

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXXI.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1905.

NO. 14



Wine of Cardui Cured Her.

218 South Prior Street, ATLANTA, GA., March 21, 1905.

I suffered for four months with extreme nervousness and lassitude. I had a sinking feeling in my stomach which no medicine seemed to relieve, and losing my appetite I became weak and lost my vitality. In three weeks I lost fourteen pounds of flesh and felt that I must find speedy relief to regain my health. Having heard of Wine of Cardui I sent for a bottle and was certainly very pleased with the results. Within three days my appetite returned and my stomach troubled me no more. I could digest my food without difficulty and I am once more a happy and well woman.

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The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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"Harry," she interrupted gently, but very firmly, "you must not say what you were going to say. I cannot allow it. Money came between us before. It must not do so again. Am I not right, dear?"

She smiled at him with the lips of a child and the eyes of a woman.

"Yes," he agreed after a struggle, "you are right again. It will be a long time before I shall be able to claim you. I have my way to make."

"Yes," said she diplomatically. "The papers remind me. How about that Morton?"

"What about him?" asked the girl, astonished. "He is very happily engaged."

Thorpe's face slowly filled with blood.

"You'll break the engagement at once," he commanded, a little harshly. "Why should I break the engagement?" demanded Hilda, eyes him with some alarm.

"You actually don't think he's engaged to me?" she burst out finally.

"Isn't he?" asked Thorpe.

"Why, no, stupid! He's engaged to Elizabeth Carpenter, Wallace's sister. Now where did you get that silly idea?"

"I saw it in the paper."

"And you believe all you see! Why didn't you ask Wallace? But of course you wouldn't. Harry, you are the most incoherent dumb brute I ever saw. I could shake you. You need a wife to interpret things for you. You speak a different language from most people." She said this between laughing and crying, between a sense of the ridiculous uselessness of withholding a single timely word and a tender pathetic intuition of the suffering such a nature must endure.

Suddenly she jumped to her feet with an exclamation.

"Oh, Harry, I'd forgotten utterly!" she cried in laughing consternation. "I have a luncheon here at half past 3. It's almost 3 now. I must run and dress. Just look at me; just look! You did that."

"I'll wait here until the confounded thing is over," said Thorpe.

"Oh, no, you won't!" replied Hilda decidedly. "You are going downtown right now and get something to put on. Then you are coming back here to stay."

Thorpe glanced in surprise at his driver's clothes and his spiked boots.

"Heavens and earth," he exclaimed. "I should think so. How am I to get out without ruining the floor?"

Hilda laughed and drew aside the portiere.

"Don't you think you have done that pretty well already?" she asked.

"There, don't look so solemn. We're not going to be sorry for a single thing we've done today, are we?" She stood close to him, searching his face wistfully with her fathomless dusky eyes.

"No, sweetheart, we are not," replied Thorpe soberly.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE train of the South Shore railroad shot its way across the broad reaches of the northern peninsula.

Thorpe welcomed the smell of the northland. It became almost eager, explaining, indicating to the girl at his side.

"There is the Canada balsam," he cried. "Do you remember how I showed it to you first? And yonder the spruce. How stuck up your teeth were when you tried to chew the gum before it had been heated! Do you remember? Look, look there! It's a white pine! Isn't it a grand tree? It's the finest tree in the forest, by my way of thinking, so tall, so straight, so feathery and so dignified. See, Hilda, look quick! There's an old logging road all filled with raspberry vines. We'd find lots of partridges there, and perhaps a bear. Wouldn't you like to walk down it about sunset?"

"Yes, Harry."

