THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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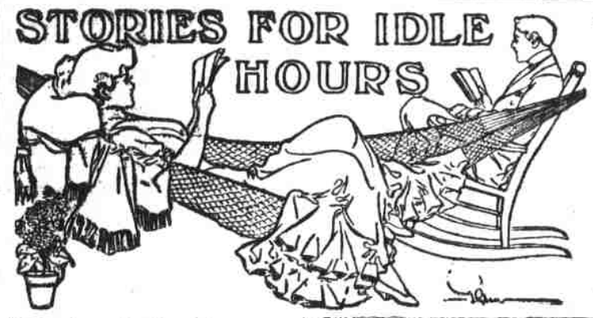

Cupid In A Fog

By EMMA ARCHER OSBORNE

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THE Wolverine was running near shore, idling along the New Jersey coast in the vicinity of the Shrewsbury river, one afternoon early in August.

Glen Durant enjoyed this simple method of cruising. It was about the first breathing spell he had had since the yacht went into commission on Memorial day. As the season was particularly favorable to yachting there had been but little cessation for over two months now from the smart doings of yachting life. There had been the races and regattas, with the week end spins thrown in. There had been the annual cruises, and there had been the innumerable social functions at Newport and the other resorts, all of which the Durants were, because of their membership to the various yacht clubs, under obligations to attend and which the Durants—meaning Glen Durant's father and mother—enjoyed hugely.

In addition, there had been aboard the Wolverine, the $500,000 steam yacht of the Durants, gay dinners, receptions and luncheons. There were bridge and poker, and there were any number of those informal gatherings when everybody talks and laughs immoderately. So many persons came and went while the yacht was anchored at the various yacht club stations that the launch was kept kicking between the Wolverine and the landings almost incessantly.

And throughout the merry round Glen Durant had begged his mother to cut the whole giddy whirl and run away with him a little while to some quiet place where he might fling aside his immaculate flannels, get into some coarse negligee things and stop to breathe and be natural. He was half dead with ennui. He even threatened to put out for Canada or the Rockies. But his mother laughed at him prettily, patted him lovingly on his tanned cheeks and called him a "silly boy." He was a boy to her, despite his twenty-five years. Durant ached to fly from it all and especially from the fuss which his mother's butterfly friends made over him. Good looking and tremendously rich, he was naturally much sought after. He became more and more convinced of the triteness of that bit of philosophy of the old Quaker lady who had something to say about women pursuing men so assiduously that the men had no opportunity to seek the women. Durant was bored immeasurably.

It was a delight, therefore, when Durant put his father and mother off at Long Branch, where they were to spend a week with the Whittlestons, and he could feel immune from any social exactions.

He was stretched out, occupying two chairs under the awning, smoking and lazily watching the coast and its attractions slip past. The water was quiet for that side of the channel. It seemed that sort of quiet which usually portends something ominous.

Suddenly Durant's attention was attracted to several persons on the beach. They were gesticulating and waving frantically, evidently trying to attract the attention of those aboard the yacht. Durant ordered the Wolverine run along shore as close as her draft would permit, and directly he was within hailing distance of the people they made it known to him that a boat or something—Durant couldn't catch clearly all they said—was drifting out to sea with some one aboard. Wouldn't he go to the rescue, they begged.

"Straight to starboard!"

There was no question about his going so far as he was concerned. Durant's first thought was of the tide. It was at full ebb, and he realized that if anything afloat was to be snatched from its mighty carrying powers it could be done only by the hastiest possible action.

He ran forward. Larned, the captain, was in the wheelhouse talking to Hughes, the mate, who had the wheel.

"Get up steam quick—quicker than we have ever got it up before!" Durant called.

"Where away, sir?" inquired Larned as the bells in the engine room rang in response to his notice for increased steam.

Durant shaded his eyes seaward but, failing to discern anything other than the usual quota of ocean liners, he grabbed a glass, and there soon came into its focus a dark object of peculiar shape.

"Straight to starboard!" he answered quickly. "Get her on full head soon as you can! There's something out there we're got to catch!"

Larned went over to the rail, and Durant handed him the glass. "She's a good ten mile out, whatever she is," he said, "and we've not much more coal than will get us up the bay. I thought I'd load tomorrow, with no company aboard."

"What! No coal!" roared Durant excitedly. "If there isn't coal enough, then burn up the furniture. Burn everything aboard, but get there!"

