THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXXV.



to the kidneys, bladder and LIVER They are adapted to old and young.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

"Yes, yes, and you won't blame him

my more, will you?" she hurried on

anxiously. "You'll let him stay, no

matter what he does, if I promise to

go away and never, never come back

"I ain't holdin' no grudge agin him," Strong, grumbled. "He talks pretty

rough sometimes, but he's been a good

enough minister. I ain't forgettin'

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Strong, thank

you. I'll get my things. It won't take

a minute." She was running up the

steps when a sudden thought stopped

her. She returned quickly to Strong

"We'd better not let him know just

him that I ran away. Tell him that"-

She was interrupted by Douglas, who

came from the house. "Hello, Strong! Back again?" he asked, in some sur-

prise. Polly remained with her eyes

fixed upon the deacon, searching for

some way of escape. The pastor ap-

proached. She burst into nervous

laughter. "What's the joke?" Douglas

"It's only a little surprise that the

deacon and I are planning." She tried

to control the catch in her voice

"You'll know about it soon, won't he.

deacon? Good afternoon, Mr. Strong!"

She flew into the house, laughing hys-

Douglas followed her to the steps

with a puzz'ed frown. It was unlike

Polly to give way to her moods before

others. "Have you gentlemen changed

your minds about the little girl stay-

"It's all right now," said Strong,

seating himself with a complacent air.

Douglas, more and more puzzled by

the deacon's evident satisfaction.

"All right? How so?" questioned

"Because," said Strong, rising and

facing the pastor-"because your cir-

ing on?" he asked uneasily.

her own accord."

that.

asked.

terically.

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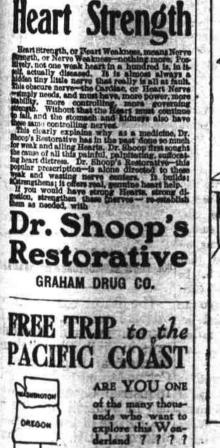
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GREENSBORO N. U Practices in the courts of Ala-mance and Guilford counties.

Heart Strength



GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1909.

keeping Hasty? He came at last, but Mandy could tell from his gait that he brought unwelcome knews. "Ain't she dar?"

but she didn't done ride." "See heah, Hasty Jones, is dat ere chile sick?" "I don' rightly know," said Hasty. A great big man, what wored clothes

like a gemmen, comed out wid a whip in his hand an' says as how he's 'bliged to 'nounce anudder gal in Miss Polly's place. An' den he says as how de udder gal was jes' as good, an' den ever'body look disappointed like, an' den out comes de udder gal on a hoss

that had made the past year so pre- an' do tricks, an' I ain't heard no more bout Miss Polly." "She's sick, dat's what I says," Man-Mr. John." She tried to choke back a dy declared excitedly sob. "I'll never forget it-never! I'll got to do somethin'!" dy declared excitedly, "an' somebody's

"I done all I knowed," drawled Has ty, fearing that Mandy was regretting her twenty-five cent investment. "Go 'long out an' fix up dat 'ere kitchen fire," was Mandy's impatient reply. "I got to keep dem vittels warm for Massa John."

felt her strength going and cried out She wished to be alone, so that she wildly: "I want Bingo! I want to go could think of some way to get hold of Polly. "Det baby faced mornin' round and round the ring! I want the lights and the music and the hoops!] glory done got Mandy all wobbly 'bou. want the shricks of the animals and do heart." she declared to herself as the rumble of the wheels in the plains she crossed to the window for a sight at night! I want to ride in the big paof the pastor. rade! I want to live and die-just die

It was nearly dark when she saw him coming slowly down the path from the hill. She fighted the study

"She's sich, dat's what I says."

She put out one trembling hand to Jim and rushed quickly through the gate, laughing and sobbing hysterically and calling to him to follow CHAPTER XII.

