

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXVII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1901.

NO. 45

### OUR Prescription Business Is Our Specialty

This demands that we keep supplied with PURE, FRESH chemicals and pharmaceuticals. We also have constantly a complete line of patent and proprietary Medicines, Perfumery, Combs, Brushes, Soaps, and Sponges, Rubber Goods, Writing Materials, etc., etc.

### HEADQUARTERS FOR FINE CIGARS

Lowmyer's and Royster's Candies, Always Fresh.

### A. J. Thompson & Company Druggists

## MASTER and SLAVE

By T. H. Thorpe

Copyright, 1901, by T. H. Thorpe.

The victor received the congratulations of his admirers at Dede's with profuse entertainment of gumbo and rum, but with the tranquillity of a strategist who had foreseen success planned through feigned retreat. Prateau's lips and eyes were beyond control and continued to dance long after the hot rum had stilled his tongue. Oakfell assembled his friends and, explaining that the decision could be used as an effective weapon against him in the convention, requested their leave to withdraw his candidacy. After much discussion the justice of his view was conceded, and the consent he desired was given. A formal note was received from Prateau demanding the return to his client Quilbert of the slave Leon, who the writer said, was harbored by Oakfell. It was assigned to the fames. A little letter came through the local post saying, "I suffer for poor Odette's grief, but more because you suffer and through my fault." This was not assigned to the flames.

The result of the litigation was a severe shock to the young lawyer. His confidence in his fellow men was weakened. He lost respect for authority. Ambitions seemed but snares to peace of mind. Wrong, chicane and cruelty appeared essential to success. His brother, upon whom he had lavished so much affection, could not or did not cheer his drooping spirit. The time



"Save me from that man!" was sadly out of joint; the adjustment was that of the powerful, "brief, comfortable and wrong."

Thus dejected and gloomy, he wandered for days about the plantation, not caring to read, avoiding company, unable to feel interest in what had formerly engrossed him, when in the early days of November came the intelligence, astounding, incredible, yet verified, that Abraham Lincoln had been elected president of the United States.

### CHAPTER XIII. TURBID WATERS.

TIME now seemed to quicken its flight. Events trod on the heels of events in a scramble and hurry of occurrence. Disintegration of institutions, social, political and religious, public and social, appeared everywhere like a corroding disease, and demoralization was the ranker of growths. Secession, civil war, suspension of industries, gatherings and departures of volunteers, dimensions and suspicions, dread of the negro—dumb cause of contention—gave somber color to the life of fair Avoylees.

The first banner hung to the breeze was the flag of France. Loisted by Quilbert over his dwelling, thus warning both factions that molestation of him or his would be at the peril of his imperial master's displeasure.

Oakfell was instant to take his stand. Though disconcerted by the doctrine of state sovereignty and in its defense looked on his sword. He was chosen lieutenant of the company of horse organized under the captaincy of Judge Hoore Victor Tailleux, whom Prateau succeeded on the beach.

The day approached for the company to proceed to New Orleans for assignment to its regiment and brigade, to be forwarded to the front. The half brothers held a long conference in the plantation office.

"Evariste," Horace said, "I do not concur in the general belief that this crisis will end in 90 days. My forecast is that it will extend into years and will be fierce and desolating. My life has known three sweet affections which have been as increase to it. The love I bore your mother still clings to my memory. All my yearnings for kinship have been centered upon you, and I have cherished as my brother whom I have cherished and sought to shield from the rude experiences of life. Though absent, I wish to leave my protection with you and for that entreat you to promise that under no circumstances will you enter the military service during the coming war. I leave with you full authority to manage all my interests, and this will supply you with ample means to purchase exemption from any call which may be made for troops. Promise me, Evariste."

"I promise, brother."

"Not necessarily," replied Horace, "after what I will say to our friends on the subject. But, even if it should make that sacrifice for my sake and give me your promise, for should you enlist my anxiety for you would be as great as mine. Promise me, my boy."

Evariste walked to the door and looked out into the starlit night. Returning, he gave his hand to Horace and said, as if he had struggled:

"I promise, brother."

divide with you all I own. Such is still my purpose. Perhaps it should have been done in form before this, but you have never intimated the wish, and I have been much distracted by other matters. But it is here provided for." Giving him a sealed envelope, he continued: "If I fall, open this and act upon it. A second and last pledge you must give me. I told you three affections have made life sweet to me. The last, Evariste, is my love for Estelle Lalotais."