They were running amid a line of long, lazy rollers with light crests, but presently the prow of the Wolverine was turned toward the dark object, and she cut through the rollers with gathering speed. There was no sea to mention—nothing but a slow, heaving swell that moved like a pewter lid, as though keeping some seething thing from breaking into eruption. Durant had for several seconds been gazing at their objective point, when he turned his eye to the horizon beyond.

Durant snatched a shovel.

"It looks nasty out there," he observed to Larned. "What do you suppose it's going to do?"

"Fog, sir, and it's coming on tonight to boot!" replied that weather oracle. "It's the kind that rolls in fast!"

"Then, for heaven's sake, let the yacht out—let her out! Put her up to her limit!" cried Durant. "There's a life at stake, and we've got to beat that fog!" He dashed into the wheelhouse and glanced at the chronometer. "Blazes!" he yelled. "She isn't even up to her average! What's the matter down in the engine room?"

"Only one stoker, sir," answered Larned, considerably disconcerted. "Kline's off sick today!"

"The devil you say!" Durant blurted.

Then he commenced to shed clothing like a lightning change artist. In less than a minute there lay scattered around a white cap, a white coat, a collar, cuffs, necktie and various pieces of expensive jewelry, and Durant, getting the sinews of his arms into play as he ran, descended into the coal pits and snatched a shovel.

The increased feeding of the firebox had a telling effect. The boilers warmed up, the steam gauge recorded higher pressure, and the Wolverine cleaved the sullen, heavy waters with a deeper swathe, cutting a wave that spread undulatingly and majestically a broad distance on either side of her.

There wasn't anything to interfere with the yacht's course—no other craft in her way, no waves to dodge or buffet, no shoals to avoid and no channels to keep to. All was clear sailing, and it would seem as though there was nothing to check or to retard the magnificent floating palace from winning in her race with the bank of fog which appeared indefinite leagues beyond. But the Wolverine had never before raced with death, and fog is treacherous and has hidden ways of its own.

The stokers fed the furnaces as fast and as vigorously as human beings could work, Durant's blood fairly leaping with an appreciation of the terrifying need for effort. The engineer, almost motionless at his vigil at the steam gauge, watched for the ounces of steam and used them as they accumulated. Those above were getting the launch ready to lower, preparing life lines and belts and hauling out thick hawsers—stout hawsers they were, for the object being pursued was now plainly visible, and a houseboat isn't the easiest thing in the world to capture and take into tow.

"Can't you let her out more?" Larned shouted down through the telephone. There was a note of desperation in his voice.

"She's away up, sir, but I'll try to give her another lift!" called back the engineer. And the stokers, realizing the demands, redoubled their efforts at the coal bins.

Right in the midst of the high pressure and the skimming speed the signal rang to slow down—to reduce to the minimum—and simultaneously the Wolverine's foghorn wailed out a helpless, protesting blast.

Durant threw down his shovel and leaned weakly against a pillar. He stared hopelessly at the engineer.

"Well, it sounds as though we're in for it!" broke out the engineer in petulant resignation.

Then Durant climbed to the deck and groped his way forward to where he found Larned getting into an oilcloth slicker. The disappointment of both men was keen. Their manner fully attested it.

"Did you finally make out what it was?" Durant asked, stretching wearily to relieve his tired muscles.

"One of those good for nothing houseboats that hang along the inlets. It must have got loose somehow. There was a woman aboard—a girl," replied Larned. "We got to within a quarter of a mile, almost within hailing distance. She was waving something at us and I was signaling her when the fog ate her up, and in another minute it covered us. I suppose, sir, we might as well turn about and feel our way up to Gravesend?"

"With a helpless girl smothered in the fog out here!" Durant snorted with a good deal of contempt. "Not on your life! We'll lay to and keep with the tide if we stay here six weeks!"

A sense of immense desolation settled over the Wolverine. Supper was eaten dispiritedly, and the crew idled around in no mood for talking. Durant, who was again clean and clothed, smoked and paced and fumed from one end of the yacht to the other, thinking of the distress of the girl and the anguish of her friends back on the shore. Every little while he swore because of the loss of the last quarter mile.

For five hours they drifted, and during all that time at intervals of only a minute or two the hoarse foghorn of the yacht bellowed out its cries like some dying demon, to be answered by other befogged, foundering water craft equally as desolate. Occasionally the warning notes of a bell buoy rang out dolefully, apprising them that they were not entirely beyond the reach of the harbor. Durant wondered if the houseboat were still floating or if some transatlantic leviathan had blindly crashed into it and sunk it. And the girl—what of her?

