THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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Tutt's Pills

After eating, persons of a bilious habit will derive great benefit by taking one of these pills. If you have been

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they will promptly relieve the nausea,

SICK HEADACHE

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A MAKER OF HISTORY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM,

Author of "The Master Mummer," "A Prince of Sinners," "Mysterious Mr. Sabin," "Anna the Adventuress," Etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE amber wine fell in a little wavering stream from his upraised glass on to the tablecloth below. He leaned back in his chair and gazed at his three guests with a fatuous smile. The girl in blue, with the dazzlingly fair hair and wonderful complexion, steadied his hand and exchanged a meaning look with the man who sat opposite. Surely the poor fool was ready for the plucking? But madame, who sat beside her, frowned upon them both. She had seen things which had puzzled her. She signed to them to wait.

She leaned over and flashed her great black eyes upon him.

"Monsieur enjoys himself like this every night in Paris?"

A soft, a very seductive, voice. The women who envied her success compared it to the purring of a cat. Men as a rule found no fault with it, especially those who heard it for the first time.

Duncombe set down his glass, now almost empty. He looked from the stain on the tablecloth into the eyes of madame, and again she thought them very unlike the eyes of a drunken man.

"Why not? It's the one city in the world to enjoy oneself in. Half past 4, and here we are as jolly as anything. Chucked out of everywhere in London at half past 12. 'Time, gentlemen, please!' And out go the lights. Jove, I wonder what they'd think of this at the Continental! Let's—let's have another bottle."

The fair haired girl—Flossie to her friends, Mlle. Mermillion until you had been introduced—whispered in his ear. He turned his head vaguely. She had her arm round his neck. He removed it gently.

"We'll have another here first anyhow," he declared. "Hi, garcon! Ring the bell, there's a good chap, monsieur—dash it, I've forgotten your name! No, don't move. I'll do it myself."

He rose and staggered toward the door.

"The bell isn't that way, monsieur," madame exclaimed. "It is to the right. Louis, quick!"

M. Louis sprang to his feet. There was a queer grating little sound, followed by a sharp click. Duncombe had swung round and faced them. He had turned the key in the door and was calmly pocketing it.

M. Louis did not move. The hand which held that small, shining revolver was certainly not the hand of a drunken man.

They all three looked at him in wonder—madame, M. Louis and Mlle. Flossie. The dark eyebrows of madame almost met, and her eyes were full of the promise of evil things. M. Louis, cowering back from that steady pointed revolver, was white with the inherited cowardice of the degenerate. Flossie, who had drunk more wine than any of them, was trying to look as though it were a joke. Duncombe, with his disordered evening clothes, his stained shirt front and errant tie, was master of the situation. He came and stood a few feet away from them. His blundering French accent and his choice of words had departed. He spoke to them without hesitation, and his French was almost as good as their own.

"I want you to keep your places," he said, "and listen to me for a few minutes. I can assure you I am neither mad nor drunk. I have a few questions to ask you, and if your answers are satisfactory you may yet find my acquaintance as profitable as though I had been the pigeon I seemed. Keep your seat, M. le Baron!"

M. Louis, who had half risen, sat down again hastily. They all watched him from their places around the table. It was madame whom he addressed more directly—madame, with the jet black hair and golden earrings, the pale cheeks and scarlet lips.

"I invited you into a private room here," he said, "because what I have to say to you three is between ourselves alone. You came, I presume, because it promised to be profitable. All that I want from you is information, and for that I am willing to pay."

M. Louis interposed. He stroked his little black mustache with a much beringed hand. With the other he gesticulated.

"Monsieur talks reasonably," he declared, "but why all this mystery? Why this feigned drunkenness? Why the show of arms? If we can help monsieur, it is an affair of pleasure, and if he chooses to make a present of these ladies in return, why, no doubt they will be charmed. Me, I presume, he has no intention to insult. Permit me, monsieur."

He drew a card from a small gold case and presented it to Duncombe, who accepted it, with a little bow.

"I invited you into a private room here," he continued. "If I can aid you in any way I am entirely at your service, but I require first of all that in addressing us you recognize my position as a French nobleman, who amuses himself in this place as you, monsieur, also do, and also that you unlock that door."

