THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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DEAR SIR:—
We beg to acknowledge receipt of your favor of the 11th, enclosing check No. 120 for $150, the same being in full payment of our claim under policy No. 97, covering insurance on our Iron Gray Dray Horse, which died on the night of the 8th inst.
We wish to thank you for the promptness in which your company has handled this loss and will say, in passing, that a company of this character has long been needed in our State, and in view of the small premium asked, no one should be without insurance on their live stock.
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Red Saunders

...By...

HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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THERE was a great din of whacking and hammering that morning. Red worked like a horse now, that he had company. A sudden thought struck him, and he went into the house.

"Mattie," said he.

"Well, Will?"

"I see a use for the rest of that nice big roast of beef I smell in the oven—let's have all these fellers stay to dinner and give 'em one good feed. What do you say?"

"Why, I'd like to, Will, but I don't know—where'll I set them?"

"Couple of boards outside for a table—let them sit on boxes or something. Got plates and things enough?"

"My, yes! Plenty of such things, Will."

"Then if it ain't too much trouble for you we'll let it go."

"No trouble at all, Will—it will be a regular picnic."

"Boys, you'll eat with me this day," said Red.

They spread the board table beneath an old apple tree and cleaned up for the repast in the kitchen storm shed with an apologetic "Sorry to trouble you, Miss Saunders," or such a matter as each went in.

Just as Miss Mattie was withdrawing the meat from the oven there came a knock at the door.

"Goodness, gracious!" she exclaimed. "Who can that be now? Will, will you see who that is? I can't go."

"Sure!" said Red and went to the door. There stood two women of that indefinite period between forty and sixty, very decently dressed and with some agitation visible in the way they fussily adjusted various parts of their attire.

They started at the sudden spectacle of the huge man who said pleasantly, "How der do, ladies?"

"Why, how do you do?" replied the taller instantly and in a voice she had never heard before. "I hope you're well, sir," a remark which filled her with surprise.

"Thanks, I'm able to assume the perpendicular, as you can see," responded Red, with a handsome smile of welcome. "How do you find yourself?"

"I'm pretty well," said the flustered lady. "How do you do?"

"Durned if we ain't right back where we started from," mourned Red to himself. "If it's one of the customs of this country saying 'how der do' an hour at a stretch, I pass it up." Aloud he said: "Coming along fine. How's your father?" "Cuss me if I don't shift the cut a little anyhow," he added mentally.

"Why, he's very well indeed!" exclaimed the lady, with fervor. "How"—She got no further on the query, for the other woman interrupted in a tone of scandal. "Mary Ann Demilt, how can you talk like that? Your father's been dead this five year last August!"

The horror of the moment was broken by the appearance of Miss Mattie, crying hospitably on seeing the visitors, "Why, Mary and Pauline, how do you do?"

The shorter one, Pauline, looked up and said sharply, "We're well enough, Mattie." She was weary of the form.

"Come right in," said Miss Mattie. "You're just in time for dinner."

There was a great protest at this. They "hadn't a moment to spare;" they were "just going down to the corner and had stopped to say," etc.

"You've got to help me," said Miss Mattie. "Will here has invited the boys who are working for him to stay to dinner, and it won't be any more than Christian for you to help me out."

"Ladies," said Red, "if you don't want to starve a man who's deserving of a better fate take off your fixings and come out to dinner. No," he continued to their protests, which he observed were growing weaker, "it's no trouble at all. There's plenty for everybody. Come one, come all, this house shall fly clean off its base as soon as I! Now, for heaven's sake, ladies, it's all settled—come on!"

Whereat they laughed nervously and took off their hats.

It was a jolly dinner party. The young fellows Red had picked up in the blacksmith's shop were not the ordinary quality of loungers. They were boys of good country parentage, with a common school education, who unfortunately could find nothing to do but the occasional odd job. Of course it would not take long to transform them into common ne'er do wells, but now they were merely thoughtless boys.