About 10 o'clock everybody started to his feet—every man aboard had been instituted as a lookout—and there was a noisy, glad rushing around. The fog had commenced to lift.

Little by little the damp, gray, smothery substance receded, until it finally rose altogether like a great curtain. With the disappearance of its trailing, ragged edges there broke to view what was visible of the night.

Off to shorewards lighthouses blinked faithfully, and here and there at the shore resorts there appeared blazing, fantastic displays. After awhile the moon and stars shone out clear and unobstructed.

Near by and at varying distances ships were anchored—big ships that had not dared venture into port and others that had decided to pause rather than to risk disaster outside. It was like a beautiful panorama suddenly stopped.

When Larned in manipulating the searchlight caught the houseboat in its rays it lay so close that the white, strained face of the girl, who was clinging dejectedly to the roof, was plainly discernable.

She wasn't at all the Amazonian, athletic variety of girl, capable of enduring perils at sea on a raft, then coming out with a shout of "Hooray!" She was just an ordinary girl, not very big, not very little, and she was all sobby and scared half to death. She raised herself and, resting her weight on one hand, looked wonderingly at them.

It was as much as ever Durant could do to persuade her to let him carry her from the roof to the launch, and even then he had to assert masculine authority. He picked her up bodily, seeing she couldn't stand for trembling, and in less than no time they had her aboard the Wolverine.

He picked her up bodily.

He wrapped her up in something warm, and he made her eat and drink some hot coffee. Then the color came back to her cheeks, and he noticed how tremendously pretty she was.

After awhile she looked around on the royal splendor of the dining saloon. Walls, ceiling and furniture were in mahogany heavily carved in heraldic designs. There was a profusion of ornate silver, cut glass decanters ranged along the sideboard in glittering array, and, following out a whim of Durant's father in the line of decoration, a collection of Captain Kiddish looking cutlasses and bowie knives were mounted in every available space, held in position by big brass knobs.

Durant, who was sitting easily at one end of the table, watched the girl amusedly. But the girl was not one bit amused. She suddenly fastened her big, dark eyes on him, backed away hurriedly and asked:

"Are you a pirate?"

Durant wanted to shout, but he saw that she wouldn't understand, so he merely smiled and explained that he was nothing but an ordinary decent citizen of New York and that the Wolverine was only a floating house belonging to his father.

While they were hurrying over to Long Branch to put the girl ashore Durant and Larned showed her over the yacht.

"I never imagined one of these private yachts could be so sumptuous," she commented in amazement. "This one must have cost a lot of money."

"I believe father paid something like $500,000 for her," Durant replied indifferently.

"Why, our place down in Kentucky cost only $2,500," she exclaimed in simple frankness, "and it's a dear!" raising her head proudly. Then she added, with a pretty little laugh, and as if by way of comparison, "And my rowboat, Dandy, cost only $20."

Durant, who was looking at her, was inclined just then to be almost jealous of Dandy.

He sent her into his mother's stateroom and told her to take whatever she wanted. She was glad enough to avail herself of a long coat for the trip ahead of her. When she reappeared, refreshed, her hair done and her face slight over the prospect of getting back to her mother and her friends, Durant was immeasurably taken with her looks and her pretty ways. About all he could think of then and for the rest of the journey was that he had met two wonderfully fascinating new eyes.

He hired an automobile when they landed, lifted her into the tonneau, and in less than an hour he had restored her to her own.

One might imagine that when Durant had been overwhelmed with thanks by the girl, by her mother and by the whole Kentucky colony that was houseboating along the Jersey covert that would have ended the episode. But Durant had to take it into his head for some reason or other to personally see that the houseboat, which the Wolverine had towed back to Long Branch, was restored to its original moorings. This task involved innumerable trips over to the Kentucky colony. Then, after all, about a month later when the troublesome old tub was being lugged into the covert it collapsed right under their noses.

The girl and Durant were sitting out on the point when it floundered, and without rhyme or reason they laughed like two uproariously happy children. Why should they care if it did sink now? They wouldn't have minded if the whole old world had turned turtle! Indeed, the universe might have collapsed and it would not have mattered, since they had become engaged.

The girl and Durant were sitting out on the point.

"I suppose we ought to feel sorry to see it go," said Durant, "for if it hadn't been for that precious craft I should never have found you, my sweet girl, and that beautiful love light in your eyes!" And he kissed her face all over right in broad daylight.

The girl smiled happily, frankly up at him, and Durant, still looking at her, commenced to realize what it was that had been lacking in the social meringue of which he was wearied and how much more delightful it was to have had the opportunity of striving for that essential instead of having it thrust on him.

