

Tutt's Pills

will save the dyspeptic from many days of misery, and enable him to eat whatever he wishes. They prevent SICK HEADACHE, cause the food to assimilate and nourish the body, give keen appetite, DEVELOP FLESH and solid muscle. Elegantly sugar coated. Take No Substitute.

C. A. HALL, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, GRAHAM, N. C.

J. S. COOK, Attorney-at-Law, GRAHAM, N. C.

WALTER E. WALKER, M. D. GRAHAM, N. C.

Office over Bank of Alamance Building, up stairs.

DR. WILL S. LONG, JR. DENTIST

Graham, N. C. North Carolina

OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING

JOHN GRAY LARUM, W. P. BYNUM, JR., B. BYNUM & BYNUM, Attorneys and Counselors at Law GREENSBORO, N. C.

LONG & LONG, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, GRAHAM, N. C.

ROBT' C. STRUDWICK Attorney-at-Law, GREENSBORO, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Alamance and Guilford counties.

NORTH CAROLINA FARMERS Need a North Carolina Farm Paper.

One adapted to North Carolina climate, soils and conditions, made by Tar Heels and for Tar Heels—and at the same time as wide awake as any in Kentucky or Kamachka. Such a paper is

The Progressive Farmer RALEIGH, N. C.

Edited by CLARENCE H. POB, with Dr. W. C. Burkett, J. B. A. & M. College, and Director B. W. Kilgore, of the Agricultural Experiment Station (you know them), as assistant editors (\$1 a year). If you are already taking the paper, we can make no reduction, but if you are not taking it

YOU CAN SAVE 50¢

By sending your order to us that is to say, new Progressive Farmer subscribers we will send that paper with THE GLEANER, both one year for \$1.50, regular price \$2.00.

Address THE GLEANER, Graham, N. C.

Graham Underwriters Agency

SCOTT & ALBRIGHT, Graham, N. C.

Office of SCOTT-MEBANE M'F'G CO. OVERALLS.

GRAHAM, N. C., Apr. 12, 1907. CHAR. A. SCOTT, Agent, Southern Live Stock Ins. Co., Graham, N. C.

DEAR SIR:—We beg to acknowledge receipt of your favor of the 11th, enclosing check No. 58 for \$10, the same being in full payment of our claim under policy No. 37, covering insurance on one from Grey Dry House, which was destroyed on the night of the 8th inst. We wish to thank you for the promptness with which you have handled this loss and in passing, state a company of this character has long been needed in our section and in view of the small premium asked, we should be without insurance in our lives.

Yours very truly SCOTT-MEBANE M'F'G CO. H. W. SCOTT.

Correspondence Solicited. OFFICE AT THE BANK OF ALAMANCE

New Type, Presses, and the Know How. are producing the best results in Job Work at THE GLEANER OFFICE

A MAKER OF HISTORY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, Author of "The Master Mummer," "A Prince of Sinners," "Mysterious Mr. Sablin," "Aina the Adventurers," Etc.

Copyright, 1905, 1906, by LITTLE, BROWN, and COMPANY.

CHAPTER XII. FOR three days Duncombe saw nothing of Spencer. Three long days devoid of incident, hopelessly dull, aimless and uninteresting. On the fourth the change in the situation was scarcely a reassuring one. He became aware that he was being watched.

There was no particular secrecy about it. Even in the hotel itself some one was always on his heels. The absence of any attempt at concealment convinced him that it was the authorized police who had thus suddenly shown their interest in him. The suspicion was soon to be confirmed. The manager called him on the fourth morning into his private office. "Monsieur will pardon me, I trust," he said, "if I take the liberty of asking him a question."

"Certainly," Duncombe answered. "Go ahead!" "Monsieur is aware that he has been placed under the surveillance of the police?" "The fact," Duncombe said, "has been borne in upon me during the last few hours. What of it?" "The manager coughed. "This is a cosmopolitan hotel, Sir George," he said, "and we make no pretense at ultra exclusiveness, but we do not care to see the police on the premises."

"Neither do I," Duncombe answered. "Can you suggest how we may get rid of them?" "Monsieur does not quite understand," the manager said smoothly. "Clearly he has done something to bring him under the suspicion of the law. Under these circumstances it would be more agreeable to the management of the hotel if monsieur would depart."