ONELY days followed Polly's desertion of the parsonage. Mandy went about her duties very quietly, feeling that the little comments which once amused the pastor had now become an interruption to thoughts in which she had no part. He would sit for hours with his head in his hands, taking no notice of what passed before him. She tried to think of new dishes to tempt his appotite and shook her head sadly as she bore the untasted food back to the kitchen. She sometimes found a portfolio of drawings lying open upon his study table. She remembered the zeal with which he had planned to remodel the

kindness, the many thoughtful acts

"You've been awfully good to me,

always feel the same toward you. But

you mustn't ask me to stny. I want to

get back to them that knew me first-

to my own. Circus folks aren't cut out

for parsons' homes, and I was born in

the elrcus. I love it-I love it!" She

-as circus folks die! I want to go

back! I want to go back!"

MARGARET MAYO

clous to her.

church and parsonage when he first came to them, how his enthusiasm had tried gradually died for lack of encouragefor his entrance. ment and how he had at last put his books in a cupboard, where they grew said. dusty from long neglect. She marveled at their reappearance now, but something in his set, faraway look made her afraid to inquire. Thus she went on from day to day, growing cheerfuler." more impatient with Hasty and more

silent with the pastor. Mandy needed humor and company lonship to oll the wheels of her humdrum life. There was no more laughter in the house, and she began to droop.

Polly had been away from the parson age a month when the complacency of and speculation, to feel something tanthe village was again upset by the arrival of the "Great American Circus." gible, warm and real within his grasp. There were many callers at the par-

gladly have reinstated the pastor as

their idol, for, like all truly feminine

souls, they could not bear to see a man

unhappy without wishing to comfort

him, nor happy unless they were the

direct cause of his state. "How dare

any man be happy without me?' bas

been the cry of each woman since Eve

Douglas had held himself more and

more aloof from the day of Polly's dis-

appearance. He expressed no opinion about the deacons or their recent dis-

approval of him. He avoided meeting

them oftener than duty required, and

Strong feit so uncomfortable and tongue tied in his presence that be, too,

was giad to make their talks as few

as possible. Nothing was said about the pastor's

plane for the future or about his con-

tinued connection with the church, and

the inquisitive sisterhood was on the

afternoon performance was closing. It

had driven her to desperation to learn

that Miss Polly was not in the parade

that morning and to know that the pastor had made no effort to find out

and there had been no word from her.

Why didn't she come running in to see

them, as Mandy had felt so sure she would? Why had the pastor stayed

Unanswered questions were siways an abomination to Mandy, so finally the drew a quarter from the knotted

away on the hills all day?

Polly."

was created to mate with Adam.

him? Was she sorry for having left him? Would she be glad if he went for her and brought her back with him? He recalled the hysterical note "She's a trabbelln' wid 'em, Mandy, in her behavior the day that she went away-bow she had pleaded, only a few moments before Jim came, never

to be separated from him. Ifad she really cared for Jim and for the old life? Why had she never written? Was she ashamed? Was she sorry for what she had done? What could it mean? He threw his hands above his head with a gesture of despair. A moment later be passed out into the night

CHAPTER XIII.

IM was slow tonight. The big show was nearly over, yet many of the props used in the early part of the bill were still

He was tinkering absentmindedly with one of the wagons in the back lot, and the men were standing about idly waiting for orders when Barker came out of the main tent and called to him sharply:

"Hey, there, Jim! What's your excuse tonight ?" "Excuse for what?' Jim crosse

slowly to Barker. "The cosk tent was started half or hour late, and the sideshow top ain't

londed yet." "Your wagons is on the bum; that's

what' No. 38 carries the cook tent, an' the blacksmith has been tinkerin' with it all day. Ask him what shape it's in." "You're always stallin'," was Bar

ker's sullen complaint. "It's the wag-ons or the blacksmiths or anything but the truth. I know what's the matter all right.'

"What do you mean by that?" asked Jim sharply. "I mean that all your time's took up a-carryin' and a-fetchin' for that girl

what calls you 'Muvver Jim.' " "What have you got to say about her?" Jim eyed him with a threaten-

ing look. "I got a-plenty," said Barker as he turned to snap his whip at the small boys who had stolen into the back lot ator. to peek under the rear edge of the big top. "Rhe's been about as much good as a sick cat since she come back. You saw her act last night."

