

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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NO 8.

## HEALTH INSURANCE

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The man who insures his health is wise both for his family and himself.  
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## The Perfume of the Lady In Black

By GASTON LEROUX,  
Author of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room"

## The Perfume of the Lady In Black

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CHAPTER I—Robert Darzac and Mlle. Stangerson celebrate their wedding quietly in a Paris church on April 6, 1895. Among the few present is Roulettable, the reporter-detective, who has his doubts about the alleged death of Larsen, the government secret service official who is said to have been lost in the wreck of La Dordogne. Mlle. Stangerson had married him when she was a mere girl, ignorant that her Jan Rousseau—his then name—was no other than the notorious scoundrel Ballemeur, now posing as Larsen. II. Roulettable and his best friend, who is relating this story, decide to go to the Castle of Hercules at Rochers Rouges to visit the Ranees together with the newly married Darzacs. Roulettable is revealed as the son of the now Mme. Darzac and Larsen, her former husband. III—Darzac describes how his wife receives a severe shock at seeing the face of Larsen in a mirror at a railway compartment. IV, V and VI—Larsen is seen outside the castle at Rochers Rouges, and Roulettable establishes guards and fortifies the place against him. VII—Old Bob, a professor, exhibits what he describes as "the oldest skull in the world." VIII and IX—Roulettable traces Larsen and one Brignolles on a mysterious journey. At a luncheon Roulettable and his friend realize the presence of Larsen at the castle and are horrified. X—Roulettable calls his friends' attention to the haunting odor of the perfume used by "the Lady in Black." Mlle. Darzac. XI—A mysterious pistol shot is heard in the night. XII—Darzac and Pere Bernier, a servant of Ranees in the dead of night are seen to carry off a quivering body in a bloody potato sack. Roulettable admits that he believes the body to be that of Larsen. XIII—Mme. Darzac tells how Larsen sprang into the apartment of herself and her husband from behind a panel and how after a furious struggle she killed Larsen. XIV—Old Bob disappears. A stable boy appears with a bloody sack in which the body was carried away. XV—Roulettable's friend suspects that Darzac is really Larsen in disguise, but Darzac convinces him of being mistaken by showing him a peculiar birthmark known to Bernier. XVI—Pere Bernier falls dead near several people with a gaping wound in his breast. As he falls he exclaims "Frederic Larsen!"

barren face in the glass, does not wait to make any further investigation and rushes out into the night, her screams drowned by the noise of another train. You comprehend the danger at once. You realize that everything is lost unless you can immediately arrange matters so that your wife shall see Darzac somewhere else. You quickly resume the mask; you hurry out of the compartment and reach the buffet by a shorter route than that taken by your wife, who rushes there to look for you. She finds you standing up. You have not even had time enough to seat yourself before she enters. Is everything safe now? Alas, no! Your troubles are only beginning, for the fearful thought that you may be at one and the same time both Darzac and Larsen will not leave her mind. Upon the platform of the station, while passing beneath the gas jet, she casts a frightened glance at you, lets go your hand and runs wildly into the office of the station master.  
"You read her thought as though she had spoken it. The abominable idea must be banished without a moment's delay. You quit the office, leaving the lady in the care of the superintendent, and immediately return, closing the door quickly, seeking to give the impression that you, too, have seen Larsen. In order to ease your mind and also for the purpose of deciding up all in case she dared reveal her suspicions to any one, you are the first to warn me that something unforeseen has happened—to send me a dispatch. See how clear and plain as the day your every act becomes! You cannot refuse to take her to rejoin her father. She would go without you. And, since nothing is yet really lost, you have the hope that everything may be regained. In the course of the journey your wife continues to have alternating periods of faith in you and of fear of you. She gives you her revolver in a sort of half delirium, which might sum itself up in some such phrase as this: 'If he is Darzac, let him protect me; if he is Larsen, let him kill me!' But in pity let me know which he is. At Rochers Rouges you realized once more how utterly she had withdrawn herself from you, and in order to reassure her as to your identity you showed her as Larsen again. See how in