Duncombe did not wish to depart. The hotel at which Phyllis Poynton's trunks were still awaiting her return was the hotel at which he wished to stay. "Look here, M. Huber," he said, "I give you my word of honor that I have broken no law or engaged in any criminal action whatever since I came to Paris. This game of having me watched is simply a piece of bluff. I have done nothing except make inquiries in different quarters respecting those two young English people who are still missing. In doing this I seem to have run up against what is nothing more or less than a disgraceful conspiracy. Every hand is against me. Instead of helping me to discover them the police seem only anxious to cover up the tracks of those young people."

The manager looked down at his desk. "We hotel keepers," he said, "are very much in the hands of the police. We cannot judge between them and the people whom they treat as suspected persons. I know very well, Sir George, that you are a person of respectability and character, but if the police choose to think otherwise I must adapt my views to theirs. I am sorry, but we must really ask you to leave."

Sir George turned on his heel. "Very good," he said, "I will go and take rooms elsewhere." He left the hotel and walked toward the Ritz. At the corner of the Place Vendôme an automobile was pulled up with a jerk within a few feet of him. A tired looking boy leaned over wearily toward him from the front seat. "Sir George," he said, "can you give me five minutes?"

"With pleasure," he answered. "I was going into the Ritz. Come and have something."

"To Maxim's, if you don't mind," the vicomte said. "It will take us only a moment."

Sir George stepped in. The vicomte, in whose fingers the cards seemed scarcely to rest, his light and apparently careless was his touch, touched a lever by his side, released the clutch and swung the great car round the corner at a speed which made Duncombe clutch the sides. At a pace which seemed to him most ridiculous the car dashed into the Rue de Rivoli and with another sharp turn pulled up before Maxim's. The vicomte rose with a gasp as though he had just awoke from a refreshing dream. His servant slipped off his fur coat, and he descended to the pavement faultlessly dressed and quite untroubled. The commissioner preceded them, but in hand, to the door. A couple of waiters ushered them to the table which the vicomte indicated by a gesture.

"I myself," he remarked, "having of his gloves, 'take nothing but absinth. What may I have the pleasure of ordering for you?" Duncombe ordered a whiskey and soda.

"I think," he said, "there is one thing which I ought to tell you at once. I am being shadowed by the police. The man who has just arrived and who seems a little breathless is, I believe, the person whose duty it is to dog my footsteps in the daytime."

"What a pity!" the vicomte murmured. "I would at least have taken you a mile or so round the boulevards if I had known. But wait! You are sure—that it is the police by whom you are being watched?" "Quite," Duncombe answered. "The manager of the hotel has spoken to me about it. He has asked me, in fact, to leave."

"To leave the hotel?" "Yes, I was on my way to the Ritz to secure rooms when I met you. The vicomte sipped his absinth gravely. "I should not take those rooms," he said. "You will in all probability not occupy them."

The two men were sitting in a room impossible of classification. It might have been a study, smoking room or gun room. The walls were adorned with stags' heads and various trophies of the chase. There were guns and rifles in plenty in a rack by the chimney-piece, a row of bookcases along the north wall, golf clubs, cricket bats and foils everywhere. A pile of logs ready for burning stood in the open grate, and magnificent rugs were spread about the floor. Nowhere was there the slightest trace of a woman's presence, for Duncombe had no sisters, and his was entirely a bachelor household.

Duncombe himself and Andrew Pelham were seated in great easy chairs in front of the open window. It was his first fine evening at home, and he was drinking in great drafts of the fresh, pure air, fragrant with the perfume of roses and great clusters of wallflowers. Paris had seemed to him a great oven. All the time he had been half stifled, and yet he knew very well that at a word from Spencer he would have returned there at an hour's notice. He knew, too, that the home which he had loved all his days could never be quite the same place to him again.

Andrew roused himself from rather a prolonged silence. "You were a brick to go, George," he said. "It is more than any one else in the world would have done for me." Duncombe laughed a little uneasily. He knocked the ashes from his pipe and refilled it slowly. "Andrew," he said, "I don't want to seem a fraud. I darsay that I might have gone for you alone, but I didn't." His friend smiled faintly. "Ah!" he remarked. "I had forgotten your little infatuation. It hasn't worn off yet, then?"