Evariste's heart suddenly ceased to beat. He felt himself falling from his chair, but clutched the arms with lightning grasp and by a supreme effort of will rested on his feet without drawing his brother's notice. The latter continued:

"I need not tell you that this love is to me. You can well understand that it is more than food, drink, air, rest or sleep. It is all that makes life. Yet I have never told her of my love."

"You have not?" Evariste exclaimed quickly.

"I have not."

"But you will before you go?" he asked anxiously.

"I will not," replied Horace, and Evariste breathed freely.

"The fate that awaits me as a soldier," Horace resumed, "is so uncertain that it would be unjust to leave her plighted, though I know my love to be returned, and I have no such knowledge. Now, Evariste, you are well aware of the weakness of her old grandfather and how profidious to her in his guardianship—indeed, how audacious she needs protection against his invidiousness; also you cannot be ignorant of the baneful influence exercised over the old gentleman by that conscienceless wretch Quilbert. Swear to me, brother, by all you hold most sacred that you will advise, aid and protect her against the mischiefs these two may work to her fortune and defend her from danger and harm in every form. I place you on guard; give her in charge to you. Swear you will preserve her safe till my return." Oakfell's feelings had mastered him, and his eloquent eyes welled over.

"I make the promise and swear to keep it," said Evariste.

"A wealth of gratitude shall be your reward," Horace cried, embracing him warmly, and the brothers spoke good night.

Waiting for the first time his military uniform, Oakfell paid his visit of

adieu to Estelle on the eve of the company's departure. Both had schooled themselves for the ordeal, she to appear brave and he to keep back the words of love that were ever rising from his heart to his lips. As is usual in such trials, the result was diluted with emotion. It is safe to say each understood the other better than if free rein had been given to speech.

"Mademoiselle," Oakfell said on taking leave, "I have perhaps been somewhat officious concerning your affairs, but when I explain my action I beg you to approve. M. Lalotais, your only kinsman, your sole authoritative protector and adviser, is growing old and as you have admitted to me, is, through his amiable weakness, to some extent subject to Quilbert's domination. I have charged my brother to be especially watchful of your welfare and in all things to stand between you and harm."

"And has M. Evariste accepted the charge?" Estelle asked.

"Most willingly, and bravely he will keep it," Oakfell answered. "His soul is a noble one, his heart as true as steel. Rely upon him and trust him implicitly, mademoiselle, should any peril or crisis arise. I have chosen him for this because I know his lofty character and love him next to his mother's memory."

"I will be guided by him because you tell me so," Estelle said, her trembling voice forbidding more of reply. "Wear this," she added, placing in his coat a tiny casket of red, white and red.

"And wear you this," Oakfell answered, passionately kissing her hand.

"An revoir, and God bless you."

"An revoir, and God bless you," Estelle could say no more, but there her arms about Odette, who stood behind her, and eyes as if her heart were broken, Oakfell saw the action. His grief was akin to joy.

France. A strange companionship came to be observed. Evariste Oakfell and Quilbert were seen much together and not infrequently at Dede's cabaret, but so engrossed were the neighbors with the growing miseries of their isolation that they were only silent wonder.

The rumor that the two were partners in contraband adventures was received with mere shrugging of shoulders and turning up of eyes, save by Estelle, who repelled them as malicious and whose trusting heart was satisfied with Evariste's explanation that his intimacy with Quilbert and the cabaret was intended to enable him, the better to guard her grandfather, for it was true that Leonidas was almost daily the third of the trio at Dede's testing the fortune of cards with Quilbert; that he made periodical settlements of losses by giving promissory notes, and habitually reached his gate stupefied by potatoes of rum.

After one of these seances, the old man having been lifted to his saddle and his horse's head turned homeward, Quilbert and Evariste sat at table in the cabaret, the former drinking brandy, the latter sipping a light wine.

"How much of Lalotais' paper do you hold?" asked Evariste.

"Sixteen thousand dollars, to be paid in gold," Quilbert answered.

"How much of it is secured by mortgages?"

"Eleven thousand dollars."

"What will you take for half the whole batch?"

"Fifty bales of cotton."

"Where is that much under your shed now?"

"Yes, more."

"Where are the notes?"

"At my house."

"Will you transfer them today?"

"Yes, if you will come with me. But why do you want this paper, and what need is there for such haste?"

"It does not concern you to know. Come," Evariste said, rising from his chair.

"I am not so sure of that," replied Quilbert, following him.