Duncombe smiled quietly.

"Monsieur le Baron," he said, "I think that we are very well as we are—secure from interruption. I have sent others here on this same mission, but they did not succeed. Both of these ladies, I believe, have been approached for the information I desire, and they have thought well not to give it. I have set my heart upon hold it. I have set my heart upon success this time, and I wish to secure at least the opportunity of being heard."

M. Louis shrugged his shoulders.

"There are secrets," he murmured; "affairs of honor"—

Duncombe interrupted him.

"M. Louis," he said, "I am not so young as I look, and I have lived in Paris. I know that this cafe for all its outward smartness bears perhaps the worst reputation in Europe. I have heard of you three many times—the 'Trinity from Hell,' they call you sometimes, I think. You see, I know where I am and the risk I run. Even this little room has its secrets—a murder or two, I believe, and other things—secrets which I don't suppose there is gold enough in France to buy. Well, I don't want to buy them. You can go your way so far as I am concerned. There is only one thing I want to know from you, and for that I offer you—the ladies, of course, I mean—5,000 francs each."

"Five thousand francs!" madame murmured.

Mlle. Flossie said nothing, but her eyes shone.

"The question, monsieur?"

"What has become of Mlle. Phyllis Poynton, the young English lady?"

The eyes of madame seemed to narrow for a moment. M. Louis lit a cigarette with fingers which shook a little, and the fair face of Mlle. Flossie was suddenly white. Then they all three looked at one another.

"Do you know whom monsieur may mean?"

"Not I!"

"An English girl! There are none come here."

"Mlle. Poynton! It is a name unheard of."

The young Englishman smiled upon them grimly.

"Madame," he said, "you have in your satchel—don't move, if you please—a roll of French notes—indeed you must not move—very cleverly abstracted from my pocket by my charming young companion, Mlle. Flossie here. Now, I have at least half a dozen friends in the cafe below whom I could summon here by touching that bell, and the identification of those notes would be a perfectly simple matter. Shall I do it, or will you earn another roll by giving me the information I seek?"

Madame leaned forward and whispered in the man's ear. M. Louis nodded.

"Tell him," Mlle. Flossie murmured tremulously. "Monsieur will not break faith with us. He will not let it be known from whence he gained the knowledge."

"Agreed!" the young Englishman declared. "Go on."

Madame held up her hand.

"I," she said, "will tell monsieur what we know."

She rose to her feet and leaned over the table. The blue black sequins on her dress glittered and shone in the dull light. Her figure was superb, her neck and bosom a flawless white. The Englishman, however, was unmoved. His keen, gray eyes were fixed upon her, but the revolver remained in his right hand. From downstairs they could hear the music of violins, the rattle of glasses, the hum of voices and laughter. Madame frowned slightly as she marked the young Englishman's alertness. She was used to victims, and his imperturbability annoyed her.

"I trust," she said, "that you will remember, monsieur, that I am breaking a pledged word. If monsieur the director here knew that I was telling you of Mlle. Poynton there would be much trouble for all of us."

Duncombe nodded.

"Go on," he said.

"Mademoiselle came here first about a month or perhaps six weeks ago," she said. "From that time on she was a regular visitor. She came alone. She spoke to no one. She was always a little sad. She was very handsomely dressed—for an English girl; quite chic! She spent money, and M. Alfred, the director, kept always a table for her. At the time we on began to feel that purpose does she come here? For what, indeed!

"One night M. Alfred, who was always besieged with questions about her, took too much wine. I have seen that happen with him but once—since parts of Paris. He told us about mademoiselle. She had made some inquiries, and M. Alfred was the man of all his whereabouts. After that he scarcely expected to see her again, but the next night she was here also.

"Then M. Alfred learned more. Mademoiselle was in a small way an artist, and she had conceived the idea of painting a picture of the cafe—an early morning picture of effects, monsieur understands. There was to be the morning sunlight streaming across the supper tables, the faces of all of us aged and haggard. M. Louis here without doubt a very child of the devil! Oh, a very moral picture, monsieur! It was to convert us all. M. Alfred declared that he would arrange to have it here on exhibition, and we should all mend our ways. Monsieur knew perhaps that the young lady was an artist?"