"Yes," an wered Jim doggodly. "Wasn't li punk? She didn't show a all this afternoon; said she was sick. lamp, rearranged the cushions and and me with all them people inside to make the room look cheery what knowed her waitin' to see her! "Give her a little time," Jim pleaded "I's 'fraid yo's mighty tired," she "She ain't rode for a year."

"Time!" shouted Barker. "How much "Oh, no," answered Douglas absently does sho want? She's been back s "Mebbe yo'd like Mandy to be sarvin' mith, and instead of bracin' up she's your supper in here tonight. It's more a-gettin' worse. There's only one thing

He crossed to the window and looked for me to do." "What's that?" asked Jim uneasily. out upon the circus lot. The flare of "I'm goin' to call her, and call her the torches and the red fire came up to meet his pale, tense face. "How like the picture of thirteen months

"Look here, Barker," and Jim squared his shoulders as he looked steadily at the other man, "you're boss here, and I takes orders from you, but if I entches you abusin' Poll your bein'

boss won't make no difference "You can't bluff me!" shouted Barker.

Why Tailors Sit Crosslegged. It was uncertainty that gnawed a tailor making a dress coat sai him so. Was she ill? Could she need uncomfortable positiou?" asked a visitor.

"Women's tallors don't. Only men' the most convenient position possible You see, the sewing on men's clothes position I lean the work on my elevat ed knees, and thus it is nearer my eyes, while at the same time my back remains straight. Analyzed, the post tion is a fine one. It keeps the back straight and the chest out, the knee make a table close up to the face, and eye strain is avoided.

"Tailors for women sit on chairs For one thing, the sewing on women's clothes is less fine than on men's. For another, the woman's tailor has to get up every few minutes to go to the manikin, and all that rising, if he sat

No Suffering Too Great. Not long since a young woman suf-fering with an incurable disease applied for admission to a hospital in a

while for my bables' sake. In a few years they will not need me so much." Her one chance lay in a very pain ful operation, but her heart was so

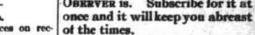
weak that the surgeon dared not administer an anaesthetic. Very gently he explained the situation-the operation would make but a year's difference at most; it seemed hardly worth while to suffer so much for so brief a respite; she would best go home and -wait. But the little woman shook her head.

With mother love shining in her eyes, she allowed herself to be strapped upon the operating table and there willingly underwent the torture of the knife that gave her a few months to devote to her precious babies.-Deline-

Marlborough House. Mariborough House is one of the numerous buildings of Sir Christopher Wren. It was built at a cost of £44,-000, the whole of which was defrayed by the duke. Here the great duchess lived till her death in 1744, waging an incessant warfare upon the society of her time. Here, too, she received a deputation of the lord mayor and sheriffs of London while still in bed, an incident which was satirized by Gay: Acquainted with the world and guite well bred. Druss receives her visitants in bed.

In the earlier years of the ninetcenth century Mariborough House was rent ed by Leopoid, king of the Belgians. It was afterward bestowed by the crown upon Queen Adelaide, the dowager of William IV .- London Chron-

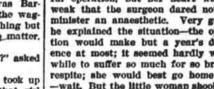
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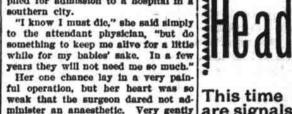


crosslegged on a table, like a Turk. "Why do tailors always work in that

do," was the reply. "And for men's tailors it is the most comfortable and is very fine. The work must be held up close to the eyes. Well, in this

****** manikin, and all that rising, if he sat crosslegged on the floor, would tire him too much in the day's run."-New York Press.







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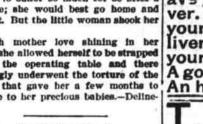
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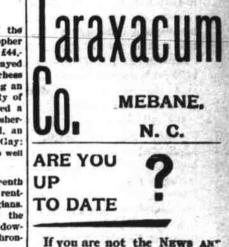
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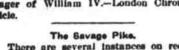
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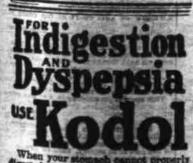
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"OH, SEE HOW SERIOUS HE LOOKSF SHE TEASED.