His Job.

The son of a rich father quit college. He was in love, he explained, and couldn't keep his mind on his books. He wanted to go to work and make a place for himself in the world. So his father got him on the payroll of a bank in which he was a director. The young man's sweetheart—in her second year at Vassar—kept writing him how proud she was over his independence and asking just what position he held, so she could tell the other girls. The young man sidestepped the question as to his prominence in the bank's organization until finally his intended wrote him a peppery letter saying that if he didn't give her the information by return mail she would be real angry. Then, after much thinking, the youth wrote her this:

"I've wanted all along to tell you about my position and would have done so before if I had known myself. About all I do here is to raise a window when I come in the morning and put it down when I leave in the afternoon. The rest of the time I read or watch the others work. I don't know just what you could call my job. Better tell the girls that I'm the draft clerk. That will come the nearest to describing my duties."—New York Press.

This Will Interest You.

Everyone would be benefitted by taking Foley's Orino Laxative for stomach and liver trouble and habitual constipation. It sweetens the stomach and breath, gently stimulates the liver and regulates the bowels and is much superior to pills and ordinary laxatives. Why not try Foley's Orino Laxative today? Graham Drug Co.

The world's record for prolonged flight in an aeroplane was broken Saturday in France by Roger Sommers, a French aviator, who remained in the air two hours, 27 minutes and 15 seconds, breaking the record made by Wilbur Wright at LeMans, France, last December, when he stayed aloft two hours, 20 minutes and 57 seconds. It was announced, however, that Sommers' time was not regarded as official.

Tortured On A Horse.

"For ten years I couldn't ride a horse without being in torture from piles," writes L. S. Napier, of Rugless, Ky., "when all doctors and other remedies failed. Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me." Infalliable for Piles, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Boils, Fever-Sores, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Corns, 25c. Guaranteed by Graham Drug Co.

At Chaska, Tenn., Sunday Joe Burnfin, aged 30, was shot and killed by Brandon McMahon, aged 35. McMahon, in a playful mood, knocked off Burnfin's hat. Angered at this Burnfin attacked McMahon with a stick of wood, knockihg him down. While lying on the ground McMahon drew his revolver and fired three shots. One bullet struck Burnfin near the heart, killing him instantly.

The Crime of Idleness.

Idleness means trouble for any one. Its the same with a lazy liver. It causes constipation, headache, jaundice, sallow complexion, pimples and blotches, loss of appetite, nausea, but Dr. King's New Life Pills soon banish liver troubles and build up your health. 25c. Graham Drug Co.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures colds, prevents pneumonia.

Meeting of State Farmers' Convention.

August 24-27, 1909—Suggestion to Those Coming to the Convention.

A Reception Committee, of which W. C. Etheridge is chairman, will meet all trains arriving at the Union Station Monday evening, Tuesday and Wednesday. When you get off the train look for men with badges: "Reception Committee", or for sign: "Headquarters, Reception Committee, State Farmers' Convention," and make yourself known. The Committee will take care of you.

Those who prefer will be assisted in securing satisfactory accomdations in the city, while those who wish to room at the College will be escorted there and provided with rooms free and meals at cost.

Those who intend rooming at the College should notify Mr. E. B. Owen, West Raleigh, when they will arrive, but failure to do this need not prevent anyone from securing a room at the College on his arrival. Those expecting to room at the College should bring towels and pillars with them.

The accomodations for rooming at the College are not good, owing to the fact that the College has no furniture or bedding except that furnished students, but such as is there will be at the disposal of those who wish to avail themselves of it.

RAILROAD RATES.

A rate of one and one-half fare plus fifty cents has been granted for the Farmers' State Convention providing there are as many as one hundred persons attending the meeting holding properly receipted certificates. The conditions are in the main, that a first-class ticket at full fare be purchased from the starting point, or the nearest point thereto at which a through ticket to the place of meeting can be obtained, taking from the ticket agent a receipt for the same on the regular certificate used for this purpose by the railroads; this certificate when properly signed by the Secretary of the Association and a representative of the railroads will constitute an order on the local ticket agent for a return ticket at one-half the regular rate to the holder. The rates will apply to all points in North Carolina and from Norfolk, Portsmouth, Suffolk, Boykins and Danville, Virginia, and are granted by the Atlantic Coast Line, Durham and Southern, Norfolk and Southern, Seaboard Air Line and Southern Railways. The tickets will be on sale August 30, 1909 and properly signed certificates will be honored for return journey on or before August 31, 1909.