The exchange having been completed, Evariste continued on to the Lalotais home. Most solicitously he pried Estelle with inquiry as to her comfort and health, the affairs of her plantation and behavior of her slaves.

"None of these matters gives me the care that my dear grandfather does, M. Evariste," she said sadly. "Not only does his interposition increase appalling, but he seems haunted by some secret fear, and he cannot sleep unless in his cups or under the effect of a drug. So kind, so gentle and loving. It is killing me to see his old age thus miserable. I am sure much of it is due to his association with M. Quilbert. Oh, can you not stand between him and that wretched man?"

"Mademoiselle, believe me, I am sincerely distressed by what you say and am doing all I properly can to effect what you desire. A more direct interference on my part would be resented by M. Lalotais and render me powerless for future service in his behalf. But let us be hopeful. For your sake I will be watchful and ready to set for his protection." Evariste accompanied his words with look and gesture of sincere devotion.

"I know you will, I know you will," Estelle replied, "and I trust in your friendship and in the affectionately, as your noble brother had me."

Evariste flushed and said: "It is impossible for me to win your confidence by my own merit, mademoiselle? Must I have it at the bidding of another, though that other be my brother?"

he was annoyed not a little. "Very well," said he; "if you wish it so very much, mademoiselle, I can volunteer and march to the battlefield, gaining the credit for two recruits instead of one."

"No, you must not; you shall not," said Laure, suddenly dropping her gayety and showing alarm. "It is not your fight. You own neither slave nor land to fight for. Even the gains of your venture, M. Quilbert, you must account for to your hero brother if he returns, for they were made by the use of his money."

"Laure, why are you continually saying things which you know vex me?"

"Because I want you to realize your situation, learn the truth, see your interest and know who are your friends. Does that girl over there," extending her arm in the direction of Estelle's home, "ever tell you a truth for your profit?"

"She does not presume to advise me," Evariste replied.

"A little presumption in the way of good advice would be but slight return for your devoted protection of herself and her dotting grandfather, protection so disinterested and costing so much self-sacrifice on your part." Laure laughed contemptuously, assuming a mock attitude of humility and lifting her saucy eyes to the young man's burning face.

"Do you make bold to insinuate that I am acting selfishly?"

"Oh, I do not call it making bold to say what I know or what I think, and I never insinuate."

"How, then, can you know my motives save as they are indicated by my acts?"

"I am the granddaughter of the dectress," she said haughtily.

"Bah!" exclaimed Evariste.

"Have a care, Evariste; have a care. The dectress must not be insulted."

Laure's warning was so serious and dramatic that Evariste involuntarily checked the impetuosity of his manner. He said:

"Laure, I meant no insult, no disrespect. Her relationship to you would forbid that. We are friends."

"Friends," she repeated, "I am your friend, I do not believe anything would make me other than your friend. But what does it mean to be friend to one? Is it not to tell the truth and warn away from danger? I am not content with that, and I know nothing of what are called covert prophecies, but I do know when to speak and what to speak to a friend who is blindly endangering his career. Hear us well. Openly join hands with Quilbert and trust to me, and independence and happiness will be yours. Pursue your double-faced course with that fearful chit, and upon your brother's return your soul will be that of servile dependence upon his bounty. Hold? Yes, because I love the truth and say it for your sake and turning away and hiding her face, she sobbed, "For mine."

"Laure, you have said too much!" he exclaimed hotly and started away.

"The senseless infatuation for a girl who despises you makes you say that. But time will show. You will come to me yet. You are of my kind. You will come to me yet." Her eyes blazed with passion as she confronted him again, and her words seemed to burn their way into his soul. She ran into the forest and, throwing herself at the foot of a familiar old oak tree, gave vent to her overwrought feelings in a fit of violent weeping. Then, bathing her cheeks and eyes in the cool waters of the marble, she stood long upon its edge, thinking intently. Setting her teeth firmly and clenching her little fists, she mentally vowed, "I will it—he shall be mine!" and returned to the cottage with the bright look and airy step of one whose spirit had never known tribulation.

But Evariste's agitation was not so quickly allayed. He now saw in Laure an active, interested hinderer of his designs. He could not estimate the potentiality of her influence with Quilbert, who could make disclosures fatal to him in the regard of the pure-hearted Estelle. He recognized that he had made no progress in her good graces. Difficulties accumulated, but they only hardened his determination and drove him to devise a course of action, swift and heroic severity in ending all uncertainty. The event on which this policy depended, though abhorrent, was one for which he devoutly wished. Laure's speech had stung him, and he swore Estelle Lalotais should be his bride.