Duncombe was master of the situation.

The question was flashed suddenly upon him as though the intention was to take him by surprise. Duncombe, however, remained unmoved.

"I am here, madame, to ask, not to answer, questions," he said. "Will you kindly proceed? I am greatly interested."

Madame put her hand to her throat for a moment as though to loosen her necklace. She had not the appearance of being greatly in love with her questioner.

"There came a night," she continued, "when mademoiselle broke through her rule. A man came in and sat at her table. His name was the Vicomte D'Aubarde, and he was known to most of us, though to the young lady he appeared to be a stranger. They talked earnestly for an hour or more. When she left, he accompanied her!"

The Englishman had grown paler. Madame saw it and smiled. Her lover perhaps! It was good to make him suffer.

"Flossie here," she continued, "was outside and saw them depart. They drove off together in the vicomte's coupe. They were apparently on the best of terms. Since then we have not seen her again or the vicomte. Monsieur knows now as much as we know."

"And how long ago is that?" Duncombe asked quietly.

"A week tonight," madame replied.

Duncombe laid down a roll of notes upon the table.

"I wish," he said, "to prove to you that I am in earnest. I am therefore going to pay you the amount I promised, although I am perfectly well aware that the story of madame is false!"

"Monsieur!"

"As I remarked," he repeated, "false. Now listen to me. I want to tempt one of you, I don't care which, to break through this thieves' compact of yours. I have paid a thousand francs for lies. I will pay 10,000 francs for truth! Ten thousand francs for the present whereabouts of Mlle. Phyllis Poynton!"

Mlle. Flossie looked up at him quickly; then she glanced furtively at madame, and the flash of madame's eyes was like lightning upon blue steel. Duncombe moved toward the door.

"I will pay the bill downstairs," he said. "Good night. Think over what I have said. Ten thousand francs!"

M. Louis stood up and bowed stiffly. Mlle. Flossie ventured to throw him a kiss. Madame smiled inscrutably.

The door closed. They heard him go downstairs. Madame picked up his card and read aloud:

"Sir George Duncombe, Risley Hall, Norfolk. Grand Hotel, Paris."

"If one could only," madame murmured, "tell him the truth, collect the money—and"—

"And," Flossie murmured, half fearfully.

M. le Baron smiled.

CHAPTER IX.

MLLE. MERMILLION was not warmly welcomed at the Grand hotel. The porter believed that Sir George Duncombe was out. He would inquire if mademoiselle would wait, but he did not usher her into the drawing room, as would have been his duty in an ordinary case, or even ask her to take a seat.

Mlle. Mermillion was of the order of young person who resents, but this afternoon she was far too nervous. During the porter's temporary absence she started at every footstep and scrutinized anxiously every passerby. Often she looked behind her through the glass doors into the street. When at last he reappeared alone her disappointment was obvious.

"Sir George Duncombe is out, mademoiselle," he announced. "Will you be pleased to leave a message or your name?"

"You do not know how long he will be?" she inquired.

"Sir George left no word," the man answered. "He has been out since before dejeuner."

Mademoiselle decided to leave a note.

The porter supplied her with note paper and envelopes. She sat down at a small round table and once more glanced around. Convinced that she was not being watched, she hastily wrote a few lines, sealed and addressed the envelope and handed it to the porter.

"You will give this to Sir George immediately he returns," she begged. "It is important."

"Monsieur shall have it without doubt, mademoiselle," the man answered.

She pulled down her veil and left the place hurriedly. When she reached the boulevard she slackened her pace and drew a little breath of relief.

"Ten thousand francs!" she murmured to herself. "If I took that with me, they would receive me at home. I might start all over again. It is worth a little risk. Heavens, how nervous I am!"

She entered a cafe and drank a petit verre. As she set her glass down a man looked at her over the top of his newspaper. She tried to smile, but her heart was beating, and she was sick with fear.

"What a fool I am!" she muttered. "It is a stranger too. If he were one of Gustav's lot, I should know him."

She returned his smile, and he came and sat down beside her. They had another liqueur together. Later they left the place together.

