THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

NO 5.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1910.

must !"

Darzac remained standing in the ame spot, looking after her. Sudden ly he said violently: "Yes, happiness must come!

My thought took form. As I beheld the gesture of defiance and rapture 1 dared to say to myself, "If he should be Larsan!" To the gesture of this man my mind answered with the cry, "This is Lar-

I was white with terror, and when I saw Darzac coming in my direction I could not refrain from a movement which revealed my presence while I was trying to conceal it. He saw me and recognized me, and, grasping me by the arm. he exclaimed:

watching. We are all watching, my friend. And you heard what she said. Her grief is too great. I can bear no more. We would have been so happy. She imagines that she is to be pur sued by eternal punishment. It was necessary for the frightful tragedy of last night to prove to me that this woman did love me once. Yes, for one I, alas, have blood on my hands only

longer. Her only desire is that the old man shall be kept in ignorance."

He sighed so serrowfully and so sin-terely that the abominable ides which it had harbored fied from my mind. I hought only of what he was saying to me of the sorrow of this man, who seemed to have lost completely the woman whom he loved in the mo when the woman had found a son of whose existence the husband contin ued to be ignorant. In fact, he had in no way been able to understand the attitude of the Lady in Black as regards the facility with which she had de-tached herself from him, and be found no explanation for this cruel metamo phosis other than the love heightened remorse of Professor Stangerson's daughter for her father.

Then the frightful faucy that he wa Larsan assailed me, and I demanded: "How did it happen that the saci was empty?"

He was not in the least taken aback He replied simply: "Rouletabilie must tell us that."

Then he pressed my hand and wandered away througa the undergrowth of the garden. I looked after him and said to myself:

"I have gone mad?" Now he was standing erect upon the vestern boulevard, which looked like a pedestal beneath his feet. The rays of the moon enveloped him with a cold and mournful light. Is it you, Darsac, or your specter or the ghost of Larsan come back from the house of dead? I speak as though it were years since we had been locked up in the chateau, and it was now just four days

He began to walk again. I was certain no longer. There is something in his waik which is not Darase's, something in which I seem to recogniz Larsan, but what? He was almost upon me. He passed

by. He had not seen me.

from under the arch, and I believed Absolutely that I could see the shadow of a person near the door of the new castle. Pure I snatched my revolver from my pocket and with three steps was at the place where I believed I had seen the

shape. But it was there no longer. I could see nothing but darkness. The door of the castle was closed, and I was certain that I had left it open. I was disturbed and anxious. I felt that I was not alone. Who, then, could be Dear me?

I listened attentively for more than five minutes without making the slight-est sound. Nothing! I must have been mistaken. But nevertheless I did not even strike a match, and as silently as I could I ascended the staircase which led to my chamber. When I reached it I locked myself in and only

then began to breathe freely. The effect on my mind was so stron that at last I said to myself: "I shall never know peace again until 1 am certain that Darsac is not Larsan. And I shall take means to make my-

self certain one way or the other on the first occasion." Yes, but how? Pull his beard of? Suddenly I threw off the bedclothe

umped up and cried almost aloud 'Australia!

An enlande had returned to my mind of which I have spoken at the beginning of this story. The reader may mber that at the time of the acci dent in the inboratory I had accompa nied M. Robert Darmac to a druggist While his injuries were being attended to he had been obliged to remove his study coat, and the sleeve of his shirt and fallen back, leaving his arm bare through the entire session with the druggist and placing in full view just above the right elbow a large birth-mark, the shape of which resembled that of Australia as it appears on the maps in the geographics. Mentally while the chemist was at work I had mused myself by trying to locate upon the arm in the positions which they occupied on an actual map the cities of Melbourne, Sydney, Adeiaide,

etc., and directly beneath this large mark there was another smaller one which was situated like the country nown as Tasmanis.

And in this sleepless night it was the hought of Australia that came to me. I had searcely had time to congratu-iate myself upon having found a means to prove decisively the identity of Darsac and to try to device some way of bringing it to an immediate test when a singular sound made me

prick up my ears. Breathless, I hurried to my door, and with my ear at the keyhole, I listened. Some one was now ascending the staircase, and some one who desired his presence to be unknown.