Information, sample certificates and programme may be secured from the Secretary or E. B. Owen, Registrar of the College, West Raleigh, N. C., upon application.

T. B. PARKER,
Secretary.

Scared With A Hot Iron

or scalded by overturned kettle—cut with a knife—bruised by slammed door—injured by gun or in any other way—the thing needed at once is Bucklen's Arnica Salve to subdue inflammation and kill the pain. It's earth's supreme healer, infallible for Boils, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Eczema and Piles. 25c Graham Drug Co.

Mr. W. A. Blair, of Winston-Salem, has been elected one of the trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund. Among the members of the board are ex-President Roosevelt and Chief Justice Fuller of the Supreme Court.

Col. Albert Pope, the pioneer bicycle manufacturer in the United States, died Tuesday a week at his summer home in Cohasset, Mass.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box 25c.

Harry Thaw will stay in an insane asylum. The court holds that he is insane and incurable.

Thousands are sick every year with some form of Bowel Complaint. Thousands are cured by taking Dr. Seth Arnold's Balsam. Warranted by Graham Drug Co.

An Old Indian Graveyard.

Sanford Express.

A correspondent, writing to the Carthage Blade, states that recently a man from South Dakota, claiming to be sent by the government, arrived at Cameron and went to the Indian graveyard near that place and began digging. Under heaps of ashes he found skeletons of Indians, some over six feet in length. He exhibited parts of these skeletons in Cameron. It is estimated that there are some 500 Indians buried in this graveyard, standing in a circle. Bushes and logs were heaped upon them and burned to keep the wild beasts away from their bodies. It is said that this accounts for the heaps of ashes beneath where stands the skeletons in a circle. Tradition has it that this was the battle ground of hostile tribes who fought over the rights of territory given them by the Great Father.

'Twas a Glorious Victory.

There's rejoicing in Fedora, Tenn. A man's life has been saved, and now Dr. King's New Discovery is the talk of the town for curing C. V. Pepper of deadly lung hemorrhages. "I could not work nor get about," he writes, "and the doctors did me no good, but, after using Dr. King's New Discovery three weeks I feel like a man, and can do good work again." For weak, sore or diseased lungs, Coughs and Colds, Hemorrhages, Hay Fever, La-Grippe, Asthma or any Bronchial affection it stands unrivaled. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Graham Drug Co.

Sanford Express: Great loads of peaches have been brought to this market by the farmers of the surrounding country during the past ten days. The crop is the heaviest in years and many of the peaches are very fine ones. They have been selling at from 50c to $1 a bushel. Some farmers have been shipping them at 50c a bushel.

Washington's Plague Spots

lie in the low, marshy bottoms of the Potomac, the breeding ground of malaria germs. These germs cause chills, fever and ague, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness and general debility and bring suffering or death to thousands yearly. But Electric Bitters never fail to destroy them and cure malaria troubles." They are the best all-round tonic and cure for malarial, I ever used," writes R. M. James, of Louellen, S. C. They cure Stomach Liver, Kidney and Blood Troubles and will prevent Typhoid. Try them, 50c. Guaranteed by Graham Drug Co.

Eugene Keifer, a wealthy man of Fitzgerald, Ga., was instantly killed while helping to move a piano from a wagon in front of his home Tuesday a week. He slipped and fell from the wagon and the piano followed, crushing him to death.

To relieve constipation, clean out the bowels, tone and strengthen the digestive organs, put them in a natural condition with Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, the most reliable tonic for thirty years. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. Graham Drug Co.

In McDowell county Superior Court week before last John Woods, 18 year old, was awarded a verdict of $6,441 against the South and Western (Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio) railroad. Some time ago Woods was injured by the explosion of a stick of dynamite while he was employed by one of the construction gangs on the road. One of his eyes was put out, one hand rendered useless and many bruises was the extent of his injuries. The suit was for $20,000.

Cured Hay Fever and Summer Cold.

A. S. Nusbaum, Batesville, Indiana, writes: "Last year I suffered three months with a summer cold so distressing that it interfered with my business. I had many of the symptoms of hay fever, and a doctor's prescription did not reach my case, and I took several medicines which seemed only to aggravate it. Fortunately I insisted upon having Foley's Honey and Tar. It quickly cured me. My wife has since used it." Foleys Honey and Tar with the same success." For chronic coughs and lung trouble it has no equal. Refuse substitutes. Graham Drug Co.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Electric Bitters

Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified. FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE it is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

Remember Headaches

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

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