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BILIOUSNESS AND CONSTIPATION CURED BY THE FORDS BLACK-DRAUGHT

Because the liver is neglected people suffer with constipation, biliousness, headaches and fevers. Colds attack the lungs and contagious diseases take hold of the system. It is safe to say that if the liver were always kept in proper working order, illness would be almost unknown.

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The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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After the camp had fallen asleep he would often lie awake half of the few hours of their night, every muscle tense, staring at the sky. His mind saw definitely every detail of the situation as he had viewed it. In advance his imagination stooped and adventured to the work which his body was to accomplish the next morning. Thus he did everything twice. Then at last the tension would relax. He would fall into uneasy sleep. But twice that did not follow. Through the dissolving iron mist of his striving a sharp thought cleaved like an arrow. It was that, after all, he did not care. Subconsciousness, the other influence, was growing like a weed. Perhaps there were greater things than to succeed, greater things that succeeded. And then the keen, poignant memory of the dream girl stole into the young man's mind and in agony was immediately thrust forth. He would not think of her. He had given her up. He refused to believe that he had been wrong. In the still darkness of the night he would rise and steal to the edge of the dully roaring stream. There, his eyes blinded and his throat choked with a longing more manly than tears, he would reach out and smooth the round rough coats of the great logs.

"We'll do it," he whispered to them and to himself. "We'll do it. We can't be wrong."

CHAPTER XXX.

WALLACE CARPENTER'S search expedition had proved a failure, as Thorpe had foreseen, but at the end of the week, when the water began to recede, they came upon a mass of flesh and bones. The man was unrecognizable. The remains were wrapped in canvas and sent for interment to the cemetery at Marquette. Three of the others were never found. The last did not come to light until after the drive had quite finished.

Down at the booms the jam crew received the drive as fast as it came down. From one crib to another across the broad extent of the river's mouth heavy booms were chained end to end effectually to close the exit to Lake Superior. Against these the logs came down softly in the slackened current and stopped. The cribs were very heavy, with slanting instead of square tops, in order that the pressure might be downward instead of sideways. In a short time the surface of the lagoon was covered by a brown carpet of logs running in strange patterns like windrows of fallen grain. The drive was all but over.

Up till now the weather had been clear, but oppressively hot for this time of year. The heat had come suddenly and maintained itself well. The men had worked for the most part in undershirts. They were as much in the water as out of it, for the icy bath had become almost grateful. Hamilton, the journalist, who had attached himself definitely to the drive, distributed bunches of papers, in which the men read the unseasonable conditions prevailed all over the country.

At length, however, it gave signs of breaking. The sky, which had been of a steel blue, harbored great piled thunder heads. Toward evening the thunder heads shifted and finally dissipated. To be sure, but the portent was there.

Hamilton's papers began to tell of washouts and cloudbursts in the south and west. The men wished they had some of that water here.

So finally the drive approached its end and all concerned began in anticipation to taste the wilderness that awaited them. The few remaining tasks still confronting them all at once seemed more formidable than what they had accomplished. The work for the first time became dogged, distasteful. Even Thorpe was infected. He, too, wanted more than anything else to drop on the bed in Mrs. Hathaway's boarding house. There remained but a few things to do. A mile of sacking would carry the drive beyond the influence of fresh water. After that there would be no hurry.

He looked around at the hard, fatigued men of the men about him, and he suddenly felt a great rush of affection for these comrades who had so unreservedly spent themselves for his affair. Their features showed exhaustion. It is true, but their eyes gleamed still with the steady, half humorous purpose of the pioneer. When they caught his glance they grinned good humoredly.

All at once Thorpe turned and started for the bank.

"That'll do, boys," he said quietly to the nearest group. "She's down."

It was time. The sackers looked up in surprise. Behind them, to their very feet, rushed the soft smooth slope of Hemlock rapids. Below them flowed a broad, peaceful river. The drive had passed its last obstruction. To all intents and purposes it was over.

Calmly, with matter of fact directness, as though they had not achieved the impossible, they shouldered their peaveys and struck into the broad wagon road. In the middle distance loomed the tall stacks of the mill, with the little board tower about it. Across the eye spanned the thread of the railroad. Far away gleamed the broad expanse of Lake Superior.

The men paired off naturally and fell into a driving, dogged walk. Thorpe found himself unexpectedly with Big Junko. For a time they plodded on without conversation. Then the big man ventured a remark.

"I'm glad she's over," said he. "I got a good stake comin'."

"Yes," replied Thorpe indifferently. "I got most \$300 comin'," persisted Junko.