"Have you been talking to that girl?" asked Douglas sternly. "I have," said Strong, holding his

"See here, deacon, if you've been prowbeating that child I may forget me luck." that I'm a minister." The knuckles of

Donglas' large fists grow whiter. "She's goin', I tell you, and it sin't because of what I said either. She's

goin' back to the circus." "I don't believe you."

"You would 'a' believed me if you'd seen the fellow that was just a callin' on her and her a-buggin' and a-kissin' of him and a-promisin' that she'd be a-waltin' for him here when he come back."

"You lie!" cried Douglas, taking step toward the retreating deacon. "There's the fellow now?" cried Strong as he pointed to the gate.

"Suppose you ask him afore you call me a liar." Douglas turned quickly and saw Jim approaching. His face lighted up with relief at the sight of the big, lumber-ing fellow. "How are you, Mr. Douglas?" said

Jim awkwardly. "You've seen Polly?" asked Dongias shaking Jim cordially by the hand.

"Tes, I've seen het." "The descent here has an idea that

Polly is going back to the circus with you." He nodded toward Strong, si-most laughing at the surprise in store

ick to the circus?" asked Jim. "Back to the chose of about "Did she say anything to you about "Bis was worried by the bewilder ot in Jim's manner.

ment in Jim's manner. Before Jim could roply Polly, who had reached the steps in time to catch the last few words, stipped quickly between them. She wore har could add hat and carried is small brown matchet. "Of course I did, didn't I, Jim's she mail, motion her back upon the par-ter and motioning to Jim red to m-swer. Douglas gamed at her in astim-

"What do you mean?" he asked in output strained votes. He ganzed to

point of exploding from an overac-"Oh, see how serious he looks!" she rumulation of unanswered questions. He delivered his sarmons conscient teased, with a toes of her head toward the grim visaged pastor. "Is this some trick?" he demanded tiously, called upon his poor, listened to the sorrows, real and funcied, of his parishioners and shut himself up with sternly. "Don't be angry," she pleaded. his books or walked alone on the hill behind the church. She held out one small hand. He did He had been absent all day when Mandy looked out on the circus lot for the dosenth time and saw that the

"You'll save a heap of trouble for the parson by doin' it quick."

the coat and hat. "Where are you

Polly avoided his eyes and continued

"What made you come back? Wby

Now you've spolled every-

She pretended to be very

didn't you walt for me down the

vexed with him. The big fellow look-

ed puzzled. He tried to protest, but

she put a warning finger to her lips

and pressed the little brown satchel

into his hand. "It's no use," she went

on hurriedly. "We might as well tell

them everything now." She turned to

Douglas and pretended to laugh. "You

The deacons were slightly uneasy.

going?"

street?

thing."

cus ridin' gal is goin' to leave you of The frown on Douglas' forehead was

deepening.

nervously to Jim:

have found us out."

not take it. She wavered; then she felt the eyes of the deacons upon her. Courage returned, and she spoke in a

firm, clear voice, "I am going to run awar." Dougias stopped before her and stud-

ied her keenly. "Bun away?" he exclaimed incredu

about her. For works both she and Hasty had hoped that the return of the circus night bring Polly back to them, but now it was nearly night lousty. "Yes-to the circus with Jim."

"Ton couldn't do such a thing," he answered excitedly. "Why, only a moment ago you told me you would never leave me.

"Oh, but that was a moment ago," she cried in a strained high voice. That was before Jim came. You see, I didn't know how I felt until I maw Jim and heard all about my old gingham rag that held her small wad of savings and told Hasty to "go 'long to de show an' find out 'bout Miss

friends how Barker is keeping my piace for me and how they all want to see me. And I want to see them and to hear the music and the imugh-ter and the clown songs- Oh, the

down songs?" She waltsed about

humming the snatch of melody that Mandy had beard the morning "No, sah, he ain't." said Mandy very shortly. She felt that Strong and El-Polly first woke in the personage

The Boy-That's how the bells ring. The Hug, pretty young thing.