All at once, as I was leaning on the broken balustrade, I saw the shadow again. It was lighted up by the moonbeams as though it were a flamboau. And I recognized Robert Darsac. He raised his head and looked in my

direction as though he felt the weigh of my eyes upon him. Instinctively drew back. And then I returned my post of observation just in time to see him disappear into a corridor which led to another staircase winding in! I could swear that up to the battlements. What could

201703 Absolutely Pure John Beatty, colored, was shot and killed on the streets of Chester, S. C., last week, by Otis Hil-

voice was that of another man, great was my terror. "You see. I am preparing for bed." And he lit a candle, which was placed en a chair. for there was no night stand in this dilapidated apartment. A lent disposition. The shooting bed in one corner-an iron bed, which

10

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was the outgrowth of a quarrel must have been brought there during between the two earlier in the the day-and a single chair comprised all the furnishings. dav. "I thought that you were going to sleep near Mme. Darzac and the pro--AGENTS WANTED: Men or fessor on the first floor of la Louve?" Women to work in Alamance county' Can easilymake \$15 to \$25 per week. Address "V," Drawer "A," "The rooms are too small. I was afraid of inconveniencing Mme. Dar-

sac," answered the unhappy man bit-Raleigh, N. C. terly. "I asked Bernler to fetch me a bed here. And then what difference foes it make where I am, since I do not sleep?" We were both silent for a moment.

was ashamed of myself and of my wretched suspicions. And, frankly, my remorse was so great that I could not refrain from giving it expression. I confessed everything to him-my inamous ideas and how I had even be lieved when I saw him wandering so mysteriously over the new castle that it was upon some evil errand, and so had decided to go and look for the "Australia" birthmark.

He listened to me with such an expression of reproachful sorrow that it wrung my heart; then he quietly rolled up his shirt sleeve, and, bringing his bare arm close to the light, he showed me the birthmark, which made a sane

nan of me once more. "You may rub it as much as you choose," said Darzac gently. "It will not come off."

I begged his pardon a thousand times over, with tears in my eyes, but he would not forgive me until he had me pull at his beard, which remained firmly attached to his chin, instead of Then only he allowed me to go back to my room, which I did, cursing mysolf for an idiot.

ACOB A. LONG. J. ELMER LONG. LONG & LONG. Attorneys and Counselors at Lisw GRAHAM, N. ~. S. COOK. J. Attorney-at-Law, GRAHAM, - - - . . N. C. Office Patterson Building Second Floor. TORN GRAY BYNUM. W. P. BYNUM, JR. BYNUM & BYNUM. Litorneys and Counselors at Law GREENSBORD, M U.

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CHAPTER I-Robert Darzac menacingly at Darzac. Once for a and Mile. Stangerson celebrate moment it seemed as though he intheir wedding quietly in a Paris tended to seize Darzac by the throat. church on April 6, 1895. Among When he finished spenking Rance the few present is Rouletabille, translated his words for u.s.

the reporter-detective, who has his doubts about the alleged death of Larsan, the government it for the says that this moraing be no-, the says that this moraing be no-, the says that this moraing be no-, the blood stains on the English cart and saw that Toby seemed very great-ity fatigued. This puzzled him so secret service official who is said much that he decided to speak of it to have been lost in the wreck of at once to Old Bob, but he sought his La Dordogne. Mlle. Stangerson master in vain. Then, seized by a had married him when she was a dark foreboding, he followed the mere girl, ignorant that her Jan prints of the borse's feet and the Roussel—his then name—was no easily do because the road was mudwheels of the vehicle, which he could dy and the wheels had sunk deep. Ballmeyer, now posing as Larsan. Finally he reached the old Castilion II. Rouletabille and his best and noticed that the wheels led up to friend, who is relating this story, a deep chasm into which he descendd scide to go to the Castle of Her- ed, believing that he should find the cules at Rochers Rouges to visit body of his master, but he saw mere the Rances together with the ly this empty sack, which may have newly married Darzacs. Rouleta- contained the corpse of Old Bob, and now, having caught a ride in a peasbille is revealed as the son of the

now Mme. Darzac and Larsan, for his master, to learn whether any her former husband. III-Darzac describes how his wife re- found, to accuse Darzac of having ceives a severe shock at seeing caused his death." the face of Larsan in a mirrow at