"Might as well be '300 cents," commented Thorpe. "It'd make me just as drunk."



Finally, "these cold streaks in the air. They are just as distinct as though they had partitions around them."

"Queer climate anyway," agreed Carpenter.

Excepting always for the mill, the little settlement appeared asleep. The main booms were quite deserted. After awhile Hamilton noticed something. "What's happenin' out there? Have some of your confounded bunk, or what? There don't seem to be near so many of them somehow."

"No; it isn't that," proffered Carpenter at a moment's scrutiny. "There are just as many logs, but they are getting separated a little so you can see the open water between them."

"Guess you're right. Say, look here, I believe that the river is rising."

"Nonsense! We haven't had any rain."

"She's rising just the same. You see that spile over there near the left hand crib? Well, I sat on the boom this morning watching the crew, and I whittled the spile with my knife. You can see the marks from here. I cut the thing about two feet above the water. Look at it now."

"She's pretty near the water line, that's right," admitted Carpenter.

About an hour later the younger man in his turn made a discovery.

"She's been rising right along," he submitted. "Your marks are nearer the water, and, you know, I believe the logs are beginning to feel it. See, they've closed up the little openings between them, and they are beginning to crowd down to the lower end of the pond."

"I don't know anything about this business," hazarded the journalist, "but I should think there was a good deal of pressure on that same lower end. For, look here! See those logs up-end. I believe you're going to have a jam right here in your own boom."

"I don't know," hesitated Wallace.

"I never heard of its happening."

"You'd better let some one know."

"I hate to bother Harry or any of the river men. I'll just step down to the mill. Mason—he's our mill foreman—he'll know."

Mason came to the edge of the high treble and took one look.

"Jumpin' fishhooks!" he cried. "Why, the river's up six inches and still water comin'! Here you, Tom!" he called to one of the yard hands. "You tell Solly to get steam on that tug double quick and have Dave hustle together his driver crew!"

"What are you going to do?" asked Wallace.

"I got to strengthen the booms," explained the mill foreman. "We'll drive some piles across the cribs."

"Is there any danger?"

"Oh, no. The river would have to rise a good deal higher than she is now to make current enough to hurt. They've had a hard rain up above. This'll go down in a few hours."

After a time the tug puffed up to the booms, escorting the pile driver. The latter tugged a little raft of logs, sharpened piles, which it at once began to drive in such positions as would most effectually strengthen the booms. In the meantime the thunder heads had slyly climbed the heavens, so that a sudden deluge of rain surprised the workers. For an hour it poured down in torrents, then settled to a steady gray beat. Immediately the aspect had changed.

Solly, the tug captain, looked at his mooring hawsers and then at the nearest crib.

"She's risin' two inches in th' last two hours," he announced, "and she's runnin' like a mill race." Solly was a typical north country tug captain, short and broad, with a brown, clear face and the steely gray of rain on his temples. "When she begins to feel th' pressure behind," he went on, "there's a goin' to be trouble."

Toward dusk she began to feel that pressure. Through the rains twilight the logs could be seen raising their ghostly arms of protest. Slowly, without tumult, the jam formed. In the rear they pressed in, were sucked under in the swift water, and came to rest at the bottom of the river. The current of the river began to protest, presenting hydrolics through the narrowing crevices. The situation demanded attention.

A breeze began to pull offshore in the body of rain. Little by little it increased, sending the water by in gusts, ruffling the already hurrying river into a greater haste, raising far from the shore dimly perceived whitecaps. Between the roaring of the wind, the dash of rain and the rush of the stream men had to shout to make themselves heard.

"Guess you'd better run out the boom," screamed Solly to Wallace Carpenter. "This water's comin' up the river an hour right along. When she backs up once she'll push this jam out sure."

Wallace ran to the boarding house and roused his partner from a heavy sleep. The latter understood the situation at a word. While dressing he explained to the younger man wherein lay the danger.

"If the jam breaks once," said he, "nothing top of earth can prevent it from going out into the lake, and there it'll scatter heaven knows where. Once they feel blindly through the rain in the direction of the lights on the tug and pile driver. Shearer, the water dripping from his faxen mustache, joined them like a shadow. At the river he announced his opinion. "We can hold her all right," he assured them. "It'll take a few more piles, but by morning the storm'll be over, and she'll begin to go down again."

The three picked their way over the cracking, swaying timber. But when they reached the pile driver they found trouble afoot. The crew had mustered and refused longer to drive piles under the face of the jam.