accordance with reason such a proceeding would be, my dear Darzac! Every fact would fit perfectly into every other under the supposition which I am placing before you. There is not a single point up to your appearance as Larsen at Mentone, during your journey as Darzac to Cannes, at the time when you came to meet us, which cannot be explained in the easiest way imaginable. You had taken the train at Mentone-Garvan before the eyes of your friends, but you sighted from the train at the next station, which is Mentone, and there, after a short stay for the purpose of silencing your looks, you appeared in the image of Larsen, you appeared in the gardens at Mentone. The following train brought you to Cannes, where you met Sainclair and myself. Only, as you had on this occasion the vexation of hearing from the lips of Arthur Rance when he met us at the station at Nice when he met Mme. Darzac had not on this occasion caught sight of Larsen, you were under the necessity that same evening of showing her Larsen under the very windows of the square tower, standing erect in the glow of Tullie's boat. So, you see, my dear Darzac, how even those things which appear most complicated would have become entirely simple and logically explicable if by chance my suspicions should have been confirmed."



THE DOOR OF THE PANEL SWUNG OPEN AND THE FORM OF A MAN APPEARED.

his semi-omen, extended his arm toward the panel and said:  
"He is behind the panel now!"

## CHAPTER XXI

Here is "the Body Too Many."

IT was an indescribable scene—a moment never to be forgotten. At the gesture of Roulettable the door of the panel swung open, pushed by an invisible hand, just as it had been on that terrible night which had witnessed the mystery of "the body too many."  
And the form of a man appeared. Clamorous of surprise, of joy and of fear, he rushed toward the second manifestation of Darzac—the one which was radiant with life; her sorrowful eyes, which I had so often beheld fixed with number gloom upon that other, were shining upon this one with a joy as glorious as it was tranquil and assured. It was he! It was he whom she had believed lost—whom she had sought in vain in the visage of the other and had not found there and

cherore, had accused me, during the weary hours of day and night, of folly which was akin to madness. As to the man who up to the last moment I had not believed to be guilty—as to that wretch who, unveiled and tracked to earth, found himself suddenly face to face with the living proof of his crime, he was awaiting you again one of the daring coups which had so often saved him. Surrounded on every side, he yet endeavored to flee. Then we understood the audacious drama which in the last few moments he had played for our benefit. When he could no longer have any doubt as to the issue of the discussion which he was holding with Roulettable he had had the incredible self-control to permit nothing of his emotions to appear and had also been able to prolong the situation, permitting Roulettable to pursue at leisure the thread of the argument at the end of which he knew that he would find his doom, but during the progress of which he might discover perchance some means of escape. And he had effected his maneuvers so well that at the moment when we beheld the other Darzac advancing toward us we could not hinder the impostor from disappearing at one bound within the room which had served as the bedchamber of Mme. Darzac and closing the door violently.

Roulettable during the scene which had passed had thought only of guarding the door opening into the corridor, and he had not noticed that every movement of the false Darzac as soon as he realized that he was being convicted of his imposture had been in the direction of Mme. Darzac's room. The reporter had attached no importance to these movements, thinking, as he said, that the room did not offer any way by which Larsen might escape. But, however, when the sound was behind the door which afforded his last refuge our confusion increased beyond all proportions. One might have thought that we had become suddenly bereft of our senses. We knocked on the door. We cried out. We thought of all his strokes of genius, of his marvelous escapes in the past.

"He will escape us! He will get away from us again!"  
Arthur Rance was the most enraged of us all. Mlle. Edith, who was clinging to my arm, drove her finger nails into my hand in a paroxysm of nervous fear. None of us paid any heed to the Lady in Black and Robert Darzac, who in the midst of this tempest seemed to have forgotten everything, even the clamor and confusion around him. Neither one had spoken a word, but they were looking into each other's eyes as though they had discovered another world—the world which is love. But they had not discovered it; they had merely found it again, thanks to Roulettable.

The latter had opened the door of the corridor and summoned the three domestics to our assistance. They entered with their rifles. But it was as if they were needed. The door was solid and barricaded with heavy bolts. Pere Jacques went out and fetched a beam, which served us as a battering ram. Each of us exerted all his strength, and finally we saw the door beginning to give way. Our anxiety was at its height.

When the door had commenced to yield, Roulettable directed the servants to take up their guns, with the order, however, that the weapons were to be used only in case it should be impossible to capture Larsen living. Then Roulettable set his shoulder to the door with one last powerful effort, and as the boards, wrenched from their hinges, fell to the ground, he was the first to enter the room.