The whole affair had an al fresco flavor which stoppered convention. The two women visitors pitched in and had as good a time as anybody.

In the middle of the festivities a young man walked past the front fence—a stranger evidently, for his clothes wore the cut of a city, and a cosmopolitan, up to date city at that. He stopped and looked at the house, hesitated a moment and then walked in, back to where the folk were eating.

"Excuse me," said he as they looked up at him, "but isn't this Mr. Demilt's house?"

A momentary silence followed, as it was not clear whose turn it was to answer. Miss Mattie glanced around and, finding Red's eye on her, replied: "No, sir. Mr. Demilt's house is about a mile farther up the road."

"Dear me!" said the young man ruefully. He was a spick and span, intelligent looking man, less of the dandy about him than the air of a man who had never worn anything but clothes of the proper trim and become quite used to it. Nevertheless the sweat stood out in drops on his forehead, for Fairfield's front "street" savored of a less moral region than it really was on a broiling summer day.

The young man sighed frankly and wiped his head. "Well, that's too bad," he said. "I'm a stranger here—would you kindly tell me where I could get some dinner?"

"What's the matter with that?" inquired Red, pointing to the roast, which still preserved an air of fallen greatness. He had liked the look of the other instantly.

The stranger looked first at Red and then at the roast. "The only thing I can see the matter with that," he answered, "is that it is a slice too thick."

"Keno!" cried Red. "You get it, Mattie, another plate and weapons to fit. Sit down, sir, and rest your fevered feet. If you don't like walking any better than I do, you've probably strewn fragments of one of the commandments all the way from where the stage dropped you to this apple tree.".

"It seems to me that I did make some remarks that I never learned at my mother's knee," returned the other, laughing. "And I'm exceedingly obliged for the invitation, as there doesn't seem to be a hotel here, and I am but a degree south of starvation."

"Red or black?" asked the host, with a quick glance at his guest.

The other caught the allusion. "I haven't followed the deal," he replied, "but I'll chance it on the red."

Somehow he felt instantly at home and at ease; it was a quality that Red Saunders dispersed wherever he went.

"There you are, sir," said Red, forwarding a plate full of juicy meat. "The ladies will supply the decorations."

"Do you like rice as a vegetable, sir?" inquired Miss Mattie.

"No, he doesn't," interrupted Red. "He likes it as an animal. Never saw any one who looked less like a vegetable than our friend." The young man's laugh rang out above the others.

Poor Miss Mattie was confused. "It's too bad of you, Will, to put such a meaning on my words," she said.

"The strange part of it is," spoke the young man, seeing an opportunity for a joke and to deal courteously with

"Foot of the table is Miss Mattie Saunders."

his entertainers at the same time—"the peculiar fact is that my name is Lettis."

"Lettuce?" cried Red. "Mattie, I apologize—he is a vegetable."

At which they all laughed again.

"And now," said Red, "I'm Red Saunders, late of the Chanta Seechee ranch, territory of Dakota—state of North Dakota, I mean. Can't get used to the state business. There's a Bill and a Dick on this side of me and two Johns and a Sammy on the other. Foot of the table is Miss Mattie Saunders, next to her—just as they run—Miss Pauline Doolittle and Miss Mary Ann Demilt, who may be kin to the gentleman you're seeking."

"Mr. Thomas F. Demilt?" asked the stranger.

"He's my sister," responded Miss Mary Ann. Whereat the youths buried their faces in the plates, as Mr. Thomas F., in spite of many excellent qualities, bore a pathetic resemblance to the title.

"I mean," continued the lady hurriedly, "that I'm his brother."

"By Jiminy, ma'am," exclaimed Red, "but yours is a strange family!"

"What Miss Demilt wishes to say," cut in Miss Doolittle, with some asperity, "is that Mr. Thomas Faulkenstone Demilt is her brother." She did not add, as extreme candor would have urged, "And I have some hope—remote, alas, but there—of becoming sister to Miss Demilt myself."