She paused, her hands chaped be-hited her head, and gazed at them with a brave little smills. "Oh, it's going to

is brave little mille. "Oh, it's going to be dee-dise!" "Tou don't know what you're doing!" still Douglas. He selled her roughly by the arm. Fuln was making him brutal. "I won't let you go! Do you has me? I won't let you go! Do you has me? I won't let you go! Do you has me? I won't let you go! Do you have thought it over," Polly an-swered, meeting his eyes and trying to apash lightly. Her lips frembled. She could not bear for him to think her so ungrateful. She remembered his armst of the church.

last of the audispos had straggled down the street. She opened the doer and stood on the porch; the house seemed to sufficient her. What was

"I can't go on like this!" he cried. "I sonage that day, for speculation was He turned from the window can't!" and walked hurriedly up and down the now at fever heat about the pastor. "Will he try to see her?" "Has he for

to go on."

Indoors or out, he found no room. gotten her?" and "What did he ever rest. He threw himself in the armfind in her?" were a few of the many chair near the table and sat buried in questions that the women were asking each other. Now that the cause of their envy was removed they would thought.

ago?" he thought, and old Toby's words

came back to him-"The show has got

He longed to have done with dreams

Mandy came softly into the room She was followed by Hasty, who carried a tray laden with things that ought to have tempted any man. She motioned for Hasty to put the tray on the table and then began arranging the dishes. Hasty stole to the window and peeped out at the tempting fiare of red fire.

When Douglas discovered the pres ence of his two "faithfuls" he was touched with momentary contrition, "Have you had a hard day with the new gravel walk?" he asked Hasty, remembering that he had been laying a fresh path to the Sunday school moon.

"Jes' yo' come est yo' supper," Mandy called to Dougina. "Dou' yo' worry your head 'bout dat hisy husban' ob mine. He sin't goin' ter work 'nuff to hurt hisself." For an instant she to hurt hisself." For an meant she had been tempted to let the paster know how Hasty had gone to the cir-cus and seen nothing of Polly, but her motherly instinct won the day, and she urged him to ant before disturbing him with her own anxietles. It was no use. He only toyed with his food; he was clearly fil at case and eager to be alone. She gave up trying to tempt his appetite and began to lead up in roundabout way to the things she wished to ask.

"Dar's quite some racket out dar in de lot tonight," she said. Douglas did not answer. After a moment she went on, "Hasty didn't work on no walk today." Dougins looked at her quis-sically, while Hasty, convinced that "If she would only get mad, anything anything to wake her." But she did for reasons of her own she was going not complain. She went through her daily routine very humbly and quietly. She sometimes wondered how Jim for reasons of her own alls was going to get him into trouble, was making frantic motions. "He done gone ter de cheus," she blurted out. Douglas' face became suddenly grave. Mandy saw that abe had touched an open wound. "I jes' couldn't stan' it, Massa John. "I jes' couldn't stan' it, Massa John. but before she could answer the ques-tion her mind drifted back to other days, to a garden and flowers, and Jin bad ter find out 'bout dat angel chile.'

stole away unmissed and left her with folded hand and wide, staring eyes, There was a pause. She felt that he was waiting for her to go on. "She didn't done ride today." He looked up with the eyes of a dumb, persecuted animal. "And de gemmen in de show didn't tell nobody why-jes' speaked 'bout de odder gal takin' ber place."

"Why didn't she ride?" cried Doug-

Why didn't she ride?" cried Doug-iss, in an acouty of suspense. "Dut's what I don' know, sah." Mandy began to cty. It was the first time in his experience that Douglas had ever known her to give way to any such weakness. Elasty came down from the window and find in an acout from the window She was anziously waiting for him when Deacon Strong knocked at the door for the second time that after-"Is Mr. Douglas back yet?" he asked.

and tried to put one arm about Man-

verson had been "a-tryin' to spy on de parson all day," and she resented their risits more than she unially did. dy's shoulders. "Last me slone, ye' sigger?" she ex-cisimed, trying to cover ber tears with a show of anger that she did not feel; "What time are you expectin' him?" "I don't nebber spec' Massa Doug-has till ? sees him." him T a show of anger that she did not feel; then she rushed from the recent, fol-lowed by Hissly.

