

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXXIII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1907.

NO. 27

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After eating persons of a bilious habit will derive great benefit by taking one of these pills. If you have been DRINKING TOO MUCH, they will promptly relieve the nausea, SICK HEADACHE, nervousness which follows, restore the appetite and remove gloomy feelings. Elegantly sugar coated. Take No Substitute.

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DEAR SIR—
We beg to inform you that we have received your favor of the 11th, enclosing check No. 100 for \$100, the same being in full payment of our order, under letter No. 2, covering insurance on your five Gray Doves, which died on the night of the 10th inst.

We wish to thank you for the promptness in which your company has handled this loss and will say, in closing, that a company of this character has long been needed in our State, and in view of the great protection afforded, we are glad to have secured insurance on their lives.

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A MAKER OF HISTORY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM,
Author of "The Master Mummer," "A Prince of Sinners," "Mysterious Mabin," "Anna the Adventuress," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXXII.
DUNCOMBE laid down his cane and strolled toward the sideboard, where his guest was already mixing himself a whisky and soda.

"By the bye, Rinton," he said, "he wouldn't let me go near the police. It was a long way the most unpleasant thing that ever happened in my house."

"Never any further light upon it, I suppose?" Duncombe asked.

"None. Of course we could have traced them both without a doubt if we had put it in the hands of the police, but De Botte wouldn't hear of it. He tried to treat it lightly, but I know that he was very much worried."

"Do you yourself believe, Duncombe asked, "that it was a political affair or an ordinary robbery?"

"I think that it was the former," Lord Rinton answered. "Those people were not common adventurers. By the bye, George, have you got over your little weakness yet?" he added, with a smile.

Duncombe shrugged his shoulders. "Nearly made a fool of myself, didn't I?" he remarked, with a levity which did not sound altogether natural.

"She was an uncommonly fascinating young woman," Lord Rinton said, "but she didn't seem to me very old at the game. She was clever enough to fool De Botte, though. He admits that he told her that he was expecting a special messenger from Berlin."

Duncombe seemed to have had enough of the subject. He got up and filled his pipe.

"Is Jack coming down this week?" he asked.

"No. He wired this morning that he can't get away. Seton isn't coming either. Between ourselves, George, something seems to be going on at the foreign office which I don't quite understand."

"What do you mean?" Duncombe asked. "There has been no hint at any sort of trouble in the papers."

"That's just what I don't understand," Lord Rinton continued. "It is certain that there is an extraordinary amount of activity at Portsmouth and Woolwich, but even the little happenings by sensational papers make no more than a passing allusion to it. Then look at the movements of our fleet. The whole of the Mediterranean fleet is at Gibraltar, and the channel squadron is moving up the North sea as though to join the home division. All these movements are quite unusual."

"What do you make of them then?" Duncombe asked.

"I scarcely know," Lord Rinton answered. "But I tell you this: There have been three cabinet councils this week, and there is a curious air of apprehension in official circles in town, as though something were about to happen. The service clubs are almost deserted, and I know for a fact that all leave in the navy has been suspended. What I don't understand is the silence everywhere. It looks to me as though there were real going to be trouble. The Baltic fleet sailed this morning, you know."

"But," he said, "even if they were ill disposed, what could they do? One squadron of our fleet could send them to the bottom."

"No doubt," Lord Rinton answered. "But suppose they found an ally?"

"France will never go to war with us for Russia's benefit," Duncombe declared.

"Granted," Lord Rinton answered. "But have you watched Germany's attitude lately?"

"I can't say that I have," Duncombe admitted, "but I should never look upon Germany as a war seeking nation."

"No, I dare say not," Lord Rinton answered. "No more would a great many other people. Every one is willing to admit that she would like our colonies, but no one would believe that she has the courage to strike a blow for them. I will tell you what I believe, Duncombe. I believe that no great power has ever before been in so dangerous a position as we are today."

Duncombe set up in his chair. The weariness passed from his face, and he was distinctly interested. Lord Rinton, without being an ardent politician, was a man of common sense and was closely connected with more than one member of the cabinet.

"Are you serious, Rinton?" he asked.