"I wonder what we're stopping for. Seems to me they are stopping at every squirrel's trail. Oh, this must be Ben's. Yes, it is. Quer this little place, isn't it? But so attractive? Good deal like our town. You have never seen Carpenter, have you? Location's fine anyway, and to me it's sort of picturesque. You'll like Mrs. Hathaway. She's a buxom, motherly woman who runs the boarding house for eighty men and still finds time to mend my clothes for me. And you'll like Solly. Solly's the tug captain, a mighty good fellow, but a gun-happy fellow. We'll have him take us out some little day. We'll be there in a few minutes now. See the cranberry marshes. Sometimes there's a good deal of pine on little islands scattered over it, but it's very hard to log unless you get a good winter. We had just such a proposition when I worked for Radway. Oh, you'll like Radway. He's as good as gold. Helen?"

"Yes," replied his sister.

"I want you to know Radway. He's the man who gave me my start."

"All right, Harry," laughed Helen. "I'll meet anybody or anything from bears to Indians."

"I know an Indian, too—Geezguit, an Ojibwa. We called him Injun Charley. He was my first friend in the north woods. He helped me get my timber. This spring he killed a man—a good job, too—and is hiding now. I wish I knew where he is. But we'll see him some day. He'll come back when the thing blows over. See! See!"

"What?" they all asked, breathless.

"It's gone. Over beyond the hills there I caught a glimpse of Superior."

"You are ridiculous, Harry," protested Helen Thorpe laughing. "I never saw you so. You are a regular boy."

"You like boys?" he asked gravely of Hilda.

"Adore them!" she cried.

"All right; I don't care," he answered his sister in triumph.

The air brakes began to make themselves felt, and shortly the train came to a grinding stop.

"What station is this?" Thorpe asked the colored porter.

"Shingerville, sah," the latter replied.

"I thought so, Wallace, when did their mill burn, anyway? I haven't heard about it."

"Last spring, about the time you went down."

"Is that so? How did it happen?"

"They claim incendiarianism," parried Wallace cautiously.

Thorpe pondered a moment, then laughed. "I am in the mixed attitude of the small boy," he observed. "Who isn't wicked enough to wish anybody's property destroyed, but who wishes that if there is a fire, to be where he can see it. I am sorry those fellows had to lose their mill, but it was a good thing for us. The man who set that fire did us a good turn. If it hadn't been for the burning of their mill they would have made a stronger fight against us in the stock market."

Wallace and Hilda exchanged glances. The girl was long since aware of the inside history of those days.

"You'll have to tell them that," she whispered over the back of her seat.

"It will please them."

"Our station is next," cried Thorpe, "and it's only a little ways. Come, get ready!"

They all crowded into the narrow passageway near the door, for the train barely paused.

"All right, sah," said the porter, swinging down his little step.

Thorpe ran down to help the ladies. He was nearly taken from his feet by a wildcat yell, and a moment later that result was actually accomplished by a rush of men that tossed him bodily into the mill and in the whistles began to screech and miscellaneous firearms exploded. Even the locomotive engineer, in the spirit of the occasion, leaned down heartily on his whistle rope. The sidewalk street was filled with screaming, jostling men. The homes of the town were brilliantly draped with chequer-boards, flags and bunting.

For a moment Thorpe could not make out what had happened. This turmoil of action he had expected that he was unable to gather his faculties. All about him were familiar faces upturned to his own. He distinguished the broad, square shoulders of Scotty Parsons, Jack Hyland, Kerlie, Bryan Monney; Ellis grinned at him from the press; Billy Camp, the fat and stinky driver cook; Mason, the foreman of the mill; over beyond bowed Solly, the fore captain; Rowley Charley, Solly's share boy; everywhere were features that he knew.

As his dimming eyes traveled here and there, one by one the Fighting Party, the best crew of men ever gathered in the northland, impressed themselves in his consciousness. On the outskirts snatched the tall form of the stevedore, a stream of people from beneath his feet while snatches, his eyes glimmering under his flat white eyebrows.

Big Junke and Anderson deposited their burden on the raised platform of the office steps. Thorpe turned and frantically sought the crowd.

At once pandemonium broke loose, as though the previous performance had been nothing but a low voiced rehearsal.