"Thank you!" said Lettis. "Shall I be able to see him this afternoon?"

"Oh, mercy, yes!" said Miss Mary Ann. "Tom is home all day."

"I can thank the kind fates for that," said Lettis. "I had begun to think he was a myth," and he fell in upon the tender meat with a vigorous appetite of youth and a good digestion.

Nathaniel Lettis was by no means a fool, and he had experience in business, but the mainspring of the young fellow was frankness, and in the course of the dinner he told his errand. Mr. Demilt had written to his firm explaining the advantages of starting a strawboard factory in Fairfield. It was too small a thing for the firm to be interested in, but Lettis had a small capital which he wished to invest in an enterprise of his own handling, and it had struck him that there might be a chance for independence; therefore he had come to find out the lay of the land.

Red Saunders' first glance liking of the stranger deepened as he told of his business. The cowman did not blame people who took obvious ways and dealt in ambiguities, for his experience in the world, which was pretty fairly complete, had told him that craft was a necessity for weak natures; nevertheless he cared not for those who used it.

In his part of the west a man would no more think of giving a false impression of his financial standing to alter his position in one's regard than he would wear corsets. Money was of small consequence; its sequelae of less. Men spoke openly of how much they made, how they liked the job, how their claims were paying. Such matters were neutral ground of chance conversation as the weather is in the east. The rapid and unpredictable changes of fortune gave a tendency to make light of one's present condition. A man would say "I'm busted" without any more feeling than he would say "I have a cold." Now, in Fairfield, that is not likely lonesome in that respect, one of the principal objects in life was to conceal the poverty which would persist in sticking its gaunt elbows through the cloth of words spread over it. Red asked straightforward questions — shrewd ones, too—seeing that the other was one of his own kind and would not resent it.

Lettis wanted nothing better than a chance to expand on the subject. It was close to his heart. He had been a subordinate about as long as a proud and masterful young fellow ought to be. Now he was quivering to try his own strength, and, seeing, for his part, that his host was inspired with a genuine interest and not curiosity, he gave him all the information in his power.

"But a plant like that is going to cost some money, ain't it?" asked Red.

"Too much for me, I'm afraid," replied Lettis. "I have $5,000 to put in, and I suppose I could borrow the rest, but that's saddling the business with too heavy charges right in the beginning. Still, it may not be as bad as I fancy."

Red drummed on the table, thinking. "I wouldn't mind getting into a business of some kind as long as it was making things," he said. "I don't hanker to keep store much. Suppose I go along with you when you look up how much straw is raised and the rest of it?"

"Would you?" cried the young fellow eagerly. "By George, sir, I wish you could see your way clear to take hold of it! Could you stand $10,000, for instance? Excuse the question, but I'm so anxious over this"—

"Lord, what's the harm of asking facts?" said Red. Then, with a gleam of genial pride, "Ten thousand wouldn't break me by a durn sight."

Lettis' boyish face fairly glowed. "It was my good angel made me stop in front of your fence," he said. "I saw you all eating in here, and you looked so jolly that I thought I'd stop on the chance you might be the man I was looking for. Now I'll go right on and see Mr. Demilt and find out what he wants to do in the matter."

"Wait for the wagon and you can ride," said Red. "Boy's gone home to see his dad about working for me this afternoon. In the meantime, if you're not too proud to take hold and help us with this dod ratted fence, I'll be obliged to you."

"Bring on your fence! I'm ready," said Lettis.

"Come on, boys!" said Red, and the party rose from the table. Later the wagon came up.

"Well, good day, Lettis," said Red. "If you can't get quarters anywhere else, come on and help me hold the barn down."

"Do you sleep in the barn? Then I'll come back sure. Tell you how it is, Mr. Saunders. I've been stuck up in a three by nine office for four years—nose held to 'A to M, western branch,' and if I'm not sick of it there's no such thing as sickness. To get out and breathe the fresh air, to see the country, to be my own master—well, sir, it just makes me tremble to think of it! I hope you find the strawboard what you want to take up."