### CHAPTER XIV. THE SLAVE OF A.S.

WITH the line of Federal occupation extending along the Mississippi from New Orleans to Vicksburg and the Confederate army of the transmississippi department hovering about the western and northern borders of Louisiana, the people of Avoylees were in a state of insolation which made life harder day by day and at times appeared to paralyze even the very possibilities of escape. Commercial activities of the rivers, which they depended for most of their supplies, was stopped. A number of the largest plantations had taken refuge with their slaves and animals in Texas and the Indian Territory. The scarcity of all staples of food and clothing increasing from month to month, labor was but poorly sustained and diminished crops were cultivated under forbidding conditions, yielding but scanty returns. Privations and suffering were present actualities. Selfishness grew apace, community interests waned, social phases disappeared, and indifference to neighborhood concerns prevailed. And thus it was that, though a numerous cortege attended the obsequies of Mother Delectable, the dectress, who was found dead in her throbbing chair, with Egyptian cotton in her hands and an undimmed light in her lap, yet when Laure accepted the protection of Quilbert and became his housekeeper, an event which in normal times would have set the entire parish by the ears, the spirit of the guest and courtesy materialized now in mere arrangements of shoulder and shakings of hands. On returning to the cottage after the funeral Quilbert had said to her:

"You cannot live here alone. Your father and I were friends. I am older than he would be if alive. Do not mind what three dolls about how many say."

Look to your own interests. Come to my house. When this war is ended and I have finished the harvest it yields to me, I may go back to France to end my days. Perhaps we may then marry."

And Laure had replied:

"No; we will not marry then or ever, but I will go and keep your house. I have no kin here. It is nothing to me what the neighbors say. I can truly speak worse of the times than they of me, and they know it. I am not beholden to any one and will make my way according to my own notions, not those of others."

In the autumn of 1862 news percolated into Marksville and thence spread rapidly that a terrible battle had been fought near Perryville, in Kentucky, between divisions of the armies commanded by General Buell on the Union side and General Bragg on the Confederate side and Judge Tailleux and Horace Oakfell had been slain and left on the bloody field by their retreating comrades. For many months the report could not be verified or tested, communication with the army of the south-west being cut off by the Federal lines east of the Mississippi, but general credence was given to it. An additional gloom settled upon the people.

Father Grise strove in vain to prevent these tidings from reaching Estelle. She staggered as if under a bludgeoning blow, but tears came not to her relief. Odette knelt beside her and repeated like a devotee telling beads: "There is no proof Mr. Horace is dead. Then, mistress, do not believe it." And by dint of her strange persistency she lodged a doubt in Estelle's mind, which brought her the consolation of a frail hope.

Quilbert gave the intelligence to Laure with a chuckle and observed: "The obliging Yankee took the job off my hands so far as Oakfell was concerned."

"I suppose," Laure commented, "Evariste will now think he can persuade Estelle Lalotais to marry him and will send his steps according to his wish."

"I hope so," said Quilbert, still pleased. "It would be a fit punishment for her, and my vengeance would be satisfied."

"He shall not marry her," Laure exclaimed hotly.

"And you shall not marry him," retorted Quilbert in sudden rage.

"Let him say that, not you. My grandmother never used 'shall' or 'will' nor to me. Then do not waste your energy in laying commands upon me. You cannot steal my liberty as you did the negro Joeey's."

Laure's defiance was pronounced with such fire, contempt and indignation that Quilbert quailed beneath her flashing eyes, and, swallowing the coarse retort that rose to his lips, he whistled a prolonged note of mock surprise and walked to the room where his treasure of brandy was stored. But he still resolved that Evariste should wed Estelle and in that connection took from his strong box a bundle of papers bearing the signature of Leonidas Lalotais. Selecting two, he read them carefully and tied them in a separate parcel, which he laid away by itself.