Duncombe returned to his hotel tired out after a disappointing day spent in making fruitless inquiries in various parts of Paris. He had been to the cafe... He seemed so far of the truth as ever. He opened the note which the porter handed him listlessly enough. Afterward, however, it was different. This is what he read:

I can tell you about the young English lady, if you will promise upon your honor that you will not betray me. I dare not come here again. I will be at the cafe at 11 o'clock tonight. Go to the Cafe Sylvain tonight and order dinner in a private room. I will come to you there. FLOSSIE.

Duncombe drew a little sigh of relief. At last, then, he was to know something. He was very English, a bad amateur detective and very weary of his task. Nothing but his intense interest in the girl herself—an interest which seemed to have upset the whole tenor of his life—would have kept him here plodding so relentlessly away at a task which seemed daily to present more difficulties and complications. Yet so absorbed had he become that the ordinary duties and pleasures which made up the routine of his life scarcely ever even entered into his mind. There had been men coming down to shoot whom in an ordinary way he would not have dreamed of putting off, a cricket match which had been postponed until his return and which he had completely forgotten. Paris had nothing in the shape of amusement to offer him in place of these things, yet in his own mind these things were as they had not been. Every interest and every energy of his life were concentrated upon the one simple object of his search.

He gave the man half a crown and walked to the lift whistling. The porter shook his head, and Duncombe receded considerably in his estimation notwithstanding the tip. He considered Mlle. Flossie a little obvious for a gentleman of Duncombe's class. Duncombe treated himself to a cocktail and a cigarette as he changed his clothes. It was positively the first gleam of hope he had had. And then suddenly he remembered Spencer's warning, and he became grave.

He was at the Cafe Sylvain early. He ordered dinner, gave elaborate instructions about a young lady when she arrived and with a glass of absinth and another cigarette sat down to wait. At a quarter to 8 he began to get restless. He summoned the waiter again and gave a more detailed description of Mlle. Flossie. The waiter was regretful, but positive. No young lady of any description had arrived expecting to meet a gentleman in a private room. Duncombe tried him with her name. But, yes, Mlle. Mermillion was exceedingly well known there. He would give orders that she should be shown up immediately she arrived. It would be soon without doubt.

At a quarter past 8 Duncombe dined alone, too disappointed to resent the waiter's sympathetic attitude. At 9 o'clock he returned to the hotel on the chance that a message might have been sent there. He read the English newspapers and wrote letters until midnight. Then he ordered a carriage and drove to the Cafe Montmartre.

He mounted the stairs and passed through the little bar which led into the supper room. M. Alfred came forward, with a low bow.

"You can find me a table, I suppose?" Duncombe remarked, looking round. "Where shall I sit?"

M. Alfred shook his head slowly. His hands were outstretched, his manner sad, but resigned.

"I am very sorry, monsieur, but tonight every place is taken. I have had to turn others away already," he declared. "A thousand regrets."

Duncombe looked at him astonished. The place was more than half empty.

"Surely you can find me a small table somewhere," he said. "I was here last evening, you know. If it is because I am alone I will order supper for two and magnum of wine."

M. Alfred was immovable. He remembered Duncombe well, and he was proud of his patronage, but tonight it was impossible to offer him a table. Duncombe began to be annoyed.

"Very well," he said; "I will stay in the bar. You can't turn me out of there, can you?"

M. Alfred was evasive. He desired M. Duncombe to be amused, and the people who remained in the bar—well, it was not possible to get rid of them, but they were not fitting company for him.

"There is the Cafe Mazarin," he added confidentially, "a few steps only from here, a most amusing place. The most wonderful ladies there, too—very chic and crowded every night. Monsieur should really try it. The commissionaire would direct him—a few yards only."

"Much obliged to you," Duncombe answered, turning on his heel. "I may look in there presently."

He seated himself at a small round table and ordered a drink. The people here were of a slightly different class from those who had the entree to the supper room and were mostly crowded round the bar itself. At a small desk within a few feet of him a middle aged woman with a cold, hard face sat, with a book of accounts before her and a pile of bills. There was something almost sphinxlike about her appearance. She never spoke. Her expression never changed. Once their eyes met. She looked at him steadfastly, but said nothing. The girl behind the bar also took note of him. She was very tall and slim, absolutely colorless and with coils of fair hair drawn tightly back from her forehead. She was never without a cigarette, lighting a fresh one always from its predecessor, talking all the while unceasingly, but without the slightest change of expression.