"No, nor any signs of it," Duncombe answered bluntly. "It's an odd passion for a matter of fact person like myself, isn't it? I tell you, Andrew, I've really tried to care for some of the girls about here. The place wants a mistress, and I'm the tenth baronet in the direct line. One's got to think about these things, you know. I've tried hard, and I've never even come near it."

"It will wear off," Andrew said. "It is a very charming little fancy, a most delightful bit of sentiment, George, but with nothing behind it it can't last." "Perhaps not," Duncombe answered quietly. "All that I know is that it has shown no signs of wearing off to now. It is in Paris exactly as it is here. And I know very well that if I thought it would do her the least bit of good I would start back to Paris or to the end of the world tonight."

"I must readjust my views of you, George," his friend said, with mild satire. "I always looked upon you as fair game for the Norfolk dowagers and their broods of daughters, but I never contemplated your fixing your affections upon a little piece of past-board." "Rot!" it is the girl herself," Duncombe declared. "But you have never seen her." Duncombe shrugged his shoulders. He said nothing. What was the use? Never seen her! Had she not found her way into every beautiful place his life had knowledge of?"

"You can imagine now," he said, "what I have been suffering. The desire for action sometimes is almost maddening. I think that the man who sits and waits has the hardest task." They were silent for some time, smoking steadily. Then Duncombe reverted once more to his wanderings. "You remember the story they told me at the cafe, Andrew," he said. "It was a lie, of course, but was Miss Poynton anything of an artist?" "To the best of my belief," Andrew answered, "she has never touched a brush or pencil since she left school."

Duncombe looked out into the gathering twilight. "If it is a devil's riddle, this," he said slowly. "Why did she go to that place at all?" "God only knows!" Andrew murmured. Duncombe's teeth were hard set. A paper knife which he had caught up from the table snapped in his fingers. There was a sharp click in his throat which nearly choked him.

"Phyllis Poynton," Andrew continued, "was a sweet and pure woman as ever breathed. She must have loathed that place. She could only have gone there to seek for her brother or—"

"Or for whom?" "For those who knew where he was," Duncombe turned his head. "Andrew?" "Yes, old chap!" "Let me look at her photograph again."

Andrew drew it from his pocket and passed it over. Duncombe studied it for several moments under the lamp-light. "You are right, Andrew," he said slowly. "For her the other things would not be possible. I wonder—"

His fingers clung to the photograph. He looked across at his friend. There was a slight flush in his face. He spoke nervously. "Andrew," he said, "I'm afraid it sounds a bit brutal, but this is the photograph is so close to you just now, is it, until your eyes get better. Will you lend it to me?"

"I couldn't," Andrew answered quietly. "I can't see it now, of course, but I like to feel it in my pocket, and it will be the first thing I shall look at when the doctor lets me take off these beautiful glasses—if ever he does. Until then—well, I like to feel I've got it. That's all!"

They both smoked ferociously for several moments without looking at one another. Duncombe spoke first. "Andrew?" "If she comes back, shall you ever ask her to marry you?" "I don't know, George. I'm poor, and I'm twelve years older than she is. I don't know."

There was another silence. Then the conversation drifted back once more to the one subject which was monopolizing the thoughts of both of them. "I tell you what seems to me," he the most extraordinary part of the whole business," Duncombe said. "First, the brother disappears. Then, without a word to any one, the sister also rushes off to Paris and vanishes from the face of the earth after a series of extraordinary proceedings. One supposes naturally that if they have come to harm anywhere—if there has been a crime—there must have been a motive. What is it? You say that their banking account has been undisturbed?"

"It was last week. I should hear if any checks were presented." "And the boy's letter of credit even has never been drawn upon!" "No; not since he left Vienna." "Then the motive cannot be robbery. Thank heaven," Duncombe added, with a little shudder, "that it was the boy who went first."

EXPERT METHODS.

Plan For Testing the Quality of Seed Corn.