"I shouldn't wonder if it would be," answered Red. "We'll make a corking team to do business, Lettis, I can see that—so cautious and full of tricks and all that."

The young man laughed and then sobered down. "Of course I know the whole thing would look insane to most people," he said sturdily, "but I've been in business long enough to see sharp gentlemen come to grief in spite of their funny work. I don't believe a man'll come to any more harm by believing people mean well by him than he would by working on the other tack."

"Good boy!" said Red, slapping him on the back. "You stick to that and you'll get a satisfaction out of it that money couldn't buy you. Another thing, you'd never get a cent out of me in this world if you were one of these smooth young men. My eye teeth are cut, son, for all I may seem easy. The man that does me a trick has a chance for bad luck, and you can bet on that."

"Lord, I believe you!" replied Lettis, taking in the dimensions of his new friend. "Well, goodby for the present, Mr. Saunders. Thank you for the dinner and still more for the heart you have put into me."

At 6 o'clock the fence was not quite finished.

"If you'll stay with me until the thing's done, I'll stand another dollar all around," said Red. "I don't want it to stare me in the face tomorrow."

The eldest spoke up. "We'll stay with you, Mr. Saunders, but we don't want any money for it, do we, fellers?"

"No," they replied in chorus, well meaning what they said.

"Why, you're perfectly welcome to the cash!" said Red.

"And you're welcome to the work," retorted the boy. "We're paid plenty as it is."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Still Hoping.

The capacity of certain phrases to express a great deal is very interesting. A woman who had interred three temporary partakers of her joys and sorrows and who had married a fourth when asked if she had another husband replied rather haughtily:

"There is a gentleman who enjoys that uncertain honor at present."—London Mail.

TWO MINUTE SKETCHES

Alexander T. Stewart.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

For forty years the merchant king.

A. T. STEWART was not a merchant prince. He was the merchant king. For forty years he reigned with undisputed title. He was the greatest and most famous merchant of his time in the entire world. He built up the first really great retail store and wholesale establishment in America. His retail house was the largest in the world at the time. His name was powerful abroad, and throughout the United States it was a household word, spoken with awe and wonder. Old men of today recall the name of A. T. Stewart as an inspiration to business ambition in their youth. Men in early middle life remember that the same name was more familiar to them than that of any other business man when they were small boys.

Mr. Stewart died thirty-one years ago, leaving no children. His widow died ten years later. The magnificent marble mansion in which he lived on Fifth avenue, New York, has been razed and replaced by a commercial structure. Eleven years ago his successors in the great store on Broadway assigned, and the Stewart store building is now a Wanamaker establishment. Even the body of Stewart was stolen from its vault in New York, and there is still a dispute as to whether it ever was recovered. The Stewart name and business and fortune all have disappeared, but his fame lives.

A. T. Stewart was a Scotch-Irishman, born in Ireland and educated at Dublin university. He was a classical scholar, devoted to books in his early life and with no idea of entering trade. When he came to America, at the age of twenty, in 1823, he became a teacher in New York. Two years later he returned to Ireland to claim a legacy of about $5,000, and upon the advice of a friend in New York he bought in Dublin a stock of laces and other goods, which he brought back to America with him. He opened a small shop, advertised his wares and sold the goods at an enormous profit. This success revolutionized Stewart. He devoted his life to trade.

At the outset Stewart made up his mind as to his course in business. He determined to be perfectly honest, never to misrepresent his goods, always to watch every nook and corner of his business and to add more customers by pleasing those he got. It was his boast in old age that in all his career he never permitted a willful misrepresentation to be made in his store.

TWO MINUTE SKETCHES

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

He was not merely American; he was universal.