"I am very sorry, monsieur, but tonight every place is taken."

Once she waved the men and girls who stood talking to her on one side, and Duncombe fancied that it was because she desired a better view of him.

Suddenly he was startled by a voice close at hand. He looked up. The woman at the desk was speaking to him.

"Monsieur would be well advised," she said, "if he departed."

Duncombe looked at her in amazement. She was writing rapidly in her book, and her eyes were fixed upon her work. If he had not actually heard her it would have been hard to believe that she had spoken.

"But why, madame?" he asked. "Why should I go? I am in no one's way. I can pay for what I have."

She dipped her pen in the ink.

"I know nothing of monsieur or of his business," she said, still without even glancing toward him, "but I know that M. Alfred does not wish him to remain."

"The devil take M. Alfred!" Duncombe answered angrily. "I am waiting to speak to some one who comes here regularly, and I shall stay until they come."

The woman wrote steadily for a moment. Then she blotted the page on which she had been writing and, raising her head, looked at him.

"It is no affair of mine," she said, "but M. Alfred has sent for the police. They may say that you have had too much wine or that you owe money. In either case you will be removed. The police will not listen to you. M. Alfred has special discretion. It is no affair of mine," she repeated, "but if I were monsieur I would go."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DAIRY WISDOM.

It takes a little more to rig up a dairy with scales to weigh individual messes and a Babcock tester to find out if each cow is doing her share, but the returns more than overbalance the extra outlay. No man is willing to keep a cow after he knows she is not making a profit, but he never can find out until he goes at it in a practical manner.

Get thoroughbred cows, then give them thoroughbred care, says the Farm Press. The one is just as important as the other. Thoroughbred cows require more individual attention, but they are willing to pay for it.

Never churn in a cold room. The butter will be cheesy if you do. The churning room should be about the temperature of the cream.

Because the cow falls off in milk it does not always follow that she is sick. There may be something wrong with her feed. Look into that. Often it is the man and not the cow at all.

The best cows, as a rule, have the most sensitive udders, and harsh treatment is the very last thing to practice. Any harshness will cause an increase of nervousness and a decrease in the milk flow.

Eight good cows warrant a silo and a separator. Eight poor cows warrant a sale at a sacrifice.

Following is the lesson of the gilt edge milk farm: Get the best cows, feed them well and keep them healthy. Have the milk pure and clean. Put it up attractively and take it to the choicest retail trade you can find. The reward is sure.

Have a fixed time to begin feeding and milking both morning and evening. This is important. When a cow expects her feed and doesn't get it, she is restless and worried, and anything which annoys her lessens her milk production.

His cows were scrubs, his food was scrimped, and his care was scant. No wonder his dairy farm didn't pay.

Some large, coarse framed cows seem to be profitable until you measure what they eat. When you look at the milk pail, don't forget to weigh the hay and grain consumed.

The amount to feed depends upon the characteristics of the cow and the amount of milk she is giving.

It is a very poor cow that will not respond to good care, generous feeding and comfortable surroundings.

The best cure for a kicking cow is to find why she kicks, then find the remedy. No cow will kick from a hurt or sudden fright.

Keep milk and cream where no bad smells can get to them. A good stone jar with close fitting lid is a good thing in which to store cream.

Feed a good milker a balanced ration. She deserves it.

Be as clean in caring for the stable as you are in caring for the pails and cans.

"Don't Mind if I Do."

In a lecture at Leeds F. R. Benson told his audience of a man to whom he offered a ticket for a performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The offer was accepted in the words, "Well, I don't mind if I do." The phrase is not precisely what one might call an outburst of gratitude. Analyzed, indeed, it is extraordinarily rude. It is no more than a synonym for "Thank you for nothing." But of course those who use the expression—and they are a large number—do not stay to analyze its meaning, and the persons to whom it is addressed accept it, if they are wise, without affront. It is merely another example of the slipshod style of speech that has become so common. We have substituted "Thanks" for "Thank you," yet even the latter would have seemed abrupt and discourteous to the more punctilious age that would have said, "I thank you." The young lady of today, when she wishes to show extraordinary gratitude, rattles out, "Oh, you're too good!" It is spontaneous, no doubt, but it does not carry quite the air of, "I protest you do overwhelm me with kindness."—London Saturday Review.