"Absolutely! Remember, I was in Berlin for two years, and I had many opportunities of gaining an insight into affairs there. What I can see coming now I have expected for years. There are two great factors which make for war. One is the character of the emperor himself and the other the inevitable rival which must creep into a decade or more of inactivity. The emperor is shown to exist at his best when it comes to the purpose to which it owes its existence. That is why we have this flood of literature just now telling us of the gross abuses and general rottenness of the German army. Another five years of illness and Germany's position as the first military nation will have passed away. Like every other great power, it is

rusting for want of use. The emperor knows this. Remember, I was in Berlin for two years, and I had many opportunities of gaining an insight into affairs there. What I can see coming now I have expected for years. There are two great factors which make for war. One is the character of the emperor himself and the other the inevitable rival which must creep into a decade or more of inactivity. The emperor is shown to exist at his best when it comes to the purpose to which it owes its existence. That is why we have this flood of literature just now telling us of the gross abuses and general rottenness of the German army. Another five years of illness and Germany's position as the first military nation will have passed away. Like every other great power, it is

son in a black beard and gold rimmed eyeglasses, the other as unmistakably an Englishman of the lower middle class. His broad shoulders and somewhat stiff bearing seemed to suggest some sort of drill. Looking them over, Duncombe found himself instinctively wondering whether the personal strength of these two, which was obvious, might become a factor in the coming interview.

The baron naturally was spokesman. He bowed very gravely to Duncombe, and did not offer his hand.

"I must apologize, Sir George," he said, "for disturbing you at such an inopportune hour. Our business, however, made it necessary for us to reach you with as little delay as possible."

"Perhaps you will be good enough to explain," Duncombe answered, "what that business is."

The baron raised his hands with a little protesting gesture.

"I regret to tell you, Sir George," he announced, "that it is of a most unpleasant nature. I could wish that its execution had fallen into other hands. My companions are M. Riddle of the French detective service, and our other friend here, whom I do not know, is a constable from the Norwich police force. My own connections with the police service of my country you have already, without doubt, surmised."

"Go on," Duncombe said.

"I regret to say," M. Louis continued, "that my friends here are in charge of a warrant for your arrest. You will find them possessed of all the legal documents, French and English. We shall have to ask you to come to Norwich with us tonight."

"Arrest!" Duncombe repeated. "On what charge?"

"An extremely serious one," the baron answered gravely. "The charge of murder."

Duncombe stared at him in amazement.

"Murder!" he repeated. "What rubbish!"

"The murder of Mile. De Merville in her lodging on the night of the 7th of June last," the baron said gravely. "Please do not make any remarks before these men. The evidence against you is already sufficiently strong."

Duncombe laughed derisively.

"What sort of a puppet show is this?" he exclaimed. "You know as well as any man living how that poor girl came to her end. This is a cover for something else, of course. What do you want of me? Let's get at it without wasting time."

"What we want of you, I am afraid, only too simple," the baron answered gravely. "We must ask you to accompany us at once to Norwich castle. You will have to appear before the magistrates in the morning, when they will sign the extradition warrant. Our friend here, M. Riddle, will then take charge of you. Perhaps you would like to look through the documents. You will find them all in perfect order."

Duncombe mechanically glanced through the French and English papers which were spread out before him. They had certainly a most uncomfortable appearance of being genuine. He began to feel a little bewildered.

"You mean to say that you have come here to arrest me on this charge?" he asked. "That you want me to go away with you tonight?" he asked.

"It is not a matter of wanting you to come," the baron answered coldly. "It is a matter of necessity."

Duncombe moved toward the fireplace.

"Will you allow me the privilege of a few moments' conversation with you in private?" he said to the baron.

"Your companions will perhaps excuse you for a moment."

The baron followed without remark. They stood facing one another upon the hearth rug. Duncombe leaned one elbow upon the mantelpiece and turned toward his companion.

"Look here," he said, "those papers seem genuine enough, and if you insist upon it I will go with you to Norwich. I shall take care not to let you off my sight, and if when we get there I find that it is any part of one of your confounded conspiracies you will find that the penalties for this sort of thing in England are pretty severe. However, no doubt you are well aware of that. The question is this: What do you really want from me?"

M. Louis, who had lit a cigarette, withdrew it from his mouth and examined the lighted end for a moment in silence.

"The documents," he said, "are genuine. You are arraigned in perfectly legal fashion. Upon the affidavits there the magistrates must grant the extradition warrant without hesitation. We have nothing to fear in that direction. The evidence is remarkably convincing."