EMERSON was pure intellect. Though he lived in America during the nineteenth century for nearly eighty years, he was not materially influenced by the surroundings and the events of his time and country. He dwelt in his own world of mental contemplation. From time to time during his long life he gave to the world the fruits of those contemplations in lectures, essays and poems. But so far as externals go any of his essays or poems might have been written in any other age or in any other country. He was not merely American; he was universal.

Perhaps no writer ever lived the sum of whose literary work is so devoid of vulgarity. All of the Emersonian output is simply thought refined to the uttermost. There is no humor save in the way of sarcasm, and the sarcasm is lofty and benevolent.

Emerson was a supreme idealist. He never climbed toward ideals nor groped in the dark after ideals, for he was the exponent of ideals already attained. The great commercial world raged around him, but he held aloof, content to live simply and frugally, rich in his own wisdom.

The great lesson of Emerson's life and teachings lies in his conception of the inherent nobility of the human soul. He repudiated utterly and with calm scorn the age worn conception of man as a sinful and filthy maggot crawling about the earth asking alms of a superior divinity. The godliness residing in humanity, the inherent possibilities of the human, the inevitable evolution of the soul of man from lower to higher, the divine dignity of life upon earth—these things Emerson believed and felt and taught for more than fifty years.

The Picturesque Fez.

Present day pillagers at Fez will bag very few fezzes compared with the quantity which might have been looted a century ago, for the manufacture of the red and brimless cap, with its black tassel, which adorns the heads of the Levantine peoples, has long since ceased in the sacred city of its origin. Tunis is now the African factory of the headgear loved alike of Turk, Persian and Greek. But Tunis has formidable rivals in Germany and Switzerland, who make a handsome profit by helping to clothe the Mussulman.—London Chronicle.

ROYAL

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Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, February 29 1908.

Rarely has the supreme power of the Speaker of the House, under the Reed rules, been more clearly demonstrated than it promises to be when the Aldrich financial bill goes over to the House. There seems to be little doubt that a very considerable majority of the House earnestly and conscientiously opposes the bill. It is probably true, too, that a considerable majority favors the Fowler measure, which in theory and principle is the antithesis of the Aldrich measure. Despite this situation, however, Mr. Cannon comes over to the Senate at frequent intervals and assures the author of the Senate measure that he need have no anxiety as he, Cannon, will "whip the ingurgents into line and make them vote for the Aldrich bill."

Another striking instance of the Speaker's autocracy is to be found in his opposition to Appalachian and the White Mountain forest reserves. There are no Republican votes to speak of in the vicinity of the proposed Appalachian reserve and therefore the Speaker has caused it to be referred to the Judiciary Committee, with a view to preventing any action whatever. For a time Mr. Cannon was rather more favorable to the White Mountain proposition. He has opposed this for years, but recently it has been pointed out to him that it would be impossible to secure any Cannon delegates in New England if he continued his opposition, and he appeared temporarily to relent. Now that it is becoming daily more obvious that there will be no Cannon delegates from New England, anyway, there is resuscitation of the Speaker's opposition.

The Democrats in the Senate are not presenting as forceful an opposition to the Aldrich bill, as they might if they would only get together. As matters now stand, Senators Bailey and Owen, of Oklahoma, stand for a bond secured currency, while a majority of Democratic Senators are opposed to this form of circulation. Of course were the Democrats to present a united front their opposition would be more effective, especially as the Republicans are not a unit in its support. Another radical differance between Democrats is that regarding bank reserves. Senator Johnson has introduced an amendment which will have considerable Democratic support and will doubtless be adopted, providing that national banks must retain two thirds of their reserves in their own vaults but one half of this fraction may be in the securities enumerated in the Aldrich bill. On the other hand, Senator Taliaferro, of Florida, is violently opposed to this measure. Numerous Democrats are in favor of the Nelson amendment guaranteeing all depositors in national banks against loss which is a policy advocated by Mr. Bryan, but on the other hand, Senator Paynter of Kentucky, is earnestly opposed to this provision and will make a speech against it. Were the Democrats solidly for it they could probably attach it to the bill, as they would receive considerable help, from the Republicans.