Employer—If we are to retain your services, Mr. Lambkin, you must take care of your appearance. You look as if you haven't been shaved for a week. Clerk—But, sir, I am growing a beard. Employer—That's no excuse. You must not do that sort of thing out of business hours.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. Sold by J. C. Simmons Drug Co., Graham, N. C.

A HEALTHY HERD.

The Successful Dairyman Weeds Out the Unprofitable Cows.

Many dairymen are losing their rightful profits because they have some cows that are costing more than they produce, and these eat up the profits of others. Too much cannot be said about the importance of weeding out unprofitable cows, but too often we overlook the fact that they are unprofitable because they are not well fed and cared for. With high priced feeds and labor a short sighted man is liable to cut down these expenses beyond economy.

It is no exaggeration to say that there are thousands of cows now maintained at a loss that would be giving a profit if allowed a fair chance. Professor Wing and Mr. Foord of the Cornell experiment station have clearly illustrated this point. Ten cows owned by a dairyman living near the station were included in an experiment which lasted for a period of four years. The first year the herd was visited regularly on its home farm, and careful records were made of food consumed and milk fat produced. The cows were then taken to the university farm and given good care and abundant and good feed.

Increase Shown.

This treatment continued two years, when the cows were returned to their old home and again received the care and feed that they had had before coming to the university farm. The first year at the university showed an average increase of 46 per cent in milk yield, or 55 per cent in fat yield. The large production was continued throughout the second year at the university, but it fell back to about the original amount when the cows were returned to their former home, care and feed. After the cows had become accustomed to fair treatment at the university they gave milk and fat at lower feed cost than they had done before, when the total cost of feed was less. In other words, the average food cost of a pound of fat fell from 12 cents at the home farm to 10 cents at the university. In the case of one cow it fell from 14 cents to 9 cents.

These ten cows were not selected, but were taken at random, and a study of their individual records shows a surprising uniformity of gain due to good treatment. The experiment points the way by which many dairymen could change losses to gains. Similar experiments have been performed by Professor Smith of Michigan and others, and similar results have been obtained. It is not intended to claim that any and every cow would be profitable even if given the best chance. There is a great difference, and this is shown only by keeping individual records.—R. A. Pearson, M. S., Professor of Dairy Industry, Cornell University, in Kimball's Dairy Farmer.

Let Evergreens Grow... Years.

If every [illegible] ... would not only ... but would also insure a ... of valuable timber, it would so supplement the larger work of a government forest reserve that reforestation and the preservation of an adequate supply of good timber would be much simplified. The precious and almost indispensable white oak is naturally only a forest tree, but the black walnut, which intrinsically is even more valuable, will grow almost anywhere and in a much shorter time and will pay for itself from the time it begins to bear. The same is true of the chestnut. There is no question that cabinet woods will always be in demand, for no other material can possibly take the place of wood in the making of furniture.—Craftsman.

Chaining the Child.

She may have been either a wicked little girl or simply one of those children who refuse absolutely to "stay put," but whatever her ailment her mother certainly made enough of a parade of it. The pair were strolling along the other afternoon, and around the left wrist of the child was a stout dog collar of leather, to which was fastened a heavy chain of steel links, the end of which was held firmly in the mother's right hand. The chaining might have been done in all kindness, but the effect on the passing throng was to arouse a keen sense of pity for the child.—New York Press.

Young men of today who are looking for "soft jobs" or figuring how they may get something for nothing should ponder well these words of Horace Greeley: "The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it."

Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co.

COTTON

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It is a well known fact that cotton, or any other crop, produced with Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers will bring the highest possible price in any market... Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers.

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My Hair is Scraggly

Do you like it? Then why be contented with it? Have to be? Oh, no! Just put on Ayer's Hair Vigor and have long, thick hair; soft, even hair. But first of all, stop your hair from coming out. Save what you have. Ayer's Hair Vigor will not disappoint you. It feeds the hair-bulbs; makes weak hair strong.

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

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