"Oh, aren't you proud of him?" gasped Hilda, squeezing Helen's arm with a little sob.

In a moment Wallace Carpenter, his countenance glowing with pride and pleasure, platform and platform and pleasure, manly any other form of success, his friend, while Morton

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

Sema Gleaned From the Teachings of All Denominations.

The best unifying force in church life is common service instead of common belief.—Rev. R. A. White, Universalist, Chicago.

The Almighty's Love.

God's love is like an exhaustless gold mine which grows better and richer the deeper it is worked. It is like a great luminary at whose rising all candles are snuffed out.—Rev. Matthew Mullen, Congregationalist, St. Louis.

Nature's Laws.

Nature's laws are subservient to man, but they require a Divine Providence to maintain their stability. And to him whose the laws of nature serve God extends his mercy and is his friend.—Rev. J. P. Stofel, Lutheran, Jersey City, N. J.

Truth and Character.

Truth does not enslave; it liberates. Not only are there needed moral character and a spiritual insight to know the truth, but the truth gradually understood reacts upon character and conduct. The two are mutually helpful.—Rev. Dr. C. D. Case, Baptist, Brooklyn.

Spiritual Life.

There are many things in the spiritual realm which we cannot understand, but we should not reject them on the ground that they are mysterious. If we do we are not consistent, for we accept numerous things in the material realm just as mysterious.—Rev. J. R. Mason, Methodist, Camden, N. J.

Inspiration of Education.

Religion is not merely so much instruction or information that can be added on; religion is the inspiration of all education for education must be founded in love. Education is the formation of character, not the cultivation of a certain aptitude for reading, writing and doing sums.—Rev. Father Kleit, Catholic, St. Louis.

The Christian's Face.

The true Christian's face should express joy, faith, spiritual happiness and future hope. If the peace of God is in his hearts it will show itself in our faces. Often we see the divine glow on the faces of God's children and instinctively know they have been led to the mountain top. A full spiritual life makes the face shine and the character perfect.—Rev. David G. Wylie, Presbyterian, New York.

Lack of Sincerity.

The lack of sincerity in a man's life is a cardinal weakness. By frequent repetition a half truth or an untruth may receive the tacit sanction of the world. We are led to say with Tennyson, "Cursed be the social lies that ward us from the living truth." The tendency to listen to beguiling voices with specious claims is lamentable. We need more individual thinking and less following a fascinating but misleading voice.—Rev. William Hathaway, Congregationalist, Chicago.

Moral Training.

In moral training religious teaching is necessary. History has but one voice here. Every attempt to ground moral obligation solely on human authority is not able to awaken the conscience or energize the will. No system of ethics can be devised of any value which does not recognize the existence and authority of a supreme God. In a Christian land the foundation of ethics must be the Christian God and the rule of conduct his revealed will.—Rev. J. D. Rankin, Presbyterian, Denver.

When the Millennium Will Come.

Wars will cease, even industrial wars, and peace will reign when the majority of men in all countries have learned the hard lesson of the solidarity of the human race—that one nation or one individual cannot really prosper at the expense of another nation or individual; that the injury of one is the concern of all. The workingmen all over the world are beginning to learn this lesson. With a consideration of the chief priests, the rulers and kings, shall have learned the same lesson. The millennium will come.—Rev. August Dellgren, Swedish Unitarian, Chicago.

A Great Corrective.

Punishment is a great corrective. God has placed punishments in natural laws, and these hold humanity to a measure of right living and doing. So men are right in human society when they resort to the punishment of criminals. In a Christian land the law and its enforcement may help those who have fallen into crimes and warn those who have not. Punishment should never be for its own sake. It should be redemptive to help the criminal, to warn the guiltless and to safeguard human society. It is ever wholesome.—Rev. Dr. J. W. Field, Congregationalist, Kansas City.



"Men," cried Thorpe.

and the two young ladies stopped half way up the steps.

At once the racket ceased. Every one stood at attention.