"If she breaks away she's going to bury us," said they.

"She won't break," snapped Shearer. "Get to work."

"It's dangerous," they objected sulkily.

"You get off this driver!" shouted Solly. "Go over and sit down in a jam sure let and see if you feel safe there!"

He drove them ashore, with a storm of profanity and a multitude of kicks, his steel blue eyes blazing.

"There's nothing for it but to get the boys out again," said Tim. "I kinder hate to do it."

But when the Fighting Forty, half asleep but dauntless, took charge of the driver, catastrophe made itself known. One of the ejected men had tripped the lifting chain of the hammer after another had knocked away the heavy preventing block, and so the hammer had fallen into the river and was lost. None other was to be had. The pile driver was useless.

A dozen men were at once dispatched for cables, chains and wire ropes from the supply at the warehouse.

"It's part of the same trick," said Thorpe grimly. "Those fellows have their men everywhere among us. I don't know 'em to trust."

"You think it's Morrison & Daly?" queried Carpenter, astonished.

"Think? I know it. They know as well as you or I that if we save these logs we'll win out in the Stock Exchange, and they're not such fools as to let us save them if it can be helped."

"What are you going to do now?"

"The only thing there is to be done. We'll string heavy booms chained to the chains, and then trust to be on the other side of the water when we hold the jam. The water will begin to flow over the bank before long, so there won't be much increase of pressure over what we have now, and as there won't be any shock to withstand I think our heavy booms will do the business."

He turned to direct the boring of some long boom logs in preparation for the chains. Suddenly he whirled again to Wallace with so strange an expression in his face that the young man almost cried out. The uncertain light of the lanterns showed dimly the streaks of rain across his countenance, and his eye flared with a look almost of panic.

"I never thought of it," he said in a low voice. "Fool that I am! I don't see how I missed it. Wallace, don't you see what those devils will do next?"

"No. What do you mean?" gasped the younger man.

"There are 12,000,000 feet of logs up river in Sadler & Smith's drive. Don't you see what they'll do?"

"No, I don't believe."

"Just as soon as they find out that the river is booming and that we are going to have a hard time to hold our jam, they'll let loose those 12,000,000 on us. They'll break the jam or dynamite it, or something. And let me tell you, the very first logs hitting the fall of our jam will start the whole shooting match so that no power on earth can stop it."

"I don't imagine they'd think of doing that," began Wallace by way of assurance.

"Think of it! You don't know them. They've thought of everything. You don't know that man Daly. Ask Tim. He'll tell you."

"Well, the..."

"I've got to send a man up there right away. Perhaps we can get there in time to head them off. They have to send their man over— He cast his eye rapidly over the men.

"I don't know just who to send. There isn't a good enough woodsman in the lot to make Siscoe Falls through the woods a night like this. The river trail is too long, and a cut through the woods is his only chance."

With infinite difficulty and caution they reached the shore. Across the gleaming logs shone dimly the lanterns at the scene of work, ghostly through the rain. Beyond, on either side, lay impenetrable, drenched darkness racked by the wind.

"I wouldn't want to tackle it," panted Thorpe. "If it wasn't for that cursed tide road between Sadler & Smith's I wouldn't worry. It's just too easy for them."

Behind them the jam cracked and shrieked and groaned. Occasionally was heard beneath the sharper noises a dull boom as one of the heavy timbers, forced by the pressure from its resting place, shot into the air and fell back on the bristling surface.

"Tim Shearer might do it," suggested Thorpe, "but I hate to spare him."

He picked his rifle from its rack and thrust the magazine full of cartridges.

"Come on, Wallace," said he. "We'll hunt him up."

They stepped again into the shriek and roar of the storm, bending their heads to its power, but indifferent to the rain. The saddest street was saturated like a sponge. They could feel the quick water rise about the pressure at their feet. From the invisible holes of the roof, far ahead, dim in the mist, sprayed the light of lanterns. Suddenly Thorpe felt a touch on his arm. Faintly he perceived at his elbow a face from which the water streamed.

"Injun Charley!" he cried. "The very man!"

They manipulate the heavy chains through the anchor holes; with pain they twisted knots, bored holes. They did not complain. Behind them the jam quivered perilously near the bursting point. From it shrieked aloud the demons of pressure. Steadily the river rose an inch an hour. The key might snap at any given moment, they could not tell, and with the rush they knew very well that themselves, the tug and the disabled pile driver would be swept from existence. The worst of it was that the blackness shrouded their experience into uselessness. They were utterly unable to tell by the ordinary visual symptoms how near the jam might be to collapse.