Strong granted uncivility and went fown the steps. She saw from the The band was playing loadly. The din of the night performance increasing. Thinging performance strained to the paint of beauting would not jet himself or naits the window that he met Elverson in front sure am a-meanin' trouble would not let himself or sain the win-dow. He stood by the side of the in-bie, his face clinched, and tried to beat back the impulse that was pulling him toward the door. Again and again The band had stopped playing; the

he set his tes

wild Jim very quietly. "Well, you tell her to get on to her job. If she don't, she quits; that's all."

giant pike inside which was found the body of an infant. Not long ago a He hurried into the ring. Jim took one step to follow him good sized retriever which was swimming in the Thames just above Chitty's then stopped and gazed at the ground boathouse at Richmond was tackled with thoughtful eyes. He, too, had seen the change in Polly. He had tried

F 3

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man.

by a pike, which bit one of its hind legs so badly as to sever an artery. to rouse her. It was no use. She had It was another Thames pike which at tacked that well known naturalist and fisherman, Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell. He had actually landed the fish, whe it sprang from the ground and fixed all its sharp toeth into his leg just above the knee. The creature hung so flercely to its hold that a stick had to

be used to pry its jaws apart-Chambers' Journal.

Force of Habit. In reward of faithful political service an ambitious saloon keeper was appointed police magistrate. "What's the charge agin this man?"

he inquired when the first case was called.

"Drunk, yer honor," said the police The newly made magistrate frowned

upon the trembling defendant. "Guilty or not guilty?" he demanded "Sure, sir," faltered the accused, "I never drink a drop."

"Have a cigar, then," urged his hot or persuasively, as he absently po ed the top of the judicial desk with his pocket handkerchief.-Everybody's.

A Want "I have here a device," said the in-

ventor, "to increase the speed of motor

CETS. The patent attorney frowned and shook his head. "But what we really want," said

he "is a device to increase the speed

of the pedestrians who have to dodge them."-Exchange.

And Catches Him. "Man," deciared the old fashi

"And," said a man who had been married three times and who was occupying a small space in a reat pew, "woman is the early bird."-Chi engo Record-Heruld.

An Impossible Man. "Why did you marry me?" "Because I thought you were diffe ent from other men." "And now you want a divorce cause you were mistaken?" "No; because I was right."-Cleve land Leader.

I believe in inughter, in love, in faith, in all distant hopes that lure up OR. -GEOTES

After the Encore.

The best hit red phonograph ang long and low at an east side cafe. When it fightled the people clapped. It re-plied with an encore, and the people

asked the woman's companion, for ha ayes were fixed on the phonograph. "I am just waiting," she said, "b

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"What makes you look at it so hard ?" see it get up and how."-New York

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The memory of these times made Its heipless tonight. He had gone on hoping from day to day that Barker might not notice the "let down" in her work, and now the blow had fallen. How could be tell ber? TO BE CONTINUED.] The Old Time Jury.

"Star gasin', Pollf" he asked.

ooked at him blankly. "If she would

only complain," he said to himself;

could talk so much about her work

The Old Time Jury. Grievances of present day jurymer-are mild compared with those inflicted on them in the past. Until the passing of an act of parliament in 1570 British jurymess were prohibited from having mest, drink or fire (candielight only excepted) while considering their ver-dict. In some ancient courts they were even subjected to physical violence. They were told to "hay their heads to-gether" as an indispensable prelimi-mery to finding a verdict. No sconer did the jury dive beneath the level of their houses them an usher, armed with a willow wand, took up a position mear them. If any juryman presumed to -E. them. If any juryman presumed to come to the surface before the verdict was arrived at, down came the wand on the head of the offender.