Professor Holden, the western corn expert, has been making the rounds of the New England farm and New York State meetings, as reported in American Cultivator. Besides describing his method of selecting seed corn, the professor advances other ideas with regard to New England farm methods. He advocates growing the entire feed on the farm and insists that eastern farmers will grow more dent corn and that alfalfa will soon be considerably grown here if farmers will thoroughly drain the soil to a sufficient depth to make the soil sweet, thoroughly pulverize it and make a firm, solid seed bed, sowing the seed early in August.

Fee to the Corn Field. Professor Holden told of his own work among the farmers of the west by taking them right into their fields and by personal inspection showing them how they were farming at a sacrifice, in that their fields were producing but a fractional part of what they might be producing if every hill were filled and every stalk were productive. He showed the difference in the acreage with one, two and three good ears to a hill and thereby led up to the conclusion that the great source of loss in corn production is the poor seed which so many farmers use, either through carelessness or false economy.

Testing the Corn. Coming down to the point in hand, he presented a plan for testing the quality of seed corn by determining its germinating power, showing those present the manner in which he was enabled to select the good ears and reject the bad by use of a germinating box, in which, in separate compartments, sample kernels from different ears, were placed and their germinating power determined, the bottom of the box being filled with moist sawdust, a layer of this material placed thereon and all packed down, the kernels then placed in the different compartments, covered with another thin piece of muslin, with more sawdust on top, and again packed down. In due time examination shows the real germinating value of the samples from the different ears, and it is easy to decide which ears to use for seed and which to reject.

A SOILING CROP.

Heavy Yields of Green Feed Under Favorable Conditions.

Thousand headed kale (Brassica oleracea) has been grown in the Williams valley for twenty-seven years. It attracted little attention among Oregon dairymen until recent years, but is now rapidly becoming a very popular fall and winter soiling crop. It stands the mild winters west of the Cascade mountains admirably and is hauled from the field and fed as needed. It does not head up like cabbage, and the name "thousand headed" is given it on account of the numerous branches the plants have when given plenty of room. It is very much like rape, but the leaves are longer and broader. It is claimed that kale will yield thirty to forty tons of green feed per acre when grown under favorable conditions.

Kale is used for table greens, but its chief use on the Pacific coast is for feeding green to dairy cows from October to April, for which it is highly prized.

IN A FIELD OF WALK. If the growth is forced in the early spring, it can be fed much earlier than Oct. 1. Kale would probably be an excellent winter feed also for hogs and poultry. It does best on well manured, deep, rich loams and sandy soils. The only objection to the use of kale is the difficulty of getting it out of the field when the ground is wet and muddy. For this reason well drained land should be selected upon which to plant this crop.

Where the weather is quite cold kale is not sufficiently hardy to stand out during the winter, and its use as a soiling crop would be limited to the fall.



Proper Time to Plow Land. The proper time to plow land is when it is just moist enough to break up mellow, neither wet enough to leave a slick surface where rubbed by the moldboard nor dry enough to break up in large clods, or, as the southern farmer puts it, when the soil has a good season's fit. If continued rain follows wet plowing, little harm follows, but hot, dry winds would soon leave only a mass of unmanageable clods. In spring and midsummer plowing particularly it is of the utmost importance to run the harrow immediately after the plow. This prevents the formation of clods.—W. J. Spillman.

Cost of Concrete Posts. It is claimed by one investigator that concrete posts can be made for 14 cents each. It is explained, however, that this low cost would be possible only when large numbers of posts are made.

Gagged the Rabbit. A sportsman on the Huntsham estate, North Devon, had a rabbit brought to him by his spaniel, which had caught it under a hedge. The rabbit could walk only very feebly, though all its limbs were found to be sound. In its mouth, however, was a thick twig about three inches long, which had become wedged in behind the teeth in the rabbit's rush from some threatened danger. The animal was unable to extract the twig with its paws and was being gradually starved to death when it was found by the dog.—London Standard.

Man and His Dress.

The well dressed man wears clothes that no one ever notices; at business, except in the very warmest weather, usually dark. No one ever notices clean linen, while linen looked ever so slightly is very conspicuous. No one ever notices a hat unless it is of ultra shape, dirty or shabby. No one ever notices shoes unless they are loud or need blacking or are run down at the heels or shabby. No one ever notices clean finger nails, while those needing attention are always conspicuous. The man should not be lost sight of by the conspicuousness of his clothes, either from being overdressed or shabbily dressed.—Batten's Wedge.