To the curious Evariste's grief was evidenced by his self-accusation. For the space of a week he was not seen at the Lalotais home, Quilbert's place or Dede's cabaret. He immersed himself behind locked doors at "L'Esperance," and Mrs. Wyley saw him only at meals. She, good soul, was overwhelmed by sorrow. She thought and trusted herself to mention the dreadful rumor to Evariste, even to question its verity. But he, when alone, passed his time otherwise than in mourning. It was a busy week with him. He counted and recounted the money he had hoarded since his brother's departure, calculated over and over his gains from the contraband ventures exploited with Quilbert, assumed, repented the former obligations of old man Lalotais which he had purchased from the Frenchman; but, though the effort involved the full measure of his strength, he refrained from opening the sealed envelope which Horace had delivered into his hand before marching to the dangers of battle. He contented himself for the present with the belief that it contained a disposition in his favor of all the Oakfell estate. The thoughts schemes and passions which occupied him during those seven days were such as consume or sear the soul, and he came forth with hardened countenance, compressed lips, cruel eyes and contracted brows.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Chas. Hopley, Atwater, O., was in very bad shape. He says: "I suffered a great deal with my kidneys and was requested to try Foley's Kidney Cure. I did so and in four days I was able to go to work again, now I am entirely well." J. C. Stimmone, the druggist.

### DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to find of the wonderful cure made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century, discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and your address.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., 187 West 23rd St., New York.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., 187 West 23rd St., New York.

### ON A WHEEL

the more frequently meets with disaster. A very handy and efficient doctor to have with you when an accident happens is a bottle of Mexican Mustang Liniment.



## Ulcers or Running Sores

need not become a fixture upon your body. If they do it is your fault, for

### MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

will thoroughly, quickly and permanently cure these afflictions. There is no guess work about it; if this liniment is used a cure will follow.

YOU DON'T KNOW how quickly a burn or scald can be cured until you have treated it with Mexican Mustang Liniment. A faithful healer it stands at the very top.

### We Now Have a Large Stock of the CELEBRATED Zeigler Shoes

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

There's None Better. And, Quality Considered, Prices are right.

### White & Co., BURLINGTON, N. C.

### TIMBER WANTED!

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 6 in. in diameter and up, also sound, straight and free from knots.

Will pay for Maple 3.00, Birch 2.50, Ash 5.00, White Poplar 4.00. Prices named are for cords, 128 cubic feet.

### R. B. FAUST, Burlington.

### J. E. CARTLAND, Merchant Tailor, Greensboro, N. C.

New Goods. Up-to-date styles. The Best Workmanship, and a good fit. We use the best of everything.

### A FREE PATTERN

(your own selection) to every subscriber. Only 1 cent a year.

### McCALL'S 50 YEAR MAGAZINE

### A LADIES' MAGAZINE.

A year's complete edition of this magazine, containing all the latest fashions, styles, and news, is yours for only 1 cent a year. It is the most interesting and useful magazine ever published. It is published weekly, and is the only one of its kind. It is the only one that is so full of interesting and useful information. It is the only one that is so cheap. It is the only one that is so popular. It is the only one that is so successful. It is the only one that is so long-lived. It is the only one that is so well-known. It is the only one that is so widely-read. It is the only one that is so highly-praised. It is the only one that is so universally-liked. It is the only one that is so generally-accepted. It is the only one that is so completely-satisfying. It is the only one that is so thoroughly-enjoyable. It is the only one that is so completely-fulfilling. It is the only one that is so completely-satisfying. It is the only one that is so thoroughly-enjoyable. It is the only one that is so completely-fulfilling.

### CALL FOR PATTERNS

### JACOB A. LONG, Attorney-at-Law, GRAHAM, N. C.

### The Southern Railway.

ANNOUNCES THE OPENING OF THE WINTER TOURIST SEASON AND THE PLACING ON SALE OF EXCURSION TICKETS

To all prominent points in the South, Southwest, West Indies, Mexico and California,

INCLUDING St. Augustine, Palm Beach, Miami, Jacksonville, Tampa, Fort Tampa, Brunswick, Thomasville, Charleston, Alton, Augusta, Pinehurst, Asheville, Atlanta, New Orleans, Memphis

### The Land of the Sky.

Perfect Dining and Sleeping Car Service. See that your ticket reads via of Southern Railway. Ask any Ticket Agent for full information, or address

A. L. VERNON, Traveling Pass. Agent, City Park, Charlotte, N. C. E. H. HARDING, General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C.

### ESTABLISHED 1896

### Burlington Insurance Agency

Local agency of Penn Mutual Insurance Company, Best Life Insurance contracts now on the market.

Prompt personal attention to all orders. Correspondence solicited. JAMES P. ALBRIGHT, Agent.

### Z. T. Hadley,

### Fine Watch Repairing

GRAHAM, N. C. Vestal Building.

### SHOE REPAIRING

NEATLY & PROMPTLY DONE BY

### NAT FOSTER,

### BANNER SALVE

The most healing salve in the world.