The outcome of the Brownsville investigation demonstrates to a striking degree the evil resulting from the enfranchisement of the negroes. It is probably a safe assertion that no Senator who heard the evidence against the negro soldiers of the 25th. Infantry doubts the guilt of some members of that regiment in connection with the "shooting up" of Brownsville, Only two members of the Military Affairs Committee, Foraker and Bulkeley, were willing to vote for the Foraker resolution declaring that the evidence showed that the negroes did not do the shooting. Nevertheless, when it came to saying that the negroes did do it, five Senators, all Republicans, were afraid to express their convictions. They were Foraker, Bulkeley, Scott, Hemenway and Du Pont. In the case of Du Pont, he said he was convinced that the shots were fired from rifles which had been issued to the 25th. Infantry and which were in the hands of negroes, but was not willing to say it was the negro troopers who did the shooting. But although a large majority of the committee voted for a resolution saying the negro soldiers did do the shooting, Mr. Foraker introduced a bill providing that the discharged soldiers shall all be restored to the army and to their respective rank and shall receive all back pay. Of course the Ohio Senator does not expect such a bill to pass, but he hopes to make political capital with the negroes and incidentally to injure Secretary Taft. The only man who has in anyway profited by the Brownsville investigation, which has cost thousands of dollars, is Senator Foraker who has charged the government with a hotel bill of $6 a day for the three months of the investigation, despite the fact that all that time he was living at his own handsome residence in Washington.

Another evidence of the demoralizing effect of negro suffrage of the Republican party is the violent effort which is being made by Mr. Foraker and others to secure contesting delegations from the Southern states. It is well known that it only takes a box of cigars and a few new one dollars bills to get up a contesting Republican delegation in any southern state, and yet there is a possibility that the decision of the next Republican National Convention may be dictated by these contesting delegations. Such a situation is deplorable from any standpoint, although there is satisfaction of knowing that such a course by Republicans would unquestionably insure the election of Mr. Bryan.

This is what Hon. Jake Moore, State Warden of Georgia, says of Kodol For Dyspepsia. "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago Ill.,—Dear Sirs—I have suffered for more than 20 years from indigestion. About eighteen months ago I had grown so much worse that I could not digest a crust of corn bread and could not retain anything on my stomach. I lost 25 lbs; in fact I made up my mind that I could not live but a short time, when a friend of mine recommended Kodol. I consented to try it to please him and I was better in one day. I now weigh more than I ever did in my life and am in better health than for many years. Kodol did it. I keep a bottle constantly, and write this hoping that humanity will be benefited. Yours very truly, Jake C. Moore, Atlanta, Aug. 10 1904." Sold by Graham Drug Co.

Suit has been filed in the United States Circuit Court at Guthrie, Oklahoma, asking for an injunction against the railroad companies to restrain them from carrying into effect the "Jim Crow" law. The petition states that it is in violation of the enobling act which provides that there shall be no distinction in the State on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

Kodol is today the best known and most reliable remedy for all disorders of the stomach, such as dyspepsia, heart burn, sour stomach and belching of gas. Kodol contains the same juices found in a healthy stomach. Kodol is pleasant to take. It is guarantee to give relief and is sold here by Graham Drug Co.

The Wisconsin delegation to the national Democratic convention at Denver was, at the closing session of the State convention, at Milwaukee, instructed to vote as a unit for William Jennings Bryan as the Democratic nominee for President, first, last and all the time. The platform containing the instructions was unanimously adopted by the convention by a rising vote. The delegates named by the convention will be voted upon at the coming primary election.

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Rev. F. Starbird, of East Raymond, Maine, says: "I have used Bucklen's Arnica Salve for several years, on my old army wound, and other obstinate sores, and find it the best healer in the world. I used it too with great success in my veterinary business." Price 25c at Graham Drug Co's.

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RALEIGH, N. C.

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