We followed him. And behind him, upon the threshold, we all halted, stupefied by the sight which met our eyes. Larsen was there, plainly to be seen by every one. And this time there was no difficulty in recognizing him. He had removed his false beard; he had put aside his "Darzac mask"; he had resumed once more the pale, shaven face of that Frederic Larsen whom we had known at the Chateau of Glandier. And his presence seemed to fill the entire room. He was lying back comfortably in an easy chair in the center of the room and was looking at us with his great, calm eyes. His arms were stretched along the arms of the chair. His head was resting on the cushion at the back. One would have said that he was giving us an audience and was waiting for us to make known our business. It seemed to me that I could even discern an ironical smile on his lips.

Roulettable advanced toward him. "Larsen," he said in a voice which was not quite steady—"Larsen, do you give yourself up?"  
Then Roulettable touched the man's face and his hand, and we saw that Larsen was dead.

Roulettable pointed to a ring on the middle finger. The collet was open and showed a hollow cup which was empty. It must have contained a deadly poison.  
Arthur Rance put his head against the man's chest and said to us that all was over. And Roulettable used to leave him alone in the square tower and to try to forget the terrible events which had passed there.  
"I will charge myself with everything," he asserted gravely. "Here is 'the body too many.' No one will inquire into the disposition which may be made of it."  
And he gave an order to Walter Begleiter, bring me the sack which you found at the Castellon yesterday."  
Then he made a gesture to which we were all obedient—a gesture of dismissal. And we left the son face to face with the corpse of the father.

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# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar  
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At Neuse station, on the Seaboard Air Line, ten miles from Raleigh, Tuesday morning a week, Robt. Beville, a flagman who was flagging a freight train, was run over and killed by a passenger train. Beville, it is stated, went to sleep at his post while waiting for the train to pass.

One Conductor who was Cured.  
Mr. Wilford Adams is his name, and he writes about it—"Some time ago I was confined to my bed with chronic rheumatism. I used two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy with good effect, and the third bottle put me on my feet and I resumed work as conductor on the Lexington, Ky., Street Railway. It gave me more relief than any medicine I had ever used, and it will do all you claim in cases of rheumatism." Foley's Kidney Remedy cures rheumatism by eliminating the uric acid from the blood Sold by all druggists.

The Concord Tribune says that while a party of picnickers was at dinner at Cox's mill, Cabarrus county, Easter Monday, a gun was left leaning against a tree. A small child of Mrs. Chas. Simpson, investigated the gun and the load took effect in Mrs. Simpson's leg, inflicting a painful wound.

There's no better Spring tonic than Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. The standard for thirty years. Tea or Tablets, 35c. Get a package today, and you'll thank us for the advice. Thompson Drug Co.

Gov. Kitchin Tuesday a week granted three conditional pardons, the beneficiaries of executive clemency being A. G. Wynn of Wilson county; Harvey Elkins of Yancey county, and George Washington, of Franklin county. Wynn was convicted in September, 1907, of retailing liquor, and sentenced to two years on the roads. Elkins was sentenced to five years on the roads for stealing a mule, being convicted in September, 1908, and Washington, 1899, to two years on the roads for an assault with a deadly weapon.

Watch for the Comet.  
The Red Dragon of the sky. Watch the children for spring coughs and colds. Careful mothers keep Foley's Honey and Tar in the house. It is the best and safest prevention and cure for croup where the need is urgent and immediate relief a vital necessity. Its prompt use has saved many lives. Contains no opiates in a yellow package. Remember the name, Foley's Honey and Tar and refuse substitutes. Sold by all druggists.

Rev. John Crawford, colored, charged with shooting at Rev. W. C. McDonald, likewise colored, while the latter was holding services in the colored Baptist church at Waxahaw, some weeks ago, was convicted in Union county last week was fined \$50 and costs. His victim was not seriously wounded. The shooting took place while McDonald was holding services, the shots being fired through a window. Jealousy over the pastorate of the church was the trouble.

Swift & Co., and their local representative, Vaughan, were tried last week in Raleigh on a charge of selling diseased meat and were convicted, Swift & Co., being fined \$500 and Vaughan \$50. The particular meat was a hog, which had ulcers on it, with pus in them.

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