"Police concocted evidence," Duncombe remarked, "would necessarily be so. I want to know what you hold a strong card against me. I don't believe, however, that you have gone to all this trouble without some ulterior motive. What is it? What can I offer you in exchange for these documents?"

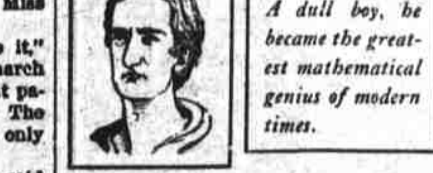
M. Louis smiled.

"You are a man of common sense, Sir George," he said. "I will speak to you without reserve. It is possible that you might be able to offer the government department of my country to which I am attached, some information of interest to themselves in your behalf. I am not sure, but if my information is correct there is certainly a possibility."

TWO MINUTE SKETCHES

Sir Isaac Newton.

By J. A. EDGERTON.



A dull boy, he became the greatest mathematical genius of modern times.

IN this age of doubt many of our most cherished legends are being assailed, the various apple stories along with the rest. There have been at least three famous apples in history—the one eaten by Adam and Eve, the one shot off his son's head by William Tell and the one whose fall suggested to Sir Isaac Newton the law of gravitation. Despite the scolding of the higher criticism, we still cherish these plippins and are determined to stand by them.

Newton was rather a dull boy and was literally kicked into exertion. He stood at the foot of his class and one day was bootied by the boy higher up. The Newtonian spirit was aroused by this indignity, with the result that young Isaac not only whipped the kicker, but determined to go ahead of him in the class. This he did, and more, for he went to the head of the row and stayed there.

The second spur to effort received by the young man came at the time he sought admission to Cambridge university. He knew so little about Euclid that the professor of mathematics opposed admitting him. Newton thereupon determined to know Euclid and succeeded so well that he became the greatest mathematical genius of modern times.

Voltaire started the story of the apple that fell and hit Newton so hard that the young man determined to find out what made it fall. If so great a skeptic as Voltaire could swallow the story, there is no reason why it should not be accepted by the other skeptics.

When Sir Isaac first made his computations on the subject of gravitation, he was misled by the erroneous notions then held of the length of the earth's radius. He therefore abandoned the theory temporarily. Later the error was corrected, when he returned to the subject, completed the demonstration and gave it to the world in his famous "Principles."

In the meantime he had made his almost equally famous discoveries concerning light, dividing white light into the primary colors and determining the difference of refraction between them. He also did much in perfecting the telescope, gave to mathematics integral and differential calculus and made other contributions to science which marked him as the chief intellect of his age.

He Didn't Sleep Well.
A woman who lives in an inland town while going to a convention in a distant city spent one night of the journey on board a steamboat. It was the first time she had ever traveled by water. She reached her journey's end extremely fatigued. To a friend who remarked it she replied:

"Yes, I'm tired to death. I don't know as I care to travel by water again. I read the card in my state-room about how to put the life preserver on, and I thought I understood it, but I guess I didn't. Somehow I couldn't get to sleep with the thing on."

Opheas.
Two of the young friends of Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford gave the authorities of the university so much trouble that they were nicknamed of Hophini and Phineas.

One day, says T. H. R. Escott in "Society in the Country House," they were lounging about the hall at Cudeston palace, singing the Latin refrain "The devil is dead," when the bishop suddenly appeared.

He walked very gently up to them and in his most caressing manner, placing one hand on each head, said in a consoling tone:

"A nasty, poor opinion!"

Two Hundred Species of Roses.
There are 250 species of roses in existence, though perhaps not more than fifty clearly defined families. Of these families only two are of American origin, however, and of these our enterprising rose growers have contributed by far the largest proportion. The eagerly sought black rose is still unproduced, though a New York sort has a dark red rose which in some lights has the appearance of black velvet.—Kansas City Journal.

Naming the Future President.
Some time since a new baby arrived at a home in this city, and when Johnny, the little five-year-old brother, was sent on an errand to one of the neighbors a few days afterward the good lady, of course, had to make the usual remarks about the glad event. "I understand, Johnny," said she, "that you have a little baby at your house?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the prompt reply of Johnny. "He has been there nearly four days now." "Well, when he gets older you must bring him over to see me," returned the neighbor lady. "By the way, has he been named yet?"

