south by the land of J. M. Walker, and on the west by the land of J. M. Walker. The third parcel, containing about 12 1/2 acres, bounded on the north by the land of J. M. Walker, on the east by the land of J. M. Walker, on the south by the land of J. M. Walker, and on the west by the land of J. M. Walker. The above land will be offered to the highest bidder, and the same will be sold in cash, and the proceeds of the sale will be paid to the widow J. G. Tate, the widow Bettie King and children, as directed in the said decree of court. The sale will be held at the court house door in Greensboro, N. C., on Monday, November 4, 1901, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. The terms of sale are, that the purchaser will pay for the same in cash, and the same will be delivered to the purchaser at the time of sale. The sale will be made by the undersigned, J. D. KENNEDY, Clerk of the Superior Court of Alamance County, N. C.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as the administrator of the estate of J. M. Walker, deceased, I hereby give notice that I have taken and inventory of the same, and that I have filed the same in the Superior Court of Alamance County, N. C., on the 14th day of September, 1901. All persons having claims against the estate of the said J. M. Walker, are hereby notified to present the same to me, the undersigned, at my office in Greensboro, N. C., on or before the 1st day of October, 1901. All persons having claims in favor of the estate of the said J. M. Walker, are hereby notified to present the same to me, the undersigned, at my office in Greensboro, N. C., on or before the 1st day of October, 1901. Witness my hand and the seal of the said court, this 14th day of September, 1901.