"Mr. Thorpe," Wallace began, "at the request of your friends here, I have a most pleasant duty to fulfill. They have asked me to tell you how glad they are to see you. That is surely unnecessary. They have also asked me to congratulate you on having won the fight with our rivals."

"You done 'em good!" "Can't down the old fellow!" muttered joyous voices.

"But," said Wallace, "I think that I first have a story to tell on my own account."

"At the time the jam broke this spring we owed the men here for a year's work. At that time I considered their demand for wages ill timed and grasping. I wish to apologize. After the money was paid them, instead of scattering, they set to work under Jack Radway. They have worked long hours all summer. They have invested every cent of their year's earnings in supplies and tools, and now they are prepared to show you in the company's booms 3,000,000 feet of logs rescued by their grit and hard labor from total loss."

At this point the speaker was interrupted. "Saw off!" "Shut up!" "Give us a rest!" growled the audience. "Three million feet ain't worth talkin' about!" "You make me tired!" "Ray your little say the way you ought!" "Found your night two millions pocketed on Mar's Island, or we wouldn't 'a' had that much!" "Foot's undertaking, anyhow?" "Men," cried Thorpe, "I have been very fortunate. From failure success has come. But never have I been more fortunate than in my friends. The firm is now on its feet. It could afford to lose three times the logs it lost this year."

He paused and scanned their faces.

"But," he continued suddenly, "it cannot now or ever can afford to lose what those 3,000,000 feet represent—the friends it has made. I can pay you back the money you have spent and the time you have put in." Again he looked them over, and then for the first time since they had faced him his face lighted up with a rare and tender smile of affection. "But, comrades, I shall not offer to do it. The gift is accepted in the spirit with which it was offered."

He got no further. The air was rent with sound. Even the members of his own party cheered. From every direction the crowd surged inward. The women and Morton were forced up the platform to Thorpe. The latter motioned for silence.

"Now, boys, we have done it," said he, "and so will go back to work. From now on you are my comrades in the fight."

His eyes were dim, his breast heaved, his voice shook. Hilda was weeping from excitement. Through the tears she saw them all looking at their leader, and in the press he saw faces glowing with affection and admiration of a dog for his master. Something there was especially touching in this, for strong men rarely show it. She felt a great wave of excitement sweep over her. Instantly she was standing by Thorpe.

"Oh," she cried, stretching her arms out to them passionately. "Oh, I love you, I love you all!"

THE END.

"BALLED" PARTRIDGES.

The Result of Hatching on Clay Soil in Wet Weather.

In certain districts where the soil is exactly right, or, rather, exactly wrong, the partridges so carefully preserved in England are likely to be attacked by a peculiar misfortune known as "balling." The word means simply that a partridge hatched out on a clay soil in wet weather may find the mud adhering to its feet as it struggles along after the mother bird.

This is a small beginning, but the chances are that the earth accumulated. Sometimes indeed the soil attached to the foot of a little partridge will increase from a mere speck to a weight of several ounces. A writer in *Badminton's Magazine* says that the heaviest ball he ever knew weighed four ounces, and the bird which carried it was only half its proper size, although the rest of the coverts were full grown. The little creature could only move along in a kind of flying scramble, dragging the ball on the ground.

The clay was baked as hard as a brick, so that it was no easy matter to remove it. Finally it became apparent that the bird, without its accustomed ballast, did not know how to fly. With every effort it tumbled head over heels and learned the natural mode only after long trying.

The fate of a "balled" partridge which is not rescued by some kindly hand is a cruel one. Day by day the burden grows heavier, and the more the chick scrambles after its companions the larger its burden becomes. Finally it is no longer possible to move at all, and then the little thing can but give up and die.

Naturalists say that this balling of birds is one of nature's provisions for scattering seeds. It is easy to demonstrate this, and the "answer comes true." One experimenter scattered the earth from a three ounce ball over the top of a pan of ordinary dirt, which had been baked to destroy the seeds in it. Ten plants sprang up in due time and developed into seven varieties.