"No, ma'am," answered the youngster, "but I guess there will be something doing pretty soon, for when I left father was looking over the list of presidents, mother was going through the Bible and the nurse was hunting around in a history of the United States."—Scranton Republican.

No More Pledging.
Superstition in the face of the day, and backed up, as so often is, by actual self-interest and forwardness, adds a formidable contingent to the must-get-up crowds; the getting on must be rapid, and in trying to attain money without having to work for it falsehood, dishonesty and unfeeling heartlessness creep in.—London T. P.'s Weekly.

More Nonsensical Thoughts.
The doctor's bitter things. The serpent man no less. But the paper hangs before the cake—A-saying of a man.—Kansas City Times.

Very Close.
Church—Did you ever try any of these "close to nature" methods? Gotham—Well, I've used a porous plaster.—Tomb.

Some Thing.
Miss Goodley—Miss Bloomer seems to keep her youth still. Miss Chiffon—Well, she keeps her age out.—Mississippi Journal.

Pointed Paragraphs.

New York Times.
Experience teaches a few and fools many.

A girl with pretty teeth will laugh at any old joke.

Only a woman is capable of transforming a yarn into a smile.

When there isn't anything else wrong with a woman her shoes hurt.

Many a man's good intentions are due to the headache next morning.

There is more or less charity in the heart of every man—usually less.

Unless a man has sense in his head it is difficult to keep dollars in his pocket.

"We never repent of eating too little," was one of the ten rules of life of Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, and the rule applies to every one without exception during this hot weather, because it is hard for food, even in small quantities to be digested when the blood is at high temperature. At this season we should eat sparingly and properly. We should also help the stomach as much as possible by the use of a little Kodol for indigestion and Dyspepsia, which will rest the stomach by digesting the food itself. Sold by J. C. Simmons Drug Co.

Two negro women—Lelia and Ida Battle—disreputable characters of Goldsboro, got in some kind of a controversy Thursday about noon and Lelia, seizing a shotgun, discharged the load into Ida's breast, killing her instantly. There was only one witness to the affair, a colored woman, who says the sisters were just frolicking and were not angry with each other and that the fatality was a pure accident. Lelia surrendered to the officers.

For the good of those suffering with Eczema or other such trouble I wish to say, my wife had something of that kind and after using the doctor's remedies for some time concluded to try Chamberlain's Salve, and it proved to be better than anything she had tried. For sale by J. C. Simmons Drug Co.

Many women are acting as gonorrhoeists in Venice. The men object and are organizing unions against them.

Keep the pores open and the skin clean when you have a cut, burn, bruise or scratch. DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores and heals quickly. Sold by J. C. Simmons Drug Co.

Armenian women envelop themselves in great sheets of cotton cloth when they go abroad. The sheets are to veil them.

To improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion try a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, Mr. J. H. Seitz, of Detroit, Mich., says: "They restored my appetite when impaired, relieved me of a bloated feeling and caused a pleasant and satisfactory movement of the bowels." Price 25c. Samples free. J. C. Simmons Drug Company.

An outbreak from Havana says the dispatch of yellow fever in the American garrison at Cienfuegos proves to be much graver than at first supposed. Eight additional cases were reported Sunday, making a total of ten cases thus far.

"Everybody Should Know"
says C. G. Hayes, a prominent business man of Bluff, Mo., that Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the quickest and surest healing Salve ever applied to a sore, burn or wound, or to a case of Piles. "I've used it and know what I am talking about." Guaranteed by J. C. Simmons Drug Co. price 25c.

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Cow Peas, Sorghums, Millets, Teosinte, Late Seed Potatoes, Buckwheat, Vetches, Crimson Clover, etc.

Wood's Crop Special, giving prices and timely information—advantages and profit at different seasons of the year, mailed free on request. Write for it.

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A Hair Dressing

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from becoming too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fed hair will be strong and will remain where it belongs—on the head, not on the comb!

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

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufactured in London, England.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Remember Headaches

This time of the year are signals of warning. Take Taraxacum Compound now. It may give 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 curable, 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.

Keep the pores open and the skin clean when you have a cut, burn, bruise or scratch. DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores and heals quickly. Sold by J. C. Simmons Drug Co.

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