Indigestion Dyspepsia Rouletabilie establishes guards and fortifies the place against well. And she said to Rouletabilie: VII-Old Bob, a professor, him. exhibits what he describes as "the sleur. Make the best use of it." oldest skull in the world". VIII and IX-Roulatabille traces Larsan and one Brignooles on a mys- her husband. The sight of the sack

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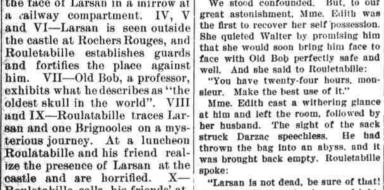
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that of Larsan. XIII. - Mme. Darzac tells how Larsan sprang into the apartment of herself and her husband from behind a panel and how after a furious struggle Darzae killed Larsan. XIV .--



ize the presence of Larsan at the spoke: castle and are horrified. X-Rouletabille calls his friends' at- Never has the situation been so frighttention to the haunting odor of ful as it is today, and I must hurry the perfume used by "the Lady away at once. I have not a minute to in Black," Mme. Darzac. XI-A lose. In twenty-four hours I shall be

the dead of night are seen to carry off a quivering body in a bloody

potato sack. Rouletabille admits that he believes the body to be

of the many thous- Old Bob disappears. A stable

tion which was excited in me by the time, while Walter shook his fists | personality of Prince Galitch rose less from my knowledge of the interest which Mme. Edith felt in him than from the thought of that other. In my mind the thought of the prince and that of Larsan somehow went together. And the prince had not returned to the chateau since the famous luncheon at which he was presented to usthat is to say, since the day before yes terday.

The afternoon following Rouleta bille's departure had brought us nothing new. We received no news from him nor from Old Bob. Mme. Edith had locked herself up in her own apartments after having questioned the domestics and visiting her uncle's rooms and the round tower. She made no effort to penetrate into the apartments of the Darzacs in the square tower. "That is an affair for the police," she had said.

And now a shadow appeared on the bosom of the starry night-the shadow of a canoe which slowly detached itself from the shadow of the fort and glided out upon the silvery water. one has seen him and, if he is not Whose is this silhouette which arises proudly in the front of the boat, while another shade bends over a silent oar? We stood confounded. But, to our It is yours, Prince Galitch! Ah, here is a mystery which might be easier to solve than that of the square tower, Rouletabille. And I, who believed that Mme. Edith had too good a brain and too fine a mind to lend herself to a

ulgar intrigue! "You have twenty-four hours, mon I left my bedchamber and went rapidly over to the boulevard in time to

Mme. Edith cast a withering glance see the bark of Prince Galitch landing at him and left the room, followed by on the strand in front of the Gardens of Babylon. I recognized the master struck Darzac speechless. He had and servant. It was Feodor Feodoro thrown the bag into an abyss, and it witch and his serf Jean. A few seconds later they disappeared in the protectwas brought back empty. Rouletabille

I turned and walked around the bou levard of the court, my heart beating wildly. I seemed to see a form arise

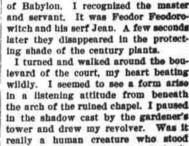
in a listening attitude from beneath the arch of the ruined chapel. I paused in the shadow cast by the gardener's

into the arms of the Lady in Black,

pale as death.

side the Lady in Black, and I recog-

were saying. Now I thought no longer of Edith and her Prince Galitch. I

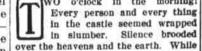


he burst into a passion of sobs.

CHAPTER XV.

Darzac or Larsan?