However, they persisted, as the old time river man always does, so that when dawn appeared the barrier was continuous and assured. Although the pressure of the river had already forced the logs against the defenses, the latter held the strain well.

The storm had settled into its gait. Overhead the sky was filled with gray, beneath which darker acids flew across the zenith before a howling southerly wind. Out in the clear river one could hardly stand upright against the gusts. In the fan of many directions furious squalls swept over the open water between the booms, and an eager boiling current rushed to the lake.

Thorpe now gave orders that the tug and driver should take shelter. A few moments later he expressed himself as satisfied. The dripping crew, their harsh faces gray in the half light, picked their way to the shore.

In the darkness of that long night's work no man knew his neighbor. Men from the river, men from the mill, men from the yard, all worked side by side. Thus no one noticed especially a tall, slender, but well knit individual dressed in a faded mackinaw and a limp louch which he wore pulled over his eyes. This young fellow occupied himself with the chains. Against the racing current the crew held the ends of the heavy booms while he fastened them together. He worked well, but seemed slow. Three times Shearer hustled him on after the others had finished, examining closely the work that had been done. On the third occasion he shrugged his shoulder somewhat impatiently.

The men struggled to shore, the young fellow just described bringing up the rear. He walked as though tired out, hanging his head and dragging his feet. When, however, the boarding house door had closed on the last of those who preceded him and the town lay deserted in the dawn he suddenly became transformed. Casting a keen glance right and left to be sure of his opportunity he turned and hurried recklessly back over the logs to the center booms. There he knelt and busied himself with the chains.

... his sly progress over the jam he so blended with the morning shadows as to seem one of them, and he would have escaped quite unnoticed had not a sudden shifting of the logs under his feet compelled him to rise for a moment to his full height. So Wallace Carpenter, passing from his bedroom along the porch to the dining room, became aware of the man on the logs.

His first thought was that something demanding instant attention had happened to the boom. He therefore ran at once to the man's assistance, ready to help him personally or to call other aid as the exigency demanded. Owing to the precarious nature of the passage he could not see beyond his feet until very close to the workman. Then he looked up to find the man, squatted on the boom, contemplating him sardonically.

He knew it "All."

Here is the exact answer of a New York schoolboy to the questions, "What is the meaning of the word 'hall' how many other words are there that sound like 'hall' and what are their meanings?"

"Hall, were you open the door and go in; hawl, hawling along a boy that won't go to school; aul, what the shonmaker chargia you 25 cents for to aul your shoe; all, everybody in the world."—Success.

The Kitchen Table Top.

If one cannot have a marble slab for the top of the kitchen table the best covering is zinc. It may be kept clean easier, and servants cannot harm it with the knife when cutting bread and meat. If only table cloth can be afforded the tan colored in small check will be found the most serviceable of any, for it will not show stains readily.

Rights and Privileges.

The girl of the future will be definitely obliged to choose between her ever present privileges and her rights. And I would advise her to hang on to her privileges and let her rights go. If you can't get your vote you can always get your voter, and you can influence him in his vote.—Josephine Daskam in Public Opinion.

Settled Neck Lane.

Lace that has yellowed by contact with the neck—the most stubborn of stains to whiten—may be perfectly cleaned by putting it in lukewarm soda made with white soap, changing the water at least once a day and letting it soak for a week. This treatment will not hurt the most delicate web.

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On account of small-pox at Coñatzer, Davis county, Davis Superior Court adjourned Tuesday of last week for the term. Two murder cases on the docket were continued.

Good Spirits.

Good spirits don't all come from Kentucky. The main source is the liver—and all the fine spirits ever made in the Blue Grass State could not remedy a bad liver or the hundred-and-one ill effects it produces. You can't have good spirits and a bad liver at the same time. Your liver must be in fine condition if you would feel buoyant, happy and hopeful, bright of eye, light of step vigorous and successful in your pursuit. You can put your liver in fine condition by using Green's August Flower—the greatest of all medicines for the liver and stomach and a certain cure for dyspepsia or indigestion. It has been a favorite household remedy for over thirty-five years. August Flower will make your liver healthy and active and thus insure you a liberal supply of "good spirits." Trial size, 25c.; regular bottles, 75c. At all drug-gists.

In the case we have supposed the

A dispatch from Denver says a snowstorm raged in Colorado and a portion of New Mexico for 36 hours, subsiding Sunday night a week. Between Clyde and Fairview the snow was five feet deep, and the railroads were compelled to use snow plows to clear the tracks.

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