The One and the Naught. Oliver Wendell Holmes once sent two poetical letters to the "postoffice" of an Episcopal fair at Pittsfield, Mass. In one of them the first stanza was: Fair lady, whoever thou art, Turn this poor leaf with tender care And hush, O hush, thy beating heart. The one thou lovest will be there.

Occultism. It is noteworthy that supernaturalism prevailed just as strongly at the other side of the globe among the aborigines of the new world. The coming of the Spaniards had been prophesied to the Mexicans by their oracles, and the prophecies were sung amid loud trappings at their festivals.—London Outlook.

The Hot Wind From the Desert. "Khamshin" is the hot wind from the desert which blows out of the Sahara upon Egypt. The word means fifty, from the idea that it lasts for fifty days. The "khamshin" is terribly hot and dry, and sometimes brings pestilence with it.

Her "No." Tom-Bess said "No" to me last night, but I don't think she really could tell why she did it. Nell-Oh, yes, she could. She told me. Tom-Did she? Nell-Yes; she said she didn't think you'd take "No" for an answer.—Philadelphia Press.

About the Only Place. A company of settlers in naming their new town called it Dictionary, because, as they said, "that's the only place where peace, prosperity and happiness are always found."

The notion of God which makes him a manufacturer of factories, war enemies being the result, is still popular in some quarters. "What?" Tuberculosis is a disease which is found among the people of all ages and in all climates. It is a disease which is found in all climates and in all ages. It is a disease which is found in all climates and in all ages.

An Architectural Eruption. A worthy but rather illiterate man who had come suddenly into the possession of a large fortune was consulting with his architect relative to the building of a costly mansion. The general plan had been decided upon, but the details had not been considered. "You will want a portico, of course?" said the architect. "Oh, yes." "Any particular design?" "Well, something oriental."

Of all great cities of the world Palermo had the shortest period of life. Its prosperity extended only from 117 A. D. to 275 A. D.

Money In The Bank

Secure your money in the bank. The farmer's money-bag and bank are the same thing. The farmer's money-bag and bank are the same thing. The farmer's money-bag and bank are the same thing.

GASNOW

TRADE-MARKS. WASHINGTON, D. C.

White Quill

WALL PAPER—First Class quality, at half usual price. Large line of samples to select from. Paper hanging at reasonable prices and work satisfactory. JESSIE M. BRADSHAW.

When the Hair Falls

Then it's time to act! No time to study, to read, to experiment! You want to save your hair, and save it quickly, too! So make up your mind this very minute that if your hair ever comes out you will use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes the scalp healthy. The hair stays in. It cannot do anything else. It's nature's way. "The best kind of a testimonial—Sold for over sixty years."

Ayer's

SAFARI PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Remember Headaches

This time of the year are signals of warning. Take Taraxacum Compound now. It may avert you a spell of fever. It will regulate your bowels, set your liver right, and cure your indigestion. A good Tonic. An honest medicine.

Taraxacum Co.

MEBANE, N. C.

Weak Hearts

Are due to indigestion. Ninety-nine of every one hundred people who have heart trouble can remember when it was simple indigestion. It is a scientific fact that all cases of heart disease, not organic, are not only traceable to, but are the direct result of indigestion. All food taken into the stomach which fails of perfect digestion ferments and swells the stomach, putting it up against the heart. This interferes with the action of the heart, and in the course of time that delicate but vital organ becomes diseased.

Kodol

Dyspepsia Cure. Dig what you eat. This is a scientific fact that all cases of heart disease, not organic, are not only traceable to, but are the direct result of indigestion.

Cures all stomach troubles

Prepared only by E. C. Dawitt & Co., Chicago. We promptly obtain U. S. Patent rights.

PATENTS

TRADE-MARKS. WASHINGTON, D. C.

White Quill

WALL PAPER—First Class quality, at half usual price. Large line of samples to select from. Paper hanging at reasonable prices and work satisfactory. JESSIE M. BRADSHAW.