WO o'clock in the morning! Every person and every thing in the castle seemed wrapped in slumber. Silence broaded Every person and every thing in the castle seemed wrapped in slumber. Silence brooded



"Larsan is not dead, be sure of that!

there listening? It was the Lady in Black. The moon under the half ruined arch showed me that she was as

Suddenly 1 perceived a shadow be

nized Darzac. From the corner where was I could now hear all that they

thought only of Larsan. Why? Why was it on account of Larsan that I bent my ears so anxiously to hear all "You were there, Sainclair-you v

onient all her fears were for me, and because of her. Now she has returned to her old indifference. She cares no

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boy appears with a bloody sack in explore this Won-derland ? ? ? ? away.

Suddenly the portals flew open, and SUNSET the stable boy, Walter, Old Bob's faith- in the cloudless sky. There, in that ful servant, rushed into our midst. His clothing was torn and muddy, his instituted a new hair was in disorder, and his face the words of the Lithuanian folk song, wore an expression of rage mingled department, whose special work it is to put within the with terror. He carried in his hand a dirty rag which he threw upon the table. This repulsive object, stained with great blotches of reddish brown, was nothing other than the sack which had served to carry off the mysterious

body. With a harsh voice and savage gestures Walter howled forth a thousand incomprehensible things in his broken jumble of French and English. Rance interrupted him from time to

that went on between those learned from their words that Mathilde it was Larass!" tw07 I stood at my window, my forehead burning and my heart frozen, the sea had descended stealthily from in Louve

yielded its last sigh and in a moment to be alone in the garden with ber the moon appeared riding like a queen agony and that her husband had followed her. And she took his hands vast, motionless slumber which seemand said to him:

ed to envelope all the world, 1 heard "I know, dear-I know all your grief. You need not speak of it to me when "But his glance seeks in vain for the I see you so changed, so wretched. I beautiful unknown who has covered accuse myself of being the cause of her head with a vell and whose voice your sorrow. But do not tell me that he has never heard." The words were I no longer love you. Oh, I will love carried to my ear, clear and distinct, you dearly, Robert, just as I have alin the still air of the night. What ways done. I promise you." should the prince of the Black Lands

She pressed his hand and turned be doing on the azure shore with his away, casting upon him a smile so Lithuanian melodies? sweet and yet so sorrowful that I Why was Mme. Edith attracted towondered how this woman could speak ward him? He was ridiculous with his melancholy eyes and his long lashes to a man of future happiness. She and his Lithuanian songs! The emo- brushed past me without seeing me.

bis mean? night in the new castle? Why did he But he paused for a second and gased sorrowfully upon all nature slumbering around him-him whose

take such precautions not to be seen? A thousand suspicions crossed my mind, and I felt that I must set my suffering was in loneliness and soli-tude-and a groan escaped his lips, unhappy soul that he was! "It is Darme?" spirit at rest immediately. I must follow Robert Darsac and discover "Aus-

. I reached this door, and, finding it And then be was gone, and I re-mained there behind my bedge over-wheimed with the horror of the thought which I had dared to harbor. I reached this door, and, finding it locked, I gave three little taps, certain that he was inside. And I waited, My heart was beating wildly. All these My heart was beating wildly. All these rooms were uninhabited, abandoned. What should M. Darzec be doing in thought which I had dared to harbor. I was still beneath the arch of the gardener's postern, and I was just about to enter the Court of the Bold when it seemed to me that I hard something moving. It sounded as though a door might have been closed. Then there was a sound as of wood though op iron. I there the doing here at such an hour?" I re-strikting op iron. I there the doing here at such an hour?" I re-strikting op iron.

striking on iron. I thrust my head out plied, and it assemed to me that my

A Story of Beau Brummel. He was encountered in Calais by an old friend. "My dear Brummel," ex-cisimed the Englishman, "I am so glad to see you, for we had heard in Eng-land that you were dead! The report,

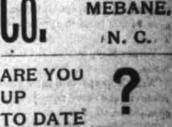
[CONTINUED.]

I assure you, was in general circulation when I left."

Quick as lightning the Beau replied, "Mere stockjobbing, my dear fellow; mere stockjobbing."-Lewis Melyille's "Beaux of the Regency."

Worse Still. "Don't you hate to find a worm when eating fruit?" "Well, not so much as finding half a worm!"-Puck.

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