A German on Kissing.

It must require no small amount of courage on the part of a Church of England clergyman to preach a sermon on "kissing." The deed was recently done in an Anglican church in the most fashionable suburb of Melbourne. Naturally a good many giggling girls were in evidence among the congregation. They doubtless yielded their assent to the preacher's preliminary proposition that "a kiss is one of the most pleasant of earthly things" and that "a kiss is not perfect unless it is expected and reciprocated." The bulk of the sermon was devoted to Scriptural forms of the practice—the kiss of peace, the kiss of reconciliation, the kiss of consecration, etc.

Escapes by Convicts.

A report from Australia of the escape from the French convict settlement of New Caledonia of a small boat containing six convicts and their subsequent recapture reminds old timers that it is harder to get away from the convict stations nowadays.

An Arab convict from Algiers actually succeeded in getting from New Caledonia to Australia, a distance of 800 miles, in an open boat with a pair of oars, the branch of a tree for a mast and a shirt for a sail. After nine days of freedom he was caught at Marseilles and sent back to New Caledonia for life.

Rochefort and four brother communists escaped from New Caledonia as stowaways in an English cutter. Twenty-five of their humbler political brethren in exile were less lucky. They constructed a large canoe, launched it and were all eaten by sharks, which swam in New Caledonia waters.

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More Sleep Needed.

Physicians are rising up to say that this country is going to the dogs because the men and women in it do not sleep enough. Fortunately for the country as an entity, the prevailing poverty of sleep does not fit the rural districts. Men and women and children slept there, and they are all the better for it.

It is in the towns that sleep is encroached upon by business or pleasure or society until there is not much of it left in night hours at any rate. And night was primarily made for sleep. The meaning of darkness is sleep. Sleep is recuperation for the weary brain and body, and it is as essential to-day as it ever was or ever will be. Nature's demands cannot be changed by business or society or the desire for pleasure. Sleep is the only thing that will make good the wear and tear of life, and nature's call to sleep should not be ignored. It should be heeded to the fullest possible extent.

It is not possible to say how many hours mankind should sleep. Some need more, some less. Ben Franklin said, "Six hours of sleep for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool." If this rule were reversed it would perhaps be better. But there can be no general rule as to hours. There is but one rule, and that is this: Sleep if possible in the night time, for that is what nature intended, and whoever crosses nature gets the worst of it. The business man or the society woman who uses the hours of the night for other purposes must pay the penalty in nervousness, wretchedness and drugs and stimulants, and in a hastening of the sleep that knows no waking. The man or woman that sleeps 'o nights lives long.

Do It To-Day.

The time-worn injunction, "Never put off 'til to-morrow what you can do to-day," is now generally presented in this form: "Do it to-day!" That is the terse advice we want to give you about that backing cough or demoralizing cold with which you have been struggling for several days, perhaps weeks. Take some reliable remedy for it to-day—and let that remedy be Dr. Boecher's German Syrup, which has been in use for over thirty-five years. A few doses of it will undoubtedly relieve your cough or cold, and its continued use for a few days will cure you completely. No matter how deep-seated cough, even if dread consumption has attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in the thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble. New trial bottles, 25c.; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

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Distressing kidney and bladder disease relieved in six hours by "New Great South American Kidney Cure." It is a great surprise on account of its promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys or back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by the J. C. Simmons Drug Co., Graham, N. C.

At Yarmouth, England, the races are managed by the municipal authorities. One year the city made \$15,000 from the enterprise and reduced taxation to that extent.

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 finest 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 druggists.

The orange production of California amounts to about eighteen millions of dollars in value and the gold production about seventeen millions.

A company has been organized at Lenoir to manufacture furniture and coffins.

The Monroe Enquirer says that Union county jail was empty for 24 hours a few days ago, the first time it has been free from prisoners in 20 years.

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